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JULY 3, 1929, TO DECEMBER 25, 1929

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WITH HIGH MASS on the hill of Guadalupe, ancient shrine of the Aztec mother of gods, the Roman Catholic churches reopen in Mexico. Thousands of pilgrims trot, plod, shuffle, crawl, to the monster fete. They kneel and drink water from the sacred well of the Madonna, they put their foreheads to the dust gathered on her altars in more than two years of solitude. But it is doubtful whether of all the clamorous thousands many understand what the quarrel between state and church was about, and just why it is now settled. They mourned in 1926; they shout hurrahs in 1929. But this quarrel is nearly a hundred years old. In that time any squabble develops niceties that only a Jesuit and a lawyer can follow. As a matter of fact church and state began making faces at each other in vice-regal days, largely over loot. Toward the end of the nineteenth century Juarez daringly cut the economic foundations from under the church, and though Mexico was supposedly Catholic and might have been expected to side against him, he forced the issue, evacuated convents and monasteries, required priests to register with the government and swear allegiance to the constitution which dispossessed them, and prohibited religious teaching in public schools and religious ceremonies outside of church and chapel. He was fulminated against in the metropolis, but the country as a whole shrugged its shoulders. The Holy Alliance sent Maximilian to straighten out the mess. He wrote that in the opinion of the Mexican clergy he could not be a good Catholic and a "just and liberal prince" at the same time; and he was shot for trying.

DURING THE REVOLUTION churches were sacked and images smashed wholesale. The constitution of 1917, written by men resentful of the church's consistent opposition to social reform, restated the laws of Juarez. In 1926 the Apostolic Delegate, Archbishop Filippi, crowned Christ King of Mexico on the hill of Cubilete in the state of Guanajuato. He was expelled by the Obregon Government for violating the constitution. The clergy was ordered to register and to swear allegiance to that injured state document; convents and schools which had been operating clandestinely were raided and sealed; religious organizations which had been engaged in political activity, also in violation of national laws, were scolded. The church went on strike and attempted a business boycott. Disaster was in the air. Both sides tugged the situation to the breaking point. Calles aggravated the bishops and the bishops sulked stiff-necked. But because nothing happened to prove to either side that the masses beyond the city limits were its allies, peace parleys were begun, though they usually proved abortive. Time made anti-climax of the drama, and, according to the understanding just reached, the Vatican recognizes the constitution, in exchange for which it is extended the privilege of agitating for its reform. Priests will register, no religion will be taught outside the churches, and no religious ceremonies will be performed except in them. In return the government will abandon its tactics of encouraging schism, and will register none but priests approved by Roman dioceses. Among the vivas for the Pope and President Portes Gil, give Ambassador Morrow a little hand. He is a better diplomat than his predecessors, and than Maximilian.

FRIENDS OF PEACE will welcome the announced intention of Premier MacDonald to notify the League Assembly in September of Great Britain's acceptance of the so-called optional clause, Article 36, of the statutes of the Permanent Court of International Justice. This article, written by Elihu Root in 1920, binds a state accepting it to the obligatory submission of all purely legal questions, such as the interpretation of treaties and pecuniary claims for legal injuries. The little states, which would be able under this clause to take their big neighbors into court, have naturally favored it, forty-four out of fifty-one League members having already signed. The big Powers have been inclined to stand aloof, giving too much color to the idea that they preferred to trust their guns and navies. Germany, however, accepted last year, and France and Japan have indicated their willingness to do the same. If Great Britain now adheres, Italy will be the only great state in the League

still outside. Newspaper dispatches indicate that British acceptance may be accompanied by certain reservations, but in the hands of Mr. MacDonald we may reasonably hope that such reservations will not do violence to the essential principle of the clause. As pointed out in our editorial of April 3, the United States has already signed an agreement with Latin-American states for obligatory arbitration of legal questions. We also suggested that the United States might offer to sign Article 36 if the four great Powers still standing out would do so.

WE HAVE RECEIVED several letters lately protesting against our attitude toward the prohibition law, one of which, from Jesse H. Holmes of Swarthmore College, we print this week in our correspondence columns. Mr. Holmes says we "ignore the fact that the law was fairly and constitutionally passed" and "apparently has the support of a large majority of our people." Undoubtedly the Eighteenth Amendment was constitutionally passed, but to what extent it is supported by the people of the United States is open to question. *The Nation* thinks that the Eighteenth Amendment should not have been presented to our State legislatures, which had no direct mandates from the voters, but that the alternative method provided by the Constitution should have been employed and the measure placed before State conventions specifically elected to vote on that subject and no other. Likewise we feel that the Dry majority in Congress is an inexact gauge of public sentiment. We have already said, and here repeat, that as a necessary preliminary to approaching prohibition enforcement there should be a national referendum, and we wish Mr. Hoover's commission would recommend such a course. We sympathize with the protest of Senator Glass against the effort to "submerge" prohibition in organizing the work of the commission. A commission on prohibition enforcement was what Mr. Hoover promised in the campaign and what Congress voted money for. The country is not interested in homilies on law enforcement in general; it would like specific advice as to what to do about the Volstead act.

OUR CORRESPONDENT COMPLAINS also that in deploring shooting and killing by prohibition agents we overlook the fact that they have to deal with armed desperadoes. Undoubtedly the work of prohibition-enforcement officers is both difficult and dangerous. We have just had an instance of it in the attack upon a customs boat in the Detroit River by a craft believed to be engaged in smuggling liquor. The attackers took the offensive, severely injured the customs boat by gunfire, and, although eventually driven to cover, continued to shoot even from Canadian waters. We also appreciate that many enforcement officers have been killed in the effort to carry out the prohibition law. We said last week that it would be absurd to disarm prohibition-enforcement agents, but we approve of the orders given to them to shoot only in self-defense. We understand that customs patrolmen, on the other hand, are permitted to shoot to prevent a felony, and we agree with our neighbor the *New Republic* that they should be limited as strictly as prohibition agents. If this course had been followed, Henry Virkula would not have been killed at International Falls, Minnesota. We cannot think of any kind of smuggling which is so serious as to warrant an officer in assuming the duty of jury and judge, and executing summary punishment. *The Nation* believes that violence begets violence and not respect for law. Present methods are stimulating the already excessive tendency of American police officers toward lawlessness and brutality. To show us a better way of approaching this question of prohibition is the exacting task which the American people ask of Mr. Hoover's commission.

PRESIDENT HOOVER is apparently learning a good deal about tariff making. It is reported that he not only wants, but expects to get, a tariff bill that will give adequate protection (whatever that may be) to agriculture, and that will relieve industries showing evident signs of distress and unemployment, and no others. Such simple faith in the possibilities of protection deserves something better than the misshapen bill passed by the House. The chorus of press protests against that measure continues to grow, while strenuous and well-justified objections from foreigners pour in. Our exports of goods last year exceeded our imports by more than a billion dollars. Our foreign customers cannot forever meet such a bill by their present methods of borrowing money from us and entertaining our tourists. The only solution consists in selling more to the outside world. If the Administration is willing to fight for such a program, even within the limits of its protectionist thinking, it may yet rescue something from the wreck of Mr. Hoover's "limited-revision" program. The close vote on Senator Borah's resolution shows that there is plenty of support in the Senate for a measure that would not be a general grab-bag, and the spread of information concerning what the proposed measure will actually do will certainly make its passage increasingly difficult. The battle against the bill ought to be waged with all vigor during the coming months.

SPEAKING OF THE TARIFF, Nicholas Murray Butler, president of Columbia University, has indulged lately in a refreshing amount of criticism of the political party of which he has long been an honored member. Evidently he does not believe in the doctrine of our Secretary of the Navy, Charles Francis Adams, that the whole duty of a Republican is simply to peep "Me too." In his commencement address recently Mr. Butler defined the difference between true patriotism and "pharisaical nationalism," saying of the latter:

> It is this pharisaical nationalism which frames public policies as if there were no other members of the human family but ourselves. It acclaims international trade and international financial interdependence, and then proceeds to build tariff walls so high as to make both as difficult as possible. It permits private interest to insinuate itself into public policies which should be controlled solely and entirely by the larger interest of the whole people, and it thinks of a nation not as a moral personality with duties and ideals, but simply as an economic unit intent upon exalting itself in all possible ways no matter at whose cost or at what damage to the general welfare. It is unintelligent selfishness personified.
>
> Just now we may see all this in full sway at the national capital. The sagacious and constructive economic policy which, as expounded by Hamilton and Clay and Lincoln and Blaine and Garfield and McKinley in his last address at Buffalo, had come to be generally accepted as characteristic of our nation's public life, has now been

> quietly superseded by the doctrine that the government must assure a profitable domestic market to every producer with political influence enough to insist upon having it provided for him, regardless of anything else.

We wish that a radio loud speaker might have relayed these words into the halls of Congress.

JUNE 20 was a big day for J. P. Morgan and Company, for on that day the firm announced two of the greatest industrial combinations in history: a half-billion-dollar power organization in New York State and a national food grouping of the Fleischmann Company, the Royal Baking Powder Company, and the Gillett baking-powder interests of Canada. From the consumers' point of view the new Morgan power combination is the more dangerous because it is almost certain to give to one group of holding companies a virtual monopoly of New York State power. At this writing the Morgan combination controls about 40 per cent of the electric power of New York and, if the expected merging with the Consolidated Gas system is completed, the new super-corporation will control about 88 per cent of the State's power. The consumer can only stand and weep, for the new combination is an organization of holding companies which are exempt under the law from control by public-service commissions. The key holding company used by the Morgan interests, the United Corporation, which was described in *The Nation* of January 23, does not engage in operating activities and is therefore in a position to overvalue its constituent companies and withhold from the consumer the gains of consolidation without adequate check by any regulating agency.

JUST WHEN we were beginning to feel deep pity for the textile manufacturers because of the feminine fancy for bare legs, an editorial from the *Southern Textile Bulletin* changed our whole outlook and proved that every shoe has its cotton lining:

> While the textile industry watches the progress of the stockingless fad, we are wondering if it is going to hurt the cotton manufacturing industry. When silk or rayon hose are removed, socks have to take their place because the inside of shoes does not feel good to the bare feet, and the socks will contain more cotton than the hose. The lady that runs around with bare legs will have to spend much time with her lower extremities in the bath-tub, and there will be a greater wearing out of wash rags and towels, or at least we hope that such will be the case. It is an ill wind that blows no good.

And where there are more towels there will be more laundries, more soap, more bath-tubs, more plumbers, more sponges, more bath-robes, more manicure sets, more jobs for podiatrists, more gold-plated safety-razors, more depilatories, more sunburn-proof ointment. Ultimately Lloyd George and bare legs will solve the problem of unemployment.

AFTER SUFFERING DENIAL of citizenship by the Supreme Court of the United States, Rosika Schwimmer can take some consolation from the award, by the Supreme Court of the State of New York, of $17,000 damages from Fred R. Marvin, head of the Key Men of America, for a libel action decided in her favor in the county courts a year ago. Mr. Marvin was so rash as to call Mrs. Schwimmer, among other things, "a German spy" and a "Bolshevik agent." In proof of these charges he adduced the once famous and now forgotten—except by some of the Key Men—Lusk Committee reports. Justice McCook of the State Supreme Court ruled that libel does not become privileged matter because published by a legislative committee, and added that such a report, to be privileged, must be fair and honest. And now, while Mrs. Schwimmer's suits in our American courts are fresh in our minds, we are treated to the spectacle of citizenship being denied by the federal District Court of New Haven to Douglas C. MacIntosh, a member of the Yale Divinity School faculty, because, although he spent four years in the army during the late conflict, he will not engage to support or fight in a war which he does not regard as "morally justified." "I will not," he said, "promise that I would support the government in a war in violation of the so-called Kellogg pact, for instance." To the editors of *The Nation,* who regard these sentiments as no more than a modicum of what is just and reasonable, the action of the United States Court seems at best only the necessary interpretation of a bad law.

COOLING NEWS comes from Broadway. Several theaters are to be transformed into swimming pools. The "legitimate" theaters have been driven to this pass by the "illegitimate" talkies. One of these theaters, it is pointed out, has been occupied only four months since its opening in 1927. The galleries will provide seats for spectators. The cupids on the ceilings, as we recall them, look as if swimming is just the exercise they need. The chorus girls need only buy swimming caps, although, like sailors, most of them probably can't swim. However, we must award the prize for hot-weather news to the enterprising Congressman from Ohio, Frank Murphy, for his project to help Mr. Hoover fight the Reds and preserve to America "sound government" by Republicans, as opposed, no doubt, to the silent variety. He proposes to do this by means of the *National Republic*—a monthly propaganda magazine for the G. O. P.—and as many ten-dollar contributions as he can extract from "friends of the administration," like Senator Watson and Hubert Work, who have indorsed his campaign. Mr. Hoover, in his more scientific moments, must enjoy the neolithic antics of his Republican colleagues.

TO CHARLES E. PAYNE, professor of history at Grinnell College, Iowa, we extend hearty congratulations for winning *The Nation's* essay prize of $150 for the best discussion of What is Making for War with England. Certainly no moment could be more appropriate than the present for bringing Mr. Payne's thoughtful discussion before the public. His article, which is printed elsewhere in this issue, was awarded first prize by Charles A. Beard, Norman Thomas, and Willmott H. Lewis after reading a selection of essays from almost every State in the Union and a dozen foreign countries. We wish to express our deep appreciation not only to the judges but to the many contestants who analyzed the British-American situation so ably that the task of the judges was made exceedingly difficult. Among the many excellent essays submitted those of Walter Phelps Hall of Princeton and Albert F. Coyle, former editor of the *Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers' Journal,* should receive honorable mention.

Statesmen and Admirals

THERE was some disappointment over the lack of definiteness in the pronouncements of Messrs. MacDonald and Dawes concerning naval reduction. Instead, there might well be satisfaction over the advance indicated in the probable methods of approaching the question.

The dismal failure of the Geneva Conference of 1927 was attributed, correctly enough, to the too great influence of naval experts. There seems to be reason for hoping that the next conference will be one not of admirals, whose business it is to make war effectively, but of statesmen, whose business it is to make peace effectively. The two groups are concerned primarily with different questions, and there is no reconciling the two points of view. The admirals are busy with the danger of defeat in war; the statesmen, with the danger of war itself—a danger which, be it said, under modern conditions is graver than the danger of defeat, since modern war knows no victors in the old sense. Unless the two questions are kept distinct, there is no getting forward. The hopeful sign at present is the indication that the questions are being kept separate, and that the right question rather than the wrong one is to be tackled. Ramsay MacDonald, as the world knows, has the root of the matter in him, and the first public utterance of our new ambassador suggests that Washington also is alive to the actual needs of the time.

Mr. Dawes spoke to the Pilgrim Society not without confusion, yet with recognition of the main issue. He said:

> The naval officer has his duty to perform to his state and it is primarily to secure it against attack. He therefore trusts to his ships and armament. It is the duty of the statesman to remove from his state danger of attack. Upon the latter primarily lies the duty of peace-making, and in these negotiations he must hold the initiative. He is the one to build up a new order, to start a new policy, guided as he goes by the advice of those competent, patriotic, naval experts who serve him.

The distinction of tasks here is clear, and the primacy of the statesman's work is clearly set forth. He is to build up a new order and start a new policy. So far so good.

In what sense, however, is he to be guided in this task "by the advice of those competent, patriotic, naval experts who serve him"? Here is the sticking-point, and here Mr. Dawes falls into error and confusion from the standpoint of us extreme pacifists whom he so felicitously brackets with the extreme militarists as the lunatic fringe. Mr. Dawes would have the admirals of each nation first work out a definition of abstract equality and then would let the statesmen fashion a compromise between these definitions as a working formula for reduction. If this means that the statesmen are to take their admirals seriously, we are landed back just where we were, depending on our guns and ships for safety, and there can be no effective reduction. If on the other hand, the admirals and their influence are to be effectively kept out of the negotiations, then there is reasonable ground to hope that something substantial may be done. The most hopeful interpretation to put on the remarks of our Ambassador is that Washington and London alike, unable to scrap their admirals, intend to keep them out of the conference and to limit their power for mischief-making to a minimum. That is the best we can hope for as things stand.

As a matter of principle, the case is perfectly clear. If war between the English-speaking peoples is "inconceivable," as we daily assert, then the question of naval equality loses all interest. We must start with the assumption either that we may some day fight or that we shall never fight. The admiral, by the nature of his job, makes the first assumption. The statesman, on the other hand, may choose either alternative, but in fact he, too, generally chooses the first, thereby falling into the hands, because he falls into the thinking, of those whose business it is to make war.

Aside from the enormous economic gain involved, the most important result of any movement toward lessened armaments is probably the encouragement it gives people to think of national safety in other terms than those of a preponderance of force. A great opportunity now faces Mr. Hoover to help Americans think in those other terms. The existence of the MacDonald ministry gives him an extraordinary opening which we are eager to believe that he will seize. He cannot scrap the army and navy, but he can say like a sensible man that we have no wish or intention to fight anybody, least of all our British friends, that we are eager to save the burdensome taxes involved in carrying out our silly fifteen-cruiser program, and that we are willing to unite with other nations in almost any reasonable plan of naval reduction, without too meticulous consideration of the details of guns and ships. Such details are unimportant in a world where people do not mean to make war, and if we do not succeed in avoiding war they will make little difference anyway; for we shall all go to perdition together.

If the governments of Great Britain and the United States will only take a strong lead in a program of naval reduction, based on the assumption of mutual good faith and good-will, there are already indications of the willingness and eagerness of other governments to join with them. The cost of armaments is so heavy, the dread of war and ensuing civil disturbance is so great, that they all have the strongest motives to pay almost any price for peace. The people who pay the armament taxes are eager to be relieved of that burden, which they carry only because they have learned no better way of being safe. If the United States and England will muzzle their admirals as Mr. Dawes has suggested, and bring out their statesmen, we may see something done. It will never be done, however, if those statesmen think in ultimate terms of war. As is pointed out in our prize-winning essay elsewhere in this number, we have plenty of occasions of difference with our English as with our other friends; we have none that is worth or ever will be worth a war, and our statesmen must realize this fact. Mr. Hoover and Mr. MacDonald now have a chance to lead in taking a step that will begin to give meaning and reality to the words that were spoken at Paris last summer. The road is difficult, but not impossible. Down with the admirals and up with the statesmen!

Chekhov—Twenty-five Years After

IN the middle of July, 1904, the body of Anton Pavlovich Chekhov leisurely traveled from Badenweiler, Germany, to St. Petersburg, where it was buried. Admirers who at various railroad stations, some time in the midst of the night, came to take leave of the dead were shocked to discover, upon inquiry, that the coffin was conveyed in a car bearing the legend "Oysters." A fitting incongruity for the finale of one who had been primarily the poet of life's incongruities.

It has been the fate of Chekhov, in life and after his death, to be mercilessly interpreted. In Russia a writer without a pronounced "tendency" was regarded as an anomaly second only to that of a Russian without a passport—an unimaginable freak in a *Polizeistaat*. Chekhov felt mildly amused at the efforts of friend and enemy to label him definitively and drag him into one camp or another. He who had no use for reforms, revolutions, and similar palliatives could not but chuckle when a story or play of his would cause him to be simultaneously praised or damned as a reactionary and a radical, a Marxian materialist and a neo-Kantian idealist, a champion of the village and a protagonist of urban Russia, and so on to infinity. On the eve of the revolution of 1905 resolutions of various political groups ended with a quotation from Chekhov: "Tak zhit' nielzia," that is, one cannot, one must not, live such a life! Anton Pavlovich, in his grave, may have smiled at being thus utilized.

In Soviet Russia Chekhov is considered obsolescent. Shakespeare, Molière, dramatized Dickens and Jack London, and such Russians as Gogol and Ostrovsky are more appropriate and timely than the author of "The Cherry Orchard." At the same time the Western world, notably England and the United States, is beginning to appreciate Chekhov more and more. The pseudo-Marxian explanation of this phenomenon, by relegating Chekhov's writings to bourgeois art, will hardly do. Molière is being produced by workers' clubs in Moscow; does that classify Molière as a proletarian writer? A more plausible reason for the change in Chekhov's fortunes may be found in the fact that while Western audiences have become more sensitive for nuances, the Soviet public, in any event its present aristocracy, demands less subtlety than the pre-revolutionary intelligentsia. The ruling class in Russia, having had no yesterday in art appreciation, demands the obviously tragic, the obviously comic, or the immediately contemporary. Meierhold knows his clientele, and he brings the drama down to its level. Poster-like directness and striking effects, Constructivist scenery suggestive of the machine age, actual automobiles speeding up stage through the audience—that is digestible.

Chekhov has been baffling to critics, particularly to Russian critics whose prevailing penchant for the social or sociological method made their work serve a political rather than literary purpose. The Russians have found it exasperating to squeeze Chekhov into the Procrustean bed of definitive formulas. The difficulty of evaluating Chekhov in words is due to the fact that his is more than a verbal art, that it is infinitely suggestive of moods and of as many complex contradictions as life itself may contain. As a rule Chekhov's starting-point is the humor of the grotesque misplacement and the incongruous in life. If the humor turns out to be of the tragic variety, it is because Chekhov's keen eye observes not the exceptional but the ordinary and common. Chekhov insisted on "The Cherry Orchard" being a comedy. Stanislavsky overruled the author and presented the play as a tragedy. Who was right? Both, undoubtedly. The resolution-makers of 1905 were not wrong in choosing for a slogan Chekhov's "Tak zhit' nielzia." The word *nielzia* means both one cannot, physically, and one must not, ethically. Chekhov taught no message, he had no ax to grind. He showed life as it is, in all its incongruities, and only rarely suggested the inevitable deduction that one cannot and must not live thus. Were the Soviet audiences and producers a bit subtler, they might realize how profoundly nonconformist and revolutionary Chekhov is.

Empire Builder

PERHAPS the most important figure in the entire history of Central America—the man who has done most to steer the destinies of the Caribbean countries—was Minor Cooper Keith. Yet comparatively few of the headline-scanners of 1929 recognized the name when they read, on June 15, that Minor Keith, aged 81, had died.

Upon his tomb might well be inscribed the words "He built railroads and planted bananas." Those were his major activities and with them for more than half a century he remade nations. When he died his dream of a railroad that should link North America with South was still five hundred miles short of fulfilment, but he had built the major links, some of them over swampy jungle land where neither white man nor red had been able to live; and he had proved that they could be made to pay. He planted bananas to provide freight for his railways, and with his bananas transformed the whole East coast of Central America. His name was a byword in four republics, all of which had at times virtually put the entire settlement of their foreign debts in his hands.

Minor Keith belonged to an epic elder generation. He was no cool Wall Street head, planning from afar the exploitation of alien resources. He went to Costa Rica—from a Brooklyn lumberyard via a Texas ranch—at twenty-three, and he grew up with the country. Many of his first employees were veterans of William Walker's roistering filibusters. His uncle had built the famous Oroya Railway that meanders upward 15,000 feet in the Andes in Peru. Minor Keith lived his life in the tropics, and he married the daughter of a former President of Costa Rica. Central Americans, although they sometimes feared him, counted him one of themselves. And while there are stories of ruthless methods employed by the great United Fruit Company in squeezing lesser rivals out of its empire, the company boasts—it is significant and encouraging that it does boast—that it has never called for a marine or a battleship to protect it. More powerful than many nations, it has done its own negotiating and its own protecting.

In 1872 Minor Keith and his elder brother rode mule-

back down to Limon on the Atlantic Coast of Costa Rica. There was no railroad to the interior in these days, and hardly even a trail to the miasmic swamps along the Atlantic Coast. The old saying was that a man who made the trip to the coast once was a hero; if he went twice he was a fool. Keith went a hundred times. Once he took with him a corps of happy-go-lucky New Orleans dockhands, who first mutinied and then died of fever. Another time he brought in a few thousand Italians; some of them died and the rest deserted. Thousands of lives were lost; Keith and the Republic of Costa Rica both almost went bankrupt. It took twenty years to lay the rails up to the capital; meanwhile Keith, realizing that Costa Rican coffee, in spite of its excellent quality, would not supply enough freight, began planting bananas along the railway route and cultivating them with the black labor he had found best adapted to the country. Today the whole East coast of Central America is a waving mass of gigantic banana leaves; its population is largely black, and English is more current than Spanish. It is the empire of the United Fruit Company.

The United Fruit Company is the product of a merger between the Keith interests in Central America and Boston interests which had built up a fruit business in Jamaica. Today it has an investment of some two hundred million dollars in tropical fruit; it employs 50,000 men in the Caribbean region alone, and keeps more than as many again busy growing fruit for it on their own plantations. It owns, directly or indirectly, four-fifths of the railways of Costa Rica and all its ports, and virtually all the railways of Honduras, Guatemala, and Salvador; and its investments in Nicaragua, Panama, and Colombia are considerable. It has built cities; it antedated Gorgas in controlling tropical disease; it maintains hospitals and schools. And all this enormous efflorescence of industry in what had seemed uninhabitable jungles —its operations have been slightest in the upland coffee country settled by the Spaniards—is largely due to the vision, the ruthless energy, and the organizing ability of Minor Keith. Younger men have grown up in the business under him; but he is universally recognized in Central America as the grand old man of bananas, the grand old man of railways, the greatest single force in building up the region economically.

But bananas, revolutionary as they have been, are mild compared to the ultimate influence of railways. Minor Keith's railways are still local fruit roads; but he dreamed them linked into an iron backbone of the Americas. Already it is possible to travel by rail from New York almost to the frontier of Nicaragua. Mexico, Guatemala, Honduras, and Salvador are united by rail. And over the rails, even of the lesser fruit roads, come Detroit motor cars, Cincinnati candles, Pittsburgh aluminum pots, phonographs, radio sets, breakfast foods, and cigarettes. The old local crafts begin to disappear; they will soon be gone, unless the Indian stock of Guatemala and Mexico can continue to resist the effects of hard roads and cheap factory goods. It seems hardly likely. A whole culture is doomed by Minor Keith's banana and banana railroads. He himself had the wisdom occasionally to ponder what he had done; but the bright young men who have grown up under him have no doubts. And though they never need marines or gunboats, the effect of their bustling activity is a subtler, profounder, and more revolutionary imperialism than that which spreads its more obvious wings under the protection of Uncle Sam's soldier-boys.

Freedom and Loyalty

IN the course of his baccalaureate sermon at Columbia University Dr. Howard Chandler Robbins, the former dean of the Cathedral of St. John the Divine, bade the students play the part of free men,

> preserving in its integrity your personal life and never allowing it to be controlled and dominated by opinions and judgments forced upon you from without. If you feel impelled to do so [he continued], you will plead in San Francisco for Tom Mooney's release; you will question in Boston the justice of the Sacco-Vanzetti executions, and you will proclaim at conventions of the Daughters of the American Revolution (if they will let you) the rights of Quakers and pacifists to citizenship, though you yourself happen to be neither.

When so much worth saying has been so admirably said it is perhaps ungracious to raise any objections, but if we may judge from the printed reports we are afraid that Dr. Robbins left the loophole which the ministerial mind is, perhaps, even more likely than any other to be careful to leave. His subject was not Freedom, but Freedom *and* Loyalty. And when you link the two you raise a difficulty which Dr. Robbins does not seem to have solved. He told his hearers that the two ideals lay at opposite poles; he urged them to be "as free as you are loyal and as loyal as you are free"; but he did not, unfortunately, tell them how this feat was to be accomplished, and to us it seems that he thus stopped short at the very point where any possibly fruitful discussion of Freedom *and* Loyalty should begin.

We have no doubt that the Grand Kleagle himself would agree with Dr. Robbins "in principle." Certainly Mr. Wilson professed to do so at the very time when he sanctioned the conscription of all youth and the persecution of conscientious objectors. But the fact remains that to insist upon Freedom *and* Loyalty is not to announce a principle but to indulge an evasion, because whenever anything fundamental is at stake the problem must always resolve itself into one of choice. No one who succeeded in being "as free as he was loyal and as loyal as he was free" ever got into any trouble with even the Daughters of the American Revolution or the Ku Klux Klan, but no one with an independent mind ever succeeded in convincing himself that he could always reconcile the two unreconcilables. One or the other must come first.

Every fundamentalist believes in Faith *and* Reason, just as every member of the Society for the Suppression of Vice believes in Liberty without License, but no specific problem was ever solved by the enunciation of either one of these seductive phrases. Nor will any student at Columbia ever be brought to a clear decision by pondering the mystical unity of Freedom and Loyalty. When a book is published, a strike is called, or a war is declared, he will be urged one way by a group shouting "Loyalty" and another way by a group shouting "Freedom." What he will have to do is make a choice, and Dr. Robbins must have discovered the fact during the course of his late disagreements with his superior, that high-pressure promoter who happens to be the Protestant Episcopal Bishop of New York. It is too bad that he could not bring himself to admit it to the graduates of Columbia.

It Seems to Heywood Broun

IN his lively biographical sketch "John D., A Portrait in Oils," John K. Winkler directs attention to one of the major achievements in the life of the magnate. And according to the judgment of the author, the financier's growth in public esteem has been a matter of shrewd foresight. Mr. Winkler believes that the oil king's vast gifts for health and education have wholly altered his station in the public eye. He seems to think that shrewd press agentry, pictures for newspaper photographers, and silver dimes for caddies have altered the whole temper of a nation's thinking.

With all due respect to Mr. Ivy Lee, I think that deeper causes have contributed to the abatement of the hot hatred which once flowed out of the community toward John D. Rockefeller. It does not seem to me that even now the people of America are actually adoring in their attitude toward the old gentleman though he has been accepted as an interesting personality. I believe and hope that Americans have outgrown a naive and absurd way of thinking in regard to economic matters. Time was when every rich industrialist was of necessity a villain. The captains of finance were the men behind the trusts and the trusts ground down and exploited the poor. Once upon a time the notion held sway that if the Government would only compel competition in every form of business we should all be rich, happy, and the possessors of full dinner pails.

I would not for a moment suggest that John D. Rockefeller formed a giant combination out of altruistic motives, and yet I think that he is sound in his contention that the Standard Oil Company has, on the whole, been beneficial to the citizens of the United States. I say this in spite of the citations of evil practice brought forward by Ida Tarbell. Sooner or later the American consumer must face the hard fact that he will never benefit in the long run from cutthroat competition, be it in oil or meat, transportation or woolen garments. After all price must depend ultimately upon cost of production, and too many cooks not only spoil the broth but make it more expensive.

To be sure, the innocent bystander may profit for a little while through a price war, but such deadly struggles are of short duration, and you may be sure that what the consumer saves during the strife he will later make up in an indemnity to the winner. The Sherman and the Clayton acts are relics of legislation enacted in the days when political economics was in the kindergarten stage. For the time being there is need of a close alliance and understanding between big business and men of a radical turn of mind. For the most part the Socialist has been wise enough to see that the Fords, the Rockefellers, and the Morgans are all unconsciously the friends of his philosophy. It is the vast organizers who have shown us how great are the economies in combination. They have proved that a high standard of living can be maintained only in lands where monopoly is allowed to flourish. A commercial war, like any other, is generally destructive to all concerned. It is practical wisdom for the Socialist to say: "Combine and merge, grow big and bigger, and at the proper time we'll take you over."

Utopian dreams of the four-hour day and the five-day week assume immediacy only when they are translated into terms of industrial unification and organization. Of course, the scheme of fattening trusts up for the public good has its dangers. In the case of utility corporations, for one, we have seen the manner in which giant combinations tend to seek control of public opinion and to influence information and control legislation. No one should deny that there is a risk in allowing the erection of vast citadels of capital. But the risk must be taken. There is no other way. In spite of persuasive sentimentalists no one can seriously consider a return to the old days of handicraft. While it is true that the artisan of an age which is passed may have had more fun in his job than a Ford employee pressing some single gadget it is well to remember that he had to stick to his bench during hours which now seem inconceivable to most of us. Most of the tears which have been shed over the passing of the candlestick-maker and the weaver and the tinsmith were not shed by any of the members of those arduous occupations.

The world is coming to think of work as a necessary evil. Organize, and it can be reduced to a minimum. Some of us today take setting-up exercises that we may live. We don't pretend to think that it is enjoyable to touch the fingers to the toes a dozen times or yet a hundred. But the whole business may be stuffed into a small compass. So it may be in time with labor. But first we must rid the world of that grinding false god called competition, which actually means that three people perform a task which could be better done by one under more shrewdly devised circumstances.

If competition is the actual ogre who has robbed our days of playing and our nights of sleep then we owe Mr. Rockefeller a vote of thanks and not any measure of hatred whatsoever. Yet I would not go so far as to lead a cheering squad to the high fence in Tarrytown. Just as I never regarded John D. as an arch-villain so do I now refuse to hail him as a shining hero.

It has become the custom to salute each of the great industrialists as a genius. I quarrel with that because there seem to be so many of them and when one dies or steps down another moves forward to take his place. Few will deny that the elder Morgan was a man of more forceful personality than his son who now rules the great banking house. And yet the affairs which went on under the hand of the dead leader were insignificant in scope compared to the undertakings of the present firm.

Three names are mentioned as America's greatest. Ford, Rockefeller, and Edison comprise the trio. Edison is, of course, no financier at all, although his inventions form the very core of every merger in public utilities. Ford is a curious combination of engineer and practical organizer. Rockefeller is sheer financier. Obviously the nature of American life has been vastly influenced by these three. Your house and mine show in every corner the touch of their fingers. That is if you will allow me to include the garage. And yet I believe that in a hundred years all three will be virtually forgotten. They have come into our homes and not into our heads. After a century only the intangibles can be seen or felt or heard.

HEYWOOD BROUN

England and America*

By CHARLES E. PAYNE

JUST before the Great War the United States and Great Britain celebrated the completion of one hundred years of peace between the two nations. Commenting on this record, Lord Bryce said: "Whenever there were bad manners in London, there was good temper at Washington and when there was a storm on the Potomac, there was calm on the Thames. The moral is that peace can always be kept, whatever the controversy, between peoples that wish to keep it."

In spite of this unique record, the post-war years have gradually developed an exceedingly dangerous tension. This has become so serious that even as realistic and level-headed a statesman as Ramsay MacDonald has declared that a war between the two peoples is by no means unthinkable. This startling and sinister change has not been desired by either Government and, least of all, by either people. Nevertheless we have blindly drifted into the same atmosphere of mutual jealousy that has resulted in past wars.

In an analysis of this situation, it should be noted that there has always existed a certain amount of dislike in each nation for the other. In America, this has been partly an inheritance from the Wars of '76 and 1812. It has been kept alive by the nationalistic type of textbook in our schools, has been sedulously stimulated by certain organizations which would appear to exist for no other purpose, and has been too frequently capitalized by ignorant or unscrupulous politicians. It has been fostered, too, by immigrants from certain other countries and notably by the Irish who have always played an active part in our political life. By centuries of mistreatment, England has instilled into the Irish a deep hatred which they not unnaturally brought to this country. While the Irish question is now settled the old hatred still plays its part.

The British dislike for Americans is grounded in the belief that we are a provincial people; it finds expression in a "certain condescension" which James Russell Lowell once deprecated. For this attitude, Americans themselves are not altogether blameless. The American traveler abroad must frequently blush for the noisy and self-assertive type of his countrymen. Of course, an irritating type of Britisher visits America but he comes in smaller numbers.

Another contributing factor to this permanent misunderstanding is the existence of a highly nationalistic and irresponsible type of newspaper which indulges in misrepresentation of the other people and plays upon the vanity of its own. This game of international "window-smashing," as Bismarck once called it, is highly profitable to the newspapers, but as the same statesman pointed out, every country eventually pays for the windows which its papers smash.

Equally offensive and far less excusable is the sort of statement occasionally indulged in by public officials. President Coolidge's Armistice Day speech illustrates how strikingly inept a provincial mind can be when it lacks both humor and imagination.

The irritating factors thus far discussed, while more or less permanent, would never in themselves have produced a crisis. They have been offset down to the Great War by the large fund of common sense and good humor in each people, supplemented by mutual confidence and respect. Down to that time, too, there had been no great clash of economic interests. While the United States and Great Britain had been expanding rapidly they had expanded in different spheres. Great Britain had been developing the "Second British Empire" whereas the United States had been advancing westward. Thus no serious rivalry developed at sea or for the markets of the world. Indeed, the two Powers served each other's economic needs admirably. Great Britain as a creditor nation was looking for good investments, and thus it happened that our transcontinental railways were largely financed by British capital.

With the end of the Spanish American War, however, the United States expanded beyond this continent and began to develop the interests of a World Power. With the resources of a continent behind us and with our agencies for organization, we soon became a rival of Great Britain for world markets and began to emerge from a debtor to a creditor nation. It became evident to shrewd observers that the United States was destined eventually to surpass Great Britain as an industrial and financial power. This change, indeed, was precipitated by the Great War which weakened Great Britain's economic position, almost eliminated her rival Germany, and left the United States the strongest economic power in the world. Hardly was the war over, when Great Britain began to feel the danger to her supremacy. On July 1, 1919, that astute observer, Colonel House, wrote President Wilson from London: "Almost as soon as I arrived in England I sensed an antagonism to the United States . . . our position is much more favorable. It is because of this that the relations between the two countries are beginning to assume the same character as those of England and Germany before the war.

"By her industry and organization, Germany was forging ahead as the first Power in the world but she lost everything by her arrogance and lack of statesmanship. Will it be Great Britain or the United States who will next commit the colossal blunder?"

The decade which has elapsed since these pregnant words has not definitely answered his question as to whether the United States or Great Britain will make the "colossal blunder." It is certain, however, that the friction between the two peoples has been greatly intensified, and that neither nation can claim a clean bill of conduct as to responsibility.

The British feel that we have joyously accepted the advantages of our new position but have refused to assume the corresponding responsibilities. Our failure to join the League, to adhere to the Court unless given a privileged position, and our unwillingness to guarantee any kind of sanctions for the Kellogg-Briand Pact are interpreted as evidence of our irresponsible attitude. In a recent visit to England, the writer heard this view expounded by scores of

* The prize-winning essay in *The Nation's* recent contest on the status of British and American relations.—EDITOR THE NATION.

Englishmen of all classes. Whether just or unjust, it is one of the grave causes of the existent ill feeling. A second grievance is the debt settlement which the average Britisher feels has proved entirely too burdensome. Since he is paying the highest income tax in the world and since both Italy and France were treated more leniently, he is deeply disgruntled. Great Britain like France has her "devastated region." It consists of a serious falling-off in her export trade due to a general decline in world markets. Since the war, her exports have never been more than 75 per cent of their pre-war level. This factor together with the demoralization of her coal industry and trade has left Great Britain with a permanent body of over a million unemployed which has to be sustained at the public expense. In this harassing condition she has tried desperately to recapture a higher per cent of her pre-war markets but in so doing the British producer has come up against the American tariff wall and the keen competition of American mass production.

Finally, America is now challenging the most deeply cherished of all British traditions, her right to control the trade of neutrals with a nation whom she is fighting; a tradition older, dearer, and even more vital to the British than the Monroe Doctrine is to Americans. Little wonder that John Bull is both sore and indignant!

Looked at from our side, however, Uncle Sam has his grievance and his case. Over here, industrialization has gone on apace and has gradually passed into the hands of "Big Business" which has developed organization and mass production on an unprecedented scale. The home market no longer suffices either for the consumption of our products or surplus capital. In consequence, we are attempting to capture foreign markets and to find fields for investments abroad.

Then, there is the question of raw materials. The automobile industry is largely American and depends upon cheap oil and cheap rubber. There has been sharp competition between British and American oil interests in Mexico, Persia, Turkey, and Irak. As for rubber, almost the whole output is British and there has been severe criticism from American buyers of her regulation of this monopoly.

"Big Business" (including rubber and oil companies) demands that its interests—its investments, loans, and markets—be protected by a strong foreign policy. This pressure found expression in Mr. Coolidge's declaration that "our citizens abroad are part of our national domain," and a determined effort has been made by propaganda to educate the public up to this principle of foreign policy. Along with these developments there has grown up a determination not to tolerate in the future Great Britain's regulation of neutral trade when she is at war. The "freedom of the seas" has become almost an article of faith with the American people and it brings us into direct conflict with the most cherished of all British traditions. It is this question which is really at the bottom of our present naval rivalry. In other words, the clash of economic interests has produced naval competition and the two together are chiefly responsible for the present critical character of Anglo-American relations.

Attempts at naval agreements have failed because they have not come to grips with the vital issue, the freedom of the seas. Within limits, the Washington Conference was a great success. It settled certain Far Eastern problems, averted war with Japan, and established parity in battleships. It succeeded because strategy was subordinated to policy. This angered the friends of the big navy, and they have discredited the conference ever since. At the Geneva Conference, they had their day—policy was subordinated to strategy—the result was failure. Both the British and American delegations were about equally responsible for the failure but the press of each country threw the blame entirely upon the other delegation. Then came the highly unfortunate Anglo-French naval agreement. Britain herself has overwhelmingly repudiated it but it has left deep suspicion in the American mind. Finally, the Kellogg-Briand Pact was offered the world as our contribution to peace. At the same time, however, we passed the Fifteen Cruiser Bill revealing our own lack of faith in the new program.

So in this wise, it has come about that Uncle Sam and John Bull, friends for a century, look across the Atlantic, each a little truculent, and both very suspicious while Thomas Hardy's "Spirit Ironic" mockingly comments, "Yet both peoples want peace!"

The prospect, however, is not hopeless. "Peace can always be kept between peoples that wish to keep it." What then is the way out?

So far as economic rivalry is concerned, immediate action is not imperative. A geographical division of economic supremacy seems to have developed, the United States predominating in South America, Canada, and the Far East; and Great Britain in the rest of the world. Eventually as competition becomes sharper, some sort of international control of raw materials and perhaps of markets may be necessary. Public opinion, however, is not yet ready for such measures. In the meantime, very practical steps can be taken along three lines: (1) The education of the public as to the issues involved and the forces creating them; (2) the establishment of a machinery for the peaceful settlement of differences; (3) the solution of the freedom of the seas issue.

In the matter of educating the public the press is the most important factor. It is unfortunate that international good-will should turn upon the whims and prejudices of correspondents and the desire of publishers for large profits. It seems unlikely that any great reform in this direction will originate in the press. The greatest hope lies in the reading public itself. There is much evidence that even now the American public is beginning to resent the kind of foreign news service which it has thus far received. A healthy skepticism and objectivity are being rapidly developed by the Foreign Policy Association, the World Peace Foundation, the Williamstown Institute of Politics, and conferences of a similar kind. It would be difficult to exaggerate the magnificent work done by such organizations. The further development and multiplication of this type of institution by internationally minded millionaires would be one of the greatest contributing factors to future world peace.

It is only just to add that an influential part of our press and the better weeklies on both sides of the Atlantic have done yeoman service in this same direction. For the most part, they have been singularly liberal and detached in their judgment, and constructive in their criticism. Good service, too, has been done by the college professors of the country in changing the character of our school textbooks. Many texts are now available in which the drum and the trumpet play a less prominent part and which reflect an unbiased attitude toward Great Britain. This newer type of history is slowly making its way into the schools.

These combined forces, the textbooks, the responsible part of the press, and the various agencies for the study of international problems, are making it increasingly difficult for the demagogic type of newspaper or politician to influence national policies.

When it comes to establishing a machinery for the peaceful settlement of differences, we shall have to adjust our thinking to our position as a World Power. So far as governmental action is concerned, the first feasible constructive step will be to join the World Court and give it our hearty support. If the Root formula is not effective, we should continue our efforts until a satisfactory formula is found and thus demonstrate our faith in judicial processes.

It is unlikely that American opinion will go as far as to accept the compulsory jurisdiction of the Court. On the other hand, public opinion will approve an agreement with Great Britain to arbitrate all questions which cannot be settled by diplomacy or judicial methods—even questions of vital interest and national honor. Our experience of over a century in settling disputes with Great Britain would entirely justify such a step. These two measures will establish a machinery for settling all difficulties and obviate any necessity of ever resorting to war as "an instrument of national policy."

An arbitration treaty will be certain of approval by both peoples if the vexed question of the freedom of the seas can first be disposed of. The most practical solution of this century-old problem seems to be that now advocated by Wickham Steed, editor of the English *Review of Reviews*. Mr. Steed urges that Great Britain declare that she will "recognize absolute freedom of navigation upon the seas outside territorial waters except as seas may be closed in whole or in part by international action, for enforcement of international covenants." He argues that sea power would then become the servant of law and the road would be open for cooperation in peace with the United States and like-minded nations.

This suggestion has met with a good deal of approval in Great Britain and will meet with more if the United States will agree as a *quid pro quo* not to interfere with an economic blockade imposed by a unanimous vote of the League of Nations Council. There will then be no neutrals since we shall have renounced the right to trade with an outlaw nation which, in almost every conceivable case, will have also violated the Kellogg Pact. Surely this will be no great renunciation if we are really interested in a world organized for peace rather than war. On the other hand, in a case where the Council of the League is not unanimous, Great Britain will have renounced the right to interfere with our trade.

Of course, it will be objected that for the United States to permit an outside organization to determine whether or not it may trade with another nation is too great an infringement of our national sovereignty. But Great Britain will be renouncing an equally great privilege—one, in fact, even more vital to her existence. Moreover, the limitations will be self-imposed. We will voluntarily limit our sovereignty by our own sovereign will just as we would do in signing a treaty.

As John W. Davis has recently pointed out, too much of our thinking on this all-important question is based upon the false assumption that in the wars of the future Great Britain will always be a belligerent of the "old-fashioned" type and the United States will always be a neutral of the "old-fashioned" kind. As a matter of fact, with the existence of the League, the Locarno Pact, the Four Power Treaty, and the Kellogg-Briand Pact, "the controlling idea in the world of today is world peace against all disturbers." With the United States committed to the side of peace in advance it is hardly likely that any nation in the future will make itself a disturber.

Such an understanding with Great Britain is to be preferred to the adoption of the Capper Resolution which provides for an arms embargo against, and non-intercourse with, any nation which in the President's judgment violates the Kellogg-Briand Pact. The Pact, however, permits "defensive wars" without defining the term. Further, it has been so limited by reservations that its violation by any one country is largely a matter of interpretation. To put the onus of interpretation and decision upon the President is to impose upon him a great responsibility which is certain to bring upon him not only charges of injustice but great unpopularity at home and abroad. Such a responsibility is essentially international in character. For a single nation or its representative to have power to declare another nation an outlaw would be an anachronism in a world internationally organized for peace.

Then, too, the Capper Resolution makes us responsible for preventing our own nationals from trading with the outlaw nation. Mr. Morrison of the *Christian Century* and many other Americans are vigorously opposed to such a policy. Finally, the Capper Resolution leaves the question of the freedom of the seas exactly where it is now—full of potential danger.

A compulsory arbitration treaty with Great Britain and a settlement as to freedom of the seas would remove all excuse for naval competition. A naval conference might then succeed. Perhaps it would be appropriate that the call for the next conference should come from Great Britain. It is needless to say that the ground should be carefully prepared and that, like the Washington Conference, it should be dominated by statesmen more concerned with general policy than with the illusion of mathematical parity.

The plan sketched above would settle the only immediately dangerous problem, the freedom of the seas. It would justify reduction in armaments, it would demonstrate to Great Britain and the world that the United States is willing to cooperate by joining one world organization (the Court) and lending its official support to another (the League). It would express our faith in the Conference method, settlement by judicial processes, and arbitration. Finally, by establishing a machinery for the peaceful settlement of differences, it would enormously strengthen the Kellogg-Briand Pact.

To those who are convinced that international agreements will always be broken and that the only protection lies in superior force, these measures will not appeal. So far as Great Britain is concerned, our century of peaceful relations is a striking refutation of such a view. Moreover, the world is fast losing patience with that type of thinker. The more realistic of us are realizing that the principles of Hugo Grotius are steadily gaining ground over those of Machiavelli, and that the future lies with the spirit of cooperation and moral force. Given a machinery through which these forces can function and the rest can be safely left to the common sense and good-will of the two peoples.

*Modern Spain**

II. How Strong Is the Dictatorship?

By CARLETON BEALS

Madrid, June 12

RECENTLY the Spanish authorities fined Señor Indalecio Prieto, editor of *El Liberal* in Bilboa, one thousand pesetas for publishing a photograph in which the niece of the Pope appeared at a social function in short skirts revealing very neat knees. (The Pope's sentiments at that time regarding the moral boundaries of the female anatomy were being broadcast.) "Five hundred pesetas for each calf (*pantorrilla*)?" exclaimed Señor Prieto to me. "Really too much even for very nice calves!"

Doctor Gregorio Mariñon, a Republican leader and one of the most prominent physicians in Spain, was giving a public course in sex hygiene—things told freely in every high school in the United States. At the instigation of the clergy his course was closed by the police. He was arrested and fined 100,000 pesetas by the Dictatorship.

Two years ago the Bishop of Madrid engaged in civil action for the possession of certain properties connected with the Institute of San Isidro, and the Supreme Court ruled that titles pass to the state. But the Dictator, in spite of this decision, delivered the disputed properties to the Bishop, plus several million pesetas interest.

These by no means exceptional occurrences indicate the relation between church and state, between the church and the Dictatorship. The 100,000 odd priests, nuns, and monks in Spain (one for every forty families, a burden heavier than that of the officer caste) enjoy special privileges and *fueros*. Save for gr[illegible], are still immune from civil punishment. High officials of the church occupy important government posts and are found in the hand-picked "national" Assembly of Primo de Rivera. The religious press is well subsidized by the Dictator, and the Jesuit periodical *El Debate* is considered an official organ. Prelates are the guests of honor at every official function.

From the first the church rallied to the side of the Dictator. The Cardinal Archbishop of Toledo, Primate of Spain, the Archbishops of Valencia, Valladolid, Siguenza, and the Bishop of Madrid, all issued pastoral letters urging support of the new regime. In the political struggles of the nineteenth century the army and church were ever at loggerheads; but today, with the menace of more radical tendencies, the two groups now meet for mutual support in the halls of government. Primo owes much to the church; and the church owes much to Primo.

In this, Primo is, of course, merely carrying out the traditions of the dynasty. When Alfonso XIII visited the Vatican several years ago, he delivered an address of charming provincialism, in which he promised to combat heresy and punish infidels—which has been done to the best of the Dictator's ability. In return the King asked the Pope to admit Spaniards into the Papal Guard, to create more Latin-American cardinals, and to stop the separatist propaganda being carried on by the Catalán priests. Unfortunately the King, so informed persons tell me, has no exalted concept of religion, but is profoundly superstitious and places great faith in personal physical salvation from bombs and sickness in the intervention of particular saints, through the use of holy water, scapularies, medallions, etc. He backs every intrenchment of clerical power.

And Primo de Rivera has consistently made concessions to the clerical elements. The Augustine college of the Escorial and the Jesuit college in Bilboa, despite their deficient humanistic curriculums, have been given the right to issue university degrees. The closing of the national engineering school of Madrid has strengthened the Jesuit school in the same capital. This year a decree provided that the university examinations throughout Spain would be conducted by joint committees of professors and priests. These, and similar concessions to the military schools, precipitated the students' strike of March, which resulted in the closing of five universities, the wholesale arrest of students, the discharge and resignation of professors, and bloody riots. The Dictator has been obliged to suspend the decree relating to examinations.

Public education has consistently suffered in order to benefit religious schools. The amount spent on primary education per pupil in Madrid and in many other places has steadily declined, though doctored government statistics would show a slight increase in the number of schools. In Madrid the amount per pupil is less than one-fourth that spent in the most backward of the sixty largest cities of the United States. Through the pressure of the collaborating Socialists, the Dictator reluctantly began building six new primary units in Madrid, where over 80 per cent of the public schools are ungraded, single-teacher, single-room affairs thrust in the dark corners of private medieval buildings, without proper playground, heating, or toilet facilities. But the work on the six new buildings was delayed as much as possible. And though two of the units have been completed for two years, clerical opposition (according to leading educators) has prevented these units from being inaugurated. They stand empty, useless.

The outstanding humanist in Spanish education is Señor Luis Bello, a remarkable, unassuming, lovable man. During the past three years Bello has journeyed throughout Spain in the most humble fashion, visiting public schools, traveling to the remotest hamlets. He discovered schools that nobody knew existed; but he also discovered conditions more depressing than ever had been imagined. He has written over five hundred articles and has published four books, demanding more schools, better schools, more and better teachers, and better pay. His efforts have aroused the country. Through personal, patient contact with the townspeople of all Spain, single-handed, he has created a current of public opinion. Never in the history of the land have so many people and commissions called upon the Ministry of

* The second of four articles by Carleton Beals. The next, Censorship at Its Worst, will appear in an early issue.—Editor The Nation.

Education, demanding schools; never has the Government been so swamped with letters and petitions. Bello is a man reverenced throughout Spain. Though half-starving he refused to accept a position with the present regime, and though offered a thousand pesetas to give an address at an official ceremony he declined. But in spite of public clamor for schools, little has been done. The Government promises, passes orders, authorizes the appointment of a teacher, announces the creation of a school in the official statistics, but nothing happens.

"And why?" I asked Señor Bello.

"The greatest obstacle to public education, in fact the one real obstacle in the towns and cities of this country, is the clerical opposition. Undoubtedly, in spite of unfavorable conditions and poor pay, the best teachers are in the government schools, but the best-equipped schools are the religious institutions. The religious schools block every effort to expand public education. Their schools are all pay schools, but they keep an eye on the poor students in the government schools, and as soon as a child shows promise he is offered a religious scholarship.

"Recently I visited districts in Spain where the people are absolutely cut off from intercourse, villages which live absolutely isolated, without wheeled communication, where the people are much the same as before the coming of the Romans and speak an almost unintelligible tongue. In these and other villages I have called the attention of the authorities to the utter lack of education. What has been the result? The church immediately used influence to have the local priest appointed school-teacher. The Government is afraid to take this step, yet it does not wish to offend the church by denying it anything. So nothing is done. Perhaps, after all, these delays are just as well, for what kind of education can we expect from the Dictatorship? Perhaps we can oblige it to erect new buildings. Even if we construct at the rate of a thousand buildings a year, decades will be required before we catch up to fairly normal condition."

"And are the religious schools the only barriers to a proper public school system?"

"In the towns and the cities. But in the rural districts the main obstacle is found in the large landed proprietors, who desire to prevent public education, because they fear that the children when they grow up will refuse to work from sun-up to sun-down for from two to three pesetas a day (28 to 42 cents) and a ration of bread dipped in vinegar."

In southern Spain the backbone of the Dictator's support comes from the large landed proprietors and bull-breeders. In this region exists the worst absenteeism in Spain, with the low wages mentioned by Señor Bello. One proprietor boasted to me that he drove his cattle from Galicia in northwest Spain clear to Andalusia in the far south, without ever leaving the estates he owned. Great tracts are devoted to the raising of bulls for the ring. In some places the only meat the people taste is that of the bull and the horses after they have been slaughtered in the ring. The founder of the Unión Patriotica in Sevilla (an organization fomented by the Dictator and the military officers to take the place of defunct political parties no longer permitted to function, an organization within which Primo declared there was "ample room for all shades of political opinion") was Señor Benjemea (brother of the Minister of Fomento, Count Guadelhorce), the owner of large bull-raising estates in Andalusia. The public calls the members "los mansos de Benjemea"—a *manso* being a bull that won't fight and gets hissed from the ring.

The only old-time political group which the Dictator has permitted to flourish openly has been the Socialist Party and the allied Unión General de Trabajadores (General Confederation of Workers). For the Socialists this has been a tactic of self-preservation. The arrival of the Dictatorship, in fact, salvaged the Socialist Party from decline. Primo has rewarded the Socialist leaders with jobs in the Government. Largo Caballero is on the Council of State; special posts have been created for Angel Saborit, head of Socialist Youth, and for Fabra Rivas. In part this collaboration has been a question of gratitude. While Professor Fernando de los Ríos, Alvarez del Vayo, and other Socialists have refused openly to follow the majority, the decision of the party to support Primo de Rivera is born of anterior circumstances.

The Moroccan disasters, terrible economic conditions, parliamentary ineptitude led prior to 1923 to a considerable increase in Communist strength in northern Spain and to the rapid growth of the Syndicalist movement (Confederación Nacional de Trabajo) in Cataluña, later in Madrid itself. The Communists captured the elections in the important industrial center of Bilboa and throughout much of the Basque region, and drove their erstwhile comrades out at the point of the gun, planting their red standard in the Casa del Pueblo. They also secured control of most of the miners. The Syndicalists also made inroads. Earlier the Socialists had been given guaranties by the Catalán authorities, where Primo was commandant, to carry their propaganda into the Syndicalist camp, but with limited success. The Syndicalists, for their part, countered by directing their propaganda at Madrid itself, the traditional Socialist stronghold ever since the patriarchal Pablo Iglesias put the party on the map. Shortly before the Primo coup, the Syndicalists gained possession of the Casa del Pu[illegible]cialists from control of the U.G.T. of the capital. The Socialist Party was in difficult straits. The arrival of the Dictatorship reversed roles. Primo immediately flung Communists and Syndicalists into jail, and to the joy of the Socialist leaders stamped out the Syndicalist movement in Barcelona with an iron heel. At the same time the Dictator issued a manifesto declaring labor must limit its demands, work longer hours, increase its output and efficiency. The Socialist Party mildly protested in favor of existing social legislation. The Dictator replied that he had no intention of abolishing existing labor laws and congratulated the party for its disciplined and sensible attitude, immediately appointing Socialists to government jobs. Strike committees, half U.G.T.-half proprietor, with a government chairman were appointed. Thus the Socialist Party serves as one of the supports of the Dictatorship, maintaining labor forces in a neutral position and blocking popular organization against the regime. The Socialist Party, like the Catalán industrialists, fears the Syndicalists and Communists more than it hates the Dictator.

The only open opposition to the Dictatorship thus far has come from (1) the Conservative Party, ex-Premier Sánchez Guerra being associated with the artillery plot of last January. He is now imprisoned on a battle-cruiser; (2) the students and professors and practically all the intellectuals, who have been ruthlessly persecuted; (3) the

Republicans. The last deserve more extended comment.

With the downfall of the Republic in 1873 and the final restoration of the Bourbon dynasty, republicanism fell into disrepute. In spite of the sharp swing toward reaction and clericalism, the monarchy more or less respected the liberal constitution of 1869, dug up from the debris of the Carlist wars; and though church and state were not separated, and the Senate remained a ludicrous aristocratic-military-clerical haven, on the whole a measure of popular expression was guaranteed in the Chamber. The Spanish public, tired of internal disorder, felt that the country could best be served by a modified English parliamentary system. The Republic Party subsided to one of so many other parliamentary groups, a name rather than a reality, a guaranty of parliamentary liberties rather than a revolutionary menace. Republic leaders were known to be on the Crown pay-roll; and though the noisy Lerroux occasionally shook his fist, the Conservatives and Court Liberals smiled indulgently. For Lerroux is a rabid Fascist, a believer in the Moroccan imperialism and all the other paraphernalia of the existing regime—except the monarchy.

Today, however, the repressions of the Dictatorship have created a radical republican sentiment. The thinking public is convinced that Alfonso XIII is and always has been basically an absolutist; it considers him equally responsible for the repressive acts and robbing concessions of Primo. His Majesty's signature appears on all decrees; he has muddied himself in the same pool. And so, several weeks ago, Lerroux came out with a manifesto attacking Primo de Rivera and the monarchy, declaring that only two courses were open: collaboration or revolution, adding cynically that he, because of his age, accepted collaboration. Lerroux remains on the extreme right of the Republican movement. The middle wing is led by Dr. Gregorio Mariñon, previously mentioned, in collaboration with Jiménez de Asúa and Ortega y Gasset, the latter Spain's best-known philosopher, who recently resigned, after fourteen years of service, from the University of Madrid, in protest at the treatment of the students. The leaders of the left Republican wing are Alvaro Albornoz and Marcelino Domingo. Whereas the Mariñon group declares that it is sufficient to oust the King, the left wing declares that a sound republicanism can only be built on social reform. When I arrived in Spain, Albornoz was being held in jail. I greeted him when he stepped out of the Carcel Modelo after fifty-six days of confinement. The program of his group, now organized on a semi-secret basis, calls for a courageous attempt to face the problems of Spain: overthrow of the monarchy; break-up of the large estates in the south; the creation of normal-sized patrimonies in Asturias and the north, where subdivision has created anti-economic units; an enlightened labor code; the freeing of Spain from the terrible incubus of clericalism; separation of church and state; the abolition of special ecclesiastical privileges; the creation of an independent judiciary, and the reestablishment of trial by jury.

Yet it is necessary to face reality. The Conservatives, though now in great part against the King, are the outs, desiring a return to their favored pre-1923 position on a parliamentary basis. The student strike was sporadic and isolated; the intellectual elements are without political orientation. The Republicans are woefully split. The Catalán separatists cannot offer a national solution.

Congress Takes a Holiday

By PAUL Y. ANDERSON

Washington, D. C., June 24

DURING the two months that Congress was in special session before going into summer recess, it considered four major subjects of legislation—farm relief, census-and-reapportionment, immigration, and tariff. It disposed of the first three, leaving tariff, the most contentious and important of the lot, for final action in the fall. This special session of the first Congress under the Hoover Administration afforded some interesting tests. First, it demonstrated that the House, with its unwieldy Republican majority, has simply ceased to function as a legislative body, and has degenerated into a mere Presidential rubber stamp. But the Senate, despite Democratic losses in the last election, remains almost evenly balanced—thanks to the courage and independence of the Western Progressives—and in this balance resides the only surviving guaranty that important measures will undergo full and open discussion. President Hoover has failed to display great capacity as a leader. I am reluctant to criticize him; he is so far superior to his predecessor in almost every way that one is inevitably tempted to give thanks for his virtues and forget his faults. But the honest chronicler must be concerned with absolute—not comparative—facts, and the fact about Mr. Hoover's relations with Congress thus far is that he has exhibited two conspicuous traits: that he will not fight unless he is sure of victory; and that he will not do directly what he believes he can do deviously. This Oriental habit of mind has already got him into trouble, and will surely get him into more unless he abandons it.

In surveying the work of the session, we should bear in mind the purposes for which it was summoned. Mainly, these were to relieve the farmers and to perform limited revisions in the tariff. The farm bill which was passed is almost universally regarded as a makeshift. To achieve the smallest measure of success it must have the fullest cooperation of the farm organizations, and for the most part they have manifested nothing but skepticism and hostility. Leaders in some of the largest have gone so far as to express a conviction that the bill was designed by their enemies for the purpose of destroying them. In appointing the eight members who will compose the Farm Board (with the Secretary of Agriculture as a member ex-officio), the President will have an opportunity to restore some of the confidence which is essential. The board ultimately will have half a billion dollars at its disposal, and if Mr. Hoover appoints men who have the confidence of the farm organizations some good may be accomplished in the direction of more systematic marketing. If he relies upon the advice of such confidantes as

Julius Barnes in making his choices, the program will virtually be foredoomed from the start. Should it accomplish the utmost that is hoped from it, it will do no more than partially ameliorate the ills from which agriculture suffers by reason of the consistent and brazen pampering of industry at agriculture's expense. Responsibility for the bill rests solely upon Mr. Hoover; he got what he wanted.

He has been conspicuously less successful in getting what he asked in connection with the tariff. The revision, as carried out by the Ways and Means Committee of the House, was limited by nothing more immediate and compelling than the blue sky and the conscience of the Pennsylvania Manufacturers Association. If finally enacted in its present form the bill would add to the annual living costs of the American people a sum estimated at from $600,000,000 to $800,000,000. Nor is there any assurance that it will be altered in the direction of sanity and decency by the Senate Finance Committee, which has undertaken the job of rewriting it during the recess. Chairman Smoot, with a degree of cheek possible only to a man of God, and possible to him only when engaged on the Lord's business, blandly designated himself to head the subcommittee which will write the sugar schedules in which the Mormon church is so deeply interested, and then proceeded to demonstrate his obliviousness to evil tongues by naming Dave Reed, of Pennsylvania, as head of the subcommittee which will write the steel schedules. Other subcommittee appointments showed an equally nice feeling for the proprieties. Whether the Senate will undo the mischief when the bill is reported is doubtful. Cunning—if not intelligent—selfishness, has guided the hand of the Republican leaders, and they have arranged to hand out certain plums that will be sufficient to purchase the votes of a number of Democrats.

Will Mr. Hoover veto a bill which so contemptuously flouts his request for limited revision? I doubt it. He will veto it, I think, only if the Senate succeeds in inducing the House to write the export debenture plan into it. There are some who believe that he would like to see the plan incorporated in the bill, as affording him a perfect reason for vetoing it. But in view of the vote on debenture in the House, that seems impossible. My belief is that the bill in its final form will be practically as bad as it was when it came from the House—and that Mr. Hoover will sign it.

The passage of the double-barreled census and reapportionment bill, largely through the persistent and indefatigable labors of Senator Vandenberg of Michigan, marked the end of a nine-year period of nullification by the House of the Constitutional provision for a reapportionment of seats in the House of Representatives every ten years. This mean-spirited display on the part of members who feared for the loss of their seats through reapportionment, was relieved by one bright spot—the earnest and persistent advocacy of the measure by Representative John J. Cochran of Missouri, to whom it means certain retirement. An important result of the reapportionment, which will be based on the 1930 census, will be to increase the representation from the cities at the expense of the rural districts. For this reason it was fought by some of the Dry elements, who anticipate, probably correctly, a decrease in the size of the Dry majority in the House. However, it will not be reduced sufficiently to make any difference in the votes on prohibition measures. Efforts of Senator Wagner of New York to forestall an orgy of pie-grabbing by placing under Civil Service the 100,000 census enumerators who will be employed, were defeated. The sad example of Mrs. Knapp was lost on her Republican brethren at Washington—who have become habitually skeptical of all examples issuing from Albany.

President Hoover's earnest entreaty that the national origins act, as a basis for fixing immigration quotas, be repealed, was rejected by a Senate combination consisting of the stalwarts of his own party, led by Reed of Pennsylvania, and a group of Southern Democrats, who are just naturally agin' furriners. The act, which Hoover of his own experience has pronounced unworkable, thus goes into effect immediately, if any way of making it effective can be discovered.

Senator Norris's hoary resolution for the submission of a Constitutional amendment to abolish "lame-duck" sessions was adopted by the Senate for the fifth time. Its principal opponents this time were Blease of South Carolina, who argued for the preservation of the Constitution "just like she was written," and Bingham of Connecticut, who said virtually the same thing in slightly more cultured accents. As a result of the Rules Committee's idiotic and ignominious attempt to punish the United Press for publishing a secret roll call, an amendment was adopted providing for open executive sessions *on a majority vote, to be taken secretly*. It was a spurious and insincere gesture at abandoning a discredited practice.

In the Driftway

AN American insurance company has announced a new policy by which it will pay owners of houses and other property for damages caused by falling or alighting airplanes. The newspaper announcement refers to the new policy as "protection." What is meant, of course, is not "protection" but compensation, which is by no means the same thing but often the best substitute which a not-quite-perfect world affords. The appearance of this new kind of insurance is said to have been precipitated directly by a recent accident in New Jersey, when a plane hit the roof of the summer home of the Governor of the State and came gracefully to rest in one of the rooms below, where the occupants of the flying machine disembarked unhurt. The house was less lucky, for existing architectural styles in New Jersey provide no ingress for airplanes through the roof without considerable damage. Eventually, as in the case of automobiles, insurance for damages will probably have to be assumed by the airplanes rather than by the owners of the property which they injure, but that is a detail. Of more consequence is the fact that on the same day on which the press published an announcement of regular insurance for damages by airplanes young Mr. Lindbergh returned from his honeymoon and began some tests of "foolproof" airplanes for the Guggenheim Foundation. A "foolproof" plane was necessary, he said, before airplanes would be adopted for personal use in large numbers, just as a similar sort of automobile had to be devised before the polloi got behind the steering wheel.

WITH the advent of a "foolproof" airplane the rain of hardware from the sky which has long been humorously forecast will become a reality. Farmers in the vicinity of air fields have for some years been the recipients of unexpected visits from aviators—dead or alive. It has been a nice question how mad a farmer should get when an airplane canters across a quarter of a mile of young oats in dropping down for an informal call. Generally the farmer regards the occurrence as an adventure and invites the survivors—if any—into the house for a glass of applejack. But with repetition this hospitable spirit is bound to lessen. The first transatlantic airplane stowaway may be forgiven, but the second is likely to get a kick where it will do the most good. So with the farmer's unexpected guests by airplane. As for how mad he should get over his lost oats, the Drifter predicts that he is going to get madder and madder. The pioneer aviators may be received with applejack, but later comers are more likely to be welcomed with bootjack. An afternoon call from a pretty flapper who sets out to visit her manicurist and lands instead in some tomato patch may be amusing, but when college boys, after a round of their favorite speakeasies, begin an aerial joyride and crash the barnyard gate at 4 a. m. in the midst of milking, even the most air-minded agriculturist is likely to seek farm relief with a handy pitchfork instead of through an orderly ballot for the Republican Party.

* * * * *

BUT the farmer's wrath will do no good. Let him remember the automobile which preceded the airplane—how it scared his horses and spoiled his roads and eventually made him pay for roads which wouldn't spoil so easily. There is no protection from the airplane. Compensation, through insurance, is the best that a not-quite-perfect world affords. The only recourse is to take the cash and let the airplane go. THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Prohibition

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: As a subscriber and supporter of *The Nation* for many years I am writing to protest against what seems to me its narrow, intolerant, and essentially dishonest attitude toward the prohibition law and its enforcement. I have no objection at all to your open disapproval of the law or to advocacy of its repeal; but I do emphatically object to the constant attitude of sneering at those who believe in it, of playing up any incidental evil in connection with its enforcement, of innuendo and exaggeration whenever it seems possible to discredit it. You ignore the fact that the law was fairly and constitutionally passed, that it apparently has the support of a large majority of our people, that Congress which presumably represents the desires of its constituents is increasingly Dry, and that the whole influence of the scornful attitude you take is to encourage lawlessness and to put the stamp of your approval on the criminal bootleggers and their patrons.

For instance you sneer at the British Ambassador for falling in line with the law of the country to which he is accredited, and suggest that in so doing he is "meddling in a domestic question." You speak of the prohibition agents as "shooting and killing with cold-blooded abandon," with no reference to the fact that they are dealing with armed desperadoes engaged in criminal violation of law. I have not noticed that you refer to the fact that the Illinois killing was apparently in self-defense according to the testimony of the woman victim's own son, nor that Secretary Lowman has absolved from blame the agent who killed Virkula in Minnesota. Should we repeal the Fourteenth and Fifteenth amendments because they are violated? Or the First because free speech is suppressed? Do you actually think it proper for citizens to violate laws of which they disapprove? In every case or, if not, in what cases?

Swarthmore, Pennsylvania, June 18 JESSE H. HOLMES

[A reply to this letter is published in the editorial pages of this issue.—EDITOR THE NATION.]

From a Catholic Churchman

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Is Mr. Robert Dell, whose article, The Papal-Fascist Alliance, appears in your issue of March 27, a man of the breadth and poise fitting him to deal with great international and historical questions such as the one here under discussion? To me his attitude smacks rather of Senator Heflin and the *Fellowship Forum* than of a student of history and international problems. He takes his place among the bigots of the recent Presidential campaign, with whom he declares himself in agreement that a Catholic should be denied high political office because of his religion. To rule out 20,000,000 American citizens from the rights granted them by the American Constitution is not intolerance in the eyes of Mr. Dell. His silly bugaboo about the Catholic church attempting to capture the diplomatic service of England, and his flimsy arguments to prove it, are almost on a level with Senator Heflin's charges that the Pope is preparing to descend upon Washington. I am not surprised at these silly charges in Heflin and the *Fellowship Forum,* but I am surprised to find them in the supposedly studied articles of *The Nation's* foreign correspondent in Paris.

As to the charge of the church being always and hopelessly reactionary, that is a matter that must be settled first by an understanding of the terms and secondly by a careful investigation of the facts. Might I ask Mr. Dell: Does a treaty and concordat with any Power mean an alliance with that Power; or does it follow that the Pope by such treaty and concordat approves of all the policies of the party in power, all the more when these negotiations were entered into in 1919 before Fascism came into the ascendancy? I also challenge Mr. Dell to show me in any country controlled by a Catholic majority such intolerance and denial of personal liberty as we see today in Russia and in Mexico, governments which he no doubt considers products of modern civilization. I invite him further to investigate conditions in the Irish Free State and then in Ulster, and see in which of the two states the minorities are allowed the greater freedom to exercise their liberties. And I challenge him to point out a case in any Catholic country of our day, such as Ireland, Belgium, Spain, Austria, or Italy, an instance of a Catholic majority denying a man high political office because of his religious belief.

I would respectfully recommend *The Nation* to supply Mr. Dell with a hood and gown, let him set up his flaming cross in Montmartre, and thence start his crusade for modern civilization as opposed to the threatening tyranny of reactionary Rome.

San Jose, California, April 8 JOHN MCGARR

[The reply of Mr. Dell to this and other letters of protest from Catholic readers is printed in the International Relations Section of this issue.—EDITOR THE NATION.]

Jews in Russia

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Jessica Smith's summary of Yarmolinsky's book "The Jews and Other Minor Nationalities Under the Soviets," which appears in *The Nation* of June 19, gives the impression that the Jews are granted cultural and economic freedom under the Soviets. It states that "out of the richness of their ancient culture and their new freedom a vital literary movement is developing." The facts are quite otherwise. Hebrew, which is the language of their ancient culture, which is the vehicle for all of its literature, and which has now been revived as a spoken language in Palestine, cannot be taught legally in Russia. The Zionists who are the proponents of the ancient culture have been classified as anti-revolutionary and have been exiled in large numbers to the waste places of Siberia, there to die a slow death from starvation and disease. Those who have recently been released are the few who have been forced by their miserable lot to surrender their nationalist aspirations.

The unspeakable degradation of the vast masses of the Jews in Russia today, their position as pariahs under the new economic order, may be explained, and I suppose excused, as an incidental tragedy occasioned by the great economic experiment. The persecution of their religion, the confiscation of their synagogues, the jibes and propaganda to which they are exposed, today more effective than their counterpart in the Middle Ages, can be explained I suppose by the general Soviet anti-religious policy. But the persecution of the Zionists, who are mainly pure Jewish nationalists, and the proscription of Hebrew are clearly not in accordance with the treatment meted out to other national minorities. The only hope for amelioration consists in the avowed disapproval of liberal public opinion.

Chicago, June 17 Max Kadushin

Codeine and Morphine

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In an article entitled Drug Limitation in the United States in *The Nation* for May 1, Miss La Motte makes much over the fact that codeine was omitted from the United States Treasury report on drug consumption. She says, "the per capita consumption is based upon the three tons of morphine, with the *four tons of codeine left out*—a trick so raw and crude that it is only exceeded by the stupidity in calling 'particular attention' to it"; and goes on to calculate the opium consumption, complacently assuming that the amounts of morphine and codeine may be used additively for this purpose. For two reasons the calculation cannot be made in this way: (1) Codeine occurs with morphine in opium and is isolated at the same time from the same material as is the morphine; (2) further quantities of codeine are manufactured from morphine, and it seems likely to me, although I do not know it to be the case, that part, at least, of the morphine reported as "domestic sales" is later converted to codeine.

Cambridge, Massachusetts, April 26 G. H. Hitchings

Applause

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Permit me to applaud enthusiastically all parties to the publication in *The Nation* of June 12 of the article about Mr. Gest and his Passion Play—the author, for a straightforward bit of honest reporting and his convincing revelation of a public fraud; the publishers, for their courage in printing a story which necessarily reflected upon the New York press in its gullibility or in its lack of discrimination in accepting theatrical advertisements; and both, for their mutual interest and concern in closing a theatrical spectacle which is considered by most people to be at best a vulgarization of a sacred chapter in religious history.

New York, June 17 M. Murray Weisman

Roosevelt and Davis

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Your remarks on young Mr. Roosevelt and the governorship of Porto Rico deserve several rounds of hearty applause. The dynastic rights of the family to office must be respected, no matter at what expense to public administration in Porto Rico. Sending Roosevelt to Porto Rico is no worse, however, than utilizing the Philippines as a snug harbor for superannuated tennis champions, with bank rolls and an itch for social expansiveness. The spirit in which the Philippines were endowed with a new Governor-General is indicated in the news announcement of the Davis appointment by the *World's* Washington correspondent, who unquestionably was touching on facts when he said that Davis, after plugging hard but vainly for a cabinet position or a high ambassadorship, finally had "decided to take what he can get, to remain in public life." You might add to your dossier of Roosevelt's record as a statesman a brief note of the manner in which, under petroleum persuasion, he nearly blundered us into a real war with Mexico in July, 1921. The story of that little affair constitutes an exceedingly interesting and comparatively unknown chapter of our relations with Mexico.

New York, June 5 R. N. M.

The Nation *radio hour will continue through the summer months on Station WMCA of New York every Monday at 8:30 p. m.* Nation *readers may hear lively discussions of current topics by the editors by turning their radio dials to 526.*

Contributors to This Issue

Charles E. Payne is professor of history at Grinnell College.

Carleton Beals, who contributed a series of articles—With Sandino in Nicaragua—to *The Nation,* has just left Spain.

Paul Y. Anderson is national correspondent of the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch.*

Evelyn Scott's latest novel, "The Wave," is the Literary Guild's book for July.

Joseph Wood Krutch is the dramatic editor of *The Nation.*

George E. G. Catlin is a member of the boards of directors and of editors of the *Realist.*

Dorothy Brewster is assistant professor of English at Columbia University.

Claude G. Bowers is the author of "Jefferson and Hamilton."

C. Hartley Grattan is the author of "Bitter Bierce."

Richard McKeon is in the department of philosophy of Columbia University.

Eda Lou Walton is the author of "A City Day."

Robert Dell is *The Nation's* correspondent in France.

Books

Cat

By EVELYN SCOTT

Cat,
Petulantly,
Like a sleek volcano,
Tosses that stiff morsel of inertia—
Mouse.
Cat,
Choking with an arrogance magnificent,
Is dowagerlike.

The demure mouse,
Modestly stunned,
Beyond display of suffering,
Yet must rouse
To meet his obligations,
Scramble to escape.

Alas!
In the cradle of torture,
The little weepless one,
May lie asleep once more.
Cat,
Like a foretold doom-at-midnight,
Delights,
Innocently.
Mouse,
Not caring to be shriven,
Dies.

The Novel and the Tale

No Love. By David Garnett. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

NOT every tale worth the telling needs all the complicated machinery of the modern novel, and yet there are few writers today who know how to dispense with any of it. Hence nearly every story, short or long, is set forth with all the paraphernalia devised during the past two hundred years for achieving social background, realistic setting, psychological analysis, and dramatic immediacy. We seem, for example, to have forgot that the genealogy of the hero is not necessary except for certain particular purposes, and that his motives do not have to be analyzed unless they cannot be guessed. We have acquired the habit of assuming that a short history of the Industrial Revolution, a sketch of the Victorian Age, or an account of the Settlement of the Middle West is indispensable for the understanding of any story, and we do not, in short, know how to take anything for granted. The result is that almost the only contemporary works of fiction which achieve an artistic success are those on some grand scale like that of "The Magic Mountain" or "Memory of Things Past" because anything less than they is nearly certain to be lost in over-explicit irrelevancies.

David Garnett's "Lady Into Fox" created something of a sensation, not merely because of its intriguing fable, but because its author seemed to have discovered a refreshingly simple method of story-telling. He took a tale which could not be told in the conventional manner, and in order to tell it at all he had to invent a method which reminded many of the eighteenth-century *conte* simply because it adopted that particular sort of verbal shorthand which is called wit. Instead of explaining, as though for the benefit of some man from Mars, all that every reader of contemporary fiction already knows about post-war society or the effect of a puritanical upbringing on a sensitive child, he began at the real beginning. He assumed between himself and his reader a common understanding of the world and he merely *alluded* in crisp sentences to events, and moods, and motives when no more than an allusion was necessary. His characters did not leave the page and live as the characters of some of the great novels do, but he established between himself and the reader that sense of intimate contact with the skilful teller of something quite frankly a story which is, in its own way, quite as delightful as any purely dramatic effect can be.

Now it was obvious that "Lady Into Fox" was a *tour de force*. One did not expect Mr. Garnett to go on writing stories of exactly the same sort. But what one did at least hope was that he would manage to reinvent the tale, to write books different from the standard model of the modern novel in the apparent simplicity of their manner. Unfortunately, however, though "No Love" begins with an assurance and a brevity which promise well, this latest book shows its author moving quite definitely in the direction of the conventional novel. When, for example, near the very beginning, he introduces a female freethinker who held that "but for the mistaken belief in God, mankind would already be living in a condition of almost unimaginable bliss and moral elevation" he is exactly in his own tradition, for he is there assuming that his reader will understand, without further elaboration, exactly what he means to convey by that ironic phrase. And there are other touches of the same sort, particularly in the first few pages. But as the story develops it slides almost imperceptibly into another manner and becomes, before it is finished, all but indistinguishable from countless others.

Somehow the author seems to lose his grip upon his own style and to fill out with the stereotypes of his fellows. The tale wanders on from generation to generation. There are the boyhood adventures, the adolescent trials, and the war-time experiences which have become almost the *sine qua non* of current fiction. One wonders where the author is going, and so little indispensable do many of the incidents seem that for a long time one is not sure whom the story is about or to what kind of conclusion it is leading. The machinery of biography and of social history merely blurs its outline without contributing anything to its purpose, and one gets, in the end, not the perfectly proportioned tale one had expected but instead a rather wandering narrative which might be taken to illustrate that feebleness of structure which is likely to be produced by a perfunctory use of the machinery of the novel.

It seems to me obvious that there exists today a considerable body of readers who can meet upon a common ground of knowledge and feeling sufficiently well defined to serve the purpose of the teller of tales as distinguished from the novelist. We may have no tradition as compact as that of the eighteenth century, but from the turmoil of the past twenty-five years has gradually emerged a particular variety of ironic sensitivity whose existence can be taken for granted and in the mood of which the writer can write with a reasonable assurance that he will be comprehended. No more is necessary to furnish the cultural homogeneity necessary to make the tale possible, and if it is distressing to see Mr. Garnett attempting to write novels it is only because he seemed a man who might possibly take advantage of the new opportunity.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

Scholar and Political Interpreter

America and Europe and Other Essays. By Alfred Zimmern. Oxford University Press. $3.

THIS is a series of essays, all of them good and some of them as excellent as was Professor Zimmern's "Learning and Leadership," one of the most inspiring books of recent years. In the title essay on America and Europe we see Professor Zimmern's mind at its best, a mind preternaturally alive to those subtleties, sometimes entirely determinant of the nuances of the psychological relationship between nations, which escape clumsier souls, a mind which moves to its solutions with the elegance and beauty of the play of chess champions.

Mr. Zimmern is the only European with whom the reviewer is acquainted who can be said to have a comprehension of the significance of American culture in the way in which, for example, the Beards and Waldo Frank have it. In too many cases we have simply "the literary gambols of over-smart Europeans"; even where we have more serious studies they are disfigured by misinterpretation, as is M. Siegfried's monumental book by his overemphasis upon the influence of Puritanism. The ordinary European, who essentially regards culture as an act of introversion culminating in self-cultivation and the formation of such groups as "The Souls" in England, the "beautiful-souled" cult of Novalis in Germany, and in similar manifestations, is almost incapable of comprehending that an extroverted culture can be culture at all. Happily and with pardonable left-handedness Mr. Zimmern compares our modern pontiffs of culture with the Athenian philosophers who declined to listen to Paul—although the former have the less excuse in that they seek to ignore a nation with a history of pragmatic accomplishment instead of an individual with (to the unbeliever) a history of epileptic vision. But pragmatic accomplishment is to precious spirits itself an offense. Mr. Zimmern, with his reflective temperament and his passion for history, is thoroughly a European, but his wisdom is such that he can give that cardinal advice, which should be handed out with their passports to all transatlantic travelers, to drop preconceived standards overboard and acquire "the faculty for reeducation."

It is not practicable to comment on even a tithe of Professor Zimmern's wise sayings, as, for example, that we must "depoliticize nationality and deemotionalize politics" or that "politics cannot be studied sincerely and truthfully from behind university Common Room curtains." It is, however, impossible for the reviewer to pass over the remarks of Professor Zimmern, who at one time occupied with distinction a teaching position at Cornell, upon American education. At a time when many leaders of American education are seriously talking about distinguishing between those who seriously want a scholarly education and those who do not, it is comforting to read:

> It is one of the glories of the American university that it is not yet the home of a leisured class; and the fact that . . . the overwhelming proportion of the students support themselves by their own labors during the summer, instead of climbing in Switzerland or shooting grouse on their father's moors, is of distinct intellectual advantage. The American student has a fund of living experience.

There is much indeed to be said for "the love of the little platoon" and for the introduction into such a university as Harvard of the Oxford system of colleges. But it is well to bear in mind that the next great step to be taken in English education is the utilizing of American experience; the stress upon the importance of education as an element, not of the accomplishment of a learned clerkly caste, but of citizenship; the breaking down of the distinction between a "university man" and an ordinary business man or citizen; and the return to the old Scottish system whereby a man could work his way through the university. The best teaching which Oxford has to offer is that the essence of college life is "discussion," not Ph.D. theses; when a man has taken his Baccalaureate he is expected to get out into public life, and for that (not schoolmastering) he is trained. The glory of American education, despite its inevitable academic embarrassments, is that it has a yet broader conception of public life. It would be an impertinence to ask whether the American Constitution and the historic American tradition are good things; but, assuredly, for good or evil, they rest (pace the planters and dominie Adams) on social—not political—democracy; and the social democracy rests on the public school and the open university. It says much for the catholic spirit and the wisdom of Mr. Zimmern, sometime Fellow of the College of Our Lady of Winchester in Oxford, that he recognizes how great is that educational and political heritage; but then, Mr. Zimmern knows his Plato and does not endeavor to distinguish politics from education.

GEORGE E. G. CATLIN

Wives of Great Men

The Diary of Dostoevsky's Wife. Translated from the German edition by Madge Pemberton. The Macmillan Company. $7.

The Diary of Tolstoy's Wife. 1860-1891. Translated from the Russian by Alexander Werth. Payson and Clarke. $3.50.

WHEN someone said to Mr. Dooley, "Geniuses are unhappy married," he retorted, "And so are their wives." These volumes furnish much support for Mr. Dooley's contention. In the first year of her marriage Countess Tolstoy writes: "I feel abandoned during the day, in the evening, at night—all the time. I am a source of satisfaction to him, a nurse, a piece of furniture, a *woman*—nothing more. . . . He was so gloomy that I nearly wept. He won't speak to me. It is terrible to live with him. What if he once again suddenly develops an affection for his People, and begins to love me no more than his school, nature, the People, or his literature. . . . The physical side of love matters a great deal to him. That's dreadful, for it is exactly the other way around with me." Nearly thirty years after, she suffered from the fear of again becoming pregnant, "for everybody will hear of this disgrace and gleefully repeat the recent Moscow joke—'Voilà le véritable postscriptum de la Sonate de Kreutzer!' " The later entries are crowded with details of all the business matters that were left for her to decide and ignored by husband and children except when she made what they considered a mistake: "It is always I who have to decide everything. I get terrified and want to weep; I feel as though I had been caught in a trap and the task of running this *Christian* household is still the greatest curse that God has sent me."

Almost equally convincing extracts can be picked out of Mme Dostoevsky's record of the months spent in Dresden and Baden-Baden soon after her marriage, when Dostoevsky's gambling fever was at its height. "He seems to think it of little consequence the way it must hurt me when my frocks have to be pawned and my coat and other things. . . . It doesn't seem to strike him that he ought to try to insure a quiet life for his wife that she should not have to tremble perpetually at the thought of where the next meal is to come from." Yet after reading four hundred pages about these five months, one is amazed at the infrequency of Mme Dostoevsky's unhappy moods. Here was her husband suffering

frequent epileptic attacks. He was embarrassingly petulant and quarrelsome in public—if someone pushed him at the crowded roulette table, or a clerk at the Russian embassy had a supercilious air, or an attendant told him it wasn't permitted to stand on a chair to look at the Sistine Madonna. He gambled away all the money they had, all his publishers advanced, all her family could send them, all he could obtain by pawning their clothes, her keepsakes, even their wedding rings. Though she was expecting her first child, he left her alone day after day in a strange city, to await his periodic returns from the Rooms with pleas for another ten gulden from the store set aside for food and rent. Yet outbursts like those quoted above are rare. Usually she could turn their quarrels into a joke. Usually, no matter what the day had held, he would come to her room at two or three in the morning to kiss her good-night and tell her how dear she was, and they would talk happily.

This girl of twenty-one learned rapidly how to deal with her neurotic husband of forty-six, and she displays a simple, clear intelligence about it, with none of the self-torment of Countess Tolstoy. Recognizing that she had to evade and to lie sometimes to keep her beloved Fyodor from becoming overexcited, she remarks, "I hate it, but what can I do?" and thereupon dismisses the matter. We can see in the diary the beginning of the process of adjustment that ended by her achieving a competent ordering of their life together. "There is no doubt that Fyodor needs protecting, not only from others but from himself." She is learning how to protect Fyodor while letting Fyodor think he is protecting her. The diary is a delightfully naive document. Even the keeping of it implies no special self-consciousness or introspective habit, for it was for her mother that she recorded all the petty details of life abroad. One may conclude that Dostoevsky was in many ways a dreadful person and that to be his wife would have been an appalling experience; but one has to admit that it wasn't such for Anna, and that Dostoevsky was for once lucky when in the gamble of life he won her love.

The sense of deep disharmony in the Tolstoy marriage remains even after allowance is made for the fact that the countess used her diary to work off a bad mood: "I always write in my diary when we quarrel. . . . When I don't write in my diary for a long time I always feel sorry that I have not said anything about how happy I have been in the interval." The marital drama overshadows in interest the valuable notes recording her husband's artistic activities—his ideas for new works, his progress with "War and Peace" and "Anna Karenina." Yet these entries suggest the understanding and sympathy on which Tolstoy must have confidently relied. One is more impressed with the indications of the masochist and the sadist in her temperament; with her intense pride of person and of class, her possessiveness and her desire for power. She is aware of these things and only partly rationalizes them. She never recovered from the shock of reading those diaries of his youth that Tolstoy gave her before their marriage. She had as intense a desire for purity in her bridegroom as any sensualist has for virginity in his bride; and as torturing a retrospective jealousy of those who had previously possessed her husband. "If only I could burn his diary and his whole past!" His youth could never be her property. "If I could kill him and then make another man exactly like him I should do it joyfully." Twenty-eight years after the marriage she writes, "I copy his diaries with the zest of a drunkard and my drunkenness consists in working myself up into a state of jealousy over the women he describes." She resented "The Kreutzer Sonata," yet it was through her influence that the ban upon it was removed. She lacked the happy conviction of Mme Dostoevsky that the perversities in her husband's novels had nothing to do with him: "There is such an obvious thread connecting the early diaries with 'The Kreutzer Sonata,' and a buzzing fly is struggling in the web—and the spider has sucked its blood"—a darkly suggestive image. "He cried out aloud today that his most passionate desire was to get away from his family." And so the curtain is rung up on the last act of the drama that had still twenty years more to play itself out.

DOROTHY BREWSTER

The Crucifixion of Johnson

Andrew Johnson: A Study in Courage. By Lloyd Paul Stryker. The Macmillan Company. $6.

IT has always been inevitable that with the passing of time and the cooling of passions, and with the writing of history by men not personally touched with the utter madness of the period of Reconstruction, justice would be done the courage, patriotism, and wisdom of Andrew Johnson. Just now, as never before, he is becoming a favorite topic of the biographers. With the recent decision of the Supreme Court on the power of the President over appointments in the executive department of government he has again been vindicated. It would be an easy matter to prove that he fought the most valiant battle for constitutional liberty in America of any of the Presidents; none has been so frequently vindicated by the Supreme Court.

Quite recently Judge Winston gave us a well-rounded biographical study covering the entire period of Johnson's life in some detail, and now Lloyd Paul Stryker offers another biography which differs in that it is confined very largely to the eight years beginning with the Civil War and ending with his retirement from the Presidency. The Winston biography has an advantage in that it paints in the background of a remarkable career, is more closely knit, more concentrated, and moves more smoothly and consecutively. It is more judicial in its estimates of men as well.

Even so, the Stryker book is intensely interesting and valuable. Even where it may treat a phase disproportionately—it gives 164 pages to the impeachment trial alone—it serves a purpose. A condensation and a moderation of the characteristics of Johnson's enemies, with the elimination of some matter not necessary to the illumination of the subject of the book, would have made it better; but it is good. It is easy to understand the fervor and indignation with which the author wrote. It is difficult to know the facts pertaining to the crucifixion of Johnson and restrain one's contempt for his enemies. The fact that these enemies have, in so many instances, been painted large and bright in history, while Johnson has been maligned, contributes to a just man's sense of outrage. It is intolerable that men notoriously dishonest, in every way, should have their monuments while their victim, an honest man, is pilloried in so many histories as a contemptible character. Mr. Stryker, in possession of the facts, has treated them and the enemies of Johnson as though he were prosecuting attorney presenting the case to a jury. Some of the men who fall foul of the author's reproaches deserve them fully; some were a mixture of good and bad, and the failure of the writer to discriminate as to shades may weaken the effect of an otherwise just condemnation. Perhaps a vivid presentation of the bare ugly facts without comment would have been more effective.

Neither Mr. Stryker nor Mr. Winston has given sufficient attention to the purely party motive behind the persecution of Johnson. Stevens and Morton frankly avowed it in House and Senate. Nor have the biographers considered the influence of Johnson's hostility to corruption and favoritism in government in arraying the powerful elements against him. The corruptionists and monopolists of his day hated him because he threatened their graft. It was something more than his policy

of conciliation toward the South that invited the enmity of Jay Cooke, who had many axes to grind on the labor of the people. It is not a far-fetched conclusion that Johnson's ardent devotion to democracy and his warnings against the perils of unscrupulous organizations of wealth had more to do with the distrust of potent factors in the North than his militant attempt to carry out the reconstruction policies of Lincoln.

To the preparation of his book, which has the appearance of a labor of love, Mr. Stryker has given great pains in the matter of research. He has followed the public records, and the book is bomb-proof as to major points in its citations of authority. The publishers have given it an attractive dress and it is richer in illustrations than Winston's. It is well worth while and completely vindicates Johnson against the charges long discredited by close students of the times. It belongs by right in the library of every student of the dreadful four years that followed the death of Lincoln. It pays a deserved and too long delayed tribute to one of the greatest and most slandered of all the Presidents.

CLAUDE G. BOWERS

The Penalty of Being Right

American Estimates. By Henry Seidel Canby. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $3.

IT is not for the information of the readers of this review that I mention that Dr. Canby is editor of the *Saturday Review of Literature* and editor-in-chief of the Book-of-the-Month Club. No doubt they know who he is as well as I do. It is rather to underline the fact that he is, in no small way, a director of literary opinion; he is a man of influence. Naturally then his opinions have an interest beyond those of men who merely contribute to journals and write books.

"American Estimates" is not a very interesting book. It is repetitive—points are made over and over again; it is lacking in emotional force; and it is not distinguished by any extraordinary intellectual acuity. It is distinguished rather by an unusual command over the data of modern literature and the clarity of the writing. Dr. Canby suffers by being presented *in extenso*. He is better in small doses. Two hundred and eighty-seven pages of his prose leaves one with the feeling of exhaustion. One wonders if what he has said really matters after all. But it does, for he tells us in this book exactly where he stands.

Dr. Canby is a middle-of-the-road man. He is intelligent, well-informed, firm in his desire to know the past as well as the present, and deeply concerned that something be made (in an intellectual sense) out of modern life. He wants more than analysis, more than disdain and disgust. He wants values. His acquaintance with modern life prevents him from accepting the fallacious doctrine that values can be found in the past and drafted for service in the present. Acceptance of modern life is part of his program, and if he seems to be prone to excuse and justify facts more severe and exacting minds would excoriate it is because he finds them to be normal expressions of trends that cannot be exorcized by words and because he has an optimistic belief in the triumph of what is good. This last trait of mind, as much as anything that will be said here, marks him as an old-fashioned man. In seeking to comprehend the present he embraces science with a vague discomfort. He feels that science is in the van and literature trails behind. Science, indeed, is so far in advance that the mulling over of its facts is next door to impossible, which impedes the construction of the very values he feels are so urgently needed. Yet without a recognition of the place of science in modern life he knows that one cannot hope to comprehend modern literature. Having posed this dilemma he is done and devotes his talents to understanding trends. He recognizes the necessity but does not go on to offer a solution of the major perplexity of modern intellectuals. In other words, he feels, like so many others, that understanding is not enough, but he cannot, like T. S. Eliot, embrace Anglo-Catholicism and monarchy, or, like Waldo Frank, a mystical doctrine of the Whole. Perhaps his neutrality is the better part of editorial wisdom.

Yet even as one who stands on the sidelines and seeks comprehension he fails to be interesting. Something there is in him that prevents his thinking from being at all stirring. He is so everlastingly right that he is dull. I don't mean that there is nothing in his book to which one can object, but that objection to anything Dr. Canby has to say is pointless. Standing in the middle of the road and "understanding" everything that passes his way, he has eliminated all angularities from his mind, destroyed every jagged edge, until he is as smooth and well-rounded as a billiard ball. He writes of Emerson, Thoreau, D. H. Lawrence, James Joyce, nature, Mencken, Christopher Morley, criticism, how to write, and various editorial minutiae with equal urbanity and tolerance. But one reads without the slightest desire to say a word for or against any opinion he may announce.

Apparently that is his ideal, for he says of Mark Twain: "What he lost in vehemence he made up in wisdom." Wisdom, then, to Dr. Canby's mind, is understanding, tolerance, and aspiration to some sort of good life controlled and made meaningful by values constructed out of modern materials. Surely an admirable ideal. But it seems to me that it is better for the intellectual health of all concerned to be a little vehement and just a wee bit wrong than to be so awfully right and so dull.

C. HARTLEY GRATTAN

The "Subtle Doctor"

Duns Scotus. By C. R. S. Harris. Two volumes. Oxford University Press. $15.

FOR the past few decades in France and Germany there has been appearing a steady succession of scholarly studies of aspects of the work and thought of Duns Scotus. No single book that could be considered definitive has yet emerged from the discussions and controversies in those languages. English scholars had remained almost entirely aloof from these preliminary learned maneuvers, but now an Oxonian has appeared to make estimation of the Subtle Doctor, whose shade is still invoked for even the casual visitor to Merton College Library. Dr. Harris, moreover, undertakes more than the exposition in full of the thought of Duns Scotus; he has in addition a dogmatic point to make—that in Scotus rather than in Thomas Aquinas scholastic philosophy reaches the highest point of its development, that Scotus shows a wider range of thought, a greater degree of consistency, and above all, a far deeper appreciation of the philosophical needs of Catholic Christianity than his more famous rival.

Caution had doubtless deterred the half dozen continental scholars who have written learnedly and wisely on Duns Scotus from venturing beyond restricted phases of his philosophy. For there is no critical edition of his works, and the authenticity of all save five of his writings has at some time or other been called into question. Dr. Harris stepped into this controversial situation somewhat incautiously, and the dangers of his bravado must have been evident to him before the publication of his book; both volumes are marked with notes placed at the end of chapters and appendices added to volumes, such as are needed for afterthoughts that occur when the text of a book has already been set up. The "Grammatica Speculativa" is accepted as authentic in the text, and admitted as

spurious in a note, but with no more serious consequence than that the probable influence of Bacon on Scotus, concerning which Dr. Harris speculates, is left without documentary basis. More serious, however, are the notes in which the objections to the authenticity of the "De rerum principio" are considered: Dr. Harris's interpretation rests on it perhaps more than on any other single work, and his contention that Scotus is superior to Thomas depends entirely on its acceptance—unfortunately the tendency of modern scholarship is to assign it to a period somewhat earlier than Scotus, and (according to a study published since the appearance of this book) at least in part to Cardinal Vitalis a Furno.

The controversy may be reduced to a simple non-scholarly statement. The "De rerum principio" is a very Augustinian work; the mature work of Duns Scotus is a very subtle critical continuation of scholastic philosophy matured (along lines that lead back to Albertus Magnus and Thomas Aquinas) by a fine insight into Aristotelian principles. If the two can be read together as the work of a single man, there will be discovered a philosophy which on the one hand opposes to Thomas the traditional Augustinian theses, and at the same time shows a full awareness of the implications of Thomism and even extends further the rationalist analysis of Thomas. The writer of this philosophy is superior therefore to Thomas, since he is at once more orthodox and broader; but if the "De rerum principio" is spurious, the proposition is the simple and erroneous one, that two men are better than one, and that two opinions are preferable to a single one. Of course, there are frequent contradictions, but Dr. Harris regards them as evidence in each case of an earlier view—he loses sight of the consequence: if the "De rerum principio" expresses an earlier view, then wherever it contradicts a later view there is evidence of an evolution away from Augustinism.

Dr. Harris has several very definite convictions about scholastic philosophy—none of them is more significant than the recurrent judgment that the philosophy of Aristotle is incompatible with Christianity. Thomas (since Dr. Harris views his philosophy as an attempt to effect a reconciliation between the two) and Duns (in so far as he made a similar attempt) are doomed in that to failure. This Dr. Harris never questions, and it need not be questioned here. But it is regrettable that, although the entire first volume of Dr. Harris's work is devoted to the background of Duns's thought, no clear statement is attempted, before Thomism is condemned, of what Thomism is. It is Aristotelian; but it need not therefore be un-Augustinian. For when the Aristotelian works became current in Western Europe in the thirteenth century, they placed the Augustinian tradition in an awkward predicament: the Augustinian doctrine of divine illumination was sufficiently like the Averroistic doctrine of the active intellect to suggest that they were identical—but with disastrous consequences, among which would be a denial of personal immortality, a denial of all contribution on the part of the individual in the act of knowing, a denial of personal freedom and responsibility. Two courses were open—the traditionalists prohibited Aristotle, but since he represented the sum of scientific knowledge of the time, Thomas seems to have labored to show that the fundamental principles of Aristotelianism are not in disaccord with the fundamental principles of Augustinism. Dr. Harris has totally ignored this; indeed he gives little statement of the Thomist doctrine, except when Duns Scotus (or the author of the "De rerum principio") attacks it. But he reads as a work of Scotus, a work of the traditionalist school, the "De rerum principio," which is Augustinian and anti-Aristotelian; and with its aid he finds that the Aristotelian conception of God is un-Christian, that matter as a principle of individuation is absurd, particularly in that it endangers the immortality of the soul, and that Thomism is committed to an Aristotelian (?)

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doctrine of the eternity of the world. The suspicion may be suggested that, besides being unfortunate in questions of authenticity (that is a doom under which all medieval scholars walk), Dr. Harris has read a medieval controversy too naively and has taken his judgment of one of the protagonists from the estimation the other makes. And with that suspicion arises the further suspicion that Dr. Harris does this because he has some conviction concerning which side should be right.

RICHARD MCKEON

Dollar Poetry

Compass Rose. By Elizabeth Coatsworth. *Nearer the Bone.* By Charles A. Wagner. *Angel Arms.* By Kenneth Fearing. *Bands and Rebels.* By Keene Wallis. Coward-McCann. $1 each.

POETRY has always come high. A slim volume of fifty verses in decorative binding is priced, usually, at $2 or $2.50. The price may explain why poetry does not sell. Poets peddle their manuscripts from publisher to publisher and are told ungently that they might quite as well throw them into a convenient waste-paper basket and save shoe-leather. When because a poet is very tenacious or has very persistent friends a publishing house is prevailed upon to accept a volume, the firm takes pains to let the poet know himself the recipient of charity of no mean kind. And every year the several volumes appearing take shelf-room in respectable bookstores for a few weeks only and may be found thereafter, thumbed but still unsold at $1.50, in the several second-hand book markets along the side streets.

Coward-McCann is attempting a revolution. This enlightened publishing house would make poetry sell. To this end it has released the first four volumes of a series, "Songs of Today," neatly bound, well printed, on fair quality of paper. To this end, very probably, it has chosen readable poets. The series for 1929 includes Kenneth Fearing's "Angel Arms," Charles A. Wagner's "Nearer the Bone," Elizabeth Coatsworth's "Compass Rose," and Keene Wallis's "Bands and Rebels." If this group is successful we are promised from four to eight such volumes of verse annually. The idea is enormously welcome to poets and to readers of poetry.

The selection has been made, it seems, with a rather larger public in mind than that sought by the exclusive and expensive lyricists. Keene Wallis, Missourian, is a young writer of narrative in verse. His seven stories are dramatic, well motivated, and very human. His characters are young tramps escaping the city, and young clerks caught in city-monotony. One reads tale after tale rapidly. The medium of verse is never in the way; rhyme and rhythm come without hitch. The reader need never stop to examine an image more closely. The story is the thing.

Kenneth Fearing is a poet of the city who has no sentimental longings after meadow or barn. He has gone to school to both Sandburg and John Weaver. From the former he caught the trick of repetitive parallelism as basis for free-verse rhythm and from the latter, something of the "American" language. His lyrics and dramatic studies are of street characters. His desire is to indicate the intensity and poetry which these very dulled minds may be capable of. Although "none of their faces are cooked enough" (which is, I think, a perfect phrase), these characters are capable of their own worship of a flashing jazz beauty. They know their own yearnings and contemplate life and death as breakfast with coffee, and as no breakfast with coffee. The volume is alive and democratic in outlook.

Charles A. Wagner, enthusiastically introduced by John Erskine as capable of giving the reader "a poignant sense of having met reality" and as having published two books "among the most promising of our day," is likewise a city-bred artist. He, too, is much concerned with an automatic civilization where nickels transfer human beings and dish up to them their food. His work is uneven; he is not yet a good critic of his own writing. But he has much to say and is deeply in earnest.

"Compass Rose," by Elizabeth Coatsworth, the only woman in the group of four, offers the most mature writing in the series. Miss Coatsworth has published before and knows her method. But her book lacks the core of idea which each of the others has. It is merely a collection of lyrics about many lands and many episodes and many moods. It has no particularized attitude toward life. It is not, therefore, as vital as it might be. The most successful poems are, to me, those descriptive of the Southwest, its color, its ancient fixity of purpose, its desert-like bloom. She knows the land well, feels it sensitively and keenly. A much-traveled woman whose poems are a note-book of her adventures, she comes again and again to the dramatically colored section of America which Spaniards and Indians sought and settled.

EDA LOU WALTON

Biographies in Brief

The Life of H. R. H. the Duke of Flamborough. By Laurence Housman. Payson and Clarke. $2.50.

A rather ineffectual attempt to parody the intimate, debunking biography of our day. Sooner or later some one was certain to try his hand at this sort of thing; but this book too frequently offers heavy-handed humor for the pointed pertness and arch flippancy that abound in really good burlesques. Perhaps Mr. Housman would have done better had he parodied only one typically modern biographer instead of a whole school.

People: the Autobiography of a Mystery Writer. By Edgar Wallace. Doubleday, Doran and Company. $2.

Hugh Walpole has written that Mr. Wallace is "the wonder-child of our period," who "has touched with his books more English hearts than anyone since Dickens." The author of 140 or more mystery stories, he has also written some twenty plays, innumerable newspaper articles, and he has a keen interest in racing horses. The same terrific rush of incident upon incident that characterizes his detective tales is likewise observable in his life's story. He dictates his "stuff" into a dictaphone every forenoon and casually "dashes off" a play or so over a week-end. The story runs that a friend, calling Mr. Wallace by telephone, was informed that the writer was busily engaged upon a play; the friend thereupon remarked that he would "hold the wire" until Mr. Wallace had finished the last act.

As God Made Them. By Gamaliel Bradford. Houghton Mifflin Company. $3.50.

Psychographs of Webster, Clay, Calhoun, Greeley, Edwin Booth, Francis James Child, and Asa Gray. One is tempted to suggest that a better title for this book might have been: "As Mr. Bradford Makes Them." For everywhere, omnipresent on every page, the always capable if rarely exciting craftsmanship of our most indefatigable biographer stands out—almost never is one allowed to forget that Mr. Bradford is speaking. He is always eminently fair-minded, perspicuous, and sympathetic, as well as occasionally humorous in a gently quizzical sort of way; but one cannot help wishing that he would for once—just once—forsake his everlastingly competent craftsmanship and emit one bloodthirsty Menckenian war-whoop or one of Mr. Strachey's soft but terribly annihilating chuckles.

Richard Hakluyt and the English Voyages. By George Bruner Parks. American Geographical Society Special Publication No. 10. American Geographical Society. $5.

Mr. Parks has written, in addition to the biographies of Richard Hakluyt the elder, lawyer, and Richard Hakluyt the younger, clergyman, enough of the history of Elizabethan geography and commerce to make clear just what after all was the contribution of these enthusiastic men to the record of British civilization. The result is a body of knowledge much less romantic than the nothing we knew of Hakluyt before, but much more interesting.

The Life of Michelangelo. By John Addington Symonds. The Modern Library. 95 cents.

John Addington Symonds's famous but to the modern taste perhaps somewhat prosy "Michelangelo" has been issued by the Modern Library. While one does not wish to criticize such an excellent volume, considering its price, it might have retained, from the more expensive editions, the letter of Michelangelo to Giovane Francesco Fattucci which throws such an interesting light on Michelangelo's relations with Julius II, and on an artist's problems in that day.

Wellington, A Character Study. By Oliver Brett. Doubleday, Doran and Company. $3.50.

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International Relations Section

Robert Dell Replies

THE NATION has received numerous letters in answer to Mr. Dell's article, The Papal-Fascist Alliance, which appeared in our issue of March 27. One of these has already been printed. Another appears in this issue. All were forwarded to Mr. Dell. We print below his general reply to this correspondence.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The letters of your Roman Catholic correspondents about my article in *The Nation* of March 27 are a flattering tribute to my accuracy, for not one of them even seriously contests a single statement of fact made in the article, much less attempts to refute one. John McGarr, however, suggests rather than says that I was wrong in saying that the Italian Concordat makes religious teaching compulsory in the schools for all pupils and gives the church the control of marriage. I will, therefore, deal with these two points before going on to the general questions raised by your correspondents' letters.

Signor Belluzzo, the Italian Minister for Public Instruction, recently sent to his subordinate officials a circular regulating the religious instruction in the schools in accordance with the Concordat, in which he said that the Catholic religion would henceforth be a "compulsory subject of instruction." The teachers are to be prepared in the training schools to give this instruction which will be under the control of the ecclesiastical authorities who will have a voice in the nomination of the teachers by whom it is to be given and the right to deprive any teacher of the power of giving it, if they consider him unsuitable. There is not a hint in the circular of giving any parents the right to withdraw their children from religious instruction. Protestants and Jews are a very small minority in Italy, but a very large number of Italians are freethinkers. Even if some concession should ultimately be made to Protestants and Jews—and at present there is no sign of it—it is clearly the intention to treat the children of freethinkers as Catholics and force Catholic teaching on them. Freethinkers have as much right to freedom of conscience as Protestants and Jews, but the Catholic church has always denied the right of freedom of conscience. Gregory XVI, in 1832, denounced "that false and absurd maxim, or rather frenzy: that everybody should be given and guaranteed liberty of conscience," and liberty of conscience is among the "modern liberties" condemned by Leo XIII in 1888.

The principles of Gregory XVI and Leo XIII, which are the unchanging principles of Catholicism, are applied in the Italian Concordat. Italian teachers will be deprived of liberty of conscience, for, although Signor Belluzzo says in his circular that it will be no disgrace to a teacher to be forbidden to give religious instruction, it is clear that in practice only those able to give it will have any chance of promotion, and freethinking teachers, of whom there are many in Italy, will be obliged to violate their consciences by teaching what they do not believe or sacrifice their careers.

Article 34 of the Italian Concordat fully justifies my statement that marriage will be under the control of the church. Judicial separation—there is no divorce in Italy—is left to the jurisdiction of the civil courts, but cases of nullity of marriage are transferred to the ecclesiastical courts, whose judgments will be executed by the civil authorities. By Catholic canon law the marriage of a Catholic is null and void if it is not performed by a priest, and a priest cannot marry a Catholic and a non-Catholic unless a dispensation has been obtained and the non-Catholic party gives certain undertakings. This now becomes the law of the land. Existing marriages hitherto legal become annullable at the request of either party, and although civil marriage is retained no civil marriage of a Catholic will in future be legally valid. It follows that no Catholic will legally be able to marry a non-Catholic without the permission of the Catholic authorities. Undoubtedly freethinkers will be considered as Catholics, at any rate if they have been baptized. The Catholic ecclesiastical courts will alone be competent to annul the marriages even of non-Catholics and unbaptized persons, but on what principles such cases will be dealt with it is difficult to say.

This adaptation of the law of the land to canon law and the execution of the judgments of ecclesiastical courts by the civil authorities, for which the Italian Concordat provides in certain other matters besides marriage, are unknown in any other modern state and are a return to medieval conditions. The Concordat in fact sets up a theocracy in Italy and admits the "rights" that have always been claimed by the Catholic church which may be summed up by the dictum of Boniface VIII in 1303: "The temporal authority must be subject to the spiritual power."

Your Catholic correspondents try to evade the issue. There is no question of attacking their "religious beliefs," which are their own affair and with which the state is not concerned. Nor is there any resemblance between my point of view and that of the Ku Klux Klan. I am sure that movements like that of the Ku Klux Klan do a lot of good to the Catholic church. Years ago we had in England a fanatical Protestant agitation led by a gentleman called Kensit, who used to tell stories about walled-up nuns and Jesuits disguised as housemaids. The net result of it was that, as the absurdity of the Kensitite charges against Catholics was easily demonstrated, the English public got the impression that the Catholic church was a harmless institution and that impression is only now wearing off and being replaced by a more realistic view.

The Catholic church is not a harmless institution, but a very dangerous one, not, however, on account of its theological dogmas. It is not in the same category as other religious bodies. Very likely the Methodist church interferes in politics in America, as one of your correspondents says, but the Methodist church is not an international political institution, claiming to be a "perfect society" superior to civil society and governed by an absolute monarch to whom its members are bound to blind obedience even in political matters. If a member of the Methodist church did not follow the political instructions of its pastors, he would hardly be excommunicated, but, if a French Catholic joins the Radical or the Socialist Party, he is *ipso facto* excommunicated. It is impossible to be at once a good Catholic and a good Socialist or a good Liberal, and if any Catholics sincerely think it possible it is because they are ignorant of the political doctrine of their own church.

It is no more intolerant to refuse to vote for a Catholic than to refuse to vote for a Tory or a Liberal or a Socialist. Why should we be expected to vote for a member of a political organization whose political principles are fundamentally opposed to our own? If he says that he agrees with our political principles, our reply is that he can prove it only by coming out of that organization, and that he should have no objection to so doing, for if he really agrees with us he is already a heretic and probably *ipso facto* excommunicated. And if he says, as Daniel O'Connell is alleged to have said, that he takes his religion from Rome, but not his politics, he is doubly a heretic, for he is guilty of the heresy condemned by Pius X under the name of "political modernism."

This heresy—that Catholics are not bound to obey their

ecclesiastical authorities in political matters—was the theological ground of the recent condemnation of the Action Française League and its paper by the present Pope. In his encyclical of June, 1881, on the duties of Christians as citizens, Leo XIII declared that in their capacity as citizens Catholics owed "complete submission and obedience of will to the church and to the Roman Pontiff, as to God Himself" and that this obedience must be "absolute and perfect in every particular."

Leo XIII also preaches the duty of passive obedience to the rulers of the state, unless "the laws of the State are manifestly at variance with the Divine Law" as laid down by the Roman Pontiff who is "the supreme Teacher in the Church," in which case "to resist becomes a positive duty, to obey a crime."

This has been the constant teaching of the Catholic church, which has never changed, and it is inevitable that it should be. What theologians call the ordinary *magisterium* of the church is not restricted to theological matters but extends to the whole of human life, and the Pope is infallible when he defines a dogma concerning morals as well as faith. The liberal principle of toleration is based on the fact that, however strongly we may hold an opinion, we cannot be absolutely certain that we are right, for we are not infallible. If, as the Catholic church teaches, we could learn the absolute truth from an infallible teacher, it would manifestly be wrong, as that church also teaches, to tolerate "error."

Of course intolerance is not confined to Catholics. The majority of mankind have always been intolerant. But although too many religious people in particular are still intolerant, the Catholic church is the only religious body in the civilized world that regards toleration as wrong and preaches intolerance as a principle, or perhaps I should rather say that intolerance is a principle only of the Catholic church. When liberty raises its head, the Catholic church recognizes its worst enemy and strikes at it. On April 23, 1791, Pius VI condemned the Declaration of the Rights of Man as "contrary to religion and society." The principles of the Declaration of the Rights of Man are those of the Constitution of the United States of America. How can a Catholic swear fidelity to that Constitution and remain faithful to his church?

The political doctrine of the Catholic church has not changed since 1790. I refer anybody wishing for full and authoritative information about that doctrine and able to read French to a collection of fifty-five formal pronouncements on political and economic questions by nine successive Popes, edited by my friend, M. Georges Michon, which will, I hope, be published in a translation in England and America.[1]

The "modern liberties" condemned by Leo XIII, which he rightly calls the principles of "the supporters of liberalism," are liberty of worship, liberty of conscience, religious equality, liberty of speech, liberty of teaching, and liberty of the press. The last had been denounced by his predecessor, Gregory XVI, as "the most deadly of liberties, an execrable liberty, which we shall never hold in sufficient horror." Leo XIII, however, explains that "in the extraordinary conditions of these times" the church is obliged unwillingly and as a matter of expediency and a provisional measure to tolerate "error" and allow the state to tolerate it and to "acquiesce in certain modern liberties" in order "to avoid greater evils." In plain English, the church acquiesces in toleration and "modern liberties" when and where she is not strong enough to do otherwise and Catholics, being in a minority, would be the first sufferers by their suppression. In "happier times," however, as Leo XIII says, the church applies its own principles, as now in Italy.

Socialism is condemned by Pius IX in his Allocution at Gaeta (April 20, 1849) and his encyclical "Nostis et Nobiscum"

[1] "Les Documents Pontificaux sur la Démocratie et la Société Moderne." Publiés avec une introduction et des notes par Georges Michon, Docteur ès lettres. Paris: Les Editions Rieder. 25 francs.



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(December 8, 1849), and by Leo XIII in his encyclical "Quod apostolici" (December 28, 1878), in which he examines Socialist economic theories more closely than his predecessor and also condemns Christian socialism, which had then made its appearance. The condemnation of socialism was repeated by Leo XIII in the encyclical "Rerum novarum" (May 15, 1891), in which he ordered Catholic workmen not to join general trade unions, but to form Catholic unions, as has been done in several European countries. He had already recommended in the encyclical "Quod apostolici" the formation of "associations of handicraftsmen and laboring men which, placed under the sheltering care of religion, may render the members content with their lot and resigned to toil, inducing them to lead a peaceful and tranquil life." Rude trade unionists call them blacklegs.

The principle of democracy was condemned by Leo XIII in the encyclical "Immortale Dei" and elsewhere. The authority of rulers, he said, was derived from God, not from the people. It was not, however, "of itself wrong to prefer a democratic form of government, if only the Catholic doctrine be maintained as to the origin and exercise of power." This is not a mere theoretical distinction. Leo XIII, like the other Popes, also taught that rebellion against "princes" or rulers was never in any circumstances permissible, unless of course ordered by the church, as in Mexico. It follows that if, for instance, a constitutional monarch overthrows the constitution which he has sworn to maintain, or acquiesces in its overthrow, as the kings of Spain and Italy have, Catholics are bound to submit. It is for this reason and because a dictatorship is more in harmony with Catholic principles than any other form of government that the Catholic church supports Mussolini, Primo de Rivera, and other European dictators.

Among the other principles laid down by the nine Popes whose pronouncements M. Michon has collected are the following: The church is a "perfect" and "universal society" superior to civil society, and the Catholic religion should be the only religion of the state. The state must exercise no sort of control over religious orders, which should be in a privileged position and above the law. Private property, especially in land, is a "natural right," with which it is not permissible to interfere, even by heavy taxation. The poor must be contented with their lot, for class distinctions and inequalities of wealth are ordained by God and it is impious to try to get rid of them. "It is in conformity with the order established by God that there are in human society princes and subjects, masters and proletarians, rich and poor, learned and ignorant, nobles and plebeians" (Pius X). Besides, almsgiving is a Christian duty and it involves the existence of poverty. The "social question" is primarily a moral and religious, not an economic one, and is to be solved by "Christian charity" and by "the rules of morality and the judgment of religion."

Clearly Pius IX was right when he "reprobated, proscribed, and condemned" the proposition that "the Roman Pontiff can and ought to be reconciled and come to terms with progress, liberalism, and modern civilization." And Democrats, Liberals, Radicals, and Socialists cannot be reconciled or come to terms with the Roman Pontiff and his subjects. We will give them the liberty that they would refuse to us if they had the power, but we will not commit political suicide by giving our votes to members of a political organization with such principles as these, which every member of that organization is bound to accept. We will not choose as our representatives men who cannot be true to us without being false to their church, and who, if they are true to their church, are bound to be our strongest political opponents. This is not intolerance; it is just common sense.

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SENATOR SMOOT is doing his simple duty, under our accepted theory of protection as a prize for the greediest grabber, in trying to boost the sugar duty for the benefit of his beet-growing constituents. But the deal is so raw, and the American producers who stand to suffer from the increase are so powerful, that he is running into rough water. Cuba is by soil and climate the best place in the world to grow sugar, and it lives by growing sugar, some 84.6 per cent by value of its exports during the past five years having been sugar. Its total crop during the past year was no less than 5,000,000 tons, more than one-sixth of the world's production. Under our reciprocity agreement, Cuban sugar has since 1904 entered our market with a rebate of 20 per cent of any existing duty. As a result of all these conditions, American capital has flowed into Cuba in great amounts. The Department of Commerce estimates its total at $1,250,000,000 invested largely in sugar, sugar railroads, and other industries dependent on sugar. This is more than five times the total investment in our domestic sugar industry both beet and cane. We are thus witnessing a pretty three-cornered fight between the American interests in Cuba, which naturally do not want their throat cut by having to pay higher duties, the American interests in Hawaii, Porto Rico, and the Philippines, which enjoy free entry for their sugar, and the domestic producers, notably the beet growers. Last year Cuba furnished some 47 per cent of our sugar, the insular possessions 31 per cent, and the domestic producers about 21 per cent.

TO RAISE the existing full duty of two and two-tenths cents to the three cents of the House bill would increase the cost of landing sugar here from Cuba by sixty-four hundredths of a cent per pound, and would probably raise the price of sugar by nearly that amount, increasing our national sugar bill by something like $100,000,000. Somewhat less than half of this would go to the government and the rest would be a gift to the sugar growers in the insular possessions and to our domestic growers of cane and beets. Professors Commons, Perlman, and Hibbard, of the University of Wisconsin, estimate the increased cost to consumers at $150,000,000. Of this they figure that farmers would pay $33,000,000, while sugar-growing farmers (less than 3 per cent of the total) might get $26,000,000—a net loss of $7,000,000 to the farmers and a striking example of how not to help the distressed agriculturist. An increase of duty would result in an increase in the supply of insular and high-cost domestic sugar, the shutting off of the American consumer from the benefits of Cuban soil and climate, which he may share if Congress will let him, the enrichment of a handful of American producers by the plunder of a hundred and fifteen million American sugar users, and a deadly blow at the prosperity of Cuba and the American capital there invested. We have no greater tenderness for American capital in Cuba than in Colorado, but we do have a great tenderness for common-sense and international decency.

ALTHOUGH THE ADMINISTRATION has hushed up the Salt Creek oil scandal, we predict that it will not stay hushed. When Attorney-General Mitchell announced on June 23 that he did not think any legal basis existed for suits attacking the validity of the leases held by oil companies in the government fields of Wyoming, he did what everyone familiar with the situation in Washington expected him to do. The Department of Justice and the Department of the Interior have never been interested in pushing the investigation of the leases in this field to a disturbing conclusion. Attorney-General Mitchell may be honest enough in his judgment, but the fact remains that he has based that judgment upon the old, incomplete evidence concerning the Salt Creek fields in the files of the Department of the Interior. What the situation needs is not a judgment of present evidence but a thorough probe for more evidence. That probe, as Paul Blanshard pointed out in an article in *The Nation* of February 20, has never been made. The titles to leases of government land in one of the richest oil fields in the world, involving perhaps a billion dollars, are clouded with suspicion and charges of fraud. The trail of juggled titles and theft from the government goes back much farther than any investigations of the Senate Public Lands Committee have thus far reached.

OWEN D. YOUNG, who has won the applause of his countrymen for his masterly handling of the recent reparations conference in Paris, earned their gratitude again when upon his return to America he slipped quietly home, refusing an official reception from Grover Whalen, who imagines he earns his salary as police commissioner of New York City by going down the bay at government expense to welcome almost everybody from kings to peanut vendors. Before and during the reparations conference the Washington Administration reiterated the old song that German payments had no connection with the Allied debts to America and insisted upon the *unofficial* character of our delegates in Paris. But no sooner were these men back than they were summoned to the capital for a long powwow with President Hoover and his *official* family. Then Secretary Stimson gravely repeated his previous announcement that there would be no participation by the Federal Reserve Board or any other government agency in the management of the projected International Bank of Settlement. Interesting but not important. For American finance is not controlled in Washington and even now Wall Street is probably planning its part in the world bank. It would be exceedingly embarrassing to Europe if it were not. And Wall Street has no notion of embarrassing Europe—in just that way.

OUR CAPACITY FOR BUNGLING in regard to the debts owed us by the Allies seems to be unlimited. Ten years ago we stood out for full payment instead of admitting the impossibility of such a feat and making generous cancelations to the Allies in return for similar concessions by them to Germany. As payment was not forthcoming, we entered eventually into refunding arrangements which in most cases will return us only a fraction of our money even if they are carried out—and they won't be. Such an arrangement is still pending with France, but her Parliament has taken the reasonable position that it will not ratify the scheme until sure of the money with which to pay through general acceptance of the Young plan, something which will take a number of months. Meanwhile a post-war debt to us of $400,000,000 for army supplies falls due on August 1. Under the proposed refunding scheme payment of this would be postponed and carried along with the war debt. So Congress, before adjourning, voted to extend the time of paying the $400,000,000 for nine months in order to permit the ratification meanwhile of the refunding scheme. But in the last-minute hurry the resolution was not signed by either Speaker Longworth or Vice-President Curtis, and Secretary Stimson thinks that he cannot carry out the resolution. Probably he is right, but it puts the United States in the ugly position of seemingly trying to bludgeon France into signing the debt agreement at once. There is an alternative. France can simply ignore the debt due on August 1, and we have no idea that Paris will be occupied by American marines if she does.

"IN THE NAMES of their respective peoples"—that is a part of the phraseology with which the President of the United States, the Emperor of Japan, and the other "High Contracting Powers" renounce war in the so-called Kellogg pacts. For most of the Powers the phrase was a mere phrase. In Japan it created a political tornado. Old patriots maintained that it was unconstitutional, an insult to the sacred person of the Emperor, an implied limitation upon his absolute sovereignty. Eventually the Privy Council voted to sign the pact with an "interpretative declaration" explaining, in effect, that the phrase was not to be taken seriously. Three of the Elder Statesmen voted against such a halfway ratification, two because they objected to any modification of the form negotiated with the Western Powers, one because he objected to even so mild an implication that the Emperor of Japan derived his authority from the people. The debate was a striking revelation of Japan's position on the borders of medieval feudalism. Her people have democratic rights accorded in a Constitution granted by an Emperor who was in fact more radical than his people. Such contradictions abound. Constitutionally, Japan's ministries are not yet responsible to the Parliament or the people. Yet whereas the Elder Statesmen still stir up tempests in teapots over a Kellogg phrase, the business men of Japan, without constitutional sanction, have just demonstrated anew their power to force a change in government policy. In the last two months Japan has executed another right-about-face in its policy toward China, and the Japanese Minister, installing himself at Shanghai while other diplomats linger in Peiping, has gone further than any of his colleagues in manifesting sympathy with the Nationalist Government.

FENG DIDN'T GO TO WAR with Chiang after all and China has another breathing spell. Never has there been a more comic anti-climax to a great national crisis than the recently announced Feng-Chiang agreement. The Nationalist armies of Chiang Kai-shek had been drawn up in battle array against the rebel forces of Feng Yu-hsiang, many bridges had been destroyed, the formal declaration of war had been broadcast throughout China, and both generals had issued scorching statements about each other. But in the pause before the firing news came of the surprising victory of Chiang's southern forces against the rebels near Canton, Chiang's subordinates outmaneuvered Feng in Shantung, and, most important of all, the revenues of the Nanking Government began to purchase Feng's supporters. Money looked very tempting to men who had had no pay for months, as Feng's soldiers had not, and to various northern military leaders who had flirted with Feng. In the end Feng saw that his forces were hopelessly outnumbered, and he sold out for $3,100,000—$3,000,000 for his soldiers and $100,000 for his own "traveling expenses." He is going to Germany to act as special investigator of foreign economic affairs for the Nationalist Government. How euphemistically the Chinese avoid the word "exile"! At least it is alleged that he is going. *The Nation's* department of Chinese prophecy is feeling very low at the moment. Hereafter we intend to refer to General Feng only in the past tense.

RELUCTANTLY, one imagines, Baron Passfield of Passfield Corner will take his place in the House of Lords. But his wife, Beatrice Webb, is to be subject to no such pressure of nobility. For many years Sidney and Beatrice Webb have been leaders in the thought and authority of the British Labor Party. At the urgent request of the Prime Minister, who wished the Cabinet to be represented

in the House of Lords, Sidney Webb, at the same time that he accepted the position of Minister for the Colonies, consented to what must seem to him a little like a sacrifice of his identity and accepted a baronetcy. Beatrice Webb, however, has announced that she will not be called Lady Passfield, thus establishing a precedent in the refusal by a wife of her husband's title. Good Lucy Stoners, who would have denied her a seat in their midst because she called herself Beatrice Webb instead of Beatrice Potter, cannot but applaud her now. She has herself lent distinction to the name of Webb, separate from the distinction of her husband. In refusing to let the name be lost to British history except as it stands in explanatory parenthesis after that of the newly created Baron, she has made a very pretty gesture, both for feminism and for loyalty.

REPRESENTATIVE OSCAR DE PRIEST, whose wife was invited to tea by Mrs. Hoover, has remained sensible and tolerant under the storm of protest occasioned by that simple fact. Texas, Florida, Mississippi, and Virginia have expressed themselves as fearful over the future of the white race because the President's wife asked a colored woman, whose husband was the duly elected representative of certain of the voters of Illinois, to a social function at her house. Mr. De Priest put the whole discussion on a sane and decent level when he remarked:

> My wife was invited not because she was white or black, Republican or Democrat. She was not invited because Mrs. Hoover thought anything of her personally. She was invited because she happened to be the wife of a man who was a member of Congress. That's all there was to it.

This is admirable and exactly the tone which Mr. De Priest must take. If he took any other tone he would bring about his ears not a storm but a tornado. *The Nation,* which does not have to fear Southern tornadoes, can and does take a little different tone. It is true that Mrs. De Priest was invited to the White House as a matter of political routine; but if Mrs. Hoover had invited her as a personal friend, if she had come not only to tea but to dine, if she had been a week-end guest with her husband and her five children, supposing her to have so many, the white race would, so *The Nation* firmly believes, still rest strongly on its foundations, the world would not flop over on its side, the stars would still serenely maintain their courses, and not a single Southern Democrat would have any right to be late to his dinner in consequence. Some day just this sort of thing may happen in the White House: that is, a President or his wife may invite as a guest one of his or her friends who happens to be a Negro. Then we shall see a real storm; but it will be in the best of causes.

OUR RIGHT HAND ACHES in sympathy with that of Mr. Hoover, who on a recent Wednesday welcomed 1,176 persons visiting the White House for no other purpose than to tell the folks back home that they had been received by the President. No European country would think of subjecting its king or prime minister to so nonsensical a waste of time and strength. Doubtless the custom survives in this country to prove the "democracy" of a government which in fact has ever less and less of such quality. Mr. Roosevelt, the most democratic President of this century, abolished the weekly reception of miscellaneous visitors, probably through confidence that his reputation required no such spurious bolster. The affable but ineffective Mr. Harding reestablished the rite, and both Mr. Coolidge and Mr. Hoover have accepted it. If the 1,176 hands that Mr. Hoover shook the other day were laid end to end, they would reach from Washington to the Milky Way or from the Edict of Nantes to the Battle of the Somme. Translated into foot-pounds, the energy that Mr. Hoover wasted would make four carloads of coughless cigarettes or support a missionary in Africa for three years. If Mr. Hoover is not interested in such enterprises, he could keep his hand in his pocket, which is said to be a silly habit but cannot possibly be as much so as the weekly White House reception. And if there is no other relief, the boys of the future (every one of whom, we know, is a potential President) should be taught to shake hands ambidextrously, so that when the zero hour comes, and they are sent to the shaking-line, they can rest themselves by changing from one hand to the other.

VERNON LOUIS PARRINGTON, who died the other day in England at the age of fifty-eight, was that rare thing among university professors of English, a man who was familiar not only with literature but with the things out of which literature is made—politics, economics, sociology, theology, to mention only a few. For twenty-one years he had been professor of English at the University of Washington; the men and women with whom he came in daily contact thought him a great man; his most important work, "Main Currents in American Thought," two volumes of which appeared about two years ago, was generally recognized as an extraordinarily significant contribution to American letters. He was a thorough scholar and at the same time completely aware of what was taking place in the world around him. His opinions were radical and none more so than the concept which guided him in his chef d'œuvre—that literature is not a nun set chastely separate from "life" but an expression of a given culture, part of the pattern of society and governed by the pattern as a whole. *The Nation* was only one of a number of periodicals which welcomed contributions from him whenever they could be obtained. It is melancholy to have to record his death when he was hardly past middle-age, and it is only a measure of consolation that the third volume of "Main Currents" is actually finished except for final revisions, and will be published by Harcourt, Brace and Company.

LITTLE COMMENT is required on the following dispatch to *Variety* from Los Angeles:

> Recent Shriner convention netted Jake Timberg, local bottle dealer, $3,800 profit. Holding the exclusive empty-bottle concessions with eighteen local hotels, Timberg's bookkeeper produced a summary showing the following amount of glassware passing through his warehouses during the week following the convention—98 gross of gin bottles, 236 gross ginger-ale bottles, 63 gross of fancy Scotch, 22 gross of champagne, 42 gross fancy wine, 182 gross miscellaneous pints, 49 gross beer, and 33 gross of tonic bottles. These bottles are all reconditioned, resold, and will eventually find their way back again to Timberg's bottle emporium for another Turkish bath.

We suppose that the 33 gross of "tonic" was consumed by the scrupulously law-abiding contingent of the Shriners.

Freedom of Belief—for Citizens Only

HOW far does our country propose to go in making war on private conscience? Recent court decisions in the Schwimmer and MacIntosh naturalization cases bring this question sharply to mind. It looks like a war on peace-makers at a particularly inopportune time, just when we are trying to find means of making anti-war treaties effective. Though both cases involve the question of the citizen's responsibility in war, the issue is really much wider; for the problem of the rights and duties of the citizen as against the state is an eternal one.

In the Schwimmer case, Justice Butler, speaking for the majority of the United States Supreme Court, declares it the duty of the citizen *"by force of arms* to defend our government against all enemies whenever necessary"—a doctrine that no small number of us utterly repudiate and are prepared to resist if necessary. Justice Butler continues: "Whatever tends to lessen the willingness of citizens to discharge their duty to bear arms in the country's defense detracts from the strength and from the safety of the government"—from which again, as thus stated, we dissent, believing the Justice to be completely mistaken, and holding that the strength and safety of the government do not at bottom reside in its armed force, as he holds. Under the Schwimmer decision, apparently, no alien who honestly avows these views may be admitted to citizenship, no matter how well qualified he may be otherwise. Those of us who happen to have been born here cannot be deprived of citizenship for holding these ideas, but acccording to Justice Butler's reasoning we lack an essential qualification of citizenship, as, indeed, most people seem to have thought during the war. Under these circumstances, we heretics who are already citizens have a certain measure of freedom of conscience, but our fellowship is not to be augmented by the admission of aliens of like faith.

In the case of Professor MacIntosh of the Yale Divinity School, Judge Burrows (who will be recalled as presiding at the recent trial of Mary Ware Dennett) goes farther in a way than the Supreme Court. Professor MacIntosh is not even a conscientious objector to all war. Asked whether he will defend the Constitution and laws against all enemies, foreign and domestic, and whether he is willing, if necessary, to take up arms in defense of this country, he replies, in words that do him honor,

> I am willing to do what I judge to be in the best interests of my country, but only in so far as I can believe that this is not going to be against the best interests of humanity in the long run. I do not undertake to support my country, right or wrong, in any dispute which may arise, and I am not willing to promise beforehand, and without knowing the cause for which my country may go to war, either that I will or that I will not take up arms in defense of this country, however necessary war may seem to the government of the day.
>
> It is only in a sense consistent with these statements that I am willing to promise to support and defend the government of the United States against all enemies, foreign and domestic.

Ready to place allegiance to country "above private interest and mere individual preference and second only to my allegiance to what I take to be the will of God," Professor MacIntosh yet could not promise to support our government in a war violating the Kellogg pact. Judge Burrows refused him citizenship. The decision of Judge Burrows means that no alien is eligible to citizenship who is unwilling to pledge himself in advance to support, to the extent of bearing arms himself, any war in which the country may engage, no matter how wrong in his judgment. Judge Burrows, or the naturalization law, or both are wrong No man who was willing to take such a pledge could possibly be a good citizen.

Furthermore, the pledge is a flat contradiction of our historical policy. "In every war this country has waged," as we stated in our earlier discussion of the Schwimmer case, "some Americans have refused to bear arms," and some have gone farther in active opposition. The government itself has generally relied on the volunteer system, thus leaving the question of bearing arms to the citizen himself. In our latest great armed conflict we resorted to conscription, but even so we made provision for certain classes of conscientious objectors. Certainly no one can defend the doctrine of compulsory service by hiding behind the word "American."

In time of war these ideas against which the courts would defend us do create serious problems for those whose business it is to wage war. None the less, the state for its own sake must tolerate them. Military force has proved inadequate to keep peace and we are working out a new technique and a new body of ideas that may make peace possible. In that work we must allow liberty of thought and expression to those who can see other ways than the discredited ones of military force, and our government will do well to adhere to the principle of free thought "with regard to admission into as well as to life within this country," as Justice Holmes suggested.

In the practical operation of this principle of free thought there is bound to be compromise and at times perhaps confusion, but the state must recognize at the last the supremacy of the individual conscience, must remember the words of Emerson:

> The law is only a memorandum. We are superstitious and esteem the statute somewhat: so much life as it has in the character of living men, is its force. The statute stands there to say, yesterday we agreed so and so, but how feel ye this article today? Our statute is a currency, which we stamp with our own portrait: it soon becomes unrecognizable, and in process of time will return to the mint.

The state, then, must be forever in process of adjusting the law to the ideas and the character of its citizens. Let it refuse the new ideas at its peril! It is just this that our government would seem to be undertaking in respect to the newer ideas of war and peace. At a time when we imperatively need new and fruitful ideas, it is refusing citizenship to men and women just because they are not tied absolutely in the bonds of the older and discredited notions. But new tasks forever demand new ideas.

"Say It with Deposits"

THE choicest bit of evidence that has come out of the whole eighteen-months' investigation of power interests by the Federal Trade Commission was published on June 27 just before the commission adjourned its inquiry until autumn. The evidence, which was in the form of a letter from one power executive to another, described how the Pacific Gas and Electric Company uses the little banks of California to spread propaganda for itself and against public ownership. A. F. Hockenbeamer, president of the Pacific Gas and Electric Company, wrote to A. W. Robertson of Pittsburgh:

> We discovered the country bankers quite a number of years ago. . . . We came to the conclusion about fifteen years ago that as a practical incentive to get them to work with us there is no substitute for deposits. . . . We have at this time accounts with 230 country banks scattered all over our territory, and while our policy keeps an average of around a million and a half dollars tied up in balances in these depositories, we believe it is well worth while; first, because the service they render to us as bankers is worth something, and secondly, because it cements their friendship and cooperation. *Incidentally, we require no interest on these deposits.* [Italics ours.]
>
> . . . We have had occasion to test their friendliness on a number of occasions and they have never failed us. During our two big campaigns against the so-called Water and Power Act (a scheme to put California in the power business with an initial issue of half a billion of bonds) they literally sent out hundreds of thousands of personal letters and pieces of literature to their depositors and stockholders, as well as campaigning against the act personally. My impression is that the other power companies in California follow pretty much the same policies as I have outlined.

Along with this letter evidence was published to show that this same Pacific Gas and Electric Company contributed $50,000 to Stanford University while the present Secretary of the Interior, Ray Lyman Wilbur, was president, and also gave support to the university's School of Business Administration.

It is to be hoped that the Federal Trade Commission, when it resumes the investigation in September, will be able to go behind the evils of power propaganda and expose the whole financial structure of the power industry. This was the original idea of the Walsh resolution, but when the effort was made last year to disclose the operations of the Electric Bond and Share Company, that organization refused to reveal its books. Now the commission has gone to the courts to force a surrender of the records. Meanwhile enough is known of the process of gradual concentration of control in the power industry to arouse general alarm. The latest report of H. S. Raushenbush of the Committee on Coal and Giant Power of New York shows that "over one-half of the electric power production of the country is in the hands of four holding companies." It is useless to inveigh against these super-corporations for their incidental activities in controlling the press, the colleges, and the banks unless their methods of making surplus profits are revealed and those profits recaptured by the community.

The Gangster

THE typical gangster is emotionally deficient, according to Dr. William J. Hickson, director of the psychopathic laboratory of the Chicago Municipal Court, who has examined 40,000 criminals during the last twelve years. For the most part also the gangster is mentally deficient, having a mental age of twelve to thirteen years. He is the dementia praecox type and is just as insane, says Dr. Hickson, as the dementia praecox, hyperemotional type to be found in insane asylums. The leaders of gangsters, however, are not mentally deficient. They are, in fact, above the average in intelligence. But like their less intelligent underlings, they are emotionally infantile. Given this emotional deficiency, intelligence and education merely fit them for greater crimes.

The emotional incompetence of the gangster is the far more serious defect from the point of view of society, which has the problem of controlling him. The gangster commits murder without a quickening of the pulse, "with no more emotion than would grip the ordinary person saying 'How do you do?' to a slight acquaintance." He goes to the electric chair without a tremor, for he can contemplate his own death without any change in his heart or blood pressure, if we are to take the word of Dr. Hickson. Because of this lack in the emotional make-up of the criminal, punishment meted out to a fellow-gangster is no deterrent whatever.

Dr. Hickson scouts the idea that the gangster is motivated in his killings by the desire for revenge. It has been a tradition that revenge is written large in the code of the gangster. Dr. Hickson points out that the gangster is superstitious and talks a great deal about religion. He is probably also very sentimental, and sentimentality is an aspect of emotional infantilism which might easily give rise to the acceptance of a childlike "code of honor" which would have no basis whatever in real feeling. Therefore a gangster might avenge a comrade's death not out of a desire to do so but because of this artificial code—set up probably not by himself but by someone more intelligent higher up whose motive was purely a business one. For Dr. Hickson feels that shooting is just part of the gangster's business, that he is incapable of feeling the desire for revenge just as he is incapable of remorse. He removes a rival who interferes with his business. In other words, his real motive, though he may call it revenge, is no different from that of a business man who removes a rival by financial ruin.

Dr. Hickson has no panacea to offer, nor even any comfort. The defects of gangsters, he says, are hereditary and therefore incurable. The typical gangster comes from a defective family whose members are criminal, feeble-minded, or insane. The gangster is born a gangster. The gangsters of the future are now in the schools making life miserable for teachers. "As boys," says Dr. Hickson, "they are haled into juvenile court. Perhaps they get short terms in the reformatory—at any rate, they never are able to reform. Sooner or later they launch into murderous careers." Time and again, Dr. Hickson asserts, his laboratory has labeled youths as killers, only to have the prophecy fulfilled. His only remedy is segregation, and in his opinion segregation should take place before the crime.

> Gangsters should be taken from the schools before they get big enough to be gangsters. They should be segregated on State farms, not punitive, until such time as they are pronounced cured. In nearly every case that would mean life segregation. Commitment should be made after examination by a commission, which would report to the courts on just what type each criminal is. . . . Segregation would keep them from both crime and propagation.

Dr. Hickson's theory of emotional deficiency seems to us inadequate to cover all cases of criminality, but it is doubtless an important contributory cause; and it would tend to explain the fact that capital punishment is apparently no deterrent to murder. Moreover, we cannot feel so hopeless as Dr. Hickson does toward the problem of reform. Environment, while not as important perhaps as heredity, has much to do with making the criminal. Certainly we cannot agree with Dr. Hickson in his zeal for segregating gangsters before they become gangsters. With insanity in its present undefined and diffused state, we should not trust any commission to pick, before the fact, the sane from the insane for so serious a commitment. We doubt that Dr. Hickson himself would undertake such a task; we are sure he would not delegate it.

Back to Russia

ENGLAND'S Labor Government had no sooner begun smoking the underslung pipe of peace with Ambassador Dawes than it turned to relight the pipe of peace with Russia. Normal diplomatic relations, begun in Ramsay MacDonald's first term of office and rudely interrupted by the Arcos raid two years ago, will be resumed.

It was on February 1, 1924, that England first recognized the Bolsheviks. Only Germany, the Baltic countries, and some of the Near Eastern Powers had established de jure relations with the outlaw Muscovites. But England's action was electric. Italy followed suit on February 7, Norway on February 13, Austria on February 20, Greece and Sweden in March, China in May, Mexico in August, France in October, and Japan in January. Belgium, Czecho-Slovakia, Hungary, Rumania, and Switzerland also have established de facto relations with Russia. Since England gave the initial impulse, in fact, all the important Powers except the United States have assumed more or less friendly relations with the government founded by Lenin.

Little of the good and evil variously prophesied as a result of diplomatic recognition has ensued. Those who predicted an outburst of Communist propaganda have been disappointed; the Communist movement has continued to decline in all the Western countries. On the other hand, those who foresaw a vast increase in Russian trade and a solution to the problem of unemployment in Britain have been equally disillusioned. Russian trade has continued to grow, but slowly; and it has directed itself along economic rather than political channels. Russia did not buy to favor nations that recognized her; she bought what she needed where she could buy it most cheaply. In large degree, she bought cotton in the United States.

Last year, in fact, Russia bought some $54,300,000 worth of cotton in the United States, which is more than Russia's entire purchases from the United States, of all kinds, amounted to in any year before the war. In other words, despite the barrier of non-recognition the United States is doing a vastly larger business in terms of money with the Bolsheviks than she did with the duly recognized Government of the Czar in 1913. Despite the poverty of Soviet Russia we even buy nearly twice as much of her as we did of Czarist Russia.

The hullabaloo over the question of recognizing Russia seems somewhat absurd in the light of these facts. As little as five years hence probably the fuss will seem utterly incomprehensible. Already the change is complete in England. Ramsay MacDonald was attacked for recognizing Russia in 1924; no one attacks him now. He was defeated in the fall election of that year in large part because of a forged letter trumping up a fake Red scare; in the recent campaign Winston Churchill's attempt to raise a Red bogy only bored the British voters. As late as 1927 a group of anti-Bolshevik oil promoters were able to force the Government into the melodramatic Arcos raid which led to a temporary break in formal relations; today even the financiers of the City welcome the return to normalcy. We shall not hold out long in this country.

Essentially, Washington's long refusal to recognize Russia has been an effort to force Russia to revise her legal system and to change her attitude toward the profit system. The effort has been camouflaged—at first with shouts that the Bolsheviks were pro-German, then that their power was waning, then that it was impossible to deal with them anyway—but most of the proclamations of our successive Secretaries of State have not lacked frankness. They have called it insisting that Russia "recognize her international obligations," but their definitions of "international obligations" have been plain enough. Other nations have been permitted to "refund" their debts to us—partial payment in lieu of repudiation. The Russians have not been allowed even to discuss whether and what they should pay. Secretary Hughes used to insist that they must first "demonstrate their good faith," apparently by revising their laws in regard to property.

Business men are less interested in general principles. They have felt their way toward business with Russia slowly, but with vastly more interest in practical results. The Chase National Bank and the Equitable Trust Company have discovered that it works to give the Russians short-term credit for their cotton purchases; the Standard Oil Company has learned that Russian oil is a good buy, Colonel Cooper that the Russians will pay for good dam-building. The General Electric Company and Henry Ford, observing the experience of these others and suspecting that Russia may be the greatest undeveloped market in the world, have offered longer credits and better business terms. Business flows where money is to be made. Its course can hardly be altered by politics, though it may be checked and retarded. The continued refusal of our Government to give diplomatic recognition to Russia deprives our citizens in Russia of consular protection, it makes long-term credit in the United States difficult, and interferes with the flow of gold. Undoubtedly it has delayed the development of American trade with Russia, but that is all. Utterly without effect upon Russia's internal policies, it is a sort of sermon in a vacuum.

It Seems to Heywood Broun

"THERE'S so much unhappiness in the world," says Aunt Clara (Uncle Joe's wife), "that I don't see why we should spend money to see shows and read books that remind us about it."

"The man worth while," she says, "is the man who can smile when everything goes dead wrong."

The novelists of our day don't cater to Clara very much. She found "All Quiet on the Western Front" extremely sordid. Still, practically all the plays in town are written just to please her. She lives in Pelham and knows very little about Freud or Jung. I tried to convince her once that practically all of what we know as the civilized world is inhibited. She interrupted to say that the last lecturer at the Woman's Study Club had advanced the same claim about Mars.

Maybe it would be just as well to leave Aunt Clara out of the discussion and go on to explain why the so-called gloomy modern novel is really more stimulating to the ego than the aggressively cheerful modern play. Most of us admit that a novel or a play or any form of art is an escape from reality. To be sure, a good many plays in the season just ended were hardly calculated to give anybody much of a start on the bloodhounds.

Consider the most humdrum person of your acquaintance, and you will probably be able to tag him as an inveterate patron of the movies, loud or silent. Lacking romance in real life he gets it by watching Greta Garbo in the moonlight and seeing Douglas Fairbanks jump over gates. Your friend will never be in the moonlight to any serious extent himself, and he would not think of vaulting fences. The screen has amply satisfied his romantic cravings.

The man in the theater, or the man who reads a book, identifies himself with one of the characters—hero or villain as the case may be. While the spell is on he lives the life of that fictional character. Next morning he can punch the time clock with no regrets. An interesting thesis might be written as to the exact relationship between the eyebrows of John Gilbert and the declining rate of marriage in the United States.

Assuming then that art—and for the sake of the argument motion pictures and mystery plays will be included under the heading—takes the place of life for a great many people, what do we find about the pernicious effect of happy novels and plays upon the community in general? Simply, that the man who is addicted to seeing plays and reading books in which everybody performs prodigies of valor and virtue is not ever going to the trouble of doing so much as one good deed a day upon his own account.

A season or so ago I went with a friend to see a play about a kindly man of middle age who adopted an orphan. My friend glowed with as complete a spirit of self-sacrifice as I have ever seen. This mood continued through three acts. He projected himself into the story and felt that he was actually patting ingenues on the head and adopting them and trimming Christmas trees. On the way up town he let me pay for the taxicab and also buy the newspapers. He was curt and short. All his kindly impulses had been drained off during the performance. He was fit company for no one throughout the entire week.

Being rather more regular in theatergoing than my friend, I failed to make any complete identification with anybody on the stage in this particular piece, but I was also somewhat depressed. The saintly old lady in the play had spoken of "the tinkling laughter of tiny tots" and this made me reflect on the imperfections of life. It did not seem to me at the time as if any of the children in the flat next door can be truly said to tinkle. I felt dissatisfied with things as they are.

One week later I watched "Hamlet" and the effect was precisely the opposite. After they carried the corpses of the dead and dying into the wings I went out into the warm evening walking upon my toes. This was much more like it. Everything in the play tended to make life seem more cheerful. In many respects the young Prince was ever so much worse off than I was. And he, too, mentioned his need of getting rid of excess flesh. After observing the rotten state of affairs in Denmark, my penthouse apartment in Fifty-eighth Street seemed entirely satisfactory.

I hope next year will provide us with an ample quantity of Ibsen, for he's an author even more inspiriting to the distressed than William Shakespeare. It is no accident that the Scandinavian drama is generally gloomy. Ibsen understood the psychology of his countrymen. He lived in a land of long, cold winters and poor steam heat. If he had written joyfully and light-heartedly, thousands, well say hundreds, of Norwegians would have gone home to die or at least to harbor such a wish. Instead he gave them folk like Oswald, and all the Norse playgoers went into the night skipping and laughing.

And for some reason which I can't explain, tragedy whets the appetite for food. "Ghosts" goes better with ham and eggs than any play I know. In fact at times when Oswald has dallied a bit in dissolution I've found my mind wandering away from the tragic situation into a speculation as to whether a preliminary order of pancakes would be too heavy at such a later hour. After seeing "Ghosts" there is no place like Dave's Blue Room with all the smoke and chatter.

I wish the Broadway dramatists of today were half as shrewd as Ibsen. Then we should have plays in which the heroine's mother failed to raise the mortgage and lost the old homestead in the very last scene. If she tottered out to starvation in a blinding snowstorm I might be minded to forget how perfectly abominable all my luck has been at poker in these last three months. I might even appreciate our janitor if only the old lady would wring her hands just before the final curtain and exclaim, "How bitter is the wind tonight!"

And if the wild young men and wilder women in these younger generation pieces would only cease reforming for the sake of a happy ending. Always they climb back to respectability out of degradation. It makes me weep to watch them, but when the thing is ended the sorrow has never been sufficient to come between me and the pancakes.

HEYWOOD BROUN

Uncle Sam's Electric Empire

By PAUL BLANSHARD

WHEN the prosperous citizen of Chile presses an electric-light button in his Santiago house the current that floods the bulbs comes from the Chile Electric Company which is owned by the South American Power Company which is owned by the American and Foreign Power Company which is owned by the Electric Bond and Share Company which is owned by certain persons in the United States who have surplus money. When he lifts the receiver from the telephone he is buying a privilege from the Chile Telephone Company, Limited, which is owned by the International Telephone and Telegraph Corporation of New York. When he rides to Valparaiso on the newly electrified Chilean State Railways he is using the electric equipment made by the Westinghouse Electric. And so on.

The story of Uncle Sam's expanding electric empire in Latin America is the latest, and in many ways the most dramatic, chapter of American economic conquest. The world war for oil, coal, and rubber still goes on; the war for the control and development of electric power is just beginning. As in so many other economic contests the chief figures in this struggle are the United States and Great Britain, with the United States forging steadily into the lead. One New York company already controls more than half of all the telephones of Latin America. Another controls through its subsidiaries one-third to one-half of all Latin-American power. With the power and the telephones go cables, telegraph lines, and radio communications.

The extent of our new electric empire was revealed in outline by the recent annual report of the American and Foreign Power Company, the investment subsidiary of the Electric Bond and Share Company which is the second-largest power concern in the United States. In the year 1928 the American and Foreign increased its investment accounts $177,000,000, taking control of companies in Argentina, Chile, Mexico, Cuba, Brazil, Colombia, and Costa Rica. Notable among its purchases were four great British and Canadian concerns, the Whitehall Electric Investments, Limited, which did a $15,000,000 business in Valparaiso (Chile) and in Vera Cruz, Tampico, Puebla, Cordoba, and Orizaba (Mexico); the Atlas Light and Power Company, Limited, which owned the power and traction facilities of four cities in Argentina; the Northern Mexico Power and Development Company, Limited, and the North State Power Company, Limited, both of which operated in Chihuahua. As if this conquest of what had been British economic territory were not enough the American and Foreign entered the sacred precincts of Shanghai where the diehard British majority on the Municipal Council finally sold the electric plants of the International Settlement to the American firm after it outbid all British competitors. On December 31, 1928, the American and Foreign Power Company controlled the electric light and power service of 627 communities in Latin America, and the expansion of the company's territory is continuing at a dizzy pace.

In addition to the American and Foreign, the other great pioneer of our new electric empire is the International Telephone and Telegraph Company which operates in its chosen field of electrical communication. Like its counterpart in the field of power development it has specialized in the last two years in buying up competing companies and consolidating them until today it controls half the telephones in Latin America and is assuming a commanding place in the control of cable and radio communication. It owns 200,000 telephones in Argentina alone. Since 1926 it has bought up two telephone systems in Uruguay, the Argentina monopoly, the chief Chilean concern, and the dominating company of southern Brazil. Only one other British concern in South America today can compare with it, the Brazilian Traction Company, which is owned in Canada and operates in central Brazil. The International since 1926 has also acquired All-America Cables and the Mackay-Postal Telegraph and Cable system, making it possible to compete on at least even terms with the new British communications combine throughout Latin America. Its assets are almost four hundred millions. Through its newly acquired radio rights in Colombia, Ecuador, and Peru and through its subsidiaries in Argentina and Chile it hopes to build up a South American network of radio communication that will touch every important point on the continent.

Superior showmanship and surplus wealth are the two chief factors in the building of this new empire. When the American and Foreign goes into a Latin-American town it tears down the old and usually dilapidated headquarters, erects a display plant on a display corner, and uses every artifice of big show-windows, conspicuous elegance, and real comfort in advertising new lighting methods, vacuum cleaners, electric irons, refrigerators, and fans. In one city in Brazil it gave away "electric waffles" in the public park to barefoot Indians. At a Chilean county fair it presented an elaborate display of everything electrical from cow-milkers to sawmills. In one small city, Guatemala, it has sold over 600 electric ranges. It is breaking down the sales resistance of the Latin Americans with increasing success. Exports of American electric equipment are now higher than they ever were, totaling over 110 millions last year, most of which went to the Western Hemisphere. These exports jumped more than eight millions last year while exports of British electric equipment have stood still for several years. Last March Brazil and Cuba, for example, each bought $31,000 worth of American electric refrigerators, and Argentina purchased $90,000 worth of our radio receiving sets. Already more than half of the electrical equipment of the world is made in the United States, chiefly by General Electric and Westinghouse, and this reckoning does not include the great equipment factories of the International Telephone and Telegraph Company in Europe. How rapidly we are displacing the British in the whole Latin-American field is revealed by the fact that our total Latin-American capital issues in 1928 were four times those of the British.

The Latin-American electric market is almost boundless. It is not surprising that prophets of our economic future are bullish when they contemplate it. The telephone which has

been accepted as a necessity in the United States is still in most parts of Latin America a luxury. We have sixteen telephones for every 100 people, Latin America has sixty-five hundredths of one telephone. If American firms can bring Latin-American consumption to the level which they have achieved in Cuba, two telephones for each 100 people, they will be able to treble the present Latin-American schedule and bring the number of customers to more than two million. Today there are about 725,000 telephones in all Latin America while we have nearly twenty million. Brazil, which is larger than the United States, has fewer telephones than Milwaukee.

In the present state of the public mind the financing of our electric expansion in the South is as simple as taking up a collection. Every time one of the great power concerns which carries on its list of directors the names of an Owen Young, or a Charles Mitchell, wishes to invest in new companies it passes the hat. Lured by the magic reputation of power stocks the little and big investors rush to the counter and fill the company's coffers with all that is needed. The method is as follows:

The American company sees a British concern in possession of a South American territory. Usually the British concern is solid, conservative, and timid in its salesmanship. Believing in the great future profits to be reaped from electric expansion the Americans approach the British and suggest purchase. The British do not surrender easily; they demand a price 50 per cent higher than present earnings justify. The Americans promptly compromise on a 25 per cent overvaluation. They buy the British plant without expending a cent of their current funds by a new issue of common stock to their preferred stock-holders who are given the chance to buy at a price somewhat below the official market figure. It is a gamble in future values which the American investor is willing to take, and the present lords of the power industry are quite willing to have him take it because they are so situated in the inner circle of investment that they can realize the maximum on their own holdings with little risk. The American and Foreign Power Company has never paid a cent of dividends on its common stock but it has been able to raise millions for speculating in new developments by offering its common stock as a free bonus to the original purchasers of preferred, and by selling new issues of such common to its preferred stock-holders for $25 a share. That the gamble has been justified in the speculative sense is shown by the fact that the common stock given away as a bonus when the company was formed is now selling at $108 a share. This does not mean that the immediate dividends from our new electric empire are large. It simply means that investors think the electrification of Latin America is inevitable and that pioneer companies with a vigorous salesmanship can some day reap large profits from the control of a public necessity.

Power leads to politics, and the whole lesson of our economic expansion in Latin America is that investors from the United States use governments to insure and increase their profits. If the power interests can defy, purchase, and outmaneuver the leaders of government in the United States, how much more easily can they manipulate the governments of Latin America! These governments are weak and poor; it takes less money to buy their officials than is needed to purchase college professors and editors in the United States.

Take Cuba as an example. In Cuba the American power interests have not stopped with the purchase of a Senator or an editor here and there: the President himself has served them faithfully both in and out of office. Before becoming President of Cuba Gerardo Machado was a relatively poor man who had been made vice-president and purchasing agent of the Compañia Cubana de Electricidad, which is the Cuban subsidiary of American and Foreign Power. Taking office under the most suspicious circumstances, it is charged that he continued to act as vice-president of the power company until the Havana *El Dia,* edited by Armando André, fearlessly exposed his power connections. Then Major André, like so many of President Machado's enemies, was mysteriously assassinated. Meanwhile, since becoming President, Machado has put through the Cuban legislature an astounding law exempting the power companies from past and future taxation, a privilege which has not been extended to other Cuban industries. Since the power industry of Cuba is controlled almost entirely by the American and Foreign Power Company, this is a direct gift to President Machado's former employers. For good measure the Machado Government wiped off the Cuban tax books two millions in back taxes owed by the Havana Electric Railway, Light, and Power Company, a subsidiary of the Compañia Cubana de Electricidad. Machado's brother, Congressman Carlos Machado, even tried to persuade the Cuban Legislature to grant franchises to light and power companies in perpetuity but for some reason or other the legislators balked.

Now President Machado is reported to be a very rich man, and the American power interests are well content with him and his administration, which is scheduled to last until 1935, since Machado broke his pledge not to ask reelection. They dominate the whole Cuban field and charge what is said to be one of the highest rates in the world. In 1927 while the average electric rate for domestic and rural consumers in the United States was 6.8 cents per kilowatt hour the Cuban people were paying 17 cents. The Compañia Cubana de Electricidad, after being attacked for extortion by that small section of the Cuban press which dares to criticize, finally and magnanimously lowered its rate to 15 cents in view of the fact that it had been exempted from taxation. In Ontario under the public ownership of the Ontario Hydro Electric Commission domestic light and power sells for an average of 2.08 cents. In Guatemala a subsidiary of the American and Foreign company sells power for 6 cents a kilowatt hour.

In nearly all the Latin-American countries the regulatory system is feeble and inadequate. It is easy to imagine some future Latin Senator Norris storming against the overvaluations and excessive rates of the privileged power interests who have the consumers at their mercy. His protests, we predict, will be futile, for by that time the forty-six leading dailies, seventy-four weeklies, and nineteen, more or less, monthlies which control Latin-American public opinion will probably be owned by a pretty corporation with some such a name as the South American People's Press, Incorporated, which will be owned by the South American Paper and Power Company, which will be owned by the International Power Syndicate of New York, which will be owned by certain persons in the United States who are fortunate enough to have surplus money.

Flying from Ocean to Ocean

By M. DE M. PORTER

How can I but as here chanting, invite you for yourself to collect bouquets of the incomparable feuillage of these States?

—WALT WHITMAN
"Leaves of Grass," Our Old Feuillage

YOU are great, Walt Whitman, for this one reason among many others: you saw with the eyes of your spirit what I saw with the eyes of my body: the magnitude of these States, their united diversity, the uniqueness of each one, which makes them all submit joyously to a superficial uniformity.

In one day and one night and yet another half of a day, I came from the Pacific to the Atlantic. I saw both oceans and what lay between: California, Nevada, Utah, Wyoming, Nebraska, Iowa, Illinois, Indiana, Ohio, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, New York.

I saw these as they are, freed from the distortion of space and time, freed from the limitation of my paces, and the limitation given by the height at which my eyes can see when I stand; freed from the prison of the motionless horizon of those who become the center of any landscape or seascape they contemplate.

I saw your States, my States, in relation to each other only, with the boundaries that they really have and the essential distinctions which they had before men gave them the distinctions of their names. I saw them as they are now, but also as they were in the distant past, when they were shaping and building themselves.

I saw America in one sweep, I held the width of it in one glance, I spanned it with my outstretched arms.

California. The earth is still sleeping in the blankets of mist, still warm of yesterday's sun, but the sky is awake, newly washed by the dawn.

The aeroplane is all silver, like the surrounding sky, and her slender frame vibrates in the wind.

We have already lost sight of Los Angeles, and, one by one, as we would the beads of a rosary, we drop town after town. I look down on the houses and the gardens and the roads; on the orange groves—curly-headed, prim trees on parade. I can see the fields, also. (O little men, little men, do gather your hay in neat little piles! It is of very great importance indeed.)

We are so high now that we seem to be motionless, having caged space between our four wings.

We are crossing the mountains, crouched like big mangy animals; the grass and the trees are rare on their patient backs. I notice that fir trees alone resist the distortion of perspective; they keep their familiar shape, and I do not doubt their identity; but those bushes there, perhaps, are mighty oaks.

The desert—a symphony of tans—shapes and color-values, no meaning, no reason, or explanation; nature for nature's sake, and not for use by man.

And suddenly, amid the impersonal brown of the plain, a wide stretch of green—water; vegetation welcoming the sun, with all the certitude of its moistened roots. Water—the age-long symbol of motion and life and change. Water, which peoples the sky as well as the earth, for the sky would be empty but for clouds or rain or fog or mist.

Will man some day, with dams and pipes, and the machines brought forth from his brain, fill this waste with towns and gardens and fields? O citizen of these States, with plenty of elbow-room today within your boundaries, will your children tomorrow, in need of more land, be able to put the desert to work, to make it feed and clothe them? Already the twin arrow of the railroad track has laid the seal of man on this solitude.

Las Vegas, Nevada; a railroad town. Need I say more? Need I describe it? Need I speak of the men and women who have dug wells and planted trees and built streets and settled here? They play golf at the edge of the desert, and laughingly say that they bury their dead in overcoats to prevent them from freezing in hell.

You may not care for geology; the formation of the earth may be of remote interest to you; you may have no curiosity concerning the continent where you were born, but how could you remain indifferent if you had seen, as I did, the bottoms of seas that had been; stretches of sand still holding up some forgotten island, dejectedly waiting for the tide that will never come back to restore its aloofness.

I have seen mountains—the symbol of strength and solidity—which could not conceal the decadent shapes of their liquid past, nor the heavy folds of their syrupy origin.

I can better love these States now that I know their weaknesses as well as their glory, and they cannot bluff me with their brand new make-up of trees and cities and skin-deep sod.

You must be very proud of your name, Utah. You have painted a gigantic white U on the side of the mountain, thus protecting yourself from anonymity. But do you know that that initial of yours looks like one of the flour letters the child finds in his soup and forgets on the side of the plate? And Salt Lake City, your capital, laid out in equal squares, nestles at the bottom of the drained plate. Poplar-bordered roads lead to it, framing green fields.

I turn my back to the setting sun. The lemon sky behind the mauve hills is reflected by thousands of odd-shaped lagoons. I am going toward the snow-powdered range, flying into another sky, heavy with clouds and evening.

The ship gathers all of her possibilities of strength and speed. She rears and roars, impatient to conquer the range. She cannot falter nor rest; she must reach at once the safety of altitude, where she will be beyond the reach of the air-currents lying in wait for her in the valleys.

I can see peak after peak, solitary and silent. I can see the shadows where men live, following the curves of the river. Yet I do not share either the solitude of the peaks, or the companionship of the valleys. I listen to the song of the motor. If it were to stop, my falling body would have no other use than to be the improvised yardstick by which

to measure the distance which separates me from death.

The plain now. A flock of sheep, oval and white, like a handful of spilled rice. Then a farm washed by rains and bleached by the sun, with a fence around it, containing all the life thereof.

How vast and rolling you are, Wyoming! How unconcerned about man, and yet gentle in your indifference. You welcome the houses and the roads, for you make them your own; they lose the aggressiveness of their individual shapes and colors, they have to fit themselves to you.

I am not on the earth looking up to the sky. I am between them both, and, with my eye, I blend them, a little of each, until the picture is complete. I do not doubt now that each sky is made to fit the land it caps; flat skies for the plain, tumbling skies of rounded clouds for the mountain country.

The great meadows have stopped. A fortress of greenish-gray stone stands watching, defending the waste land. Defending it from that petrified dragon with thousands of feet clawing the ground.

Because you have no trees and no grass, you made, O little town, all your roofs bright green and you look like a lawn amid the rocks!

It rains. If I were on earth I should only know the rain; but now I can ignore it and turn my face toward the north, where I can see, through an opening in the clouds all bathed in golden dust, the snowy range of the Canadian Rockies. For me there are five different landscapes with five different weathers. Over there it is going to rain tomorrow (the sunset is too red and the mountains too blue against the sky); on that side, the evening promises a peaceful dawn; while there, night is sulkily creeping alone, ignoring the storm in the south.

Look! at the straight edge of the plain, which I believed to be endless, a mass of unspotted white. Have the billowy clouds settled on the horizon? It is the sunshine on the face of some hills which I will reach presently.

A cement road without a curve. Why should it bend? There are neither towns to avoid or approach, nor rivers to jump over, nor hills to enfold. Are there even people to travel on it? And where does it lead?

You are sleepy now, Wyoming, and you think the whole world is sleepy also, because you cannot see, as I do, the West still parading your hand-me-down sunset?

The hum of the ship fills the night, which the clouds prevent from being all moonlit; but the wily rivulets catch whatever moonlight there is and make patterns in the emptiness below.

Another day, which should not have come yet, were it not for the silver bird on which I ride.

As far as I can see, the prairie with short grass and unconvincing bushes. The horizon is but a line, as at sea. Not a tree cracks the sky. Are there countries where men suffer from overcrowding, while this infinity exists exclusively for the benefit of the sky, offering its distances as a gift to the sky, which does not need them?

Yellow flowers, white ponies. I walk in the wet grass. We had to come down, lest we be ground between the green disk of the prairie and the gray disk of the descending fog—the only master, the impalpable fear of the air. It dissolves direction, it swallows light, it fills every crevice of sky and earth with its blind dread. We will wait, we are waiting. Yesterday at last is catching up with us.

Not quite. We are back again where there are no shadows except our own, where our eyes can choose their images, avoiding the compulsion of the immediate.

Nebraska, you are still spacious, yet you have softened and mellowed. You are the fertile plain with many houses hidden between trees, and many brooks, and a variety of little round knolls. You have submitted yourself to furrowing and planting. Your geometrical patterns are confined within two colors, but unlimited are the shades of greens and browns repeating themselves into infinity. The acid new green and the deep softness of the full-grown leaf or blade. How dark the upturned sod is in places, and in others it is that indefinite pink tan which reminds me of the neck of the turtle dove.

It is Sunday; thus there are no tillers to disturb my illusions with the reality of human toil.

A graveyard encircles a church. White tombs. Four people stand among the dead—a shiny new car has brought them. They lift their heads as we fly by.

We frighten the chickens and all the birds. The pigs roll like balls into their pens; cows are merely curious, if not busy chewing, and slowly follow us with their upturned blank faces. A little wood. How many picnics and trystings has it known? The soil in Iowa is chrome colored. It has lost the deep purple quality it had in Nebraska.

I salute you, Mississippi, Father of Waters, lying flat, peaceful, and yellow between your wooded banks. I recognize you, Illinois, because of your roads which lure motor cars with their smooth expanse. And I remark that farmers do not play golf.

Of Chicago I can say nothing. It is so shrouded in its veil of smoke that I cannot escape the irony of comparing it to an Eastern woman. You keep your beauty for your own men, O Lady of the Lake!

Indiana, Ohio, Pennsylvania, New Jersey. I must call out your names all in one, as you have given yourself so completely to man that you have lost your uniqueness. Or is it because you have sacrificed yourselves to shield your fellow-States from conquest? Patiently you remain imprisoned in the net of railroads and highways. You are manacled by cities, weighed down by factories and tall buildings.

I watch with detachment the shifting scenes of human endeavor. If only I could retain my present perspective!

The sky is to my right, the earth to my left; yet I have only an optical knowledge of my position; I could still believe myself perpendicular to the ground. I will never again contest the relativity of all things. I know better. You will not catch me championing the absolute any longer.

Look at me, Manhattan! I am rich with the gold of California, the deserts of Nevada and Utah, the spaciousness of Wyoming, the fertility of Nebraska, Iowa, Illinois, Indiana, and Ohio, the factories of Pennsylvania, New Jersey, and New York. I am bringing you a continent.

You can be proud, indeed, O City of Cities, to be the daughter of these States, their favorite child, the fulfilment of their gigantic dreams.

Via Air Mail route, May, 1929

Captain Coll—Legionnaire

By C. E. PAYNE

Seattle, Washington, June 10

TALL, slim, very straight in figure, born in western Connecticut of Irish-born parents, trained and by nature inclined to an abiding faith in the power of inherent integrity and honest Americanism, student at Louvain University until his studies were interrupted by German shells, captain in the United States army and with his command in France twenty-one months during the Great War, once service officer and still a member of an American Legion Post in Washington, insurance solicitor with no employment because of his past eight months' course of action, a hearty handclasp, a pleasant smile—such is a brief description of Edward Patrick Coll, American Legionnaire and blood cousin of Eamon De Valera.

What has he done that he is out of employment? He has acted as a conscience for the American Legion, the same legion that was used as a catspaw by certain powerful interests to cause the death of five men in Centralia, Washington, on Armistice Day, 1919, and that later helped force the unjust conviction and incarceration of eight others as a result of that tragedy. Let him state his own case:

"My work as an insurance man in Hoquiam and Aberdeen has taken me into practically every business place in these communities. I have mingled with the workers in the mills. I have conversed with people of every walk of life in their homes. Seeing that I was a member of the legion, many people to my surprise expressed themselves as dissatisfied with the legion, owing to the part that the organization played in the Centralia trouble.

"Moved by these sincere statements and being at that time unfamiliar with the facts in the case, I began a careful study of the entire Centralia tragedy."

He began the study to prove the legion men were not in the wrong, that people who criticized them were misinformed. He wished to clear the legion's name.

"When I arrived in the State of Washington in March, 1928, my only knowledge of the Centralia trouble was the memory of former press reports stating that members of the I. W. W. had formed a plot and without the least provocation had brutally fired upon an Armistice Day parade of ex-service men and four veterans had been killed."

Captain Coll once asked for a frank discussion of the Centralia case in the Legion Post and it had been promised. Then a prominent member told him no such discussion could take place, because it contained "enough dynamite to wreck the post." Also, that the whole case would be passed over in silence by the coming State convention of the legion. "Imagine my surprise a few days later when the newspapers told us that the convention had passed a resolution opposing the pardoning of the Walla Walla prisoners!

"I was curious to discover who was responsible for the resolution that opposed the liberating of the prisoners at Walla Walla. I was frankly told that it was 'Chet' Cunningham of Centralia. This same C. D. Cunningham was counsel for the prosecution along with W. H. Abel, who has since the trial petitioned the Governor to release the prisoners.

"The vital question in the Centralia tragedy has always been: 'Who began the attack?' Well, the Parole Board today has the sworn affidavits of about thirty Centralia citizens stating that members of the Centralia division in the Armistice Day parade broke ranks and began the attack. Three affiants, former friends of Warren O. Grimm who was one of those killed, even admit that they saw him breaking in the door of the I. W. W. hall before a shot was fired.

"Then there are the sworn statements of seven of the jurors repudiating their verdict in the light of present-day facts. Many members of the American Legion have told me the attack was begun by the Centralia ex-service men. Some of the Legionnaires even mentioned the names of men who had helped lynch Wesley Everest."

Captain Coll once stated: "I charge C. D. Cunningham with being guilty of murder. And I hope he libels me for it." But the glint in his eyes promised no easy time for one trying it.

"Now just why did those legionnaires in Centralia kill Wesley Everest and send Eugene Barnett to the penitentiary on a framed-up charge of murder? I will tell you! Wesley Everest fired at the legionnaires in self-defense and in defense of his constitutional rights as an American citizen. Had he not been murdered he could, and doubtless would, have claimed responsibility for killing all four legionnaires and thus have exonerated all the others whom the men back of the legionnaires wanted out of the way.

"And why did they frame Barnett? Because he had been in the front room of the Roderick Hotel alongside the I. W. W. hall when the raid took place and had seen it all from the very start. He had been talking with the couple who owned the hotel and could have proved every statement he would have made. The prosecution knew that he could prove there had been a raid by the legionnaires. So they made him a defendant to keep him from being a witness, and to do that they placed him across the street in the upper window of the Avalon Hotel with a blazing rifle in his hands.

"I have been charged with being a 'Red.' But I am not. I am not working for the release of the eight men now in Walla Walla penitentiary because they are I. W. W. What I am trying to do is to clear the good name of the American Legion, and this can be done only by a partial measure of belated justice in having those eight innocent men released. Already the legion has suffered through the star-chamber activities of some of its members who are unable to see the handwriting on the wall.

"As in the famous Dreyfus case in France, so in this State of Washington a great wrong has been done and the innocent party has suffered. Yet the day is coming when the prison doors will open to liberate the innocent Walla Walla prisoners, for a day of justice will yet dawn when the memorial statue on the pedestal in that city park of Centralia will assume the appearance of the battered and mutilated Wesley Everest, and beneath that statue will be inscribed the terrible indictment: 'Mobbed and lynched for upholding his constitutional rights.'"

Captain Coll did at one time pin Cunningham down to a discussion of the Centralia case in his Legion Post. When the latter had been driven from one position to another until he could no longer claim justification for his actions, he exclaimed: "Even if we admit that those within the hall had a right to shoot, that does not give those over on the hill any justification for shooting."

To this Coll replied: "Listen, Cunningham. In my neighbor's yard, not far from my home in Aberdeen, there is a big tree that commands a view of both entrances to that home. If I hear that you are coming with a mob to raid my home, I will get behind that tree with every gun I can lay my hands on, and when you do come I will shoot every damn one of you."

So Captain Coll is no longer employed to solicit insurance and has moved from Aberdeen with his family. A few workers are contributing funds for a meager living for the family so that Coll himself can go about the State of Washington trying to free the innocent Centralia men and remove the stigma from the American Legion which declares its purpose to be

"To uphold and defend the Constitution of the United States of America; to inculcate a sense of individual obligation to the community, State, and nation; to combat the autocracy of both the classes and the masses; to make right the master of might; to promote peace and good-will on earth; to safeguard and transmit to posterity the principles of Justice, Freedom, and Democracy."

White Mice

By FRANCIS McALLISTER

IT was at Paszkowski's in Firenze. Paszkowski's is a cafe which faces upon Piazza Vittorio Emanuele. It consists of one long room with a raised stage for an orchestra and many tables, and another room with more tables where unescorted "ladies" may take their ease. Together, these rooms form the letter L. One goes to Paszkowski's to drink beer and listen to the music. The music is indifferent. The beer is not as good as Pilsener—it is not even as good as Alsatian brew. It is too sweet, and also very strong. I had happened to stray to this cafe because I did not know any better. I was new to Italy, having landed at Genoa the week before.

On the night in question the place was packed. It seemed to me that at least half the population of Firenze was present. I could not imagine how they had all got in. The plate-glass windows made the place appear like an aquarium, an aquarium so replete with fish that the occasional flick of a tail was the only motion possible.

After circumnavigating the room several times, I found a table. It was a table of six seats, located in an obscure corner. Only one seat was occupied. An elderly man sat there, a man with humorous dark eyes and an iron-gray beard. He wore baggy, black clothes, and his tie might have been arranged by a sail-maker. But I liked his appearance. When I seated myself, he smiled pleasantly and bowed. I said, "Good evening," and he answered, "Good evening, signore." He made no comment while I was ordering my beer.

The orchestra began to play excerpts from "Aïda," mangling the music brutally. I shuddered, and the elderly man gave vent to a chuckle. "It is frightful, isn't it?" he said.

I replied that it was not only frightful but actually criminal, whereupon he roared with mirth. I decided that I liked him immensely.

"You are no Italian," he said presently. "One may gather that from your accent. Oh, American? So—what a pity that I speak no English But perhaps you would be at home with French?"

I changed to that tongue gladly. Matters became much more simple. My companion plied me with questions about New York and the United States in general, and, after a time, said, "Now tell me what you think of us," emphasizing his inquiry with an all-embracing wave of the hand.

I replied guardedly. I had been warned that free speech was a vice south of the Alps. This man, for all I knew, might be an ingratiating *agent provocateur*. But he would have no ambiguity. "I can see that you dislike us," he said. "You do not enjoy Italy as a spectacle of efficiency. So—I will tell you a little riddle. I myself escape it by keeping several white mice in my home. I keep them in a wicker cage."

I was puzzled and somewhat startled. I began to wonder if I had an amiable maniac for a drinking-mate. Before I could formulate an adequate reply, two men approached our table. One of these muttered "—permesso," and both took chairs.

The first was tall and lean and wore the uniform of the Air Force. The second, small, nervous, and plump, had a rimless monocle fixed in his right eye, and in his lapel sported an enameled emblem of red, white, and green with gilt fasces and the letters "P. N. F." (Partita Nazionale Fascista) imposed upon it. As they came up my new friend said, "Sh!" Then he began to talk once more of America.

The aviator regarded us with disfavor. "Well," he remarked to his companion, "it seems that they talk French."

The other said: "A hideous language. It lacks grace."

Under the table I felt myself kicked by the elderly man. Perhaps he had seen the anger in my eye. I said "Uh" instinctively. He had kicked me rather hard.

The monocled one said: "Also, it would seem that one of them grunts—much in the manner of a prize pig."

Very politely, the elderly man requested a match of the aviator, speaking in Italian. And as the other handed him a patent lighter he added: "If our French happens to annoy you, signore, there are other tables. I myself am Sicilian, but the signorino is from America and our language is not easy for him."

The monocled one said hastily, "Not at all—not at all." His companion added, "Excuse us, signore. We now understand. We thought you both from France, and the French are hardly popular."

"They either do not comprehend the strength of Fascismo or are jealous of it," said the monocled one.

Endeavoring to be tactful, I remarked in my best Italian: "It is always difficult, the question of understanding between nations."

The aviator said: "It means nothing if we are understood or not. Nothing! If necessary, we can impose our will. . . . Italy today is not the Italy of 1913 or even of 1918. Even you, a foreigner, can see that. Under Fascismo, Italy is a giant awakened from refreshing sleep."

I said: "How very interesting! But don't expect me to realize this all at once. I've been in the country but a week."

"Ah," said the monocled one, "then you have had only a glimpse. You shall see, signore! Our army becomes the most formidable in Europe. Our ships are on all seas. Everyone works—for the sake of the state rather than for gain. Even Rome is to be rebuilt and its ancient splendor restored."

"Yes," said the aviator, "Mussolini is a surgeon and Fascismo the knife which cuts away decadence." He made a slashing gesture in the air with his forefinger to illustrate the point.

At this moment two more men approached and saluted those already present in the Roman fashion. The twin prophets of rejuvenated Italy responded in kind. There were explanations of my nationality, and it appeared that I was to be converted to ways of righteousness on the spot. I was told of the marvels of standardization. This, they said, I should comprehend and value since I was an American. I was also told how the railways were being electrified, how the lira was on the ascendent, how poverty was to be entirely abolished, how a tax was to be put upon bachelors, and how, under Mussolini, the Fascist Government had assumed a preeminent place in world affairs. "What we need, must have, and *will* have," said the aviator, "is more territory. We are overpopulated and will find an outlet, no matter at what cost. For this we will fight to the death!" His conviction charmed me.

Meanwhile, the elderly man watched silently. I thought there was a smile lurking somewhere behind his eyes. Suddenly the smile took shape and emerged in the form of a remark. "There is only one thing that Fascismo has not done —it has failed to produce a single artist!"

The assembled disciples were ruffled. Objections arose like a small gale. Was not Il Duce himself a true artist, they asked? Did not his love of music and his concepts in architecture show this? And in any case literature and art would soon be subsidized by the state. I gathered that men like Pirandello and Carducci were to be produced en masse by the government at need.

"Yes," said the elderly man, "but subsidized genius becomes sycophantic posing."

He arose to go in the middle of a shower of dark glances. Courteously, he offered to guide me to my hotel. I accepted with pleasure; I was finding the new Italy a trifle overwhelming. As the elderly man was putting on his coat, the monocled one took occasion to whisper to me, with an air of great importance: "Beware of that one, signore! You do not understand these things as I do. He is a most sinister character."

In silence we walked to Via Tornabuoni. Hard by the bulk of the Palazzo Strozzi, the elderly man paused. "No doubt," he said, "you are still wondering just why I keep white mice in a wicker cage. It is a little joke, that, for the mice could gnaw their way out in a trice had they the wit to see it. Thus, playing a game, I say to myself that I am Il Duce, and that the mice are the Italian people. Sometimes I poke them with a match and watch them scurry. Yet, as I say, they could gnaw their way out in a trice. Now do you see?"

I saw a great deal. Mice struck me as unique symbols—unique as a method of expressing an opinion without committing oneself. The elderly man pointed down the street. "On that farther corner," he said, "my brother-in-law was beaten to death by the Fascisti. Doubtless it was a step necessary in the rebuilding of Italy. My sister died of shock a day later. So I—I play with white mice, like any patient old fellow."

In the Driftway

A CORRESPONDENT who signs himself "the Shifter," and gives his address "at present" as Los Angeles, California, sends along a letter in which he says:

> I often wish that out of all the thick smoke of discussion of the cigarette advertisements someone would emerge long enough to see that the tobacco companies have taken the wickedness out of cigarettes and put morality into them, have evolved a persuasion that the ladies may "reach" or "walk a mile" without stooping too much, have probably reduced to ashes the hopes of the Anti-Cigarette League for another prohibition amendment in the Constitution, and have (for this relief much thanks) saved us from a bitter taste of bootleg cigarettes.
>
> And I have thought that you are the one to emerge and see and tell of these benefits which the tobacco companies have given us by exaggerating goodness no more than the anti-cigaretters exaggerate badness. In what no doubt you have often been told is "your own inimitable way," you might elaborate on the possibilities of bootleg smokes by going back into our youths to the days when we suffered the monoxide of buggy-whip, dry corn-silk, coffee, sage-leaf, Q-beb berries, and other such substitutes.

* * * * *

HARDLY any one will dispute that the cigarette is now not only respectable but fashionable—something of a contradiction in an age in which, generally speaking, respectability is not fashionable. But the advertising of the cigarette manufacturers, although an important recent influence, should not get all the credit (or blame) for the evolution. What may be called the respectabilization of the cigarette has been going on for a quarter of a century, and the one greatest boost was given by the Young Men's Christian Association during America's participation in the World War. Before the cigarette was made respectable among women it had first to be made respectable among men. When the Drifter was a boy in the Middle West no man smoked cigarettes. Men smoked cigars or pipes; cigarettes were used only by dudes and other scum from the "effete East." Little by little cigarettes climbed the social ladder, but to many persons they were still "coffin nails" (believed to be more noxious to health than cigars or pipes) until 1917. Up to that time, too, smoking of any sort was forbidden in the sacred precincts of Y. M. C. A. buildings all

over the country. But under the great moral uplift of universal bloodshed the Y. M. C. A. had a change of heart; it sold, and gave away thousands of packages of "coffin nails" in regions where there was no time for coffins.

* * * * *

AS a boy the best surreptitious smokes which the Drifter enjoyed (or did he?) were from puffing the dried pods of the catalpa tree. These pods, when dry and brown, had much the appearance of a Pittsburgh stogie, and probably tasted about as good. The Drifter used to make his pipes from acorns. They were beautiful though small. Corn-silk never seemed to be much good as fuel. It all went up in a puff and a dark-brown taste. The Drifter tried tea and various combinations of grasses and leaves from trees. Generally it was more fun to gather and blend than to smoke them (an admission which the Drifter may guardedly make at this date but could not have been wrung from him at the time). Cotton was perhaps the best substitute for tobacco which he ever tried. Tobacco itself was unthinkable; its use by a boy would have sent him to hell without benefit of clergy or purgatory.

* * * * *

NO, now that the women have adopted cigarettes there is no danger of a Twentieth Amendment (against smoking). One wonders if the women had adopted the cocktail before instead of after prohibition if there would have been an Eighteenth Amendment or a Volstead law.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Stet!

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Two justices: One for the skirt, one for the pants. Excuse me, my dear reader, for the phrase, but only with these words can I express the spirit of the following facts:

In Staten Island a young man killed not long ago a girl because she made improper advances to him. The young man is behind the bars for many long, long years. What had happen if the girl had killed the young man for the same reasons? All the hysterical women societies had jumped to their feet to protect the honor of the sex! Has a young man no sex honor?

In Long Island a man was sent to jail because he committed bigamy in which his own legal wife assisted him and the wife No. 2 knew very well that she is acting against the law. In this case only the man was convicted. Now it happened that a woman committed bigamy in New Jersey and the man and an other woman knew about it; the circumstances were the same as in Long Island with the reverse actors—but in New Jersey again the man was he who was sent to the prison and not the woman who took without legalities her second husband!

A woman in the Bronx is in conspiracy with a few man to accomplish a robbery; part of the man are already in the jail, the other half on a second trial—and the lady? She is the star witness and will go free in a robbery in which she had the leading part! In another robbery the young man gets fifteen years, the lady with the gun in the hand is sent to the reformatory or such thing for six months; in still another case the he-robber got two and one-half years, the she-robber one hundert—dollars nine!

Five drunken people were brought in to the courthouse; the four drunken ladies got suspended sentences, the drunken bum-man got fifteen days jail. This plain facts I collected within a short time here in New York from the newspapers. But I dare not to waggle with my head, it might be interpreted as contempt of the court and I'm not willing to go "up the river" in the high university for criminals on account of that judges who help to disrespect the laws.

New York, June 20 L. LAKATOS

Sagacity

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The difficulty that the Germans have had in placing their bond issue even after extending the time, finding it so insufficiently subscribed, suggests that the Germans have an underlying feeling that their grandchildren will not be inclined to pay debts they did not contract, and, which they conclude, were of no benefit to them. In many editorials like yours I find questions asked as to whether the United States will exact the full payment or any payment for the last twenty or thirty of the fifty-seven years. Is it not probable that the Germans were willing to concede almost anything provided that the payment did not come too soon, well knowing that public opinion would neither require nor sanction the payment of these debts after a few years?

New York, June 19 BOLTON HALL

Strike Relief

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The Emergency Committee for Strikers' Relief wishes to thank readers of *The Nation* for contributions toward strike relief. Since May 1 the committee has transmitted more than $6,000 for necessary relief to striking textile workers in the South and striking shoe workers in Massachusetts. Specifically, $4,550 has been sent to the rayon strikers in Elizabethton, Tennessee; $1,000 to the textile strikers near Greenville, South Carolina; $500 to the United Shoe Workers in Boston, Massachusetts, and $50 to the textile strikers in Gastonia, North Carolina, through the Workers' International Relief. This relief has been of inestimable importance, but is not sufficient. Approximately 5,000 operatives in and near Greenville, South Carolina, are now striking in protest against the stretch-out system, and new strikes are occurring weekly. The "settlement" at Elizabethton, Tennessee, is at best a truce; the basic causes of unrest—miserably low wages, long weary hours, and industrial feudalism—still remain. The committee earnestly bespeaks continuing support of these strikers.

New York, June 20 NORMAN THOMAS

Women Cabinet Members

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In an editorial in the last issue of *The Nation,* headed The Labor Cabinet, you speak of Ramsay MacDonald as "the first to break the all-male tradition of cabinet appointments." Do you recall the fact that Denmark appointed as Minister of Education Madam Nina Bang who died within a year or two? It was she who had a law passed forbidding audiences to rise during the national anthem as "not for the good of the common people."

West Philadelphia, June 16 KATHARINE ARTHUR

Why Farmers Are Discontented

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: I'm on a side hill overlooking a valley lovely to view, and fertile. Not a home in it but can be bought at about half what it would have brought during the past ten years. Perhaps you hold me to be an extremist. I am. If a farmer plants four rows of potatoes he must give the product of three of them to the railroad to haul the crop to market. New russets, our pride crop, just in and bringing 65 cents a hundred pounds, 39 cents a bushel. If he plants apples he must give for freight the product of two out of three rows. We get around 60 cents a box—the Idaho Delicious sells for 10 cents each on the stalls. I can see a blurred line below me, on the side of a small hill: apple trees the farmer rooted out this spring, young, healthy trees. Thousands of acres of prunes in which last year—and four years ago—the fruit was not even picked. A million tons of hay rotted in the stack in Idaho three years ago. Freight on hay is ten dollars a ton to points of market (stockyards and packing centers). Average price at these points is fifteen dollars, and as these cities are closer to hay fields of Iowa, Nebraska, Kansas the Western farmer can't compete, for they cut the price when the Westerner ships and he gets a net amount less than cost—under five dollars, and it costs to harvest the bale and haul to the depot about seven dollars per ton.

There are wires strung along the highways carrying light and power. The rancher pays nine cents per kilowatt hour for lighting, four for heating. The power company buys this power from the government—our government—for three-quarters of a cent and carries it sixteen miles only. The Idaho Power and Electric is bonded and has issued stock to the degree that there is $439 per horse-power against it. We know that the city of Tacoma built and maintains a plant which furnishes electricity for half a cent, and there have been issued against it stocks and bonds to the extent of only $38 per horse-power. And Tacoma will pay its obligations in seven years while this lasts forever.

The Weyerhauser company near here is the largest lumber company in the world and holds most of the privately owned timber of the State. Yet the rancher here pays more for lumber than the people in Los Angeles, or Kansas City, pay for the identically same lumber, shipped from this point. The excuse? "O, we have competition at those points," the local head told me. Legislate? We have tried and failed. Write it up, broadcast it? We get—indifference. But even Mr. Borah sensed that the Idaho farmer is aroused as never before, laid aside legalistic tenets, turned his back on Mr. Hoover, and advocated the debenture. Gooding, Senator deceased, did battle for the ranchers and "common folk" here, fought for reduction in freight rates, and would have put it over had he lived. Borah is too much absorbed in advocating Russian recognition, or battling the World Court, or sticking a stiletto in British ribs, or lecturing France about debts, to give time to the most vicious monopolies in America right here in his own bailiwick.

Boise, Idaho, June 10 Fred Fletcher

The Nation *radio hour will continue through the summer months on Station WMCA of New York every Monday at 8 p. m.* Nation *readers may hear lively discussions of current topics by the editors by turning their radio dials to 526.*

See pages 52, iii and iv

Contributors to This Issue

Paul Blanshard is associate editor of *The Nation.*

M. de M. Porter flew across the continent with the air mail.

C. E. Payne is a resident of Seattle.

Francis McAllister is a resident of Boston.

Mark Van Doren is author of "Now the Sky and Other Poems," and editor of "An Anthology of World Poetry."

Joseph Wood Krutch is dramatic editor of *The Nation.*

Henry Ladd is a member of the department of English at Columbia University.

Norman Thomas is the Socialist Party's candidate for mayor of New York City.

E. M. Benson, a contributor of the *Outlook,* is a free-lance writer.

Talbot Faulkner Hamlin is a New York architect, and the author of "The American Spirit in Architecture."

Thomas Hornsby Ferril was the winner of *The Nation's* poetry contest in 1927.

William MacDonald is a regular contributor of historical and political reviews to *The Nation.*

Carleton Beals, who contributed a series of articles—With Sandino in Nicaragua—to *The Nation,* has just left Spain.



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armament. Next he recounts with all the authority of his experience as chief of the Disarmament Section of the League of Nations Secretariat the history of efforts after disarmament since the Peace of Versailles. Finally he advances his "prospective" of the problem, ending with the outline of a program.

Such legitimate criticism as might be made of Señor Madariaga's main thesis would have to do, I think, with his somewhat insufficient stressing of economic factors in the world as it is and in his proposed world community. He does not deal with imperialism with quite his wonted explicitness. Yet he is aware of economic difficulties and imperial rivalries and doubtless had them in mind in the fourth division of his conclusions—conclusions which, by the way, are worth stating:

> 1. Disarmament is a world problem. It can only be solved by the world as the world organized in a community.
>
> 2. This world community must possess a court with compulsory jurisdiction on all judicial questions.
>
> 3. The world community must possess a political organization with powers:
>
> (*a*) to seek the solution of disputes of a non-judicial character by all possible means,
>
> (*b*) to deal with threat of war and war,
>
> (*c*) if necessary to lead the world in any action, moral or even physical, against law-breaking nations.
>
> 4. The world community must possess a technical organization which will gradually bring under the world control the study and solution of a growing number of problems which are taking on a world-wide scope.

Lest this program by itself should seem to imply that its thor despairs of any immediate progress in disarmament, I sten to add that he expressly argues that efforts toward disrmament may play a great part both in measuring and prooting progress along the way to enduring peace. He goes so r as to suggest that the United States and Great Britain intly propose complete naval disarmament, including demilirization of narrow waterways—a suggestion I myself have ade before various audiences without ever evoking any valid gument against it.

Turning from Señor Madariaga's principal argument to his chant criticism of men and things, I should be inclined to issue with him on two or three points: (1) From his ng pro-League point of view he is, not illogically, critical e Kellogg-Briand pact and does not sufficiently consider its sible psychological or pedagogical advantages in preparing way for more direct advances in disarmament. (2) There nd still is a somewhat better case, psychological and prac- against the sanctions of the famous Protocol, rejected by All Quain and looked at askance in America, than Señor Madaga, again from his beautifully logical position, has allowed. 3) There certainly was a better case for the United States to remain out of the League in 1919 than Señor Madariaga here admits. And it was not a case made only by nationalists. I believe that the time is at hand when on conditions comparatively easy of attainment the United States should join the League. But had the United States joined in 1919, given the temperament of the times and the nature of the Treaty of Versailles, the moral and financial weight of our country would inevitably have underwritten not internationalism but the imperial aspect of the League as a victors' alliance. The growth f the League as an agency of internationalism was made possible—as Señor Madariaga has elsewhere admitted—by the comparative neglect of the League by the imperialist rulers of the Great Powers following America's failure to join.

By comparison with Señor Madariaga's splendid analysis and record of events, Lord Robert Cecil's book is unimportant though high-minded. It is a collection of essays and addresses. As such it is repetitive of certain ideas and phrases and not well rounded in its presentation of the whole subject. The book shows how one can be a conservative and a lover of peace. Whether one can help achieve as well as love peace and still keep Cecil's point of view is less certain. How, for instance, can one fulfil his injunction that "we must learn to think not only imperially but internationally as well." The least harmful use of the word "imperially" implies an attitude of mind at odds with internationalism. This ex-Minister of the Blockade in the World War is not very high in my list of heroes of peace. Yet his resignation from the Baldwin Cabinet after the fiasco of the Geneva naval conference did him honor.

NORMAN THOMAS

Importations

Cold Steel. By M. P. Shiel. The Vanguard Press. $2.50.
Diana. By Heinrich Mann. Coward-McCann. $2.50.
Mimi Bluette. By Guido da Verona. E. P. Dutton and Company. $2.50.
Scrapped. By Meta Schoepp and Louise Tausig. Covici, Friede. $2.50.

SOME day a grade-school history teacher will ask her most brilliant student: "Peter, can you tell us why the Great War was fought?" And Peter's reply will be: "So that novelists could write about it." Post-war novels of readjustment have littered in recent years. "Scrapped" is Meta Schoepp's kitten, and a sick one at that. It is the story of two jobless ex-warriors aimlessly wandering through disemboweled, disillusioned Germany. Fred picks up a stupid intrigue with the wife of a traveling salesman. His companion in misery, Dietz, walks proudly from one job to another with his mongrel Pit, and while he ends by marrying a farm-maid his friend enjoys the oblivion of suicide. The book is as sunless as a submerged cathedral, as tiresome as a diet of pigs' knuckles.

In comparison, Guido da Verona is an epicurean; and Mimi Bluette—danseuse by profession, courtesan by inheritance—the dainty morsel of his palate. Gaily and garishly she dances into the heart of Paris, and into the bed of a Minister of State, ultimately abandoning herself to a real affair of the heart that ends in frustration and self-destruction. She gets to be a bore after a hundred pages, and what was at first a pleasantly sophisticated, wittily corrosive tale peters out into silly twaddle.

Heinrich Mann bears no resemblance to the foregoing writers either in style or subject matter. "Diana," the first part of a trilogy, "The Goddesses," and written more than a decade ago, shows the author to be a stern artist and a completely disenchanted social thinker. In no way does he resemble his more tranquil brother Thomas. That he does not believe that people can even be bribed to accept "justice" is indicated in this book by the futile attempt on the part of the captious Duchess Violante of Assy to free the effeminate kingdom of Dalmatia from the tyranny of its degenerate rulers. Turning to Rome for help, she only finds there an aristocracy gone to seed, a selfish church, and amiable Latin parasites who help her spend her fortune. In the end she is thoroughly convinced that the "life of a few thousand people . . . is a matter of complete indifference" to her. It will be interesting to see what comes of the author's diabolic cynicism, his Flaubertian contempt for the bourgeoisie, in the volumes to follow.

Of these four novels only M. P. Shiel's "Cold Steel" can be said to be an important literary contribution. It is a highly seasoned stew that few readers are likely to enjoy—but those few will cherish. It is a glorious excursion into the incredible. There is nothing remotely like it in the archives of English literature. Call Shiel a "sport" if you will, but re-

member that T. S. Eliot is also a "sport" and Virginia Woolf another, not to mention James Joyce and Marcel Proust.

What does it matter if the facts of history are shuffled or scotched so long as the men and women in this book breathe out their unreal lives in brilliant flames of permanent remembrance. Do not run to your Hackett to verify the King Henry that you find here, for your search will go unrewarded. What does it matter if beautiful Laura Ford and her sister Bessie were never really chased through bush and bramble by the kings of France and England; or if Anne Boleyn was not quite the treacherous devil she is painted; or Cardinal Wolsey not quite so sly? Here they are, nevertheless, in the lasting essence of a grandiloquent farce. E. M. Benson

Economics and Christian Morals

Our Economic Morality and the Ethic of Jesus. By Harry F. Ward. The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

GOLF and intelligence are two important reasons why millionaires do not go to church, but I am inclined to credit the phenomenon chiefly to the fact that millionaires can no longer count upon preachers to agree with them. At least this is true in many Protestant churches of the North. Until the period just preceding the World War American Protestantism supplied business men with many of their most plausible moral pretexts for getting rich without working. Since 1910, however, there has been a decided drift to the Left in the economic opinions of dissenting homilists. A new generation of preachers has arisen to make millionaire pewholders uncomfortable by using Christianity as an excuse to talk about social justice. In the large modernist Protestant seminaries like Union, Boston, and Garrett, student opinion is far more "radical" than in the State and private universities. Harry Ward of Union Seminary is, more than any other man in America, the father and archetype of this new tribe of preachers, and his stamping ground, the Methodist church, is the most strategic place in the land for spreading a new economic gospel among unredeemed standpatters. After making many Christian millionaires uncomfortable to the verge of apoplexy and after inspiring several generations of theological students with a new social vision, Mr. Ward has put the gist of his thinking about our economic behavior in a book which happily loses none of his fire and persuasiveness in print.

Selecting as his targets the trinity of modern capitalism: competition, private profit, and property, Mr. Ward takes careful aim and shoots them full of holes. Condemning the amoral teaching of economics in many universities he says that such teaching "should be listed under its proper name of chrematistics—the science of money making." If economics is to be a genuine social science, the human consequences of economic behavior must be considered first. Our economic system—which is not really a system at all but a collection of selfish habits—has failed to reward men according to merit or to guarantee a living minimum to those who keep the world running. We cannot escape from the profund immorality of the profit basis of society until we have altered this basis itself, until goods are produced for use and natural wealth is cooperatively controlled.

Mr. Ward has covered the familiar ground traversed by Shaw, Hobson, and Tawney in England and by Veblen and Walter Rauschenbusch in the United States, but he brings fresh insight and new data to make an original contribution to the subject. What I object to in his treatment is the constant dragging in of "the ethic of Jesus." Is it necessary for a professor in a theological seminary to pretend that a sound economic morality must come from Jesus? Anyone who reads the Gospels with an impartial eye will discover that Jesus's teaching concerning economic values was confused, fragmentary, and quite inapplicable to a world of tickers, billionaires, and communists. What Mr. Ward really means by "the ethic of Jesus" is the ethic of Harry F. Ward, and I don't see why he should be so modest about saying so. Paul Blanshard

Creative Building

The American Architecture of Today. By G. H. Edgell. Charles Scribner's Sons. $6.

The Story of Architecture in America. By Thomas E. Tallmadge. W. W. Norton and Company. $4.

American Architecture. By Fiske Kimball. Bobbs-Merrill Company. $4.

Towards a New Architecture. By Le Corbusier. Translated by Frederick Etchells. Payson and Clarke. $5.

ARCHITECTURE is becoming more than fashionable; the congestion of our industrial cities, the continual thrusting up of new buildings before our eyes has at last awakened a naturally somnolent curiosity. Each of these four books has some special answer to give.

Professor Edgell's volume is an attempt to picture the complete panorama of modern American architecture against a historical background, the presentation of which is the best chapter, clear, vivid, concise, and with a sane grasp of the combined practical and aesthetic bases which underlie all building. With the plethora of modern architectural work he is less sure, because less definite; one seeks in vain for some controlling taste or even any dominant theories by which the mass of buildings that he illustrates and admires may be related to one another. The author's continuous enthusiasms offer little constructive help to the layman lost in its mazes.

Mr. Tallmadge's book is a more popular work, a sort of gossipy history whose message is in no wise helped by its supposedly smart manner. Architecture is a great subject, and the most valuable quality of its finest work is nobility. Its criticism demands an equal nobility; the true popularizing of an art comes through clear thinking and careful, simple writing, not through lack of dignity. Mr. Tallmadge is at his best in his treatment of the part of the history which he knows best and with which he was in the closest personal touch—the movements in American taste from the time of Richardson down to the early years of the twentieth century.

Fiske Kimball's "American Architecture," though much the shortest of the three, conveys the clearest picture out of the enormous mass of material which his scholarship presents. He has evolved a pattern clear, simple, and beautifully designed. Out of it rises the craggy and arrogant personality of Louis Sullivan as the hero of the drama, and Fiske Kimball alone has clarified the relationship between classicism, romanticism, and that new god of design, functionalism. He has seen architecture as creative building, and style as passing fashion.

Le Corbusier's book has long been known in the original French to students of modern art movements, and one cannot but be glad that it is now rendered available to all readers. It is a stimulating book, a breath-taking book, a question-making book, more fruitful of discussion than of opinion. Refreshing in its analyses of Roman, Greek, and Renaissance work; cutting and sound in its grasp of "the illusion of plan"; full of self-confident austerity almost Franciscan, it nevertheless, by some psychological perversity, succeeds in developing, out of its clarity, its keenness, and its idealism, designs of a fantastic and monotonous ugliness, towns of rectangular harshness, and interiors like the inside of an operating room. It is a disturbing book because so completely doctrinaire and yet so persuasive.

Talbot Faulkner Hamlin

An Indian Handbook

The Rain-Makers. By Mary Roberts Coolidge. Houghton Mifflin Company. $4.

THREE shelves sagging under the weight of eighty-seven volumes of Bureau of Ethnology Reports would come crashing down on my typewriter were I to suggest that Mary Roberts Coolidge in "The Rain-Makers" adds materially to the store of information on the Indians of the Southwest. Thank heaven this is true! Mrs. Coolidge is soundly aware that while special data continue to accumulate it is extremely important, from time to time, to edit the current inventory. Her book is another good summary of the facts, if not always the feeling, of that glorious country.

The author is a member of the State Board of Education of California. She has supplemented her wide reading on the Southwest with years of intimate contact with the Indians of New Mexico and Arizona. She has made wise selections and quoted extensively from the best authorities. The book is direct, refreshingly free from the errors of first enthusiasm and those minor prejudices on which others devote whole chapters: whether a "kiva" should be called an "estufa," whether the swastika is indigenous, or who discovered what first.

On the interpretative side there are lapses. Now and then you run across sentences like this: "The Indian mind is not literal, specific, scientific. It is philosophical, vague, and poetic." Thus to oppose the specific and poetic, if I may pounce upon two intended extremes among these six ideas, seems excessively inaccurate. Generalization comes late in cultural experience. For instance, the Cherokees, according to Max Eastman, are without any general verb "to wash," but they have many specific verbs meaning "wash my head," "wash another person's head," "wash my face," "wash a child," etc. The basic beauty, indeed, of the poems quoted by the author from the Natalie Curtis collection, derives from primitive specification that excludes vagueness. In the second cycle of the Navajo creation myth the first name given for the turquoise goddess is given as "Young woman who becomes old and goes away and comes back young again," an identification full of literal irrelevancies, still lacking the simplification of the hero labels of the "Iliad."

May such quibbling, however, deter no one from the pleasures of this excellent handbook. I intend to take it with me next time I visit those charming friends whose Christmas "thank-you" letters arrive just in time to remind you that somebody lacks bus fare to attend an August fiesta at a neighboring pueblo.

Mrs. Coolidge gives a remarkably useful picture: the history of the peoples, customs, social life, ceremonies, and dances (with a good calendar of where and when), arts, industries, architecture. The chapters on pottery and basket-making are packed with information. She discusses the hypothesis of Oriental origin of the tribes, cites the causes of devitalization prior to the Spanish invasion of the sixteenth century, and describes the cruelties and benefits under the American government. The Navajos, she finds, are the most verile and prosperous. Unlike the Pueblos, the Navajos are steadily increasing in numbers—from less than nine thousand in 1869 to thirty-five thousand at present. The superb courage of the Apaches, which made them resist subjugation longer, has contributed to their pitiful plight today. They are weak and diseased, with a late start in adapting themselves to a dislocated order. With them, cultural progress depends on first rebuilding physical vitality.

The title of the book comes from what Mrs. Coolidge believes to be one of the two main ideas of the Southwestern mind: "Desire for rain and belief in the unity of all life."

THOMAS HORNSBY FERRIL

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"NEVER before has stage-life been described so cleverly and vividly, so true to life . . . with all it moments of delirious happiness, of great temptations, of sensuous vulgarities, of cruel disappointments," writes Henriette Hendrix-Holst, America's noted critic of Dutch literature. The author is recommended to you by such men as Hendrik Van Loon, Gamaliel Bradford, Edwin Arlington Robinson, Harry Hanson, Van Wyck Brooks, Hamilton Holt, Charles Finger, Edwin Slosson.

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The Story of a Dynasty

The Hohenzollerns. By Herbert Eulenberg. Translated by M. M. Bozman. The Century Company. $4.

THE net impression made by this sprightly book is that the twenty-odd rulers of the Hohenzollern family, although exceptionally well endowed with the customary human frailties, have been on the whole somewhat maligned. Herr Eulenberg puts the two sides of the case very well in his preface. "The princely race of Hohenzollern," he writes, "has, like every other, produced men good and bad, strong and weak, men of noble character and men of coarser mold, rulers bellicose and—the fact needs especial emphasis—rulers peace-loving, mild, and conciliatory. Owing its sovereignty in the Mark of Brandenburg as it does to the diplomatic ability of one of the line, the dynasty can show a whole succession of compliant, unwarlike, and amenable persons among subsequent rulers of the race." Their worst family trait was "the overweening sense of their own power, the tendency to despotism, which is to be found in most of them." The Germans have chiefly to reproach them because "most of them took very little interest in their people, either in great matters or small," and few of them "cared a straw for the intellectual and aesthetic history of the German race." Even Frederick the Great, who "tried to bring on his aristocracy" as a means of cultivating a "society" in Germany, "gave them up as intellectually incapable of development."

This, of course, is hardly the conventional view, especially since the last ruler of the line went hustling into exile. Readers to whom Prussia and Germany are interchangeable terms will be surprised to learn that until well into the nineteenth century, when the Electors of Brandenburg and later Kings of Prussia had become Emperors of Germany, the interests of Prussia and the old empire often clashed. It was the Great Elector who enabled Louis XIV of France to annex a large part of Alsace-Lorraine, while William I, the last Prussian king to crown himself at Königsberg, stood out after the battle of Sedan "almost as stubbornly as his brother Frederick William had done against the acceptance of the German imperial crown." "How can my Prussian heart," he exclaimed, "bear to see the kingly title which has attained and accomplished so much give place to the title of 'Kaiser,' which for centuries has been at enmity with Prussia?"

Herr Eulenberg admits that he has "plied a more flamboyant and broader brush" in the present instance than is his wont, but he justifies himself by observing that "in an age with no great taste for ancient history I had to do my best to portray these princes in the freshest colors on my palette, to give them the warmth and glow of life." Warmth and glow his pictures assuredly have, whether the subject be John Sigismund, facing a volley of plates and glasses hurled at his drunken head by an irate queen and exchanging "a few furious blows with his future son-in-law," Gustavus Adolphus; or the Great Elector, "a double-dealer from the first," the "best deed" of whose life was the Edict of Potsdam, offering asylum to the persecuted Huguenots of France; or Frederick William I, with his passion for tall soldiers and aversion to war, his baths five times daily, and his care "for the replenishing of his scantily populated dominions with inhabitants"; or Frederick William II, victim of premature sexual decay (he counted two "secondary" wives and a "permanent" mistress in addition to his queen), whose body lay so long unburied that "the horses in the riding school took fright and lost condition"; or Queen Louise, a "very natural, sensual woman," a "magnificent, roguish, childlike, guileless creature," and not at all the "saint and exalted heroine" of the school history books.

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The picture of William II is firmly but mercilessly drawn. Thanks to the narrow bigotry of an early religious training, the last of the Kaisers brought to the throne a "piety incarnate," and a mind easily imbued with the doctrine of the divine right of kings. Sermons on his private yacht prepared the way for such exhortations to soldiers about to depart for China as "Give no quarter!" "Make no prisoners!" "Ravage like the Huns!" "There can be no reasonable doubt," Herr Eulenberg declares, "that at the bottom of his not very courageous soul he was a lover of peace. . . . What he lacked was that repose of spirit which the brave possess as a matter of course, the composure of the man who has strength within himself."

WILLIAM MACDONALD

Books in Brief

The American Party Battle. By Charles A. Beard. The Macmillan Company. $1.50.

Mr. Beard has added to the World Today Bookshelf of which he is editor this concise historical sketch of political parties in the United States. Rejecting the view of Bryce that the party struggle in America has been chiefly a battle between the advocates of central and of State government he outlines the economic, social, and racial factors which enter into political strife. Here is historical realism at its best.

The Life and Tragedy of Alexandra Feodorovna, Empress of Russia. By Baroness Sophie Buxhoeveden. Longmans, Green and Company. $7.50.

As a virtually lifelong servant and lady-in-waiting to the Empress Feodorovna, Baroness Buxhoeveden is eminently well qualified to tell the harrowing tale of the Emperor Nicholas II and his family. Considered only as an historical document, the book possesses the fundamental value of being the product of an eye-witness of noteworthy events; and as a literary exercise, it at least illustrates the virtues of clearness, simplicity, and comparative candor. Naturally enough, the Baroness shows little sympathy for the Bolshevist regime.

From Confucius to Mencken. Edited by F. H. Pritchard. Harper and Brothers.

This vast compilation of prose from hundreds of authors in dozens of countries is manifestly an attempt at the impossible, since there has been so much prose that no one volume, however big, could do more than scratch the surface. Mr. Pritchard has worked carefully, however, within these fatal limits; so far as he goes he goes interestingly, and much that he gives us was worth digging out.

The Plunger. The Story of the Wheat Pit. By E. J. Dies. Covici Friede. $3.

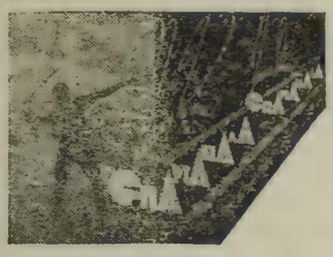
A breathless biography of Benjamin P. Hutchinson, "Old Hutch," who was Wheat King in Chicago in the days of Daniel Drew and Jay Gould.

The New World. By Isaiah Bowman. World Book Company. $6.

The post-war world has changed so rapidly that new geographies must be published almost continuously to keep pace with the changes. Isaiah Bowman, president of the American Geographical Society of New York, first published his comprehensive summary of world conditions, "The New World," in 1921. Now he has written a complete revision of that book with late material concerning Europe, South America, and the Orient. The elaborate maps and economic summaries make the new edition even more useful than the earlier one.

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International Relations Section

*Modern Spain**

III. Censorship

By CARLETON BEALS

THE flood of official notes by Primo de Rivera, which all newspapers are required to print without remuneration and to which no one is permitted to reply, reveal a man whose overweening ego is childishly sensitive to criticism, vulgarly avid for flattery, arrogantly boastful, capriciously vindictive, or absurdly generous yet utterly ignorant of the broader canons of justice and equity, disconcertingly subject to sentimentality, anger, or false pride; more full of undignified pose than Coolidge with his five-gallon hats; fond of rhetoric and inflated adjectives; condescendingly paternal yet somewhat humanized by his weakness for wine, women, and gambling, however inappropriate these may be in the administration of a national enterprise. His language alternates between that of the bull-ring and the pompous periods of a Pangloss and a Parolles; the Dictator, with his uncertain Andalusian temperament, is ever anxious to be, at one and the same time, a good fellow, a benevolent god, an Alexander and a Mussolini. A communiqué concerning the opening of the Barcelona exposition is a gem:

> I do not wish to close this telegram without communicating to your Excellency [Minister of Interior Martínez Anido], in order that it may be made public, my emotion at the attitude of the twenty thousand spectators in the bull-ring on the entry of Don Jaime, and shortly after, myself, and the good behavior of the public at a performance which, though the admission was exorbitant, proved in every way wretched, save for the Goya-like parade [of bull-fighters], and the ability of the Portuguese star; and at the attitude still more outstanding and affectionate of the enormous multitude covering the streets of the route for several kilometers, who, without having witnessed the spectacle, with their faces incomparably happy, with expressions noble and sympathetic, once more demonstrated the temperament and kindness of our race, moving the heart to cry, "Long live Spain, and Long live this great Barcelona, industrious, intelligent, and patriotic!"

Censorship of the press has been severe and capricious. In spite of the fact that every periodical bears the slogan, "Revised by the Censor," papers are arbitrarily suspended and fined for subject matter already passed by the censor. *El Liberal* of Bilboa, as previously mentioned, was fined a thousand pesetas for printing a photograph of the niece of the Pope in short skirts. On May 8 the police presented themselves in the office of *El Heraldo de Madrid*, one of the oldest dailies, and stopped the presses, because, under a heading which had slipped by the editor and the censor, entitled Sevilla for the Tourists, appeared an account of a street brawl. The paper was obliged to pay a fine of 50,000 pesetas in the form of a check delivered personally to the Dictator. When a delegation from the sister papers of the capital waited upon Primo to protest, he insulted them. However cautious they try to be, editors and writers continually pass in and out of jails. Writers incurring the displeasure of the regime are frequently censored and deprived of a living even though their work is purely literary. (Except for the temporary ban upon the works of Blasco Ibañez, books have not been suppressed—perhaps because the Spanish public reads very few books!) Luis Jiménez Asúa writes in the introduction to his book, "Politica-Figuras-Paisajes":

> If a government believes—mistakenly it seems to me—that censorship is necessary to prevent the propagation of news which is alarming or inconvenient for the public ends pursued by the ministers, its scope should be confined to this objective. Censorship ceases to be the instrument of dictatorial government, transforming itself into something else meriting stronger terminology, when it swerves from its proper ends and is put at the service of the basest passions.
>
> A censorship which permits a governor to launch against his adversaries, in official notes, the most harsh accusations and does not permit those injured to exercise defense, is not censorship, but police protection of the monopoly of offense.
>
> The censorship which consents that a daily such as *La Nación* (personal organ of the Dictator) hurls against me the most ridiculous abuse without letting me refute the pretended arguments, is not censorship but blind support of ignorance.
>
> A censorship which, abusing its power, diverges from its functions, is not censorship, but iniquity.

The Dictatorship constantly attacks private individuals, yet permits them no opportunity to reply. Recently a correspondent of *Le Matin* arrived at the gunboat where the Conservative ex-Premier Sánchez Guerra has been confined since the artillery plot with permission from the Dictator to celebrate an interview. Sánchez Guerra refused to receive him, whereupon the correspondent wrote an apocryphal interview very incriminating for a man whose life was hanging in the balance. This was reproduced, but the Dictatorship denied Sánchez Guerra the right to declare the interview false. Such accounts could be endlessly multiplied.

The only counter-weapon has been the circulation of clandestine *hojas*, which pass from hand to hand, giving information, or correcting the statements of the Dictatorship. Yet the police have also made use of this method. Recently a secret sheet appeared advocating regicide, signed by prominent men of all parties. The police then proceeded to arrest them on the evidence the police had manufactured.

Along with censorship of the press occurs the prohibition of public assemblage. None of the political groups may hold meetings except the official Unión Patriotica and the Socialist Party. Men have even been arrested for reputed statements at private banquets.

Another blow at personal liberty has been the abolition of trial by jury. Personal freedom is thus conditioned to the whim of judges appointed by the Directorate, who imprison and fine arbitrarily, and against whom there is no recourse. On the other hand, Primo de Rivera caused a review of all sentences for five years prior to 1923, largely to benefit friends of the military group. High officials constantly intervene with the judges to secure punishment or immunity. The most notorious cases of interference with judicial verdicts have occurred. Primo personally set aside a civil verdict

* Third in a series of four articles on Spain by Carleton Beals. The fourth and last, Official Corruption, will appear next week.

against the Bishop of Madrid and in favor of the nation, and thereby turned public properties over to the church along with millions of pesetas of interest. Still more notorious violation grew out of Primo's personal interest in La Caoba, the most fashionable Madrid courtesan. La Caoba was arrested and sentenced in a morphine scandal, but through Minister of Justice, Galo Ponte, a man thoroughly discredited before the arrival of the regime, Primo forced a revision of the sentence and her liberation. Several of the most outstanding cases of judicial arbitrariness have been the fining of the prominent lawyer Ossorio y Gallardo (just elected national president of the Spanish bar association, elections arbitrarily annulled by Primo) for criticisms made in a private letter to ex-Premier Maura; the fining of the wealthy Liberal and ex-Premier, Conde de Romanones; the imprisonment of the novelist Valle-Inclán; the deporting of Unamuno; the arrest and fining of Doctor Mariñon; the imprisonment of Antonio María Sbert, president of the students' federation, who was held for months, incomunicado, in a remote unhealthy castle prison; and thousands of minor injustices. Men are constantly taken out of their homes, locked up, and permitted to languish for months in jail, without a charge being preferred against them. A friend of mine, half-owner of a publishing house, in this wise has spent from one to nine months in jail every year since the dictatorship began.

Lack of judicial guaranties is tied up with the loss of local self-government. The most vicious onslaught upon local liberties, as I indicated in a previous article, has been that made upon Catalán regionalism. The rest of Spain has fared little better. When the Directorate came into power, military governors immediately supplanted military governors, "to replace civil corruption with the honesty and integrity of the army." (I have already discussed the utter lack of honesty and integrity in the army.) At the same time the Dictator abolished the 9,254 *ayuntamientos,* or elected municipal councils, replacing them with new bodies appointed by hand-picked committees from the wealthier taxpayers. These bodies naturally control the local judiciary. The result has been an offensive against the properties of all enemies of the local tyrants and against any one opposing the regime, reducing many a prosperous citizen to a state of pauperdom. Another result has been the rapid spoliation of the communal reserves of the villages. Harking back to prefeudal days, the villages in Spain have always conserved a certain amount of communal land, waters and woods. These, on orders from the center, have been sacrificed. Official favorites are skimming off the cream of these at ridiculously low prices. Nevertheless this has temporarily filled the municipal treasuries and has led to a rapid pushing of public works, sanitation, paving, building, monuments, what not, which has given to the Spanish rural districts an air of bustle and progress previously unknown. This has allowed for plenty of graft and has built up a corps of greedy and dishonest office-holders, completely servile to the regime. But at the same time it has weakened the economic reserves of the villages, where the margin of existence is treacherously low.

The old *Cacique* or boss of the village was often a powerful and dishonest person, but he had to achieve his ends, in part, by appeal to local sentiment. The new municipal administrations, supported from the center, do not need to do this; they need only consider the few powerful and wealthy men of the community. Their power is absolute; and as there is no independent judiciary or trial by jury, any dissidents are promptly disposed of, along with their property.

In addition to extending the brutal somaten constabulary of Barcelona to all of Spain, hundreds of military officers circulate through Spain as mentors. Secret-service agents are thick as flies: no man knows, when he is holding a private conversation in the cafes or on the street-cars, but what he will be tapped on the shoulder and taken off to jail, or worse, for a royal decree has authorized the secret agents and somaten to utilize any violence or aggression against people talking in public against the regime, and are guaranteed complete immunity. The jailed man has no defense against the word of the agent who has taken him in custody. It will mean weeks or months in jail. Another punishment meted out is arbitrary deportation to isolated places. The well-known writer, Enrique Mesa, was thus arrested and deported from Madrid to the melancholy mountain town of Soria. After sixty-seven days, since he received so many visits even in that remote place, the authorities deemed it wiser to permit him to return. For the opening of the Sevilla exposition, the authorities rounded up scores of people suspected of lacking sympathy for the regime, loaded them on to trucks and dumped them up in the mountain villages, threatening them with worse punishment if they returned to their families and professions. The equatorial island of Fernando Po is full of political prisoners dying a slow death at hard labor under the annihilating sun.

Scarcely a prominent intellectual figure or writer of Spain but has been persecuted, arrested, fined, discharged from teaching positions, or deported. In his struggle with the university elements, Primo brazenly declared that the universities were not essential for the well-being or progress of Spain. Five universities were closed. The rest were maimed. All are being "reorganized" by a Crown commission, which is eliminating doubtful professors and students. (No wonder the students of Madrid University this morning pulled down the statue of the king in the Paraninfo and sawed off his head.) A few professors, whom Primo de Rivera incorporated into his personally chosen "national" Assembly, cravenly apologized for the attitude of certain professors and students, but in general the teachers of all Spain protested vigorously; numbers of them resigned. These protests, owing to the censorship, never saw the light. The one exception was the pointed letter of Professor Menéndez Pidal, president of the Royal Spanish Academy, Spain's most eminent scholar.

This procedure was on a par with Primo's earlier closing of the Madrid Ateneo, that center of Spanish intellectual light, with its brilliantly chosen library and its accessible periodicals from every corner of the globe. Primo arrested the administrative body of the Ateneo, appointed a new administrative council (though the Ateneo is an independent civic organization), and then allowed it to reopen. Its one-time famous open forum no longer functions. A similar fate met the Ateneo Mercantil of Valencia.

The legal excuse for this procedure is a royal decree permitting the Dictator to depose or name the officers of all private, partisan, and civic organizations in Spain. It is as if Mr. Hoover should appoint Mr. Mencken to run the W. C. T. U. or Mr. Schwab as head of the Workers' Party.

Spain is asking when Primo will begin shifting the heads of families.

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DANIEL IN THE LIONS' DEN never needed a more miraculous rescue than the fifteen men and women who go to trial on July 29 in Gastonia, North Carolina, for the murder of Chief of Police Aderholt of that city. And, unfortunately, the prisoners in Gastonia are no Daniels come to judgment. Many of them have been reckless in talking to impressionable crowds, some are Communists, some are Northerners, some are foreign-born, and one was actually caught with a Russian grammar. It would be hard to exaggerate the prejudice that they will encounter when they go on trial before a Southern jury from which has been eliminated every person expressing sympathy with the cotton-mill strike. The strikers who actually killed Chief Aderholt seem to be in much less danger than the leaders of the strike, because the killers are unknown (they shot from a darkened building) while the leaders have been the object of bitter hatred from the beginning of the struggle. Affidavits produced at the habeas corpus hearing in Charlotte indicate that the prosecution will attempt to convict Fred E. Beal, Vera Bush, and Amy Schechter, three strike leaders, of first-degree murder, and the penalty for first-degree murder in North Carolina is the electric chair.

TO GOVERNOR C. C. YOUNG of California we extend best wishes for a thoughtful vacation. Governor Young has promised during this summer's vacation to read the record of the Mooney case and to decide whether he would be justified in pardoning the man who has lived twelve years within the walls of San Quentin prison because he was convicted of bombing the San Francisco preparedness parade on evidence which the trial judge and the jury have repeatedly branded as perjury. For Mooney there will be no vacations until he is given an unconditional pardon. "I will rot and die within the walls of San Quentin prison before I will accept a parole," he says. "Parole is for the guilty." Tom Mooney's indomitable spirit and the overwhelming proof of his innocence have at last caught the imagination of the public. On the floor of the Senate at Washington Senators Nye and Wheeler have exposed the whole story of the outrageous frame-up which led to his conviction. In the twenty-six Scripps-Howard papers throughout the country a campaign of editorials and articles has been going on for weeks to arouse national protest. At the University of Oregon the members of the faculty of the law school have declared, after investigation, that they believe Mooney and Billings to be innocent. The volume of protest has become so great that even a California governor cannot afford to ignore it.

PROHIBITION as it is practiced has claimed two more lives, this time in Oklahoma. Though there is confusion as to who fired the first shot, certain important facts are established: James Harris and his brother-in-law, farmers living near Tecumseh, are dead; they were fatally wounded in a dry raid for which no warrant had been issued; the raid was conducted by a federal prohibition officer, W. W. Thomason—who claims, however, to have been "across the road" during the shooting—and three "deputies" who held no commissions but were, apparently, merely voluntary assistants to Thomason; Thomason and his three musketeers are in jail charged with murder. Meanwhile, the county attorney makes a statement which is coming to be heard with ominous frequency: "No liquor was found"; and the local American Legion Post (both victims were World War veterans) has petitioned President Hoover not to extend the Government's "protecting hand to thwart prosecution" of the accused men. There is an irony to be added to the story. The fatal, illegal, and perhaps inexcusable raid took place on Independence Day.

IT IS PLAIN that the Administration is desperately afraid of the political dynamite involved in the proposed Bank of International Settlements. For political purposes in this country, there is no connection between reparations and Allied debts to the United States. Economically, and in fact, Germany's payments have come to hang largely on what her creditors must pay us, and Messrs. Young and Morgan, like sensible economists and business men, frankly acknowledged the relation in the arrangements they made. Further, a world bank is as much anathema politically as the League of Nations or the World Court. Actually, no matter what happens politically, there will be an international bank, because economically there must be. Out of the political situation came Secretary Stimson's emphatic

declaration that the Government would "not permit any officials of the Federal Reserve system either themselves to serve or to select any American representatives as members of the proposed international bank." To this Thomas W. Lamont quietly replied that if any central bank refused to take part officially, alternative arrangements had been provided whereby "the same end is intended to be attained."

THEN HE CARRIED the war into the enemy's country by his statement in *World Trade,* the official organ of the International Chamber of Commerce, that the bank in its natural course of development "may become an organization not simply or even predominantly concerned with the handling of reparations, but also with furnishing to the world of international commerce and finance important facilities hitherto lacking." He suggests that it will provide a common meeting ground for the governors of the various central banks, thus making possible the cooperation that has proved essential to the stability of credit. "If in years to come," he says, "it takes on broader functions [than handling reparations] it will be because and only because there is a practical and specific use for it in branches of economic life which are not now served." Here is economic reality unpretendingly set forth by one who is in the midst of financial affairs—a world bank coming into existence because it must. If Mr. Hoover and the rest of the government choose for political reasons to ignore it and pretend it is not there, the bank will still exist, only our government will not have any control over it.

THE GREATEST SECRETARY of the Treasury since Alexander Hamilton is certainly the world's luckiest fiscal officer. While his European confreres sweat blood in their efforts to balance the budget, Uncle Andy, having turned over the thankless task of prohibition enforcement to Mr. Lowman and Commissioner Doran, is able to spend the long summer evenings with his numerous friends playing that ancient game so well loved by children, "Surplus, surplus, who's got the surplus?" It's no great trick to be Secretary of the Treasury in a country like this one, where over a series of years the revenues persist in overtopping your best guesses by anything up to half a billion dollars. It may hurt your reputation as a guesser, but it eases your task as a disbursing officer. The budget estimate was for a surplus of $37,000,000 for 1928-1929 as against the four-hundred-million surplus of 1927-1928. When Congress began increasing appropriations, there came from the White House a sour warning of a deficit. In fact, as a result of undeserved financial good luck, we took in only nine million dollars less during the fiscal year just closed than during 1927-1928, and though we spent two hundred millions more, we yet closed the year with a surplus of $185,000,000. The public debt, which has been cut during the year by $673,000,000, is now less than seventeen billions, against its maximum of more than twenty-six billions in 1919, and there is no reason why we should not pay it off at a faster rate.

THERE IS, OF COURSE, renewed talk of a tax cut. The President and the Secretary of the Treasury fortunately speak cautiously about this possibility. Mr. Mellon points out that the surplus is more than accounted for by the "remarkable increase" of $220,000,000 in individual income-tax receipts, owing, he says, after a proper bow to prosperity and the reduction of surtax rates, "more specifically to increased income realized on the sale of capital assets, due, in the main, to an exceedingly active and constantly rising security market"—in other words, to the profits of stock-market speculation. It is a shaky foundation for a surplus, and we should be glad to see the Administration resist the immediate temptation to a tax cut, at the same time that it takes vigorous action to make possible the prevention of the projected waste of money on cruisers, uses real economy (by which we do not mean the Coolidge starvation of socially useful government activities), fights vigorously the ever-present danger of plain pork-barrel projects, and uses the surplus of another year, if we are again so fortunate as to have one, for yet further debt reduction. Despite our inevitable grumbling, federal taxes are not burdensome. The real danger of an overflowing treasury lies in the temptation it offers to extravagance and waste. The past year's surplus would have been even bigger but for tax refunds, which from June 1 to December 31, 1928, totaled $105,569,893 in cases of more than $75,000.

RAILROAD CONSOLIDATION under the Transportation Act goes slowly forward, and may produce results by the end of the century if the big carriers can compose their differences. The New York Central on July 3 received permission from the Interstate Commerce Commission to embody in its system the Michigan Central and the Big Four, on condition that it take over six short lines whose maintenance is required in the public interest. To say nothing of the competing interests of the big roads, which ever since the passage of the Transportation Act have bedeviled the question of consolidation in trunk-line territory, the problems involved in putting the roads together are extremely complex, in view of all the clashing private and public interests involved, as the present order clearly illustrates. Commissioner Eastman, for example, in dissenting from the order of his fellow-commissioners, objects that the proposed terms require the New York Central to pay a 50 per cent dividend on the outstanding minority stock of the Michigan Central, a proceeding which seems to him "an indefensible anomaly." Commissioner McManamy, who also dissents, objects that out of seventy-two short lines connecting with the New York Central only six are specifically dealt with in the commission's order. The numerous disagreements between the commission and the roads over specific questions and even over major issues suggest how inadequate the motive of private interest alone is to bring about the most desirable form of grouping. Without assuming that the commission is always right and the roads always wrong, we see here fresh evidence of the need for a central coordinating authority whose sole business is to see to it that we have an efficient and economical transportation system.

IT IS REFRESHING to read that the Board of Regents of that giant corporation, the University of California, has chosen a business man as its new president. Robert Gordon Sproul is a self-made man. He began as a newsboy, earned his way for the most part through school and college, and soon after his graduation returned to the university as its cashier. He was promoted to be assistant comptroller and then comptroller and vice-president. Now

he has been promoted to the highest office in his "firm." This is as it should be. President Sproul is completely familiar with the ramifications of an institution which has an enrolment of 22,552 students in branches scattered throughout California, of whom less than half are centered at Berkeley, the seat of the university. The fact that he has no Ph.D. will certainly not hamper him in the executive position he is called upon to fill. It is high time that our big American universities should be recognized for what they are—business organizations for mass production in education. The sooner this fact is admitted the sooner we shall be able to gauge the demand for universities in the true sense of the term, i.e., institutions devoted to scholarly and creative pursuits. Already the distinction is being made between those who go to college for general background and contacts—valuable and worthy purposes both—and those who go in search of learning. Colleges designed for the first type of person should be open to all who come and headed by competent executives who need not pretend to be scholars. The inner circles of learning should be strictly limited, and the men who direct them should not be burdened with the highly unscholarly cares and intrigues of big business.

WHEN THE UNIVERSITY of the State of New York in 1926 conferred on Emily Howland the degree of Doctor of Letters, Harry Emerson Fosdick as orator of the day said:

> There can have been in history few times when an independent minority was more deeply needed than now—men and women who dare to think their own thoughts, stand on their own feet, take charge of their own lives. We need men and women who know that the economic order cannot remain as it is, that we must look forward to a more decent day when the profit motive sinks and the service motive rises into the ascendancy; men and women who see that a narrow nationalism will not do, that patriotism is not enough.

The death of Miss Howland in her one-hundred-and-second year closes a life that shows to the full the best possibilities of individual living. A Friend throughout life and a consistent follower of the Inner Light, Miss Howland gave a full three-quarters of a century to the unpopular cause of Negro education. Independent, unpretending, gentle, enthusiastic, strong withal, she served no less effectively in behalf of temperance, woman suffrage, and peace. Without bitterness, without weariness, without fear, she was in truth one of those who do justice and love mercy and walk humbly before the Lord. Here was an American of the sort that constitutes the glory of any country.

WILL NO ONE come to the defense of George Washington? The "true" biographers and the debunkers have had their day and ceased to be, but now the Post Office Department is carrying on a hot-weather war of its own that threatens to deprive the Father of his Country of his place in the sight, if not in the affections, of his countrymen. When asking recently at the stamp window for "a dollar's worth of twos," we found ourselves gazing in horror not on the pink and cherubic countenance of Washington, but on the equally pink figure of a rotund warrior. Inquiry among the *Nation* staff yielded contradictory results. One oracle maintained that Major General John Sullivan had a distinguished Civil War record; another that he was the best-known world "champeen." That vehicle of British propaganda, the Encyclopaedia Britannica, informed us that General Sullivan, with four thousand men, defeated the Iroquois and their Loyalist allies near Elmira in 1779, burning their villages and destroying their orchards and crops—for which exploit he was severely criticized but none the less received the thanks of Congress. Our patriotism is broad enough to cover any number of major generals; but in view of all the sesquicentennials that a historically minded Post Office Department can think up, what is to become of George Washington? Have we old-time patriots no rights?

THE GOVERNMENT OF INDIA, in all its majesty, has suppressed a book, "India in Bondage"—which we hope will soon find an American publisher—written by the Rev. J. T. Sunderland, who was born in England but has spent the greater part of his life in America where he now resides. Since his first trip to India in 1896 as a member of a commission sent by the British Unitarian Association to study and report upon the educational, social, and religious conditions of the Indian people, Mr. Sunderland has followed Indian affairs closely and is the author of several books on the country. "India in Bondage," as its title indicates, is sympathetic to India's desire for independence, but violence has no place in its program. Mr. Sunderland presents a sober, factual case against British rule. His theme is the right of men, including Indians and Englishmen, to govern themselves. On May 24 the printer and publisher of the book, which was brought out in Calcutta, was arrested and charged with sedition, while forty-eight copies, including the original manuscript, were seized. "Mother India" was allowed to circulate freely in India, though its inaccuracies and insinuations wounded the sensibilities of every intelligent Indian. No doubt another recent book, "India on Trial," by J. E. Woolacott—which states the case for Great Britain—will be permitted on the bookstalls of India. It is a panic-stricken government that dares not allow both sides of a question to be stated. There is a crumb of comfort, however, for Mr. Sunderland. The action is abundant proof that the title of his book is justified.

AN EXTRAORDINARY TRIBUTE has been paid to C. P. Scott in connection with his retirement at the age of eighty-three from the editorship of the *Manchester Guardian*. But great as the tribute has been, it has not been—hardly could be—excessive or undeserved. Mr. Scott has been the editor of the *Guardian* since 1872, and under him it has come to be a commanding influence in the English-speaking world in the development of liberal and well-informed public opinion. The adjective "greatest" is a dangerous one to apply to anything, but one may fairly say that over a long period of years the *Guardian* has been, in respect to its editorial pages, at least, the world's greatest daily newspaper. Although retiring as editor, Mr. Scott will continue to be managing editor of the journal and is quoted as saying of his staff: "I could still sack the lot if I were not satisfied." The necessity will probably not arise as he is succeeded as editor by his son, E. T. Scott, who has been with the staff since 1912. We can wish the new editor no greater success than that the newspaper shall continue to hold the place it has long so honorably occupied.

Lions Lie Down with Lambs

WINSTON CHURCHILL, long the Tory Chancellor of the Exchequer, tauntingly promised Ramsay MacDonald "cordial cooperation in the Government's self-imposed task of carrying out the Conservatives' policy and making the world easier if not safer for capitalism." And indeed there was little in the King's speech of a Socialist Government which might not have been written by a Liberal or even by such a member of the Conservative Party as Lord Robert Cecil. It pledged cooperation with the United States toward disarmament, which surely no man in England would oppose; it promised a policy of conciliation on the Continent; it pledged the most earnest effort to solve the unemployment problem, without suggesting any radical Socialist solution; and it looked, if the Dominions should agree, to signature of the compulsory clause of the World Court plan, in the preparation of which English statesmen heartily opposed to Labor had collaborated. Finally, it declared for resumption of relations with Russia—a policy warmly welcomed by British business men and financiers.

Does this prove that British Labor has gone conservative? It seems to us that it proves rather that in some respects business men and politicians of other parties have caught up with Labor. The British Labor Party never was a Marxian revolutionary party, and it is not today. In colonial policy it is likely to hold close to the old traditions, but in international relations it has consistently advocated a policy of open-hearted conciliation, and it has not receded from that. The great achievement of Ramsay MacDonald's first term in office was to persuade the French and German statesmen to sit down together as friends. That led to Locarno, and if Locarno did not solve Europe's problems it at least produced an attitude which made further mad adventures like the invasion of the Ruhr impossible.

It is for such a change in the spirit of Anglo-American relations that we look to Mr. MacDonald now. It may be that he and Mr. Dawes will not be able to discover a satisfactory "international yardstick" by which to measure the parity of our navies. But if they fail they will at least fail as friends, and the spirit is more important than the formula. The ghastly disgrace of the Geneva Conference in 1927 was not that the British and American admirals could not reach a formula, but that they parted as they had met, distrustful and suspicious of each other, breathing fire and talking war possibilities. Agreement upon cruiser types and tonnages is vastly less important than the spirit in which naval rivalry is discussed.

It is significant that Mr. MacDonald's speech and attitude have commanded such universal approval in Great Britain. Violently as it would oppose nationalization of the mines, British business gives Ramsay MacDonald its cordial support in his program as regards America, the Rhineland, and Russia. Mr. Churchill was right in saying that Mr. MacDonald's foreign policy seemed today to be one of making the world safer for capitalism; but he forgot that it was not Mr. MacDonald but Mr. Churchill who had changed his mind. Mr. MacDonald has always preached peace and stability, believing that Labor would have the best chance of winning its economic demands in a peaceful and friendly world; Mr. Churchill, high priest of capitalism that he is, has advocated browbeating Germans and maintaining barbed-wire barriers between Communist Russia and the rest of the world. He has learned despite himself that such policies do not aid business; he admits it in his taunt to Mr. MacDonald. And therein lies a significant and hopeful fact. Increasingly, the conservative business forces which once thought in narrowly nationalistic terms see that their own interest lies in the direction of Labor's dream of an internationalized world.

Indeed, it may well be argued that business is the most powerful force for peace in the world today. It has not the conscious idealism of the old international labor congresses, but it has a power of influencing governments which they lacked, and almost nothing happens in the world today to which business is unitedly opposed. The Labor Government comes into power in England partly because a section of British business has ceased to fear its domestic policy and has come to respect its international program. And on the other side of the world Japanese business has just played the major role in forcing a change in Japan's positive policy in China. Japanese labor is still too weak to affect government policy; but Japanese business found that mere nationalism in China hurt Japanese trade. The Tsinanfu expedition and the suspicion of Japanese participation in the plot that killed Chang Tso-lin aroused a resentment in China which made itself felt in Osaka and Kobe—very sensitive to declining export figures.

In this country, too, despite the Grundys and the other tariff maniacs, despite the threats of oil wars in the Near East and the power rivalries in South America, one may count upon the support of the substantial business community in any reasonable program of Anglo-American friendship. And when the United States finally gets around to recognizing the existence of twelve-year-old Soviet Russia (which Mr. Hoover now indicates may be in the near future), it may well be that only the hidebound reactionaries of the American Federation of Labor will be found repeating the old curses of 1917, while hard-headed business men, shepherded by the enigmatic Ivy Lee, will demand those normal diplomatic relations which give business its best protection.

The millennium has not yet come. Business has not changed its hankering for profits, and occasionally profits coincide with conflict. There were those who, in 1914, felt assured that the interlocking interests of British and German capital would prevent the cataclysm. Business was not a unit then; it is not a unit today. It is no more a unit than is labor, say in this country, where the old guard and the Communists hate each other with far more bitterness than either of them directs against the employers. But there is a trend. The gory lesson of 1914-1918 has not gone utterly unheeded; the distresses of Europe in the post-treaty period of national rivalries were even more impressive. And behind these is the impelling influence of the swelling economic tide of international trade.

Can We Abolish Sunday?

TO distribute leisure equitably in a machine age without an undue waste of productive power is no easy task. Borrowing our practices from the pre-machine age we have accepted the notion that there is only one sound method of distributing leisure, that is to choose one day in every seven as a compulsory legal holiday and close factories, stores, banks, and schools on that day. If it has occurred to some that this distribution of leisure is tremendously wasteful in view of the overhead expense required to maintain machinery in idleness, the practice has not been subject to severe attack because the institution of Sunday has seemed to be the only device that would guarantee leisure to everybody. So, while Sunday as a religious holiday has declined in the face of higher criticism and the motor car, the day as an institution of leisure has acquired new sanctions from enlightened public opinion. We have been anxious to defend it from the seven-day-a-week employer, so anxious in fact that we have not stopped to ask whether the basic idea of a universal weekly holiday may not be outmoded as the machine process enters into new areas of our life.

Now comes the Soviet Government rushing in where individualists fear to tread and abolishes Sunday as a legal holiday by decree. The decree, which is scheduled to go into operation this month, did not receive in the American press the attention that it deserves, perhaps because American editors interpreted the new policy as simply one more anti-religious gesture by an atheist government. Walter Duranty of the New York *Times,* however, sensed its full importance when he said:

> Whoever conceived this measure is little short of a genius, for it kills at least five big birds with one small stone. First, it will increase factory output 20 per cent. Second, it will provide jobs for workers eliminated by industrial "rationalization." Third, it will be a powerful weapon in the Soviet anti-religious campaign against Sunday and church holidays. Fourth, it will give "more backward" countries like England and Germany a new idea for their struggle against unemployment. Finally, it will reduce overhead by the elimination of the weekly "let-down" both of machines and man-power.

Of course the Soviet Government does not propose to sacrifice a single hour of the workers' rest-time by this new plan. It will try to establish in place of Sunday and Saturday afternoon a stagger plan of leisure, giving every worker one day and a half to two days of holiday every week. Ultimately it expects to make the five-day week universal for the workers and the seven-day week universal for the machines.

When one asks if such a plan could be applied to American industry numberless difficulties suggest themselves. What if the courtship of John and Jane were progressing satisfactorily by virtue of mutual, languorous week-ends together when suddenly the government or the corporations declared that Jane's holidays from the office should come on Tuesdays and Wednesdays, and John's on Thursdays and Fridays? The thought of millions of Johns and Janes and Mr. and Mrs. Johnses and little Johnses being separated from one another or from chosen friends during their holidays creates sympathy in our heart for them and for any Chief Distributor of Holidays in an American industrial Utopia. Also, the plan is useless for farms because they could not be run economically under a stagger system of labor forces unless they were prodigiously large; and the plan implies much more social control of industry than exists in America today or is likely to exist for many years to come. The Russian government is not only the commander-in-chief of national industry but the chief employer, directing the scope and methods of industry through the Gosplan as a general directs an army. With our negative conception of government as a strolling policeman we could not put into effect a coordinated plan of work-distribution that would guarantee leisure. The simple, clumsy scheme of weekly universal holidays now in force seems to entail the maximum of social control that our employers will tolerate.

But when we have said that the Soviet plan of abolishing Sunday is not practical for America today we have not destroyed the prophetic significance of the experiment. Whether we like it or not, we are moving in the direction of this plan. Thousands of American industries now keep in operation seven days a week with a shifting labor force and the stagger system of leisure: for example, railroads, steamship lines, motion-picture theaters, newspapers, electric and gas companies, police, fire, and water systems, gasoline and repair stations, dairies, hotels, restaurants, and drug stores—to say nothing of homes. As our life has become more interdependent and complex these industries have gradually been accepted as seven-day necessities, although many of them are not. During the war we promptly abandoned our conventional notions of Sunday and leisure as far as the factory system was concerned. In the light of these experiences and tendencies the Soviet plan of distributing leisure is neither so fantastic nor so revolutionary as it seems at first glance.

Let the Negro Ride!

NORTH CAROLINA is witnessing a strange perversion of the notorious "Jim Crow" laws. Whereas originally these were intended to discriminate against the Negro by separating him from the white race, today certain Tar Heels are invoking their "Jim Crow" law in order to guarantee the Negro accommodations equal to those provided for whites. In other words, the civil rights of the North Carolina Negro are receiving protection through the much-maligned "Jim Crow" measures.

In the past six years North Carolina whites and blacks have put more than $120,000,000 into hard-surfaced roads. Their system has received nation-wide attention. Recently this was indicated by a poll of the American Automobile Association in which 78 per cent of the motorists listed North Carolina as their favorite touring State. This development has been financed chiefly by motorists—white and black alike, according to the relative power of the white man's Lincoln or the Negro's Ford. In this respect there has been perfect equality of the races. Not a trace of racial discrimination. Graciously the whites have allowed the Negro to pay as he rides and to ride as he pays.

Following in the wake of this highway construction has come another economic development in which the Negroes have not been allowed to participate. This is the modern system of motor-bus transportation, the foundation of which rests on the good roads of the State. So far as Negroes are concerned, busses are closed vehicles. By day and night they thunder over the highways partially built by black money, but in light and darkness they carry only passengers of fair skins. The Negro's money is legal tender when it comes to buying cement and crushed stone, but no Negro's dollar passes at the ticket office. Take a Negro in Asheville who wishes to visit his mother in Raleigh, or do some cotton picking with his folks in Cumberland County. If he has an automobile, he can go ahead; if he hasn't, and there is a train running to his destination, he can board a "Jim Crow" coach; if neither of these is possible, he is faced with a long walk, for he cannot buy a ticket on a bus, even though the company has a franchise as a common carrier. For years the Negro may have been paying gasoline taxes, automobile taxes, accessory taxes. But that makes no difference. North Carolina roads are built by the whites and the blacks, but "For Whites Only" read the signs in the Tar Heel busses.

Certainly this is a strange situation. But stranger yet, and highly welcome, is the movement now under way in North Carolina to remedy the situation—to give fair treatment to the Negroes by forcing the busses to transport passengers regardless of their race. This movement is headed by a group of prominent whites who are associated in an interracial commission. Realizing that efforts to allow Negroes to ride side by side with whites would prove futile, these North Carolina residents have played their legal cards skilfully. They knew that the "Jim Crow" law required all common carriers to provide separate compartments for white and Negro passengers. So they applied to the State Corporation Commission for an order directed to the bus lines. The Corporation Commission side-stepped. It admitted that the law was with the interracial body, but denied that the matter was in the jurisdiction of the commission. So the interracial organization went to the courts for an order to require busses to transport Negro passengers. It won. On April 27 Judge Barnhill ruled from the Superior Court bench that bus lines were common carriers and must "provide equal, but separate, accommodations for white and Negro passengers."

For years persons believing in justice for the Negro have objected to "Jim Crow" laws. The protests started in 1881 when Tennessee passed the first measure requiring separate compartments or coaches on railways for the two races. Other Southern States soon enacted similar laws to separate the two races on trains and steamboats, in cafes, in restaurants and theaters, and sometimes even cities and towns. Protests against these laws have continued, in some cases going into the courts, but to no avail. Even the United States Supreme Court has approved the constitutionality of the "Jim Crow" laws. This court held that where equal accommodations were provided, separate accommodations were not illegal discriminations. Today certain liberal-minded Southerners have seized upon this for the benefit of the Negroes. They are not thinking of political equality, nor are they striking at white supremacy. They wish equal opportunities in economic life for all, and their fair-mindedness is full of promise for better racial relations.

No Laws for Dawes

YEARS hence, when the contemporary papers of the State Department are published as red, white, and blue books, the dispatches of Charles G. Dawes, our ambassador in London, will prove rich reading, thinks a correspondent of the New York *Times*. He writes:

> When asked today if the ambassador was as candid in his correspondence with the department as in his speeches, Secretary Stimson said that he was more so. The public, the Secretary of State added, has a restraining influence on the ambassador which he himself did not seem to have.

We anticipate that some of Mr. Dawes's dispatches will read about as follows:

London, June 26, 1929

DEAR STIM: So this is London! Well, Hell and Maria, if this is London give me Peoria. Went to the Queen's court last night. Wore pants same as in God's country. No knee britches for me! What's good enough for Chicago is good enough for London. "How's tricks, your Majesty?" I asked, wanting to be nice to Mary. She looked at me like a pain in the neck for a full minute. Then she just said "Oh?" I suppose that's the English idea of a snappy comeback. DAWES

P. S. The coffee here tastes like the Chicago drainage canal used to smell.

London, July 2, 1929

DEAR STIMMY: Lloyd George came around for tea, as he called it, though I'd had it put in all the papers that I wasn't serving any hootch at the embassy. (It's not worth while; this foreign stuff hasn't any pep to it.) He bragged about winning the election. "How do you get that way?" I asked. "All the papers had Mac winning." "But the Liberals have the balance of power," he said. "Listen, Bo," I answered, "I notice Mac and the Labor boys have all the offices. In God's country the boys who get the offices have all the power they want, and anybody is welcome to the balance." CHAS.

London, July 8, 1929

DEAR OLD ELK: The French Ambassador called this morning and I asked him to hang around and have lunch. As it was the hired girl's day off, I took him to a Lyons restaurant, wanting to make a good impression. I asked him what he'd have, and after a glance at the bill of fare His Excellency (like hell!) looked at me and said: "Toad in a hole." "Toad yourself," I came right back, "and frog too. The only industry your country's got is the manufacture, transportation, and sale of immoral post cards. Besides, Frenchie, you owe us a lot of money and if Andy Mellon doesn't have a check by the first of the month he'll put the bill in the hands of a collection agency."

Had dinner last night at Lord Highhat's of the Cold-cream Guards. Sat by Lady or Duchess Somebody-or-other. I can't remember which or who and didn't give a cuss. I couldn't understand her English and so got out my pipe and smoked. Finally I made out she was asking me how I like the English summer. "Well," I said, "it's not so hot." "Not so hot as what?" she asked, the dumbbell. It sure is true the English have no sense of humor.

Lord Highhat invited me to visit him in August for the shooting. Hell and Maria, no! I left Chicago to get away from the shooting. CHARLIE

It Seems to Heywood Broun

A YOUNG Southerner in the current *American Mercury* displays rather more than the usual frankness about the Negro question in an article called A White Man in the South. The point he develops is hardly startling, and yet few of his fellows are willing to make the same confession. G. Peyton Wertenbaker says in effect that the familiar Southern talk about this or that being for the best interest of both races is sheer bunk. The attitude of the embattled Nordic is conditioned solely by what he feels to be his own self-interest.

I believe very firmly that the self-interest of which the young man speaks is essentially short-sighted. It seems to me that the Southern white has suffered almost as much as the Negro from the policy of segregation. Still, it may be an excellent indication of better days to come when pretense can be abolished by white debaters and the whole problem treated realistically. But even the somewhat disarming frankness of Mr. Wertenbaker cannot hide the fact that he, too, labors under the weight of stencils. The best minds of the South have been corrupted by the fact that it is the custom of the country to send logic and clear thinking out of the room as soon as the word "Negro" is mentioned. Surely no one can fairly assert that the South has approached this particular subject in a scientific spirit. Science demands of its disciples that they shall familiarize themselves to the highest possible extent with the material under discussion. The South on the other hand has set up a paradox. The proud Nordic begins by saying, "Down here we know the Negro." But almost immediately he adds that, of course, he would never think of having any social contacts with him. No man is a hero to his valet, and in return no master ever knows his servant as a complete human being. The Southerner who studiously refrains from ever going into a Negro home except for charitable or immoral purposes has no right to claim intimate knowledge of a race which he has rendered outcast. Surely self-consciousness is not swept away by handing over a Christmas turkey and, to paraphrase a familiar anecdote, sexual intercourse does not constitute an introduction. If the South really wants to know the Negro it should delegate some white man to be blasted for the sins of the people and to live, if possible, upon terms of complete equality with a colored family.

The particular fallacy which Mr. Wertenbaker accepts without any first-hand investigation is the familiar one that it is really too bad to give a liberal education to any Negro because the added knowledge will only serve to increase his tragic sense of frustration. This is a very familiar assertion, and the white men of the South find it comforting. It helps to ease the Caucasian conscience over the fact that the South is still niggardly in the matter of appropriations for Negro education. It is fair to say that in recent years there has been a vast improvement in this respect, but even now the emphasis is placed almost entirely upon schools which fit the student for some trade.

"An educated Negro," writes Mr. Wertenbaker, "must live in a strange and unhappy world of introspection. The color-complex must overshadow and distort all his attempts to give himself completely to the problems which ordinarily occupy a man's mind. Education is the means of preparing men for our complicated civilized life. What is the point of educating a man who is, from the beginning, denied any share in that life?"

But a somewhat similar argument could be used against the higher education for anyone at all. Knowledge does increase sensitivity, and the educated man, white or black, is more keenly conscious of the shams and injustices which walk abroad in the world. But there is compensation for both Negro and Nordic. The college professor who is snooted or patronized by some rich Babbitry alumnus has sufficient realization of his own superiority to laugh in his sleeve at the stupid fellow. The antics of a Heflin may anger the uneducated Negro; they merely serve to amuse the black who can look down at the Senator from an eminence.

It is not rash to assume that Mr. Wertenbaker has never been the close friend of any educated Negro. He could not otherwise so readily accept the picture of the black scholar suspended drearily between earth and heaven. Naturally each man testifies from his own experience, and upon examination of all my acquaintances I select without question one who lives more fully and has more fun than any other that I know. He is a member of Phi Beta Kappa, a graduate of Columbia Law School, a superb musician, and a Negro. I mean Paul Robeson. The *Mercury's* Southern observer does not seem to realize that it is possible for an educated Negro to attain a state where he looks with a somewhat amused contempt at the ruddier manifestations of race prejudice. Many times I have heard Robeson tell with great hilarity of some slight which he had encountered on a train or in a hotel. I don't mean that the incident may not have been annoying or even painful at the time it happened, but the man had sufficient poise and background finally to drain off his emotion by putting the whole thing into a funny story.

After all, a Negro who has had the privilege of outdistancing his white rivals in the classroom and of shaking the very teeth of Nordic halfbacks upon the gridiron cannot possibly be humiliated by having Caucasian supremacy dangled in front of him. No Negro is truly a tragic figure merely because some white man informs him of inferiority. He becomes tragic only if he believes it. But the skeptics are hourly increasing. It is a curiously simple game which the Southern white has played upon the Negro. By main force he holds the black man's head close to the earth and then he says: "See; you are a member of an inferior race, and I can prove it to you by pointing out that you insist upon holding your nose in the dust."

But if G. Peyton Wertenbaker thinks that there is anything dismal or tragic in being a Negro intellectual I think he should plead for a Harlem invitation. He will find that the colored college graduate has learned, along with other things, the secret of true gaiety. When Dr. Du Bois dances any spectator can readily observe that the higher education is not a handcuff to the Negro.

HEYWOOD BROUN

Law—and Law Enforcement

By VICTOR S. YARROS

NOT a few liberals think, and say bluntly, that the whole investigation of law enforcement and law observance by a special national commission is a Babbittian-Pecksniffian enterprise bound to end in smoke, or, rather, in a few platitudinous and perfunctory exhortations to which no attention will be paid by any considerable group. This view is plausible, but not necessarily sound. Much will depend on the attitude and methods of the commission, or of those of its members who have moral courage, breadth, insight, and appreciation of the relation existing between lawmaking and the great forces that shape the life of states and civilizations. There are some able, cultivated, and thoughtful persons on the commission. If they succeed in formulating its problems correctly and in freeing the collective mind of the commission of all cant and make-believe, they should accomplish much good.

It is true that Mr. Hoover has asked the commission to inquire into the enforcement and observance of *all* the laws. Such a task, of course, is impossible and would be futile were it possible. It is true that Mr. Wickersham, the chairman of the commission, has been making superficial and confusing remarks concerning the scope of the investigation and the results to be aimed at, but these discouraging circumstances need not prove fatal.

The first question to ask is this: Whence the striking and notorious differences in the general treatment of laws, organic and statutory? Plainly, the assertions that "law is law," and that all laws have the same sanctions behind them, are arbitrary, gratuitous, and contrary to the clear testimony of history and experience. Laws fall naturally into categories, and it is necessary, at the outset, to distinguish and differentiate the categories.

There are, for example, the laws forbidding murder, arson, burglary, theft, forgery, and like acts. Few sane persons violate these laws deliberately. We say that the murder rate in this country is too high, or we assert, with Chief Justice Taft, that our administration of criminal justice is "a disgrace to our civilization," and there may be truth in such affirmations. But has any intelligent person ever said that the murder rate was a serious menace to the American government, or to the institution of property, the family, or capitalism?

On the other hand, millions of persons daily and gaily violate the Volstead prohibition law; millions of persons violate systematically, and without the slightest strain on conscience, the so-called general property-tax law still in effect in most of our States; tens of thousands smuggle in contempt of the ancient and dishonorable customs laws; millions of white persons in the Sunny South trample upon the Fourteenth and Fifteenth amendments of the Federal Constitution and ruthlessly disfranchise millions of black citizens of the United States. Again, millions of Americans pay little heed to anti-gambling and anti-betting laws. They play poker and bridge for money, and do not feel that they are bad and undesirable citizens by reason of that fact. Obviously, the laws just mentioned belong somehow in a category different from the group enumerated earlier.

Between the two categories named there is at least one other, instances of which may be found in the income-tax laws, national and State, or the banking laws, or the laws controlling and regulating railroads and other public utilities.

Now, to comprehend the categories and the reasons why they arise and persist, the Hoover commission would do well to refresh its memory by consulting Blackstone, Sir Henry Maine, Professor Dicey, James C. Carter, Dr. Hadley, and other writers who have written philosophically on the subject of lawmaking and the relation of that process to what we call public opinion. It might read up some chapters in standard law books on the development of the Law Merchant. Such studies, even if not thorough, would shed considerable light on the supposed-to-be burning question of law observance and law enforcement. They would direct attention to certain basic and essential principles which no legislative or executive authority can afford to disregard.

There is another suggestion which I would humbly submit to the commission. Let it ask itself, in considering this or that law which admittedly meets with troublesome resistance, whether or not, if it were referred to the electorate *de novo,* it would be likely to receive the approval of a *decisive* majority. This test of a mental referendum is not infallible, to be sure, but it would be very helpful and suggestive. How many persons, for example, would vote for the repeal of the major features of the Criminal Code; how many for the repeal of the Volstead law; how many for the repeal of protection; and how many for the repeal or liberalization of the anti-gambling and anti-betting laws? The results of such referendums would be arrestingly and significantly different, and assuredly the differences would not be accidental! Some years ago that able and thoroughly judicious London journal, the *New Statesman,* in discussing the prohibition agitation in Great Britain, said that it would not oppose a national prohibition law if 85 per cent of the voters should, at a referendum election, register their approval of such a law. The suggested percentage may seem arbitrary, but it is at bottom reasonable and philosophical. Where the moral issue in or behind a proposed law is not clear, democracies should beware of imposing the will of an insufficient, unimpressive majority upon a strong, solid, respectable minority.

I would venture to make a third suggestion to the Hoover commission. It cannot examine and cross-examine millions of average citizens, but it can select a few hundred prominent, representative, and influential citizens—citizens who preach law observance on every occasion—and put certain questions to them. The answers would be illuminating.

For instance, why not invite Messrs. Taft, Coolidge, and Hoover to appear before the commission and state why they have done nothing, while in the White House, to enforce the Negro suffrage provisions of the Constitution? What President has sent a special message earnestly recommending reduction of the representation of the South in Congress? If no such message has ever been sent, why has

a part of the sacrosanct Constitution been treated as a dead letter? And what has the President or either of the living ex-Presidents to say about the example they set to the nation by their indifference and hostility to that part of the Constitution? Again, let the commission put on the witness stand some fifty or sixty churchgoing and benevolent millionaires and ask them why they have evaded and violated the general property-tax laws. These laws, we know, are antiquated, confiscatory in thousands of cases, and badly in need of modernization, but, if "law is law," what right has any citizen to pick and choose, to decide what laws he will obey and what he will forget and ignore? Yet again, let the commission ask national and State legislators why reapportionment provisions have been nullified for decades, why whole sections and districts have been partially disfranchised.

The answers in all the hypothetical cases mentioned for purposes of illustration are known in advance. No sincere thinker will pretend otherwise. We may summarize the answers as follows: If a government wants its laws observed and effectively enforced, it must see to it that they are *enforceable* to begin with—that is, consonant with dominant public opinion. Few laws command literally universal assent; but any law that offends the intelligence and the sentiments of any considerable portion of the average population is foredoomed to fail. The laws that are and long have been evaded and broken are laws of certain types—laws that millions of respectable and otherwise docile and conservative persons deem to be unbearably tyrannical, or silly and totally unnecessary, or the product of bigotry and ignorant fanaticism.

No student of the political and social sciences will question the cogency and validity of these answers. In the words of H. G. Wells, the Anglo-Saxon peoples have their own ways of enacting laws and of nullifying them. The notion that free and intelligent men have ever worshiped law and obeyed all the commands and injunctions of legislatures lacks even the semblance of support in history or in contemporaneous experience. Is it desirable to undertake a campaign in favor of complete unquestioning obedience to and respect for law as such? No thoughtful person will answer in the affirmative. It is too late in the day to claim divine origin and divine sanction for law. Where the law is not intrinsically reasonable and respectable, it is idle to urge respect for it. Laws put over by accidental majorities at the behest of organized and aggressive minorities, or even bare majorities, will always cause mischief and friction. Let me suggest that the Hoover commission will do more for order and good government by advocating the repeal of obsolete laws, unenforceable laws, laws repugnant to the mental habits and ideas of millions of reputable persons than by favoring severity in punishment or reiterating the fallacy that the way to get rid of a bad law is to enforce it strictly.

Further, the commission has a fine opportunity to recur to and emphasize certain fundamental principles and propositions. Let me mention some of them:

In the words of John Morley, government should not ask more of human nature than it is capable of giving.

Governments cannot sell privileges or play favorites, and escape corruption.

There still is, and there always will be, a distinction between *malum per se* and *malum prohibitum,* and there is good reason for the distinction.

Majorities have no divine right to coerce and rule minorities, and the power of majorities must always be exercised with discretion and moderation.

The tastes and habits of millions cannot be suddenly elevated by legislative fiat, and where tastes are vulgar and low, they should be gradually, tactfully, gently improved. Roughly and unceremoniously to deprive millions of the amusements and diversions they prefer and enjoy is not to better the moral-aesthetic situation, but to invite extra-legal and illegal shifts and devices on their part.

Control and regulation may yield beneficial results where prohibitory laws defeat their avowed purpose.

The Hoover commission, then, can render notable service to the cause of rational order and civil liberty by re-emphasizing the foregoing and similar truths, and by insisting that unenforceable laws should be repealed by common consent, not persisted in under the hollow notion that "law is law" and that there is some moral duty to obey every law that happens to linger on or to reach the statute-books.

Revolt in Hollywood

By SOMERSET LOGAN

Hollywood, June 23

EQUITY will prevail in Hollywood. The embattled thespians of this city, members of the Actors' Equity Association, are girding up their loins for combat with the motion-picture producers and their wealthy backers. The producers have doggedly refused either to negotiate with the actors, or to recognize their union in any way. If the present uncompromising attitude is maintained, there is only one effective weapon available for the actors—the strike.

During the first week of June of this year, Frank Gilmore, president of the Actors' Equity, notified all members of the association residing in Los Angeles that on June 5 and thereafter only the new Equity basic agreement was to be accepted by Equity members from producers of talking or sound pictures—which virtually meant *all* pictures. Contracts signed before that time were to be scrupulously observed, but upon their expiration nothing but the Equity agreement was to be signed.

Mr. Gilmore and the Equity Council considered this action mandatory on their part, since six months ago, in response to a questionnaire sent to all Los Angeles members of Equity, 1,087 votes were cast in favor of all-Equity casts for talking pictures, and only 98 against. Therefore, after a close study of the local situation, Mr. Gilmore, who is now in Hollywood leading the fight, fired the first gun.

The struggle promises to be an interesting one, for more than 70 per cent of the people in talking pictures are members of the Actors' Equity, many of them commanding the highest salaries. Several actors who ignored the edict of their organization and signed non-Equity contracts on or after June 5 have been promptly suspended from their union.

The producers are receiving the powerful assistance of intrenched privilege, including the local commercial organizations and the newspapers. Behind the actors are the Central Labor Council of Los Angeles and the American Fed-

eration of Labor. J. W. Bussel, secretary of the Central Labor Council, to which Equity is now allied, has pledged the unqualified support of the federated unions—the strongly organized camera-men, the operators, the electricians and carpenters, and allied crafts. President Green of the American Federation of Labor, in a telegram to Mr. Gilmore, has promised his heartiest support.

The courageous move of the Actors' Equity is the result of the picture actor's determination to have a union of his own, capable of correcting obvious abuses and instituting much-needed reforms. With the advent of the talking picture came the necessity of employing many legitimate theater actors with trained speaking voices. The local forces of Equity were increased, and a crisis became inevitable.

The abuses and maltreatment which the picture actors —particularly the small-part players—have suffered can scarcely be overstated. Actors are sometimes forced to accept contracts offering a lump sum for their part in a picture. In these contracts there is no stipulation as to the length of the working day, or the length of the entire engagement. An actor, upon engagement, must take the casting-director's word. Actors are quite frequently paid nothing for rehearsals. There are instances of players being required to work from sixty to eighty hours a week. When on location, any hours, from eight to twenty, have constituted a day—sometimes with an additional bonus, sometimes not. The entire working schedule is hopelessly vague and inequitable to the actor. The new Equity contract would correct such flagrant abuses.

Of course, the individual star can insist upon his own terms—and his price, but the character actor and the small-part player—and that includes the overwhelming majority of players—are frequently victimized. If they speak their mind, they are seldom reemployed at the same studio. With the recent amalgamation of so many of the picture companies, and the antagonism of the producers' association, this is no slight matter.

Actors' salaries in motion pictures may appear exorbitant to the outsider. But for every fabulous amount pocketed by some star of the first magnitude, there are a hundred modest salaries meted out to the small-part player. Moreover, the motion-picture actor, like so many of his legitimate theater confreres, is seldom sure of continuous employment. There are many weeks in each year when the actor is waiting about or looking for another transient engagement.

The producers are resorting to every conceivable device to break the spirit of the actors. As soon as Equity's ultimatum was received, one player after another was called to a studio—where he had never worked before—and was offered a tempting non-Equity contract. If he refused, he was told it was regrettable, and such a good part too! In one instance, a studio stock company was suddenly organized, offering long-term non-Equity contracts. Casting-directors are looking over files of players which have not been touched for a year. Lists of actors, including a few Equity people who signed the standard non-Equity studio contracts after the designated time, have been published in all the local press.

Every few days, the local papers, completely ignoring the essential decency of Equity's demands, and refusing to print any pro-Equity statements, publish reputed interviews with this or that prominent actor or actress, condemning the stand of Equity and highly commending the producers for their habitual sweetness and light. Both the *Times,* with its notorious anti-union proclivities, and the *Examiner,* with its owner a picture producer in his own right, have had lengthy editorials against Equity. In order to offset this propaganda, the local Equity Association is publishing, semi-weekly, the *Actors' Equity News.*

The tone and general attitude of the little paper are well exemplified in the following excerpt. The *Times,* in a recent issue, said: "Instead of remaining an association of artists, it (Equity) placed itself in line and agreement with stage-hands, ditch-diggers, janitors, iron-molders, and such." To which the *Actors' Equity News* responded:

> WHY NOT? Walter Damrosch, Victor Herbert, and others found such alignment no bar to their art nor their dignity. WHY SHOULD YOU? And, after all, what's the matter with a ditch-digger . . . or a janitor, or a stage hand? A ditch-digger may not always be a ditch-digger. He may become a producer, or even a director. Just as much chance as shirt salesmen, clothes peddlers, waiters, or saloon-song pluggers.* That you once followed a lowly trade is no disgrace. Rather the reverse.
>
> Oh, *Times,* you got off on the wrong foot, for—— There was a Rail-splitter. . . . And once there was a Carpenter.

* * * * *

On June 17 the Actors' Equity Association called a general meeting of its members at the Writers' Club in Hollywood. More than 1,200 actors thronged the hall. George Arliss was in the chair, and Frank Gilmore addressed the gathering. There has never been such a display of genuine enthusiasm in Hollywood. Both speakers were given an ovation. The entire assembly stood up and cheered lustily for several minutes.

Mr. Gilmore read a resolution passed by the Central Labor Council of Los Angeles, pledging unstinted support. He then reviewed the present situation in the studios, emphasizing the necessity for Equity shop. He described the few members who had issued statements in the daily press against the organization as "selfish egotists, indifferent to the welfare of their fellow-players." When the players' names were mentioned they were greeted with a storm of boos and hisses. In concluding, Mr. Gilmore said:

> This uprising of the motion-picture actors is no passionate gesture of the moment. It is the result of eight years of striving to get the producers to meet us in a friendly conference, and because of their indifference to our efforts this move was the only possible thing to do, if we intend to remedy the flagrant injustices which are now so common. . . . We must win because our cause is just, and because in the offing there lies the sympathy and the association, if we need it, of the great American Federation of Labor.

The meeting adjourned with the actors singing the song first used in the theatrical strike of 1919, "All for one, and one for all." Other meetings are scheduled. The local office is a hive of activity. A strike? Perhaps. But with a resurgence of the indomitable spirit which characterized the struggle of 1919 and 1924, Equity is bound to prevail in Hollywood.

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* A gentle reminder of the humble antecedents of a number of our directors and producers.

Backhill Culture

By CHARLES MORROW WILSON

CULTURE is not altogether a matter of geographical locality. The backhills have their intellectual life. They hold sensitive spirits and brilliant and appreciative minds. They hold dynamic philosophies, some of them still in infant stages, others hoary with age. The backhills have their literature; a literature of speech, for the most part vague and rambling, but a literature with the profound simplicity of uphill living.

A hillman's speech is usually one of isolated colloquialisms and hazy contradictions. His stories are frequently lacking both in beginnings and endings. But if you aren't interested you are at perfect liberty to slide over to the other side of the store steps and set in on another one. Hillbillies are dynamic story-tellers and story-builders. Convince one that you are not a federal-enforcement officer, a State game warden, a professional timber buyer, or a tourist from Kansas, and the chances are that he can tell you more stories in a forenoon than you can get from a year's subscription to the *Saturday Evening Post*. Stories happen in the backhills. There are old-time jubilations, barn-warmings, moonshining, stabbings, and gunplay. I know of a community in Taney County, Missouri, which claims the distinction of not having had a social gathering without bloodshed in seventeen years. There are stories of romantic rascals, horse thieves, cattle rustlers, lost valleys, guerrilla wars, dark-of-the-moon lynchings where fathers unknowingly have swung up their own sons. There are yarns about cave peoples, about Spanish gold, stories of pioneering, and of Reconstruction roughness; proverbs of wealth, weather, and fertility, explanations of being and becoming, of death and war and birth, and of eternity. There are yarns without limit either of length or of number, told by a people who have long been accustomed to indulgence in a leisurely extravagance of time.

Traditions in the back-country are as numerous as the turning lanes and flood gullies: That a soldier was shot down by the bushwhackers, that Uncle Ike Sellers buried gold in tin cans underneath his bean poles, that Dickey Dye was accustomed to slaughter twelve pigs annually for the nurture of each of his twelve offsprings, that one of the Kilgew boys saw a beautiful lady all in white standing alongside the rail fence by Hawson's hog pasture the night after the Pentecostal meetin'—these are typical of backhill traditions.

As a general thing backwoods people are not a reading folk. Because of the scant literacy, the isolation and poverty, books and magazines are scarce. But there are surprising exceptions. Take lodging for the night in a high hillside cabin and you may run across a fine old volume of Milton or Browning or Thoreau or Shakespeare, or you may find an old codger who sits about oozing forth dissertations upon the dictums of Omar. One time in a high-brush district of Carroll County, Arkansas, I ran across an old-time Victorian reading society composed of a dozen or so sockless yahooes who were reading aloud "Paradise Regained"!

But such instances are by way of exception. An occasional debate, a pie supper, a meetin' down at the schoolhouse, if there happens to be a schoolhouse, exposure to up-country fiddlers who play from shadowy recollection and highly concentrated stimulant, or possibly a "musical" conducted by a wandering singing-master who will for four bits and a night's lodging render ditties of praise and jubilation, these are approximately the only pursuits of aesthetics available in the backhills.

The up-country villages offer no relief. As a rule these are poor and docile and far-scattered; stragglings of paintless gray shops holding conglomerations of shelf groceries, harness leather, bolt drygoods, and powerful pills. The storekeeper sits with folded arms and sagging enthusiasm. He waits and waits. Presently he strolls out front and watches the clouds or goes into protracted reverie about when life was young down on Drake's Creek and clear corn liquor cost but a dollar a gallon. Then by the time he has adequately damned and god-damned taxes, road improvements, rural schools, and government, exchanged ribald salutations with some lively ladies from down around Eagle Knob, and sold a couple of pounds of Arbuckle's coffee and a pair of socks the day is done, and he is free to amble home, eat supper, blow out the lamp, and go to bed. As for the town's taverns and dens of refreshments, they are generally more or less filled with meandering drummers or circuit-riding lawyers or enforcement officers, any one of whom would ever so much rather be back where the crop of corner coppers and God-fearing Methodists is more flourishing.

Protestantism is fast dying in the backhills. Here in northwest Arkansas, for example, there are stretches of up-country twenty miles square which have neither a church nor a parson. Even more striking instances of the scarcity of God-houses may be pointed out in mountain sections of Missouri, Tennessee, or Kentucky. A recent church census conducted in one of the hill counties of southwestern Missouri showed that fewer than 10 per cent of the population professed themselves "Christian." As poverty comes to be more pressing, Protestantism becomes scarcer and scarcer. During a good season an up-country peasant's cash income will probably not average more than fifty dollars a year. In drought years he will take in virtually no cash at all. And if he has neither dollars nor any likely prospect of dollars he obviously cannot jar down with a bountiful Sunday's offering.

But preachers must be paid. An ambitious and progressive Methodist parson cannot be expected to stick indefinitely at Pettigrew, Arkansas, with a salary of twenty-one dollars a month and an annual allotment of four pigs, winter's firewood, and a wagon-load of corn. Accordingly backhill preachers are rapidly moving down to more promising pickings. For there are the valley towns with sewerage and police patrol, and the cities with their blocks full of souls in need of salvation and moving pictures with vaudeville.

True not all the Holy Rollers, Primitive Baptists, and Aboriginal Methodists have filtered down into the municipalities. In the outskirts of some of the backhill villages one can still find their diminutive congregations, but these very exceptions make the preservation of Protestantism all the more difficult. Denominationalism is iron-bound and the clashings of sects is both bitter and vicious. Thumb-sized slugs of lead have been known to enter into these pious discourses.

The hill-country commoner is far from being gullible. When it comes to four-square Gospels including orations on universal education, benevolent democracies, and better bulls and babies, he is likely to be slow to nibble and slower to swallow. Occasional roving exhorters come and go, and now and then a countryside will hold a late summer revival or a brush-arbor meetin'. But these outdoor protractions are essentially occasions for emotional overflow. There are generally more reversions to Bacchus than fearful prostrations before stern-featured Jehovah. In fact it would appear that in the run of these late August revivals there are more souls made than saved.

So, with the increasing scarcity of Protestantism the hillbilly may be able no longer to bolster his ego with periodic holyings. And as a result he takes on other deities, of whose potency he is daily conscious. Thus there have come into being another order of backhill gods—the trinity of soil, weather, and growth. These are the deities of effect. Joshua may or may not have made the sun stand still. Jonah may or may not have been swallowed by the whale. But this the hillman knows with powerful certainty that it falls wholly to this super-trinity of soil, weather, and growth to direct whether or not his corn turns out fifty bushels to the acre or only a hatful of non-shuckable nubbins; whether or not his fruit trees bear; whether or not his calves and pigs wax fat on open pasture, and ultimately whether or not he and his woman and his young'uns will eat heartily of likely victuals or scrimp through the winter on corn-pone and branch water.

Growth he can see and feed upon; soil and weather have immediate appeal to the range of his senses. He can recognize soil as a thing of beauty. Its color and texture predict coming harvests. Soil gives life and in turn takes life away. It provides his living. It is his first polaris. When he is hungry he takes food from it. When he is tired he finds it waiting and caressing.

But this trinity of soil, weather, and growth cannot be worshiped by gyrating or bawling forth hymns. Instead the hillman evolves a philosophy of harmony and submission. A sort of hazy pantheism it comes to be, free of text and teachers; a leisurely adoration of life as such, life the essential product of wind, rain, and sunshine, operating upon a given soil at a given season. It is a philosophy of animalism blended with one of leisurely compromise; it is an all-inclusive philosophy—worship, morality, group behavior, and credences all so pressingly interdependent as to demand saying at a single breath. The essential qualities of ba khill life demand that the backhill denizen acquire a phil sophy of self-sufficiency. But this philosophy does not have to be striven after. It comes, just as inevitably as the pawpaws come.

This merging of man with being, this submerging of self into life, has a powerful influence upon backhill morality. It has given rise to a unique system of ethical estimates. On the one hand there is the ethics of the Golden Rule. Such a morality urges that one shall feed the hungry, give water to the thirsty, and comfort to the suffering—only because it is within one's inward being to so give. Backhill ethics is essentially a morality of neighborliness. But it applies the Golden Rule only in part. It is a morality of compromise, a merging of altruism and utilitarianism.

Suppose that Bill Shrum up on Cato Creek has a sick woman on his hands. He is all wore down. For five nights he has had no sleep to speak about—only occasional cat naps. Moreover there are his five young'uns hanging around to be looked after. The herb doctor figures maybe it's typhoid but he can't do anything about it until he has taken time to procrastinate. What are the people of Cato District going to do about it? The chances are that they will, without hesitation or speculation, do the neighborly thing. They will contribute food, liquor, and company; they will take over the young'uns, tidy the house, change the bed-covers, and in general do their combined best to cure and comfort. Dynamic altruism? In part, apparently.

But there is its mission of utility. If Bill's woman has typhoid the disease may during the course of the summer spread to half the adjacent citizenry. Hill country drains rapidly. There is no sewage disposal. Usually the people take their drinking water from shallow wells or surface springs. Furthermore if the sick woman dies, the community will likely have to take over and parcel out the young ones. Thus it becomes a matter of the common good that Bill's woman recover with the greatest possible expediency.

Furthermore the theory of exchange is a motivating factor. There are no medical facilities, no established systems of credit, doctors are scarce, and transportation expensive and uncertain. Thus neighborliness comes to be mutually valuable. Next month the Tannehills may take sick. The same applies to slighter ills. If the Hatfield chickens develop roop or Tola Summerlin's hogs take the cholera the mishap is likely to become general. There are no stock laws in the back-stretches, all live stocks roam in Parnassian freedom of fences and so a disease will very probably spread and spread rapidly. If somebody leaves the gap to Lige Conner's field open and the stock break in and destroy his crops, that may result in another family for the community to feed.

Backhill morality appears to take little account of the excellencies of abstaining. To a hillbilly virtue appears heroic but futile. Sexual intercourse he regards as a turn in vital experience, and attaches to it but slight ethical import. To be sure the backhills still have their ample share of personal viciousness. Stabbings, murders, and feuds continue to result from games of horseshoes or mumble-the-peg, arguments over land or coon dogs, adultery or horse-trading. One reason is no more likely than another. Much of it appears to be pure animal meanness, the sort of thing which a behaviorist would be likely to attribute to poor feeding, exposure, cramping confinement, and depressed living conditions.

The ethical outlook of a people is necessarily influenced by their mechanics of living. Take the matter of communication, for example. Backhill stretches are not threaded over with power lines, telephone and telegraph services, railroads and paved highways. News is scarce and slow of com-

ing. I have talked with hill people who never heard of the World War, and just the other day I brought a fine old free silverer to the point of tears when I told him that William Jennings Bryan was dead.

Absence of ready communication cuts off any number of moral urges. The up-country commoner hears nothing about relief for the famine-stricken Chinese, the support of superannuated ministers, or the encroachment of Dutch-Shell. He hears nothing about them, he knows nothing about them, and accordingly they play no part in shaping his behavior, moral or otherwise. Politically speaking, the run of backhillsmen are individualists. To them law and governments and constitutions and professional politics are vague as river mists in autumn. Law rarely ever suffers systematic enforcement in the backhills. You may find half a dozen townships in a row and not one of them with an officer or an official of any kind. There are, to be sure, intermittent raiding parties against the moonshiners, but the prohibitionists frequently prove to be the hardest-looking and least-ethical inhabitants of the uplands. Sheriffs are generally easy-going hangers-on at the county-seat town. In almost any back-country community you will hear accounts of stabbings or murders, of rapines and of mysterious disappearances.

"What legal action was taken?"

They look you over in doll-eyed amazement.

"Mister, this ain't in town."

There are other more casual outcroppings of backhill culture; backhill music, for example, an institution holding sway in its place of origin, a music as free of notes and clefts as a razorback hog is of registered ancestry. Approximately every backhill community has its favorite fiddler and approximately every fiddler will sooner or later favor you with his own compositions. The other night I was in Monkey Run, Madison County, Arkansas. Monkey Run is a typical hamlet of the higher-brush country. To say that it has fifty people would be flattering. But Monkey Run, Arkansas, has at least three active composers. The time was Saturday night, the occasion was a house-warmin' over at McCracken's. Dave Dingler was fiddling. Dave opened the evening by rendering virtually every standby on the musical menu of the countryside, which brought down mighty rough usage on the new plank floor. Then he began to favor with an array of original compositions—all out of his own head, including the titles.

"Hawk's Got the Chicken an' Gone," "Hawgs in the Cawn Patch," "Kickin' Up Dust," "One-legged Man What Sprained His Ankle," all of them rather delightful skits. Then Uncle Johnny Mulholland played some of his inventions and one of the Menges boys was on hand to demonstrate his ability at making sweet sounds. The audience displayed no wonder. Most backhill fiddlers do make up a good part of their tunes; playing them from memory as long as they can recollect them, which is likely quite a spell—the trouble being that each rendition may require befitting alterations until the original comes to be lost altogether. Most back-country musicians are musically illiterate. Show one a quarter note alongside an exclamation point and the chances are that he cannot tell which is which. But there are surprising similarities in the themes of old fiddlers, hints of the classic masters, and sweeps of fine romanticism.

There are songs of the hills, sentimental and lyric ditties and bastard ballads, era songs, Baldknobber songs, rustler songs, and moonshiner songs; place songs, sea chanteys brought to land. And by way of twin grace is backhill dancing, a folk institution, rhythmic and joyous; dances of light-footedness and ease, dances free of sobbing saxophones and perspiring brass. And although hill people are likely to be aged beyond their years, stooped by hard labor and poor diet, burned and roughened by exposure to rough weather and worrisome ills and poverty, young and old can still dance with spontaneity and delight.

There are other outcroppings in the form of countryside etiquette and folk ways, home-raisings, log-rollings, and half-ritualistic hunting and fishing expeditions, institutions which have, in other portions of our Republican empire, become lost in the mist of passing years. But backhill culture is self-regenerative and self-sustaining. It is a working philosophy of self-sufficiency. As an institution it is probably about as old as the hills and apparently it is to about the same degree subject to outside alteration.

In the Driftway

HENRY FORD is not one of the Drifter's major prophets, but his recent comment on age is wise enough to bear much repeating. After saying that he preferred workers between thirty-five and sixty years of age because of their greater stability and experience, and that he would not exclude those beyond sixty who could still do their work, he made this comment: "It is usual to associate age with years only because so many men and women somewhere along in what is called middle age stop trying. They let themselves be old."

* * * * *

THAT coincides precisely with one of the Drifter's pet beliefs—and therefore must be right. Two of life's greatest bogies are the clock and the calendar. The Drifter is not launching a campaign for their abolition. Neither could be extirpated from modern life, and both have certain legitimate uses. But they are overworked. The wise men who address graduating classes often urge their hearers not to watch the clock. It is quite as important not to watch the calendar. Probably it would be a great benefit to our children if we did not observe their birthdays. Certainly after the twentieth year we should cease to tell others our age and should as far as possible forget it ourselves. There is too much indiscriminate and unnecessary asking and recording of age. Such demands should generally be met either with refusal or, when that is impossible, with a fictitious statement in regard to what is nobody's legitimate concern. As it is, half of life is spent in being told we are too young for this and that, the rest in being assured we are too old for it. And what's worse, we get in the habit of talking the same sort of balderdash to ourselves.

* * * * *

THE Drifter can still recall as one of his most melancholy recollections an afternoon at the mature age of fourteen when he sat several hours in bitter regret and dejection meditating on his vanished youth and wasted opportunities. Girls of fourteen are told—or used to be—that

they are too old to romp. Men tell themselves at twenty-five that they are too old for sprinting because the records for short-distance running have been made by striplings of nineteen or twenty. At thirty these same persons tell themselves they are too old for football, and at thirty-five too old for baseball. A little later, guided by conventional belief rather than personal experience, they decide they are too old to learn a foreign language or to make new friends. Thus most of us go on through life putting certain things behind at various periods not because we are incapable of them, but merely because we think we must be.

* * * * *

FORTUNATELY women are now pooh-poohing many of the old conventions about age. No woman of this day thinks she is shelved as an old maid simply because she is not married by the time she is thirty, nor does a matron of fifty believe the time has come to retire to a rocking-chair and knitting. Women in their forties used to say they were "too old to dance." Now our bobbed-haired dancing grandmothers are too common to be a novelty. Fortunately we have practically no age limit on the dance floor any longer. Your conscience and the limberness of your knees is your guide. It's a sane rule. On with the dance!

* * * * *

THE Drifter doesn't know why anybody should want to live forever, but as a feat the thing doesn't seem impossible. George Bernard Shaw's case for it in "Back to Methuselah" is not wholly fantastic. Considering what medicine has done and is still likely to do toward patching up and keeping going the human body, everlasting life may be more than a consolation of religion. We die now because we think we ought to. After the conventional number of years we regard ourselves as old. Presently—with a proper sense of what is expected of us—we begin to fail, and finally we fade from the scene. In various ways the span of life has been extended in modern times. Bit by bit it can be still further lengthened, and in no way more effectively, perhaps, than through forgetting as far as possible what we are accustomed to call our age; through refusing to have the course of life preordained for us by an artifice like the calendar.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

"Undressing America"

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: On the roof of my house I have a small platform with sides. I suggest this device to lovers of sunlight like Stuart Chase and I attach the following list of advantages: (a) The two-foot solid railing cuts off the view and complaints of neighboring subconscious wish-fulfillers, (b) it is not expensive and the children like it for other purposes, (c) it is convenient—a person can dress in his own room and take a blanket and pillow with him to the observatory, (d) the defense can be offered that it is all equipment for amateur astronomy, (e) in the evening the stars, moon, and planets yield feelings of escape from our social heritage, feelings that are in reality the same awareness of man's insignificance experienced by day-time astronomers.

Fairhope, Alabama, June 30 WILLARD H. EDWARDS

"Wolf Solent"

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: May I enter a brief minority report against Joseph Wood Krutch's review of "Wolf Solent"? It is a distinguished review, as usual; and though it leaves me dissatisfied, I find it hard to point out where Mr. Krutch seems to me mistaken or unjust. Very probably he is neither; and it is only because of a difference in temperament that I see the book more rosily, and find in it profound delights that would appear insubstantial to a scientific mind. Wolf is a man made up of nerves, and doomed to a hundred thousand wounds; he is inevitably an introvert, fated to have no victories except those that philosophy can bring; we must not expect him to be a "hero," or to carry the story of his wandering tentatives to an epic conclusion. He is inconsequential, without definiteness of purpose or direction; the whole purpose of the book, as I thought, was to portray this poetic indeterminateness of mind that achieves nothing and feels everything. To say that Wolf arrives nowhere is not to say that the book is aimless or ineffectual; on the contrary, it is just because the book attempts so difficult a theme as human failure, and just because it gathers so much incidental wisdom and beauty on its leisurely way, that it seems to some of us a unique achievement in subject, in temper, and in style. I read every word of it with great happiness: here was literature, the expression of a profound and matured philosophy of life, in prose that verged at every moment on the finest poetry; as a friend said to me, "John Keats has come back to life, and is writing prose." We have so little style in contemporary American literature that when a man comes who carves his sentences like statuary, colors them like paintings, and tunes them like music, I am grateful. "Wolf Solent" has faults; but I am convinced that the future will rate it as one of the very greatest novels of our time.

Great Neck, New York, June 26 WILL DURANT

The Church in Mexico

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Since you are not, so far as I am aware, a lawyer, you may possibly be pardoned for not sharing an understanding of the "niceties" of the Mexican religious "squabble." But there are certain other niceties of accuracy and courtesy which one is accustomed to expect from *The Nation*. I refer to your issue of July 3.

It is inaccurate to say that Juarez passed his confiscating laws "toward the end of the nineteenth century"—the Reform Laws date from 1857; that the Holy Alliance sent Maximilian to Mexico—this was done by Austria and Napoleon III, not Russia, Austria, and Prussia; that Maximilian was shot for trying to be a good Catholic and a just and liberal prince—he was shot by Juarez; and so on. But these are minutiae.

You also say: "In 1926 the Apostolic Delegate, Archbishop Filippi, crowned Christ King of Mexico on the hill of Cubilete in the state of Guanajuato. He was expelled by the Obregon Government for violating the constitution." Mgr. Filippi was expelled in 1923. He did not do any crowning at Cubilete; he laid the cornerstone of the monument. He did not violate the constitution, as the Governor of Guanajuato admitted, for his act was performed on private land and it was not an act of worship. His expulsion was also illegal, even according to Article 33.

New York, July 1 WILFRID PARSONS, S. J.,
Editor of *America*

Hungary and Czecho-Slovakia

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The article, Hungary's Frontier, by Emery Deri, in your issue of June 5, is below *The Nation's* standard of fairness. Mr. Deri very conveniently forgets the recent speeches of Premier Bethlen and the Hungarian attitude in regard to the Kellogg Pact. He forgets that the Hungarian children are taught "Nem, nem, soha" as their creed, and "No, No, Never" evidently does not express their attitude on the whole question of the present state of Hungary. Mr. Deri claims that the Trianon Treaty is "the most unjust and unfortunate among all the treaties concluding the World War," and "all this was done under the pretext of creating national states in the place of the 1,000-year-old Hungary with its many nationalities." But the author forgets that ill-treatment of minorities has been the cause of Hungary's downfall. The whole Austro-Hungarian Empire was held together by pressure from without rather than by internal cohesion. It was a feudal survival of medieval monarchical and political institutions. This "museum of political curiosities" was held together by the cohesive force of the Germanic and Magyar populations from within. The war policy of repression and terrorization resulted in the desire of the oppressed Slovaks and other nationalities to shake off the Magyar yoke. Mr. Deri knows probably that they did not hesitate for a moment to do so. One would assume that the break-up of the old Hungary would teach the Hungarians to treat the minorities in a better way. But it seems that the Hungarians, like the Bourbons, have learned nothing and forgotten nothing.

The situation of minorities in present-day Hungary is just as bad as it was in the pre-war days. There are, even according to Hungarian statistics, some 142,000 Slovaks in present-day Hungary, but they do not have a single Slovak school. There are a few schools in which a few hours weekly are devoted to Slovak reading and writing, but there is not a single school in which the language of instruction is Slovak. No Slovak newspaper is allowed to appear. No Slovak society is permitted to exist. However, instead of giving the minorities their due the Hungarians are more occupied in writing, in the words of Mr. Deri, that "the position of Hungarians under foreign rule is tragic. The racial and cultural oppression introduced by the Czechs and Rumanians is without precedent in the history of the world." The national minorities in Czecho-Slovakia on the other hand have equal civil and political rights. Members of the national minorities have free entry into the public service under the conditions generally obtaining, free entry to all posts, and right to the free exercise of all trades and professions. As regards the language question, the minorities use their languages freely both in private and in business, as provided for in the Protection of Minorities. Their relations with the public offices are regulated by the Language Law and by the complementary order to that law in such a manner that all members of a minority, in a district which contains at least 20 per cent of its population of that minority, may use their own language not only in the courts of justice but in all public offices. In districts in which the proportion does not reach 20 per cent the Ameliorations to the Language Decrees insure that no disadvantage shall accrue to a person for ignorance of the official language. The statistics of the number of schools in the school year 1925 show that out of 14,017 national schools 9,226 were Czecho-Slovak, 459 Ruthenian, 3,339 German, 814 Hungarian, 85 Polish, etc. Of 101,859 children of Hungarian speech 91,032 could go to Hungarian schools and 5,275 to mixed.

Newark, New Jersey, June 5 Joseph S. Roucek

Correction

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: James Rorty, in a letter published in your paper June 12, corrects himself as to his first list of poetry magazines in America, but still seems unable to correct accurately. I have heard of Harriet Monroe's magazine *Poetry,* and Harold Vinal's magazine *Voices,* but Harold Monroe's magazine *Voices* is quite unknown to me. *Voices* is edited by Harold Vinal, and is one of the oldest poetry magazines.

Another thing: *Driftwood from the North Hills* is not essentially a poetry magazine since it contains a good deal of prose. It is a magazine for Vermont by Vermonters with a sprinkling of writers from New Hampshire and Maine.

New York, June 8 Vrest Orton

Friends of Gandhi

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Anyone interested in Gandhi may have the use of Indian newspapers and magazines free of any expense or obligation by getting in touch with the undersigned.

New York, June 13 Paul D. Elliott,
P. O. Box 26, New York City

The Nation Radio Hour—Every Monday at 8 P. M.
526M.—WMCA—570K.
July 15—Mr. Mussey
July 22—Mr. Blanshard

Contributors to This Issue

Victor S. Yarros is on the staff of the Chicago *Daily News.*

Somerset Logan has been an actor, writer, and director on the West coast for many years.

Charles Morrow Wilson is assistant editor of *All's Well,* published in Fayetteville, Arkansas, by Charles J. Finger.

Irwin Edman is assistant professor of philosophy at Columbia University.

Clifton P. Fadiman is head of the editorial department of Simon and Schuster.

Eliseo Vivas was formerly in the department of philosophy at the University of Wisconsin.

James B. Wharton is the author of "Squad."

Kate Holladay Claghorn is on the staff of the New York School of Social Work and author of "The Immigrant's Day in Court."

William Gruen is in the department of philosophy at the College of the City of New York.

Thomas Caldecot Chubb is on the staff of the New York *Times* and is a frequent contributor to various magazines.

William MacDonald is a regular contributor of historical and political reviews to *The Nation.*

Carleton Beals, who contributed a series of articles —With Sandino in Nicaragua—to *The Nation,* has just left Spain.

Books

Lines from an Ungallant Lover

By IRWIN EDMAN

You know, and knowing, dear, it stings
That I can think of other things;
You will not have a lover who
Is not obsessed by you, by you!
Whose cool continuance makes plain
He is no quite bemuséd swain.

Oh, I could lightly improvise
And cloud you with enraptured lies,
But still, though dazzled by your being,
My eyes do other kinds of seeing.

Then take me as I am, or grieve
That that is all there is to leave.
But think not, loving you, I could
Address you as my central good,
Or tell you (even though your name
Is music and remembered flame)
That your small star could ever be
The sun in my astronomy.

Or should I lie? And would you cherish
What then were left of me to perish?

A Creator of Myths

The Prince or Somebody. By Louis Golding. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

THUS far in his American literary career Mr. Golding has paid the price of his refusal to simplify himself. He has not received one tithe the recognition to which his brilliant talents entitle him—and largely because he has not taught his public what to expect of him. He is not "good for" anything, in the sense that Mr. Walpole is "good for" serene and elegant pictures of the English upper classes or Mr. Huxley for an annual dose of ironic futilism. Mr. Golding must be the despair of his publisher, for he obstinately declines to be placed. His quiver is full of arrows: he has written some of the most sensitive and vigorous travel sketches in recent years; he was capable in "Day of Atonement" of sounding a genuine note of deep racial tragedy; in "The Miracle Boy" mysticism and grotesquerie are beautifully and originally blended; "Store of Ladies" was a smart piece of comic writing that leads one to believe Mr. Golding quite capable of putting Frederick Lonsdale in the shade, should he choose to devote himself to the stage; and now comes "The Prince or Somebody" which, while it could have been written by no one except Louis Golding, could, nevertheless, never have been even vaguely predicated from his previous books.

With all this sparkling versatility, there is nothing about him of the playboy, the gifted amateur. He is one of the most serious and responsible of living English novelists, a fact which has been obscured by the circumstance that he rarely touches on themes in the public eye, themes which are "significant" in the H. G. Wells manner, which can be reduced to some rememberable formula, some two lines of gibberish for the inane mouths of diners-out and ladies' clubbers. He is, in a minor way, a creator of myths; each of his tales has something in it of the legendary. It is touched with a fantasy, a strangeness which produces an indescribable and (queerly enough, in our day) a palatable romanticism. He is one of the few important writers of fiction who does not see modern life in terms of movements, tendencies, social crystallizations, problems, but in terms of extraordinary people and extraordinary happenings. Does this sound too simple and obvious a statement? Look about you; consider some of our most prominent writers—Huxley, Bromfield, Rolvaag. Distinguished as they are, there is one factor common to all of them which circumscribes their work: they all start from, or are obsessed by, a "theme," whether it be the decay of the intellectual class in England, the dominance of women in America, or the problem of the adaptation to pioneering conditions of the Scandinavian peasant. No matter how intelligently and humanly and concretely the theme is developed, one always feels it is a check-rein upon the writer's imagination. He is a slave to a viewpoint.

Mr. Golding has no viewpoint, no specialty, unless it be colorful and startling people. His novels are, in the best sense of the word, non-intellectual. This does not mean that they are shallow but that their motive power is furnished by the exploration of a personality rather than by the presentment of an idea. The personality may be so strangely situated and composed (as Rurikoff is in "The Prince or Somebody") that he sets in motion a train of circumstances of great emotional implication. Mr. Golding is a master of colorful farce, of grotesque incident; but his tales always travel beyond the farce and the grotesquerie.

I have said very little about the specific virtues of "The Prince or Somebody." That is partly because, as has already been remarked, one cannot sum up a novel by Louis Golding; and partly because I am more interested in getting people to read him generally than I am in trying to analyze any particular book of his. It would mean very little if I were to tell you that "The Prince or Somebody" is concerned with a darkly handsome Muscovite prince (he might also have been the son of an Italian-Swiss waiter from Soho) who loves his wife so much that he takes pot-shots at her on all possible occasions; and with the equally eccentric and even more beautiful Merryl whose love for her Prince is by no means diminished by these Mexican tactics. The mere story of "The Prince or Somebody" (perhaps just a trifle long-drawn-out) sounds like a mad extravaganza. Actually it is a brilliant piece of comedy of permanent value. The Rurikoffs are prevented from being merely gorgeous caricatures by being seen through the sympathetic, if basically conventional temperament of Ben Wain, a nice young Englishman. They are given another dimension, as it were; their escapades and tribulations are given a certain depth because Ben Wain can never, at any moment, quite make up his mind whether he is witnessing a comedy or a tragedy. Neither can the reader; and there lies the peculiar fascination of this most original book. For, by some magic, we are gently led away from our first testy conviction that Merryl and Fyodor are simply eccentric idiots, to a persuasion that they are that—and far more; that they are, in fact, mysteries—mysteries which happen to express themselves in apparent farce comedy rather than in ritual and miracle.

All of which is a remarkably confused appreciation of Mr. Golding's best book to date. It will have accomplished its task if it has succeeded in pointing out that he is doing something which no other British or American novelist is doing; that his work has an independent and incalculable quality, a flavor underived and untransmittable.

CLIFTON P. FADIMAN

Rabelais

Rabelais. By Anatole France. Translated and with an Introduction by Ernest Boyd. Henry Holt and Company. $5.

THE reaction which started sometime ago against Anatole France may have gone too far, but it is not altogether unjustified. The writer of "Penguin Island" could often be as superficial and innocuous as a meretricious peddler of popular inanities. The present book will convince any one who still doubts this truth. France calls it elementary scribbling, and though one does not want to agree with him, since his name commands respect, one is forced to. It would be difficult for any one who has crossed the threshold into Rabelais's world to write as superficially and ineffectually as he has done. There are, it is true, extenuating circumstances: France wrote the book originally as a series of lectures, expecting to deliver them to a highly fashionable audience in Buenos Aires. But a real thinker, no matter how superficial he wishes to be, should at least let out a ring, even if a muffled one, of his true temper. No echoes of that ring are overheard in this volume.

It is a pity, since here was an opportunity for France to show what kind of adventure he was capable of in the mansion of one of the greatest of the masters. The adventure he encountered was an altogether commonplace one: he brought to it his wide reading and his clever pen; but he left all else behind. And it is a further pity because with the exception of a short passage in one of Ellis's volumes of "Impressions and Comments" little else has been written, as far as the writer knows, to fix Rabelais's importance and estimate his significance. Historical studies there are in abundance, and no end of philological research—the sort of work which goes under the name of scholarship but which merely indicates dearth of critical imagination. There are also apologetic appreciations of what is deemed a wisdom regrettably scattered through inexcusable coarseness. But a criticism which would extricate out of his pleasantries the meaning of his activity—where is it to be found?

The satirist is a bundle of contradictions. He acknowledges reverence to the ideal, yet has a profound sense of its futility. Piety he possesses, but also irreverence. If he had no piety toward the ideal he would not laugh at the bungling way in which men seek to approach it. If he were devoid of irreverence, he would seek it single-mindedly, like Spinoza or Plato, nor could reality turn him from its contemplation in order to attend to the meanness and sham of the world. So that if his laughter contains an element of hostility and no small measure of forced indifference and scorn, it also contains pity and love. From this psychological knot of contradictions the satirist seeks relief. And the relief or catharsis which he seeks more or less consciously is achieved by breaking up the world's values through the prism of his criticism, and by stifling his natural piety, thus achieving a purer kind of freedom than the religious man ever attains. The pious man's reverential attitude comes naturally; it is the almost instinctive essence of prayer. The attitude of the satirist does not. It is the result of a painful attempt to look at the sham and bungling in human aspirations. He has not only seen the actual worth of ideals but has somehow managed to get himself beyond their claim.

In Rabelais the spirit of the satirist finds outlet in its purest form; so purely indeed, that it has been confused too often with buffoonery and mere coarseness. Whatever piety was in the man was rigorously suppressed, to find inverted release in coarse mockery—a form of catharsis to which the satirist has recourse. Cervantes was a disinherited satirist; he saw the world through eyes which contemplated at the same time a dream of personal success of which he was certain he had been cheated while less worthy men than himself had achieved it. Swift was a distempered moralist. But Rabelais "belonged"; he had it in his power to enjoy and possess the world he mocked; nor did he lose his temper because men are either hypocritical scoundrels or helpless sheep. His final judgment, indeed, is that they are neither, but just unroariously funny. His judgment of the world thus acquired added value. He was loyal to the ideal, but he also had to be loyal to his stern vision of reality. Hence he could only laugh, if he was to remain faithful to both. For him to have yielded to his pious strain would have been fatal; it would have meant the loss of the freedom which he had gained at the price of stern self-discipline.

ELISEO VIVAS

War from the Front

A Fatalist at War. By Rudolf Binding. Translated from the German by Ian F. D. Morrow. Houghton Mifflin Company. $3.75.

Private Suhren. The Story of a German Rifleman. By Georg von der Vring. Translated by Fred Hall. Harper and Brothers. $2.50.

Undertones of War. By Edmund Blunden. Doubleday, Doran and Company. $3.50.

Als Mariner im Krieg. Von Joachim Ringelnatz. Berlin: Ernst Rowohlt Verlag. M. 8.50.

WAR is a great emotional experience with a vivid dramatic content. And so, as is the case with love, it is often used by those who have chanced to experience it as an inspiration for a work of art. Yet, of itself, war, like love, cannot be recreated into a work of art without the leaven of artistry. That is my explanation of why "Private Suhren," a translation from the German; "Undertones of War," by an Englishman; and "Als Mariner im Krieg," published in German, fail to make any great appeal to me. "Private Suhren," a story of a private German soldier and his squad, contains an engaging whimsicality. It is so wholly subjective, however, that it has slight value as a war book, and its subjectivity is so trivial as to give it scant value as a general, or psychologic, novel. "Undertones of War" is presented in sketches which, toward the end of the volume, become verse. The sketches are typical of the English attitude of superficial casualness toward the war. That may be a way to undergo the ordeal of war, but not to create literature. If war is a great emotional experience—which I have never yet heard successfully denied—then why not treat it as just that; else not at all. In war, of all things, let a spade be a spade. Too much restraint is not to my liking. Mr. Blunden's verse strikes me as bad. It does not belong in my category of true poetry. My original thesis was inspired by "Als Mariner im Krieg." It is the wandering tale of a German writer who becomes a sailor and naval officer during the war.

"A Fatalist at War," however, is something else. It is the diary of a keen observer, a sensitive and intelligent individualist. As a war diary, with a stalwart thread of philosophy carried throughout, it impresses me as a superb book. It is the kind of note-book out of which a "Case of Sergeant Grischa" might be written. It contains a similar sweep in point of view, in sympathy and fatalism.

The author, Rudolf Binding, according to the jacket of the volume, was born at Basel, Switzerland, in 1867. Thus, when the war was declared, he was an adult, not only in years, but, as is obvious from his diary, an adult in intelligence. His notes commence with the autumn of 1914 and continue until after the armistice. The author began the war as commander of a squadron of cavalry and ended, apparently, as remount

officer for a German combat division. From his position as a mature, intelligent individualist behind the front—yet not too far behind—he watched and studied and thought about the war. The results he put down, very simply, carefully, and with literary ability, producing a study—almost a history—of the war from the point of view of the Central Empires.

Although never a defeatist, Herr Binding shows that he had few illusions about the war. Until nearly the end he was eager for and hopeful of victory, yet fully aware of the consequences of war and skeptical of war as a means to an end. As the war progressed and retrogressed he saw clearly the damage it was causing all combatants, and, toward the end, foresaw Germany's defeat. He picked out the weaknesses and errors of his country and his countrymen. Deftly he tells of these troubles: lack of organization and materials; failure of those at home to support the men at the front; the petty greed of officers—and chaplains!—for decorations; the weakness at the top, in the Supreme War Lord and among the members of his family. Many of those qualities which are brought out so finely by Arnold Zweig in "The Case of Sergeant Grischa" are here mentioned in daily notes.

The diary defies classification. It is almost as likely, it seems to me, to appeal to the militarist as to the pacifist. In that, largely, lies what I feel justified in calling its greatness, or better, perhaps, its tone of greatness. The intelligence and individualism of the author make for greatness of spirit. A patriot, and apparently favored by birth, he criticizes his country and his own class when he feels its members to be wrong, yet never leans over on the other side toward a sloppy, sentimental, sociologic sympathy with the common soldier. He seems to see the strength and weakness of all.

The diary contains numerous notes contradictory to the general view of Germany during the war which was held by those beyond the German borders. Chief among these is a sense of liberality which Herr Binding reveals. For example, often he speaks of putting certain criticism of his superiors in his correspondence in the hope that the letters would be intercepted and thus the criticism come to the attention of those concerned. Did officers of the Allied armies dare do that?

Herr Binding's remedy for war, presented satirically, yet with a vein of seriousness, on page 217, under date of April 4, 1918, apropos of a certain area on the Somme which had been fought over again and again, seems worthy of quotation: "This area ought to remain as it is. No road, no well, no settlement ought to be made there, and every ruler, leading statesman, or president of a republic ought to be brought to see it instead of swearing an oath on the constitution, henceforth and forever. Then there would be no more wars."

The only error of judgment found by me among the notes is the following: On May 3, 1918, Herr Binding reproaches the French for their extensive use of supposedly authentic photographs depicting certain German atrocities. He declares that neither Germany, England, nor the Scandinavian countries would lower themselves to this form of fighting. I must take exception to Herr Binding on this point. During my own war experience, while serving as a battalion intelligence officer with a combat division of the American army, it was my duty to collect and send back any papers of military importance found on the bodies of dead Germans. Among these were a series of luridly colored picture post cards showing German prisoners feeding blast furnaces or open hearths. French soldiers, as guards, were whipping on the naked Germans to their task. These cards, of course, were propaganda put out by the Germans to prevent desertion to the French. They seem to me in precisely the same category as the photographs mentioned by Herr Binding.

"A Fatalist at War" I class with Barbellion's "Journal of a Disappointed Man."

JAMES B. WHARTON

Births and Deaths in Western Europe

The Balance of Births and Deaths. Volume I: Western and Northern Europe. By Robert R. Kuczynski. The Macmillan Company. $2.

IS population increasing too rapidly? Are there too many human beings in the world? Many people think so, and decide that something must be done about it. As a result, proposals of far-reaching and imperfectly understood social consequences: restriction of immigration, colonization—with the attendant warfare to retain colonies and guardianship of the "inferior" races within them—and birth control. What are the facts back of this assumption? Few take the trouble to inquire carefully. This would involve a study of vital statistics, and statistics of any description are considered both dull and incomprehensible.

Here is a book, however, which gives us facts about population changes through a presentation of statistical material so clear, so simple, and so interesting that any reader, learned or unlearned, can understand and enjoy it. The present volume is the first of a series, and deals only with Northern and Western Europe. According to this study the population of this part of Europe has, as a matter of fact, been steadily increasing in numbers since the middle of the nineteenth century, notwithstanding a birth-rate steadily declining since the beginning of the twentieth century. A declining death-rate has so far kept pace with the declining birth-rate and in 1926 the number of births exceeded the number of deaths by 48 per cent.

But that is not the whole story. The birth-rate is calculated on the basis of the entire population, men, women, and children, the young and the old. But who actually bear the children counted in the birth-rate? The women of child-bearing age. It is their rate of production, then, that is the true measure of natural increase. To maintain the level of population, one generation of parents must replace itself by an equal number of offspring who will live as long as the parents did. Or, since the women of child-bearing age are the actual producers of children, the group of child-bearing women of one generation must replace itself by an equal-sized group of women in the next generation. Computing the fertility rate of 1926, Dr. Kuczynski finds that for the group of child-bearing women of that year the number of girls born to each woman was 1.12—a slight surplus over the replacement number. But some of these newly born girls will die before they reach the ages that will replace the maternal group. Making the necessary computations for expectation of life of the newly born at the mortality rate of 1926, Dr. Kuczynski finds that while 100 mothers gave birth to 112 girl babies, only 93 of these babies would survive to replace the mothers. Should the fertility and mortality of 1926 continue unchanged, the population of Northern and Western Europe is bound to die out. Only an increase in fertility or a decrease in mortality can change this trend. Dr. Kuczynski points out that little further reduction in mortality up to the end of the child-bearing age can be expected, so much has already been accomplished. The only remaining possibility is an increase in the fertility rate.

Dr. Kuczysnki resolutely refrains from telling us what we ought to do about this state of things. In this study he simply gives us the facts upon which we can frame any policy that appeals to us. Those who are laboring to provide for an excessive population, or are trying to reduce its numbers, may be encouraged to slacken their efforts in the confidence that nature (human or otherwise) is already taking care of the matter; those who deplore the shrinkage, can proceed vigorously with propaganda for the large family.

A second volume dealing with Southern and Eastern Europe, and with Africa and Asia, is scheduled to appear, and a study of North and South America will follow. We shall look with interest for these studies, to see how far the results differ in different parts of the world.

KATE HOLLADAY CLAGHORN

A Sentimental Sage

The Mansions of Philosophy. By Will Durant. Simon and Schuster. $5.

OUR modern Diogenes Laertius has forsaken anecdotal biography and turned a cordial and very sentimental sage. Like his ancient prototype, Durant has a shrewd sense of news values in philosophy which, while restricting his thought to superficial and less comprehensive regions, informs his essays with a lively enthusiasm and strong contrasts. His latest book is not without some trenchant criticism. A light humor relieves the frequent retrospective excursions over the field of philosophical literature and the book is given some unity by its recurrent thesis—if we must attribute a thesis to so genial a volume—that "philosophy is total perspective."

There is nothing either original or profound in this book. It is distinguished by Dr. Durant's epigrams and the art he has exploited so well of combining philosophical chaff with an appearance of depth and wisdom. In his two dialogues on history and religion Durant is a compiler and is at his best. He writes with such evident sincerity and zeal that one hesitates before the unkind but easy task of exposing his graceful sciolism. If he could be more modest in his pretensions one could accept and admire his work as an example of exceedingly witty and skilful journalism. But his naive and arrogant criticism of modern philosophy provokes closer reading which reveals his book largely as clever gesture and bombast.

Dr. Durant asserts that modern philosophers have forgotten Life. They "have been the slaves of mathematicians and physicists" and where they were not trivial they were unintelligible. In the obscurity of this philosophical wilderness our author's voice announces a gospel of clarity. And an astonished world wonders why philosophers have not learned to use Durant's lucid language and to write with such engaging glibness about "the directive unity, the creative resourcefulness, and the magnificent spontaneity of life." We learn that we can be free and enjoy the breezy caprice of life, for Durant has dispelled the oppressive fogs of determinism. Who would still adhere to that sinister doctrine after being told that "there was something cowardly in mechanism, with its shifting of guilt to heredity and society"?

Durant is a harsh critic of science as well as philosophy. "Biology is at a standstill. . . ." Life eludes that biology which seeks experimentally to discover the principles of genetics and organic reactions; biology must, in fact, break the shackles of instruments and its recent quantitative technique and when it "is freed of the dead hand of the mechanistic method it will come out of the laboratory into the world. . . ."

Here is a thinker who is quick, genial, and literary. Let no pedant spoil the blithe simplicity of his thought by suggesting that life is "creative" only in so far as it is determined; that mechanism is the essential feature of all control and purposeful, deliberate action; that if life and mind were not preponderantly mechanical, education and adaptation would be impossible. Let those who fear life retire into the "ivory tower of esoteric tomes." The free spirits can walk with Durant through the airy halls of his Mansions made pleasant by the spicy aroma of a philosophy of cosmetics and short skirts. Besides reading some excellent dialogues on history and religion

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WILLIAM GRUEN

Concerning Narrative Verse

The Fate of the Jury. By Edgar Lee Masters. D. Appleton and Company. $2.50.

Pheidias. By John Galen Howard. The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

AFTER a period during which a long poem was anathema to any publisher, we have recently, here in America, come upon a millennium for writers of stories in verse. Although Frost, Lindsay, Masters, and even Robinson had, for some years before this epoch, been writing narratives in verse, it was not until the advent of "Tristram" that publishers were convinced of their sales value. Jeffers, in his restricted and more complicated manner, was at the same time compelling attention toward dramatic narrative in poetry, and Stephen Vincent Benét and the Book-of-the-Month Club brought the whole matter to focus. The vogue grew, and every poet, foregoing lyric, turned his attention toward story-telling.

Since blank verse was seemingly the simplest medium, it became the accepted technique, with the result that a great deal of very bad blank verse is today on the market. There is, it seems, a discrepancy between this verse form and the kind of tale which must be told by the modern narrator. The discrepancy began with Browning. Blank verse, relaxed and unrhetorical, ceased after the nineteenth century to be blank verse at all, and became merely iambic pentameter. Modern verse writers using realistic plots, commonplace language, involved and subtle motivations, intellectual rather than emotional interpretations of life, cannot write blank verse with any excellency. Indeed, since the Elizabethan period of rhetorical and romantic drama and that period of deep religious conviction which led inevitably to Milton and to his epic, the sublimity of style and the perfect pitch of blank verse has gradually been forgotten. Although other great poets have made use of the form, it has never been quite so akin to the subject matter as it was in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Today the modern feeling is for a rhetoric such as Hart Crane's, a flare on the mountain peaks after a long climb through verbal underbrush, and gropingly through conquered darkness. It is not for the sustained and sublime oratorio of a Milton.

The turn toward story in verse is, indeed, not a turn toward verse at all. It is merely the universal and popular inclination toward a good tale, toward action in any form, not even widely divorced from the interest in the detective story. The alert publishers began exploiting the market thus created. Long narrative poems appeared on every side. And Edgar Lee Masters who had enjoyed fame when "Spoon River" fed his Main Street-hungry readers, and whose "Domesday Book" had appeared just a bit too early for the renaissance of narrative, wrote and published "The Fate of the Jury."

This volume carries on the Masters tradition of a writer more lawyer, psychologist, and story-teller than poet. A disciple of Browning, Masters has been using the dramatic monologue, and "Domesday Book" was patterned on "The Ring and the Book." In "The Fate of the Jury" we have the story continued. Each of the jurors listening to and judging the interwoven details concerning Elenor Murry's death, agrees to divulge his own spiritual history. The story of Merival, the coroner, takes up most space. His is the inquiring mind. To him in death-bed conversation or in posthumous letters come the histories of all the jurors in the case. Meantime his own story (a story pointedly like William Ellery Leonard's "Two Lives") is unfolding. He marries a woman who he knows will be the victim of inherited insanity. He marries her because of his belief (which is Masters's own theme announced by Lucinda Matlock in "Spoon River") that love and the acceptance of love and life, whatever be the dangers, are better than inaction—a philosophy not at all dissimilar to Browning's, although it is here given more modern and more morbid illustration.

"The Fate of the Jury" is interesting reading, an intricate weaving of tale into tale, an account of lesbianism, masochism, and duplicity such as Jeffers himself might, very differently, have used. The blank verse is the best Masters has ever written, and he has denied himself the long passages of personal philosophy which weighted his earlier stories. His touch, which has always been too heavy, is lighter in this poem, and "The Fate of the Jury" is, therefore, a better narrative than "Domesday Book." Whether or not it is a better poem would be more difficult to decide.

"Pheidias," the story of the great sculptor's life, of his training as a Greek, of his early and natural love for an intelligent woman, of his labor at Delphi and Olympia, and of his conviction on grounds of heresy, is based on authentic and careful research and is fairly well told. Greek education, Greek love, Greek art, however, have been material time and again, for much more beautiful prose than this is poetry. Mr. Howard adds nothing to the dramatic value of his account; his rhythms are undistinguished. The honey-sweet glow of pastoral Greek life is much better conveyed in H. D.'s short lyrics. His story might be more moving if the protagonist were not so certain of fame. But Mr. Howard could not alter facts, and he was not capable of building character convincing in its passions and its weaknesses. Pheidias is a book to be read by those who enjoy fictional biography, not by those seeking perfection of verse-form, or re-created wonder.

EDA LOU WALTON

History Briefs

1918-1928. A Short History of the World. By C. Delisle Burns. Payson & Clarke. $3.50.

Mr. Burns's book has several features which give it distinction among the rapidly growing number of brief manuals of its kind. Instead of looking at the decade since the armistice as a species of indivisible whole and treating its events in a more or less strict chronological order, Mr. Burns first distinguishes a period of transition from war to peace, then examines "the new system at work," and concludes with a survey of new issues, principally in Islam, Africa, and Asia. The subject-matter of the transition period is, of course, mainly political, but the nature of the second period gives Mr. Burns an opportunity to work into the narrative an unusual amount of well-selected economic information. The relegation of the war-debt settlements to a meager summary in a small-type note at the end of a chapter, on the other hand, seems an anomaly. The survey of new issues emphasizes the fact that, for Asia at least, the future will be concerned not merely, and perhaps not largely, with political or other relations between the East and the West, but rather with the rapid absorption by the East of such elements of European civilization as it can adapt to its own needs while retaining its cultural individuality. Space does not allow Mr. Burns to linger long anywhere, and it is apparently a part of his historical method to mix a good deal of comment and reflection with his narrative, but what he says is sensible and his attitude impartial, and the hopeful tone with which he ends ought to encourage those who believe that de-

mocracy and the common man will somehow extricate themselves from the present welter and come fully into their own. The usefulness of the book is materially enhanced by a chronological table of events, a short list of skeleton biographies, and some sketch maps.

A History of European Diplomacy, 1451-1789. By R. B. Mowat. Longmans, Green and Company. $6.

Professor Mowat has already published three volumes on the history of European diplomacy from 1789 to the present time, and he now completes his task with a survey of the more difficult and less well-known period from the middle of the fifteenth century, when diplomacy, in the modern sense, may be said to begin, to the close of the old regime. For those who want a readable and orderly narrative, closely packed with well-chosen facts, the book should prove eminently acceptable. Unfortunately for such as prefer to have history presented to them without theoretical accompaniments, Professor Mowat appears to be so confirmed a champion of peace as to be able, at times, to discern peace pretty far in the offing. Not all of those who use his book will be likely to agree with him that diplomacy "began as a means by which each sovereign aimed at preventing aggression from his neighbors," or that it became "ultimately, on the whole, from about the middle of the seventeenth cenntury, and without putting off its national attachments, an international agency for avoiding wars, or for localizing or concluding them after they had begun." Occasionally, too, Professor Mowat seems to contradict himself in his generalizations, as when he remarks (page 225), apropos of Walpole's war of 1740, that the public, "subject to intense excitement at times of crisis . . . frequently compels the responsible ruler or minister to take steps to which his better judgment is consistently opposed," and yet presently declares (page 248) that "in those far-off eighteenth-century days public opinion had not much influence upon the making of wars, although when aroused by victory or defeat it could vitally influence the question of continuing or ending a war." Happily for the reader, such generalizations are not many, and the narrative of facts is always at hand as a corrective.

An Hour of American History. From Columbus to Coolidge. By Samuel Eliot Morison. J. B. Lippincott Company. $1.

Anyone who is really concerned about the future of American culture may well pause before a "one-hour" series of books intended to meet "the insistent demand for a brief, authoritative survey of each of the outstanding fields of art, science, and social endeavor." If history, psychology, art, drama, health, poetry, motion pictures, music, and fiction (to mention only the titles announced or in prospect) are to be reduced to the dimensions of little manuals each of which can be read in hardly more time than union rules allow for luncheon, the volume of intellectual small change that passes for knowledge seems likely to be greatly increased. It must be said for Professor Morison that, given the limitations that have been imposed, he has discharged his task extremely well as far as selection of data is concerned. The pace is as breathless as that of a three-weeks' personally conducted tour of the capitals and show-spots of Europe, but what is exhibited is important, the chronological proportions are good, and some sound criticism and useful interpretation are mixed with the narrative. It is to be regretted that Professor Morison, who can, and in this instance often does, write exceptionally well, should allow himself at times to descend to slapdash and stud his pages with inelegancies which are out of place even in popular writing. The sharp contrast in literary quality which his pages show is a blemish upon what is otherwise a remarkably successful piece of summarization.

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International Relations Section

*Modern Spain**

IV. Official Corruption

By CARLETON BEALS

Madrid, June 24

EX-PREMIER SÁNCHEZ GUERRA, in his harangue to the soldiers in the barracks of Valencia the night before the proposed uprising of the artillery corps last January, declared that every one of the twenty-one Cabinet Ministers prior to those of the present regime, without exception, had died poor. The only member of the Dictatorship who has died, the Duke of Tetuán, went into office a pauper but died a millionaire.

The name of the Duke of Tetuán is a byword for the personal favoritism which has enriched the hangers-on of the present regime in Spain, through a type of concession styled by the public as "Filipinas" in bitter memory of the graft-ridden colonial administration of the Philippine Islands. Part of the fortune of the Duke of Tetuán was acquired through a concession permitting the exploitation of the Falls of Alberche for light and power. On June 25, 1926, according to the official *Gaceta,* perpetual rights were conceded over portions of the Alberche River to the Iberic Metallurgical Electric Company. The state gave outright to the new concern 50 per cent of the proposed cost of construction; 5 per cent more for overhead; and of the remaining 45 per cent, put up 40 per cent for twenty years at 3 per cent interest. Yet the Government has no control over the company. In other words, the company organized by the then Minister of War, the Duke of Tetuán, was obliged to provide only 5 per cent of the whole cost of the enterprise. The board of directors was formed by the Duke and a close friend, José Soto Reguera, and other favorites. On December 11, 1926, the concession was transferred by royal decree to the Company of the Falls of Alberche, presided over by Reguera, and was promptly sold to a Swiss concern.

The critics of the regime point to many other ruined aristocrats who have been given concessions or monopolies intrinsically of enormous value, yet the investment cost of which has been borne almost entirely by the Government.

Some concessions border on the ludicrous. For instance, the monopoly of de-ratting—that is, of killing rats and disinfecting all Spain and all boats in her harbors—was given to Martínez Baldrich, son of the Minister of the Interior. In other words, if an establishment discovers rats on the premises, it must permit the son of the Minister of the Interior to do the killing at the price he ordains; or if sickness in a home has led to need for fumigation, the son of the Minister of the Interior will see that the premises are made livable again, at the price he ordains. The customary process is for the sanitary authorities to appear in an establishment and levy a stiff fine. On their heels come the agents of the monopoly, offering their services at so much a square meter.

More serious are monopolies which strike at the vital development of the nation. The Decree of July 5, 1924, granted exclusive right to transport freight and passengers by mechanical means over all the public highways of Spain, an undertaking in which the Minister of Labor, Eduardo Aunós, was personally interested. Critics of the regime charge that this deal involved the transfer of a million pesetas. If this decree had remained in force the people of Spain, in order to avoid being mulcted, would have had to revert entirely to the use of burros. Such a storm was raised that it was revoked; and on July 28, 1928, special concessions for twenty-five years were given to Carlos Benjumea, brother of the Minister of Fomento, Count Guadalhorce, for autobus and transportation lines between Madrid and Valencia, Madrid and Irún, Oviedo and Guijón, with annual subsidies of 2,000,000, 3,000,000 and 250,000 pesetas, respectively.

The regime declares that it has seriously set to work to solve the agrarian problem. But the area involved does not exceed 30,000 hectares; aid is given to less than 3,000 *colonos,* who are privileged to buy land at exorbitant rates on long-time payments. In Lerdo, for instance, the land for this purpose was acquired at an elevated price from the friends of the same Minister of Labor, Eduardo Aunós. (It should be noted that there are two civilians in the government of Primo de Rivera, one of them being Aunós. In the last elections, prior to the Dictatorship, Aunós had the singular honor of being thrown out of the Chamber for fraud in securing his seat.)

Serious, too, was the granting in February of this year of a monopoly over all air transportation, with a subsidy of four pesetas per kilometer, to the Casa Loring, the president of which is General Sanjurjo, Minister of War. The rival bid, which was not accepted, involved a subsidy of only 1.60 pesetas.

One of the proud boasts of the Dictator is road-building. Yet this work was, for a time, practically paralyzed for lack of cement. The Minister of Fomento, Guadalhorce, was owner of a cement factory. Hence heavy duties were put on importation, other factories were shut out of government contracts, and the founding of new factories was forbidden. The situation became so notorious that the duties were finally lightened, and the Minister formed a consortium of other cement producers to share in the spoils. But the right to authorize new factories still remains arbitrarily in his hands.

Other important concessions for the development of light and power contain similar clauses allowing the state to hold the sack for private interests. One on the Ebro River benefits the Confederación Sindical Hidrográfica del Ebro (Royal Order, March 5, 1926), already notorious for the graft involved. The falls of the Carrión River were turned over to the Unión Española de Explosivos (Law Decree, June 26, 1926); the falls of the Duero River to the Sociedad Hispano-Portugesa de Transportes Electricos (presided over by Horacio Echaverrieta, the Bilboa millionaire who arranged the 4,000,000 peseta ransom of the Spanish prisoners taken by Abd-el-Krim in 1921). This concession, potentially capable of supplying nearly all Spain with light and power, has passed into the control of the General Electric Company. The Pántano de la Toba (Decree, April 3, 1927) was granted to the Eléctrica de Castilla, in which the Urquijo bank and Ruíz Senén, *apoderado* for the Jesuits, are interested. The Canal of Heranes, the Pántano of Palmares

* This is the fourth and last of a series of articles on Spain by Carleton Beals.

(Decree, April 5, 1927), and numerous others might be mentioned.

Spain has long had a tobacco monopoly, importation and sale being farmed out to a private company. Nowhere in the world is the price for unsmokable tobacco so high as in Spain. A new monopoly was created in August, 1927, for the benefit of Juan March, another favorite, for the sum of 1,333,000 pesetas, without calling for bids. Critics say that this concession was worth at least 3,000,000 pesetas.

Primo de Rivera copied the earlier tobacco monopoly in his new petroleum monopoly. Gasoline and lubricants as a result are more costly and of inferior quality. Captain Roma, on his South American flight, complained of the poor quality of his fuel. Spanish war vessels and aeroplanes are now obliged to import gasoline, for the product refined in the country is quite unserviceable. The new petroleum monopoly has benefited, among others, a group of Spanish banks, Juan Domine, personal representative of the Dictator, Juan March, Ruíz Senén, representing the Jesuits, and Calvo Sotelo, Minister of Finance. The personnel of the monopoly is crowded with army officers and favorites of the Dictator, all of whom draw fat salaries. The past two managers of the monopoly, Ernesto Anastasio and Carlos Resines, resigned rather than submit to the questionable machinations of Domine and the Minister of Finance.

The creation of the petroleum monopoly was high-handed. The Dictator arbitrarily appraised the properties of the companies and took them over. The Spanish companies were obliged to submit without cavil, but the foreign companies protested and are still protesting. As a result Primo has created a series of international difficulties and has burdened the Exchequer with enormous sums still to be paid. The American and English companies largely controlling the world market have boycotted Spain. The country, thus far, irony of ironies, has been largely depending upon Russian oil, but with the new international oil agreement this source may also fail. The Dictator has been scrambling around in the Venezuelan and other fields, trying to secure a supply which cannot be cut off by going into the production end. He boasts of having liberated Spain from the foreign petroleum trusts; but the Spanish people fail to see how they have benefited. An amusing epilogue occurred in this connection. The Spanish gunboat Blas de Lezo went to China to cooperate with the Powers. Subsequently it was unable for a long time to return to Spain, because the American and English companies which had been ousted from Spain refused to provide the necessary oil and lubricants.

Another sinecure is the state cotton commission with an annual budget of 3,700,000 pesetas. The entire cotton crop of Spain is probably not worth more than 40,000 pesetas a year.

The Dictatorship has meant fine pickings for the maritime industry. On December 18, 1923, the *Gaceta* set forth new subventions for various shipping lines, showing a deficit alleged to have been caused by carrying government supplies at reduced rates. These subventions had been twice rejected by Parliament prior to the Dictatorship. But on the accession of Primo de Rivera, the companies presented a petition for reimbursement in the form of a yearly subsidy of 20,000,000 pesetas. The Dictator instead handed them out 75,000,000 pesetas.

Shortly after the Dictator came into power, he appointed a commission to study the railways and reorganize them. As a result, a decree of July 2, 1924, authorized the construction of the connecting line from Ontaneda to Calatayud. In September the concession with a subvention was granted to Guillermo Solms, who on October 9 organized the Santander Mediterranean Company with a capital of 87,500,000 pesetas, i.e., 175,000 shares at 500 pesetas; 105,000 common shares, and 70,000 (35,000,000 pesetas) promotion shares. It is claimed that these promotion shares were handed out in the Royal Palace, and that Infante Don Fernando nonchalantly tossed a packet of them to a famous cabaret dancer.

For the construction of a direct line to Burgos, three bids were offered; but instead of accepting the lowest, the Government, over the protest of the railway commission, gave a portion of the construction work to each bidder at the highest rate, the beneficiary of the deal supposedly being the Infante Don Fernando of Bavaria. In the bids for the line connecting Cuenca and Utiel, again the highest bid was accepted because the Minister of Finance was personally interested. Similar scandals occurred in connection with the Soria-Castejón construction; and noteworthy steals have been consummated in the appraisal of private railways looking toward their absorption by the Dictatorship.

I might go on to detail the graft and favoritism in connection with the new Banco de Crédito Local de España, largely benefiting the gold-dust twins, Dominé and March, and the brother of the Minister of Finance, Calvo Sotelo; the erection of the Palace of the Press, benefiting Echevarrieta and the kept journalists of the regime; the coal mines of Berga; the national torpedo factory, benefiting Echevarrieta; the expositions of Seville and Barcelona and the fomenting of tourist-ism, enabling the sons of the Dictator and the Minister of Interior, Martínez Anido, to waste millions; the conversion of the national debt, resulting in a treasury loss of 300,000,000 pesetas to the benefit of forewarned favorites.

According to official figures broadcast to the public, the Spanish budget has balanced nicely ever since the Dictator took charge. Very simple. All excess is labeled "Extraordinary expenditures" and is never talked about. Hence the Spanish debt has increased from 14,901,106,000 pesetas in 1922, the year before the Dictator took charge, to 19,798,000,000 pesetas at the present time—an increase of approximately five billion pesetas. The Dictatorship is slipping down hill financially at the rate of nearly a billion pesetas a year. This deficit promises to increase even more rapidly.

The monopoly which has made the public most furious has been that to an American telephone company. The original telephone concessions in Spain, the most important of which were in Barcelona, Madrid, and Bilboa, had been granted for thirty-five years. At the end of this period the lines were to pass into the hands of the local government without cost. The thirty-five years were already up in Bilboa, but as the central government was already negotiating with the American company, there ensued a struggle as to whether the local Diputación or Primo should control the lines. A temporary compromise was reached. The American company (Compañia Telefónica Nacional), because the local concerns were soon to pass out of existence, bought up their stock at a song. In Barcelona the companies were owned by the Mancomunidad, the autonomous Catalán federation de-

stroyed by Primo de Rivera. With this destruction the lines passed to the center and were turned over to the American company for a sum roughly equal to six months' profit. The rest of the government interest in various companies, including that of Madrid, was paid for with stock in the new American company. *Le Temps* in a series of articles in November, 1924, pointed out that the American combine had received properties valued at 90,000,000 pesetas for approximately 40,000,000; and that in the deal there was a slicing of an unaccounted 25,000,000 pesetas.

The monopoly provides for no control over rates by the Government and the payment of *no taxes* and no import duties on products brought in. On the other hand, the Government may buy back the company within twenty years for the price invested plus 15 per cent. (In Madrid, the old company would have belonged to the state gratis within a few years.) Each year thereafter the premium percentage decreases 1 per cent. Thus, at the end of thirty-five years, the Government may buy back the company for a sum equivalent to that invested, but 80 per cent of the amount must be paid in gold; and the Government must accept without quibble the valuation as set forth on the company books!

The new C. T. N. (merely a holding company for the powerful American concern) immediately junked the old lines, from tacks to buildings, and installed entirely new equipment throughout all Spain. This equipment has been exclusively supplied by another subsidiary, the Standard Electric Company. From the terms of the concession it is obvious that it is to the interest of the C. T. N. to pay as high a price as possible to the Standard, to water its assets in every conceivable manner. But even if the Government ultimately buys back the C. T. N. it will remain at the mercy of the Standard, which supplies patent automatic telephones and other standard material of American make, and which will be able to charge the prices it sees fit, unless the Government, for its part, again junks the entire system.

Undoubtedly the service in Spain has been improved 1,000 per cent, but at rates which have precipitated conflicts from one end of the country to the other. The Government, by the terms of the monopoly, can do nothing concerning the new rates. In Santander the people declared a boycott of the C. T. N., the Bishop being the first to cut out his telephone. In Bilboa the company established interurban rates for outlying sections of the city. The Mercantile Center, Chamber of Commerce, and all civic organizations formed a protest committee. The Governor ordered the committee to dissolve immediately or go to jail. Strikes against high rates also occurred in Jeréz de la Frontera (Primo's birthplace) and Saragosa (where there are still no telephones). In Burgos, as in Bilboa, the strike committee was arbitrarily dissolved.

At the time of the merger Primo's son was kept on the C. T. N. pay-roll at a salary of 25,000 pesetas. He is now on the pay-roll of the Standard. The "Diplomatic Chief" of the C. T. N. is Señor Garcia Leoniz, a nephew of Primo de Rivera.

Nepotism under the Dictatorship has been rife. But if anything has aroused the ire of the Spanish public, it has been the forced public subscription of 4,500,000 pesetas to build Primo a home. Public employees were arbitrarily obliged to give a day's pay. Business men were instructed to pay amounts arbitrarily fixed by the committee.

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THE LAST LINGERING DOUBT about the character of the farm-relief program must certainly have vanished during the week just past. The board is organized, with eight out of nine members appointed, all of them except Mr. Legge on the recommendation of cooperative groups and farmers, and with all critical guns spiked by publication of the names of the indorsers. The board will have a personnel of more than a hundred men, and the number will be gradually increased. If there has been any doubt about what it is going to do, it surely will endure no longer, for a dispatch to the New York *Times* recently informed a waiting country that President Hoover "gave his views on the necessity of the board proceeding in such a way as to inspire confidence." That is precisely the action our agriculture needs, and it seems strange nobody thought of it before. Mr. Legge at the same time declared that he had never undertaken a job with more hope of being helpful, and that the government's action had already had the psychological effect of encouraging agriculture. "What we farmers must learn," he observed, according to an Associated Press dispatch, "is to do collective thinking to solve our problems." Mr. Legge had no theories for the rehabilitation of agriculture, we are told, but, he said: "We all shall start together from scratch and think collectively." That's right! No theories (which is, being interpreted, ideas), but a little psychology and a good deal of collective thinking, and all will be well with American agriculture. Friends of the Administration are advising the farmers not to expect too much at first, and to give the plan a fair trial. The first half of this advice, at least, is easy to take.

SECRETARY STIMSON ought to feel honored at the attack launched on the Department of State for granting a passport to Dorothy Detzer, executive secretary of the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom. Miss Detzer refused to take the oath of allegiance if by the word "defend" was implied the bearing of arms or the support of war. After balking at first, the officials finally allowed her to take the oath in the form permitted to Roger N. Baldwin in 1926, with the word "defend" omitted. This is an unsatisfactory solution, but one which does credit, none the less, to the intelligence of the State Department. That department, in thus taking liberal ground with reference to pacifist citizens, enrages the professional patriots, who, as indicated by an agonized cry from H. Ralph Burton, attorney for various "vigilant," "intelligent," and otherwise "patriotic" organizations, were hoping to see the lamentable doctrine laid down by the Supreme Court in the Schwimmer case with reference to alien pacifists extended also to the native variety—"no fight, no citizen." Congratulations to the Department of State.

OUR RECENT PREDICTION that the Boulder Dam act would be an empty triumph for the advocates of public ownership seems about to be fulfilled by Secretary Wilbur. Six of the seven States required to sign the Colorado River compact have reached agreement and President Hoover has proclaimed the scheme as in effect, but the erection of publicly owned power plants seems to be as far away as ever. According to the act, which passed Congress after it had been emasculated by pressure from the power lobby, the whole question of private or public ownership of the power plants at Boulder Dam was left to the discretion of the Secretary of the Interior, an abdication of authority by Congress which in the circumstances was astounding. Secretary Wilbur may ask for bids for the use of the water at Boulder Dam, for the power produced by a government plant there, or for the power when transmitted to various points by government lines. Reports from Washington indicate that the "Wilbur plan" is to sell the water directly to private interests and let them produce the power. Thus the taxpayers will finance the construction of the dam and private enterprise will get its most profitable product. The power interests get their reward in a policy which favors private enterprise, and the consumers lose the valuable yardstick which a publicly owned power plant would have provided for measuring the justice of electric rates charged by private companies. Now it can be told what Candidate Hoover meant when he said at Madison Square Garden last October: "No government administration can rightly take chances with taxpayers' money."

THE THOUGHT of one big power trust in the United States does not worry Henry Ford, if we can believe an interview which he gave recently to the *Electrical World*.

> People talk about a power trust [he said]. I only wish that there actually were a power trust, a central directing organization for the development and use of every power source in the country, tied into one national power system for the service of the whole country. . . . It has got to come as the one necessary and economic method of power production. Our national power system will become a unit just as our postal system is.

Probably so, but who is going to control such a trust? And what "central directing organization" is capable of giving service to consumers according to their need, as the postal system is, except the government of the United States? If our postal system had followed the lines of development of the power industry and had become a collection of private monopolies, we would still be paying in postage stamps the interest on the overcapitalization of some Michigan-Wisconsin-Ohio Postal Holding Corporation or the handsome fees of some bold promoters of a national postal merger. And we would have no rural free delivery because that "wouldn't pay" under private ownership. We are as anxious as Henry Ford is for consolidation and efficiency in the power industry, but the whole lesson of consolidations under present methods of ownership and control is that consumers do not get their due share of the gains of amalgamation and that billions of dollars in overvaluation can be saddled upon future generations without the possibility of repudiation. Attorney-General Hamilton Ward of New York has announced that the half-billion-dollar Morgan merger described in *The Nation* of July 3 is above the law as far as present regulating agencies are concerned. If Henry Ford doesn't worry about that it is because he lives in Detroit.

> It is natural and I think perfectly proper for foreign people to bring to our attention what they conceive to be the probable effect of our proposed legislation relative to the tariff. . . . But, in my opinion, the real kick against the House tariff bill is with our own people and not with the people abroad. . . . I do not think that in all the history of tariff legislation there has been such an utter disregard of the pledges of a party as are incorporated in the House tariff bill.

STRONG AND SENSIBLE WORDS these of Senator Borah. Will Rogers remarks that "forty-five nations, including the United States, have objected to the new tariff, but not Reed Smoot." The impressive volume of foreign protest, however, has caused even Senator Smoot to give it irritated attention. In giving out a digest of such protests, the chairman of the Finance Committee stated that they came from only twenty-five countries instead of thirty-eight, as stated in the press, and that many of these were not actual government protests, but private objections forwarded by governments. No matter. The point is all the same. If we won't buy, we can't sell, and these logical if unreasonable foreigners just can't see what the United States as a creditor nation thinks it is doing. The American delegates to the International Chamber of Commerce vainly try to explain to their fellow-industrialists, and it is only with difficulty that the subject is kept off the floor of that gathering. As one of the Europeans said: "So far as we can see, the Americans are going to try simply to put us out of business." It is too nearly true, and economically it is plain lunacy. But the strength of the opposing forces steadily grows, and the situation is by no means hopeless.

A THOUSAND YEARS AGO next summer the Icelandic Parliament met for the first time! In June, 1930, the millennium of the Althing will be celebrated in Iceland by representatives of governments throughout the world. For in the steam and power age in which we live a thousand years is a long time, a period to command reverence and respect, and a governing body that has lasted that long must strike wonder in the hearts of all Occidental peoples. The millennial celebration will take place on the spot where the original Althing was organized—Thingvellir, thirty odd miles from the city of Reykjavik. There, among mountain fastnesses made famous by ancient sagas, the twentieth-century Icelandic "Skalds" will pay tribute to their country. On April 15, last, Representative Burtness of North Dakota proposed a bill by which the United States might accept Iceland's invitation to send delegates to the anniversary celebration, and also might present a statue of Leif Ericson to the Icelanders. The resolution was passed and $50,000 appropriated for the statue, but all reference to Leif Ericson as the discoverer of America was stricken out! This, notwithstanding the fact that the Icelandic sagas record the opening chapters of American history, in the attempted settlements of Vinland; and to an Icelandic mother, Gudrid, it is related, was born the first white child to begin life on the American mainland. But our Congressmen do not credit these ancient beginnings. They once learned the time-honored rhyme, "In fourteen hundred ninety-two Columber sailed the ocean blue," and they are not going to forget it.

UNDOUBTEDLY THERE ARE extenuating reasons, known and unknown, why Ramsay MacDonald and his Labor Government thought it best to deny the right of asylum to Leon Trotzky. The Labor Government has not a majority in Parliament. Such a gesture of tolerance would not be worth the risk of having the MacDonald regime thrown out of office before it had a chance to carry out its program. The question is whether the admission of Trotzky—whose activities in England would be as public as Westminster Abbey—would arouse opposition serious enough to force the Labor Government out. Apparently Mr. MacDonald and his Cabinet think so. But they have no right to complain if some of their supporters—and the opinion of the future—do not agree with them. The traditional principles of Anglo-Saxon liberty clearly demanded the admission of Trotzky to England, and it is especially regrettable that the Labor Party felt itself obliged to take the course which it has followed. The episode arouses the disquieting suspicion that every violation of liberty, if examined closely, might show the marks—which time so inconsiderately dims—of "extenuating cirmcumstances."

ONE OF THE OBSTACLES to the settlement of German reparations at the recent conference in Paris which led to the Young plan was Belgium's claim for compensation for the debasement of its currency by Germany during the World War. During the German occupation

paper marks, which eventually became worthless, were forced upon the country. Germany agreed to pay damages for this injury, but was so far from Belgium in regard to the amount that in order to save the conference from the rocks the Belgians and Germans were induced to settle the question by themselves apart from reparations. With the removal of international support the Belgian claims became more moderate, and delegates from the two countries have just signed an agreement according to which, after ratification by the parliaments of the respective countries, Germany will pay Belgium thirty-seven annuities amounting to some 600,000,000 gold marks (about $144,000,000). The agreement insures Belgium's acceptance of the Young plan, and thus brings that arrangement a step nearer to fulfilment.

LIBERTY, ALAS, seems to have become license in Massachusetts during the days just past. The thirteen copies of Voltaire's "Candide" seized by vigilant customs officers in Boston during May have been released, the Customs Bureau in Washington having decided that the text was not obscene within the meaning of the law. Perhaps we are unjust, however, in suggesting that the vigilance of the moral watchdogs of the Treasury is relaxed; for we note that it is only this particular edition which is given a certificate of purity, and that future importations will be judged on their merits—or demerits. Even if the Treasury be held blameless, however, surely the same cannot be said for the Post Office and the Massachusetts authorities. In the April-June issue of the *Lantern* we note seven long passages from the Old Testament which the most lax of censors could scarcely pass even if he were sound asleep; yet we have not heard that this issue has been barred from the mails. Now we are not over-ballasted with morals, yet such as we have we like to see protected, and we protest that if Mr. Brown's censors propose to let this sort of thing go on unchecked, we are going to find ourselves in the gutter or the brothel before long. We humbly appeal for protection to a wise and good government.

THE ROOSEVELT HIGH SCHOOL in Los Angeles—a public institution—has refused a diploma of graduation to Max Rosenstein because he is a member of the Young Workers' League—a Communist organization. A high-school diploma, runs the strange logic from Los Angeles, is a certificate of good citizenship. No Communist can be a good citizen. Therefore no Communist can be graduated from the high school of Los Angeles. For the third time in two years, a diploma has been refused to a member of the Young Workers' League on the basis of what Frank A. Bouelle, City Superintendent, discreetly calls an "unrecorded understanding" among the members of the Los Angeles Board of Education. This august body feels that the schools must protect the country from the red menace when the government fails to do so, and as the watchdog of patriotism it takes its duties seriously. During the past winter several boys and girls were arrested for distributing leaflets in the Roosevelt High School—which is situated in the radical district of Los Angeles. When the papers were found to be harmless even in the eyes of the embattled authorities, the students were fined for distributing leaflets without a license. A new school board is coming into office and Superintendent Bouelle has agreed to have the new board review the case, but since the incoming members are believed to regard the issue in the same way as their predecessors, the assurance means little.

NO FOURTH OF JULY oration about our national excellences could produce half so warm a glow of pride in us as the summary of twenty-five years of progress in fighting child labor recently issued by the National Child Labor Committee. In 1904, when the committee began its work, only seventeen States were even attempting to keep children under fourteen out of the factories, and only five States prohibited night work for children under sixteen. Today every State in the Union has some kind of fourteen-year age limit, and in thirty-nine States children under fourteen cannot work in factories under any circumstances. But there is still much to be done before all American children are protected. States like North Carolina and Georgia have loopholes in the law which allow mill owners to work young children very long hours by day or night. North Carolina allows children of fourteen to work in the mills sixty hours a week if they have completed the fourth grade in school, and Georgia allows them to work eleven hours a day, while workers of sixteen in Georgia mills may be employed for a twelve-hour night. Most of the survivals of child labor in the United States exist in those parts of the population that are unusually poor, notably among farmers and mill workers. Child labor has decreased since 1904 not only because of the development of a social conscience concerning the rights of children, but because of high wages. Probably the fathers and mothers of China care as much for their children as do American fathers and mothers, but child labor is ten times as common in China as here because we are rich and the Chinese are poor. Score one for American materialism!

PROSPERITY keeps bringing fresh perils. Henry Ford the other day signed a check for two cents, the first personal check, we are veraciously informed, that he has signed in five years. The vigilant commentators note that his income during the four seconds he spent in signing it was $6.32; so he seems to have spent time worth $6.32 in paying a debt of two cents. Nothing could better indicate the superficiality of the daily press, to which we have repeatedly called attention, than the perfunctory notice it gave to this apparently trifling incident, which, as the thoughtful observer will at once see, in fact portends the early overthrow of our whole present scheme of doing business. If prosperity is to become generally diffused and is also to become bigger and better, as it must do under Mr. Hoover, then we shall all soon be making so much that we can't take time to sign checks without actually losing money in the process, and the business machine will stop dead. We have already personally noted an increasing difficulty in signing the modest checks we are accustomed to draw, and we confidently predict that within the next ten years headlines like the following will be common: "Rockefeller Jailed for Debt. Has Quick Assets of a Billion, but Can't Afford to Sign Check for Debt of $4.37." Or this: "Pennsylvania Railroad Fails. Treasurer Can't Take Time to Pay Bills." Or perhaps: "United States Defaults on Fourth Liberty Loan. Secretary Mellon Says He Can't Bother to Sign Six-Billion Check."

Russia and China at Odds

WAR threatens the Far East again because Chang Ching-hui, Chinese governor of the Harbin district of Manchuria, has seized the Chinese Eastern Railway, deposed its Russian officials, and deported several hundred Russians from Manchuria. Moscow has yielded to demonstrations of patriotic anger by its citizens and on July 13 sent an ultimatum to Nanking, declaring that if the Chinese Government did not, within three days, agree to a conference for determining control of the Chinese Eastern the Russian Government would resort "to other means of defense of the legal rights of the Soviet Union." At this writing Chinese and Russian troops are mobilizing on the Siberian border, but both governments are making gestures of conciliation.

The present crisis in Manchuria cannot be judged by ordinary standards of morals and international law because morals and law are purely academic terms when applied to Manchuria. The Chinese Eastern Railway was founded in intrigue and has been maintained as a weapon of imperialist penetration. The Soviet Government acknowledged the claim of China to the railway when it promised in 1919 to return it "to the Chinese people without demanding compensation of any kind," but the Russians forgot some of their generosity when they contemplated the practical results of losing the Chinese Eastern while Japan continued in Manchuria. Now their concern is not so much with the complete control of the railway as with the right to use it without interruption on equitable terms.

Beginning as a Czarist project on Chinese territory, the Chinese Eastern was divided after the Russo-Japanese War. The southern part was given to Japan for the South Manchurian Railway and the northern part, which was exclusively Russian until the Soviet revolution, was put under joint Sino-Russian control by the treaty of Peking of 1924. The lines now in dispute run 900 miles across Manchuria from Manchuli to Vladivostok, with a southward spur from Harbin to Changchun. Technically the railway belongs to a Sino-Russian corporation; actually its title is so buried in claims and cross-claims of sovereignty that possession is ten-tenths of the law. Incidentally the road cleared $8,000,000 in profit last year, which fact helps to explain the Chinese eagerness to acquire it. What makes the present crisis so significant is that the outcome of the Chinese seizure of the railway may create a notable precedent. If China can seize a Russian railway with impunity, what will she do with Japan and the South Manchurian Railway? Japan would observe the Russian discomfiture in Manchuria with great delight if she were not haunted by the fear that it is a prelude to her own expulsion.

Ostensibly the present seizure of the Chinese Eastern was ordered by the local Chinese authorities in Manchuria without the knowledge of Nanking as part of a campaign against Communist aggression, but the claim of purely local responsibility seems doubtful in view of the fact that Chiang Kai-shek, Chang Hsueh-liang of Manchuria, and C. T. Wang, China's Foreign Minister, held an official conference in Peking just before the Manchurian coup. As far as the treaty of 1924 goes, both sides have violated it. Russia has broken its pledge not to permit the activities of any organization "whose aim is to struggle by acts of violence against the government of either contracting party." On the other hand, while the Chinese Eastern Railway has much political significance, the Chinese in 1924 agreed to unite with the Russians in administering it as a purely commercial enterprise. Now they have seized it by force and expelled the Russian employees. Any government is certainly bound to protest vigorously against such treatment of its citizens in violation of treaty rights.

This whole affair of the Chinese Eastern is ominous because of its deeper implications. There is no unqualified right and wrong on either side. Russia is placed in the embarrassing situation of struggling on Chinese soil for a commercial enterprise that was imposed upon China by force, and the Western press has rushed to the conclusion that her objection to Chinese aggression is prima facie evidence of imperialist designs. But a fairly convincing justification of the Soviet Chinese policy can be developed by regarding it as defensive against Japan and the Western Powers.

If Russia loses the Chinese Eastern she may be forced to divert her trans-Siberian traffic to the circuitous route of the Amur River line, which is 570 miles longer than the route through Manchuria. Also she may lose many commercial advantages that spring from control of railroads in so rich a country. Added to these considerations on the Russian side is the most important one, that with the Chinese troops in Manchuria are large bodies of White Russian mercenaries who would like to use Manchuria as a base for counter-revolution in Siberia. One Associated Press dispatch from Harbin has even reported that the Chinese intend to return the former Czarist manager, Ostroumove, to the control of the railway. Russia cannot contemplate such developments without much perturbation, especially since the Chinese policy in Manchuria has been warlike for several months. Diplomatic relations between the two governments have been close to suspension since the Chinese raided the Soviet Consulate in Harbin on May 27 and arrested forty persons for spreading Communist propaganda.

The most hopeful factor for peace in the Manchurian crisis is the attitude of the Soviet Government. While angry citizens stoned the Chinese Consulate in Vladivostok, the official Moscow press has deliberately played down the affronts to Russians in Manchuria because the Government does not wish to divert the national energy to a war for Russian property abroad. The Soviet leaders expressed their willingness to sell out their interests in the Chinese Eastern to China in the Mukden treaty of 1924. The Russian ultimatum to China asks three things which in themselves are reasonable, that an immediate conference should be called to discuss difficulties, that Chinese authorities should cancel all arbitrary orders concerning the Chinese Eastern, and that arrested Russian citizens should be released. Let us hope that the Nationalists will not feel that they are losing face by accepting these proposals as a possible way toward a settlement.

Science and Certitude

A FEW months ago we commented in a slightly skeptical fashion on the popular enthusiasm aroused by Einstein's "Field Theory." Expressing some layman's doubts concerning the universal validity of purely mathematical inferences, we noted the fact that Einstein had apparently reached his conclusions with the aid of nothing except a pencil and paper, and we likened such a dependence upon "pure reason" to that scholasticism which the empiric methods of science are supposed to have displaced. Several teachers of physics wrote in to protest against this dangerously heretical kind of skepticism, but a few days after the editorial was written the New York *Times* quoted an opinion of Lane Poor, professor of celestial mechanics at Columbia University, to the effect that the Einstein theory was the conclusion of a mathematical game of no demonstrated significance outside the realm of mathematics. It so happens, moreover, that the progress of science—though frequently crabwise—is in these days so rapid that we were not compelled to wait long for another illustration of the danger of confusing inference with fact.

Any casual reader of the scientific chitchat in a popular magazine will tell you that the nebulae, which are unimaginable distances away from the earth, are moving at equally unimaginable speeds. If asked how this remote fact is ascertained, he will reply that "the spectroscope tells us," and when pressed concerning further details of the language which the spectroscope speaks he may possibly know that when it is turned toward the nebula certain of its lines are slightly shifted from the position which they normally occupy. Since this phenomenon could be produced by a rapid movement of the light source toward or away from the instrument, the amount of displacement is taken as the measure of the speed of the body toward which it is turned. And if it be objected that such measurements are, after all, pure inference, your informant will counter with the assertion that they are, on the contrary, solid and indisputable fact.

Now we would never have undertaken to dispute with him. We have doubtless been guilty of references to the speed of nebulae quite as glib as those made by anyone else, and we have trusted the spectroscope as we trust our speedometer. But scientists at the Wilson Observatory have just been measuring the speed of three hitherto unclocked nebulae and report that they are traveling at the respective speeds of 3,100, 4,600, and 4,900 miles a second away from the earth. In addition, however, the astronomers have noted another curious fact, which is that the further a nebula is away from the earth the faster it seems to be moving, and this has at last aroused a certain suspicion. Dr. Walter S. Adams, director of the observatory, has the temerity to suggest that after all these confidently measured speeds may be purely illusory, and Dr. Harlow Shapley, Harvard astronomer, adds that "the measured velocity is probably not a measure of actual motion but more likely a measure of crumpling space." Furthermore, Professor Eddington comments as follows:

> [the] spectral lines are displaced toward the red. Ordinarily we interpret such a red displacement as signifying receding velocity in the line of sight. On ordinary grounds it would be hard to explain the striking fact that these spirals seem to move away from us at such stupendous speeds. Why should they shun us like the plague? But the phenomenon is intelligible if what has really been observed is the slowing down of vibrations consequent on the light from these objects having traveled a part of the way around the cosmos.

Now all this is doubtless to be hailed as a triumph for Einstein, but it is surely not likely to inspire in the thoughtful observer any very great confidence in the certitude of scientific inference whether it be of the pre- or the post-Einsteinian variety. For a number of years the speeds deduced from the spectroscope have been recorded, not as inferred possibilities but as actual facts. The astronomer has periodically emerged with impressive strings of figures and very tall tales which the simple multitude has contemplated with many appreciative "Oh's" and "Ah's". How stupendous is the universe, but how much more impressive than even that is the fact that puny man can sit in his observatory and measure the incredible speed of bodies incredibly far away! Only if Adams and Shapley are right he has been doing nothing of the sort. He has measured the microscopic displacement of the lines of his spectroscope with what is doubtless a commendable accuracy, but his leap across the immensities of space has taken him exactly nowhere. He has made certain inferences from the simple observation made upon a spectrum spread out before his eyes; now he will presumably make other inferences from the same data. But both remain merely inferential and not at all "scientific," as the meaning of that word is taken by the credulous layman who assumes that science deals only with solid facts. Both are interesting, possible, and ingenious; neither is part of any body of actual knowledge.

Sad Story

WHAT do American educators think about? Are they as a class alert, courageous, intelligent, civilized? Are they cautious and subservient to the current—even to the local—*mores?* Do they accept meekly the restrictions put upon them by boards of trustees who, in small towns and in many cities not so small, presume to tell their employees what they shall wear, what they shall believe, and how they shall conduct themselves not only within the limits of the classroom but outside it? No dancing, say the school boards; no smoking, no drinking, no evolution, no free-thinking, no short dresses, no married teachers. What do the teachers reply?

Some of these questions have been answered in extenso by a questionnaire sent to nearly 3,000 American educators by Professor Manly H. Harper of Teachers College, Columbia University. Professor Harper's data were collected more than five years ago, but there is no indication that his findings would be any different today. He sent his list of seventy-one propositions to educators in all parts of the United States; 52 per cent of the answers came from the Middle and Far Western States; 25 per cent from the South; from New England came 8 per cent; and the balance from the Middle Atlantic section. Sixty per cent of the educators were elementary teachers; 24 per cent were teaching in high schools. Only 2 per cent taught in colleges. It

will be seen, of course, that this is a fair division of professional equipment and training. It would be manifestly unjust to question college teachers only, or New York teachers only, or merely the mistresses of one-room local schools. Lest it be thought that Professor Harper packed his court against radicalism by taking too many subjects from the conservative South, it may be remarked that he found practically no difference in the conservatism of the answers that could be attributed to sex, religion, political party affiliation, or geographical distribution. A slight increase in conservatism was noted with increasing age.

What, then, do these guardians of our youth believe? Professor Harper discovered the rather astonishing fact that 77 per cent of them agreed that "One should never allow his own experience and reason to lead him in ways that he knows are contrary to the teaching of the Bible." And 80 per cent believe that "No school, college, or university should teach anything that is found to cause its students to doubt or question the Bible as containing the word of God."

With religion thus made safe for our young democracy, and evolution necessarily disposed of as heresy, Professor Harper turned to the dissemination of dangerous doctrine. "Persons believing in socialism should not be allowed certificates to teach in the public schools," he suggested. Hearty concurrence was given this sentiment by 48 per cent. "Our laws should prohibit giving, even to adults, information concerning birth control through public meetings or through the mail." Forty-four per cent agreed. "For the improvement of patriotism our laws should forbid much of the radical criticism that we often hear and read concerning the injustice of our country and government." Fifty-one per cent concurred.

The following propositions were answered affirmatively as the percentages indicate:

> If any facts should be found favorable to socialism they should be omitted from histories written for high-school use. 37 per cent.
>
> On the whole, in this country, the reward given manual laborers, as compared with the share taken by their employers, has been in just proportion to the services they have rendered. 43 per cent.
>
> If every nation were as wise and just as the United States there would be no more danger of great wars. 56 per cent.
>
> Histories written for elementary or high-school use should omit any facts likely to cause students radically to question or doubt the justice of our social order and government. 54 per cent.
>
> Every boy and girl in American schools should be taught to give unquestioned and unlimited respect and support to the American flag, for whatever cause it may be unfurled. 81 per cent.

These answers, while only a portion of the whole, give a good idea of the scope and results of the questionnaire. And one is sadly constrained to admit that the educators come out badly. By their own confessions they are in the main inconsistent, muddle-headed, willing to ignore facts, ignorant of the progress of history and science, and completely subservient to constituted authority. They are not willing or able to think for themselves. If it be said that thus they resemble the majority of their fellow-citizens, one can only reply that they are in positions of superiority, they are intrusted with the task of making better citizens out of our children than we have been. How will they do it?

The *Little Review*

IN 1914 Margaret Anderson founded the *Little Review* and with the collaboration of Jane Heap succeeded in making it the most interesting of the innumerable amateur magazines devoted to revolutionary art. Now the two editors bring their enterprise to a close with a substantial Final Number devoted largely to the answers which their contributors have vouchsafed to a questionnaire.

It must be confessed that these responses are not in themselves very impressive. When faced with such questions as "What do you look forward to?" and "What is your world view?" even the graver sort of person seems inevitably to feel an obligation to be entertaining, and most of the *Review's* contributors who are not intentionally silly succeed only in being solemnly absurd. But the table of contents constitutes a directory of the experimental writers who, during the past fifteen years, have fought their way into some sort of position: Richard Aldington, Sherwood Anderson, Maxwell Bodenheim, Jean Cocteau, T. S. Eliot, André Gide, "H. D.," Ben Hecht, Ernest Hemingway, Aldous Huxley, James Joyce, Wyndham Lewis, Ezra Pound, Evelyn Scott, and Edith Sitwell have all ceased to need the aid of a magazine devoted to the cause of unsalable writing. Others—like Marianne Moore, Gertrude Stein, and William Carlos Williams—may still find comparatively few professional magazines eager to receive their work, but they have all made their names familiar to students.

The editors of the *Little Review* take their farewells in ruefully humorous terms. Miss Heap complains that though the *Review* has given space to twenty-three new systems of art ("all now dead"), it has not printed anything nearer a masterpiece than Joyce's "Ulysses," and Miss Anderson speaks in an even more downright fashion. "As this number will show, even the artist doesn't know what he is talking about. And I can no longer go on publishing a magazine in which no one really knows what he is talking about." Perhaps one of the faults of the *Little Review* was a tendency to consider a new theory of art too nearly equivalent to a new work of art. Perhaps it was inclined to insist that its contributors ought to know what they were talking about when these contributors could have been more profitably employed in finding out what they could write. But if it has enabled a long list of them to come through, it has certainly succeeded in performing its function.

After all, a revolutionary magazine achieves its greatest triumph when it loses an author. If *Scribner's* and the *Atlantic* now print Hemingway, the fact gives to Miss Anderson and Miss Heap an opportunity to enjoy the greatest pleasure a prophet can have—which is, of course, the pleasure of saying "I told you so." When a revolutionist in literature or in government is successful he stops revolving, and the greatest success which a magazine devoted to the neglected writer can have is to find him no longer neglected. The editors of this particular organ of protest may quite possibly be so fond of fighting that they hesitate to admit a victory. But if they were reasonable—and doubtless they would resent the supposition—they would realize that they have accomplished about all that the editors of a magazine of the sort which they founded can accomplish.

It Seems to Heywood Broun

BERNARD SHAW and the Freudians seem to be in pretty close agreement upon the theory that hate is much more common than love in those bound together by ties of blood. I am not willing to go so far. In spite of Œdipus I doubt if the average son actually wants his father out of the way in any practical sense. The tragedy of parenthood is not ill-will but lack of common interests. It is indeed a wise father who knows his own child. And unfortunately not much can be done about it. The efforts of a middle-aged man to make a pal of his boy are generally pitiful. Almost the best thing that can be done is to recognize the existence of a gulf between the generations.

Each year in every college the bitter farce is played of old grads coming back in search of their lost youth. And they are better off if in that institution of learning they possess neither kith nor kin who can observe their antics. To be specific, there is no poorer poker game than that in which some visiting parent attempts to sit down with the boys to show them how it's done. The old gentleman is usually very rusty about the rules. He slows up the deal and hugely embarrasses his heir by the display of gross ineptitude. And aside from the play itself the jokes and quips flow slowly. No normal boy of eighteen or thereabouts is apt to fall into easy and loose phrases in front of his father, and when the older man attempts to break the ice by relating a few limericks of the baser sort the effect is always ghastly. I am not a prude and yet I must admit that it embarrasses me hideously to sit by while any ancestor of mine from grandmother down undertakes to tell a torrid story. All the old gentlemen or ladies I ever knew muddled the tale, and never did they produce a single one which I had not heard before. Invariably I had the same sinking feeling which assails me when a clergyman seeks to unbend and become rowdy for the laity.

It is not true that a father is a boy's best friend. That can't be. There is no way by which constraint may be wholly banished. And any overt act toward tearing down the barriers but renders them more spiky. And yet a man and his boy need not forever travel like parallel lines doomed never to meet this side of infinity. It is not impossible for them to veer a little toward each other. A father is a fool if he tries to sell himself to his children upon his virtues alone. Nobody has a sufficient number. He ought to let his faults lie as they are. What is the use of faking? No valuable friendship was ever built upon such a foundation.

The unfortunate father beset by a difficult situation tries to play the game in two divergent ways. When the man child is still small and formative, every effort is made to convince him that his father is among the gods. The boy of nine or ten who undertakes to criticize his father is rebuked for impertinence and sent to bed without his supper. In order to preserve a senseless authority a sham figure is built up to hold the place at the head of the table.

But by the time the boy has reached sixteen or thereabouts the father finds that it is cold comfort being a god in the sight of any fellow-mortal. He wants to take the boy with him to the country club for a round of golf or maybe ask him along as a theater companion. But in these places there are cronies who know the older man for what he is. They are likely to take delight in mentioning some of his slighter transgressions. The lad will learn that the old gentleman upon occasion has been known to take a drop too much. He can see with his own eyes that his sire's putting is nothing much to brag about. And if all these facts are revealed to him with suddenness there may be a shock not easily overcome.

And so it seems to me that a father's best chance to be in any way his youngster's chum must be seized upon from the very beginning. If the young child is allowed to realize at the start that his parent is not so much he may in later life be pleased and surprised at happening upon hidden virtues. Many a man has gone to great pains to attend some church in which he had no faith simply because he felt that it would be good for the children. When did hypocrisy ever constitute a good soil for seedlings? And there was another misguided fellow within my circle of friends who made a point of dressing for dinner every night in order to impress the little ones. Seemingly he lacked the imagination to realize what would happen the first time the boy ever saw him in his golf suit.

It is a pity that fathers must be older than their children. There would be far less strain and reverence if a son could be, let's say, no more than five or six years younger. Parental dignity should not go very much beyond the little gulf which lies between a senior and a freshman.

A son is handicapped in ever knowing well the man who bears his name because the father has lived so large a portion of his life before the little fellow comes to existence. And for the first few years there is no conceivable chance of reasonable companionship. You can't make a friend of a baby—not if you are a man at all fastidious. The infant has no background, no proper conversation, and his habits and morals are deplorable. And certainly nobody has yet solved the problem of how a grown-up should talk to a five-year-older. Quite properly we frown on those who seek to meet on common ground by doing baby talk with children. Nevertheless I think it is a mistake to discuss the League of Nations or commercialized vice with anybody less than seven. I have been shocked at such times as I met grave and learned youngsters who were treated from the beginning as equals.

There can be a late flowering of friendship between a father and his son. At seventy an old gentleman no longer fears that his natural self may be a bad influence upon a boy of forty. In this twilight time the head of the house may unbend a little and shatter no illusions. He will speak of his own past indiscretions. It need no longer be a secret that at times there were parties with many cocktails. Yet not even now is the contact wholly free. At this stage of friendship the balance has swung the other way. It is now the boy who feels that he must watch his step in the matter of revelation. "That," he says to himself, "is not exactly the sort of story I ought to tell my father. It might shock the old gentleman."

HEYWOOD BROUN

Prosperity*

By ZECHARIAH CHAFEE, JR.

THE United States ought to be happy. We have long desired to be the richest nation on earth, and now we are. Like the Village Blacksmith, we can look the whole world in the face, for we owe not any man. Instead, most of the others owe us. We have most of the gold, most of the automobiles, most of the telephones; we buy most of the great pictures even if we do not paint them. We have so much on earth, that we can look forward to very little more in heaven except space enough to park two cars for every family, and a stock market and a tariff which will always be going up. The time seems rapidly approaching when everyone will make so much money in Wall Street that we can all retire and live on our dividends.

And yet we are not particularly happy. Our fellow-countrymen, as described by Edith Wharton, Sinclair Lewis, and Eugene O'Neill, exhibit very disagreeable states of dissatisfaction, and even such a genial story-teller as Ring Lardner presents few characters who have a life that seems worth living. It is not enough to make all the poor rich if they are to be like George F. Babbitt or the inmates of Mr. Lardner's "Love Nest." Should we dismiss all this discontent as fiction, the sober facts painstakingly surveyed by the authors of "Middletown" are equally unalluring. Well, it may be that man is born to trouble as the sparks fly upward even in this best of all possible countries, which retains custom-house officials to prevent its optimism from being jolted by Voltaire's "Candide." Whatever the fate of individuals, statistics remain prepossessing. Mr. Coolidge on the battlefield of Fredericksburg rejoices that the Civil War turned out as it did because our foreign-trade figures have become so large.

It is high time to be done with complacency. It has brought us, shrewd as we are in our own occupations, to a national life without planning and without meditation as to results. Coal has long been a sick industry, but the able recommendations of the President's Coal Commission of 1921 have not been followed by one law or one change. Petroleum, perhaps the most magnificent gift that any country ever received, bids fair to be exhausted within a century after the opening of the first oil-well, leaving us without fuel for our automobiles and, what is worse, without lubrication for our machinery. Electric power, with all its possibilities of freedom from toil, has been rapidly acquired by a few great groups, each of which challenges the public to find under a bewildering series of corporate shells the elusive pea of actual cash investment. The consumers of power see the Supreme Court taking away the benefits once expected from rate regulation under private ownership, while the power interests fight the alternative of public ownership by secretly buying up the two main sources of public opinion, the teachers and the press.

It is not enough to have prosperity. The vital question is: What are we going to do with it? Shall we let it dribble away as England did hers in the nineteenth century, so that little remains to show for all her past riches? Or shall we employ it in planning and making secure a better world? This prosperity is only in part of our own making. Others have labored and we have entered into their labors. And it comes too from our favorable geographical situation, our abundant minerals and free fertile land, and the disastrous condition of Europe since the war. We are the trustees of this wealth for the future. We can use it to accomplish purposes which would otherwise be impossible, and for which there may be no opportunity in less fortunate generations to come. A nation which has shown such marvelous resourcefulness in mastering things should not be baffled by the problems of human relations.

All planning requires giving up. And so I venture to suggest to you three sacrifices which we might make in this time of our prosperity.

First, that we devote money and thought without delay or interruption to the permanent conquest of unemployment. It is the most serious defect of our existing economic system, that men should want to work and not be able to do so. Yet we never bother about it until a depression sets in and then we are helpless. What are we doing now in prosperity to guard against unemployment when bad times return? It has begun already from new and disquieting causes. The very inventions which we hail as progress have thrown men out of jobs on an unprecedented scale. Can we trust, for instance, to impersonal economic laws to take care of the thousands of motion-picture musicians who have been displaced by the talkies? Are we planning enough about a related question, the superannuation of workers? We are all enthusiastic about medical discoveries which have prolonged the duration of human life. We forget that this means more old people in the country at the very time when it is increasingly difficult for a man past forty to get or even hold a job, and when the growing independence of the young makes them more reluctant to undertake the care and support of the older generation in their homes.

Second, we might set ourselves to make the physical aspects of this country more satisfying. We could use public funds much more liberally to preserve and plant forests, which yield too slow a return to attract sufficient private investment. What we have already accomplished in parks and roadways reveals the vast possibilities of common enterprise. It is not enough, however, to get better road-beds and worse road-sides. We only drive faster and farther to see less that is worth while. Nobody who has motored from Princeton to New York City can bear to visualize what the territory around all our great cities will be like fifty years hence, unless every lot owner is willing to forego some of his freedom of control over his own property. Urban ugliness is not an inevitable consequence of modern industry. Zurich, the largest city of Switzerland and a great manufacturing center, is nevertheless a beautiful place. Fall River, with its glorious view over Mount Hope Bay and the salt rivers to the westward, could be as lovely as Zurich. The trouble simply is that nobody has cared enough. Our cities are still built too much with the architectural

* A Commencement address delivered at Brown University, June, 1929.

anarchy which used to prevail on college campuses. If we let individualism continue to run riot, daily journeys from homes to offices and factories will become increasingly longer and more tedious. Already architects, traffic engineers, and regional planners are keenly aware that unnecessary concentration of population is rendering the price of civilization too high for either efficiency or enjoyment. Are we willing to put their ideas into force? We rejoice in the unspoiled places of Europe because the men of past centuries sacrificed and planned together as they built. It is in our power to create the same happiness in this country for our descendants. That means abandoning individual preferences. It means sweeping changes of great urban areas by voluntary agreement and if necessary by law. It means putting an appreciable share of our prosperity into taxation. We shall have to give till it hurts, even though we are now in no mood for sacrifice.

Finally, we might sacrifice our national isolation and our armaments. The 11th of November, 1918, should have been a turning-point in the life of the world. Everyone of us can remember, as though it were yesterday, his emotions on that morning. At last it was over, and we would do all in our power that it should never happen again. Who would have foreseen on that day that ten years later we should be celebrating the anniversary of the armistice with a speech headlined in the New York *Times:* President Calls for More Cruisers? Who would have expected then that the Supreme Court of the United States would refuse naturalization to a woman over fifty years old because she would refuse to bear arms in another war? It must be a solid satisfaction to the great electorate to know that under this doctrine in the Schwimmer case American citizenship would have been denied to the Quaker ancestors of Mr. Hoover. This woman, to whom the precepts of the Sermon on the Mount meant something real, was excluded by judges who profess themselves Christians, while the minority who would have protected her freedom to believe and assert those precepts included an agnostic and a Jew. This decision came a few months after a solemn agreement originated and signed by the United States—yes, and ratified by the Senate—by which all the principal nations "condemn recourse to war for the solution of international controversies, and renounce it as an instrument of national policy in their relations with one another"; and they "agree that the settlement or solution of all disputes or conflicts of whatever nature or of whatever origin they may be, shall never be sought except by pacific means." Could there be a more significant proof of our want of faith in the Kellogg Pact than this decision of our highest court that active participation in war is an indispensable duty of every American citizen?

We are told that all these cruisers, submarines, gas bombs, and war planes are only prudent insurance. Of all analogies, this is the most fallacious. Fires are not caused by insurance—at least not by the kind decent people take out; but armaments do cause war. It is all very well to say that they are only for defense. It is as impossible for us to devise an army and navy which will protect us against other countries and yet be unable to attack them as it was for the Irishman to obtain a gun which would shoot just high enough to miss his dog and just low enough to miss his cow.

Sir Edward Grey, who knew more than most men about the causes of the World War, says:

> Each government, while resenting any suggestion that its own measures are anything more than a precaution for defense, regards similar measures of another government as preparation for attack. The moral is obvious: it is that great armaments lead inevitably to war. . . . The increase of armaments, that is intended in each nation to produce consciousness of strength and a sense of security, does not produce these effects. On the contrary, it produces a consciousness of the strength of other nations and a sense of fear.

Yet, once again as before 1914, the armament race goes merrily on. Stop saying "In time of peace prepare for war." What you prepare for you will get. Prepare for peace.

Since Mr. Hughes's achievement at Washington in 1921, the conferences have been dismal failures because they did not really aim at disarmament but only at partial limitation, and no nation was ready to give up anything which it might conceivably need. The nations have renounced war, and yet they quarrel over how many weapons of war shall be kept, and disagree over finding some yardstick to measure the tonnage and gun-power of cruisers.

Enough of compromise. The way to disarm is to disarm. Our own history provides a fruitful precedent. In 1816, at the close of a bitter war, John Quincy Adams proposed to the British government a mutual reduction of all naval armaments upon the Great Lakes.

> The degree to which they shall be reduced [he wrote] is left at the option of Great Britain. The greater the reduction, the more acceptable it will be to the President of the United States; and most acceptable of all, should it be agreed to maintain on either side . . . no other force than such as may be necessary for the collection of the revenue.

Real disarmament followed. Not a warship, not a fort, on our Northern border. We threw away our so-called insurance, and we live without fear. Let us make every frontier with every nation like the Canadian frontier.

The United States might go even farther. We might announce, not merely that we will disarm when others will, but that we shall do so immediately whether others do or not. The Labor Government in England is ready to follow our example, France has Briand, Germany is already part way toward total disarmament, Russia has actually proposed it. We have less to lose than any other nation by this course, because our great economic power will remain. Through that and through the remission of war debts to those who will join us, we can strengthen the force of public opinion in every country to produce a world-wide destruction of the means of war.

Let me make myself clear. I propose that we shall at once reduce our navy to a coast patrol and our army to an internal police force, turn our valuable military engineers into civilian officials, and close every poison-gas plant. If any backward countries or pirate-infested waters require policing, let it be done by international police. If our President wishes to go on another peace mission to South America, give him a magnificent yacht instead of a battleship. Tell the world that henceforth we shall act as if the Kellogg Treaty means exactly what it says.

The Government "Investigates"

The Story of the Wirkkula Killing

By ABRAHAM I. HARRIS

OF all the shootings by customs patrolmen engaged in preventing liquor smuggling from Canada, the slaying of Henry Wirkkula near International Falls, Minnesota, has unquestionably caused the greatest embarrassment to the government. The Treasury Department had hitherto been callous, at least outwardly, to criticism in such matters, but the protests growing out of the International Falls incident had an immediate effect. The Department found it necessary to instruct border patrolmen to exercise greater caution in the use of firearms, and it also ordered the withdrawal of the sawed-off shotguns with which such officers along the greater part of the Canadian border were armed.

The arming of patrolmen with these so-called riot guns is a piece of downright stupidity. They are the trench guns with which the American troops were armed during the World War, and against which the German government protested on the ground of their inhumanity. Each of the twelve-gauge shells used contains nine bullets, which begin to spread on leaving the barrel of the gun. Tests of the gun used in the Wirkkula killing showed that at a distance of from twenty to twenty-five feet the spread of the bullets was eight inches; at thirty-five feet, twelve inches; at forty to forty-five feet, from sixteen to twenty inches; and at seventy feet, thirty inches. Department officials state that agents are instructed to use these guns to disable fleeing automobiles by puncturing the tires or the gasoline tank. Because of the spread of the bullets, however, guns of this type obviously cannot be used to bring down a fleeing automobile without great risk of killing the occupants of the car; and no one has yet suggested that even a prohibition-law violator, not to say a person simply suspected of violation, should be shot down and killed in order to prevent his escape.

The stupidity of the Treasury Department in arming patrolmen in this way, however, is eclipsed by its downright dishonesty in investigating the Wirkkula shooting and exonerating Emmet White, the officer involved. In reporting this case for my newspaper, I witnessed this "investigation" at first hand.

The facts of the killing itself are not too complicated: Mr. Wirkkula, a confectioner of Big Falls, Minnesota, a small town some twenty-five miles south of the border, was returning to his home on the night of June 8 from International Falls, where he and his family had been visiting with relatives. His wife was with him in the front seat, while his two little daughters lay asleep in the rear seat of the car, a 1926 Packard touring car. They left International Falls at ten o'clock, driving very slowly, and after traveling some twenty-six miles in an hour and twenty minutes were suddenly hailed by a customs patrolman's sign ordering them to stop. Mrs. Wirkkula believes that her husband saw the sign, as she herself did. A light had been flashed on the sign by the patrolman holding it. On this point there is no dispute. The car, according to the patrolman who held the sign, was going only from ten to twelve miles an hour. It did not come to a stop. Whether the driver intended to stop or not is not known, but he had no motive in not stopping, since a thorough subsequent search of the car disclosed that it contained neither liquor nor any evidences of liquor.

E. A. Servine, the patrolman who displayed the sign, testified at the coroner's inquest that the car "accelerated its speed" as it passed him. He shouted for the car to stop, he said, but only once. It is possible that Mr. Wirkkula did not hear the command, as he was hard of hearing. As the car passed the sign without coming to a stop, Servine stated, he shouted to White, just ahead of him, "Let them have it. Shoot the tires." Just how far ahead of Servine his partner was is not certain.

Mrs. Wirkkula testified at the hearing that the first shot was fired when the rear of the car was about on a line with the patrolman's sign. In that she probably was mistaken. Servine stated that White was about fifteen feet from the car when he fired the first shot, but insisted that it was fired on the ground. Five empty shells were picked up from the road by the sheriff. It is certain that at least three charges from the gun struck the car; whether more cannot be ascertained. The lowest of twenty-six bullet holes in the automobile is a foot and a half above the gasoline tank and a foot above the top of the automobile tire.

An examination of the bullet holes in the car established the fact conclusively that the driver was killed by the first shot. Two bullets entered his neck and another his back, piercing the big muscle of the heart. Any one of the wounds was sufficient to cause death, the coroner said. The car, with the dead driver at the wheel, continued on the road for a few hundred feet and ran into a ditch. Had the car been going even moderately fast it unquestionably would have overturned. It did not, fortunately for the woman and the two little children. The gear of the car was found in neutral, which may or may not be an indication that the driver was bringing it to a stop.

How far away was the patrolman when he fired directly into a car containing a man and his wife and two children, with not the slightest intimation as to the identity of the occupants? An examination of the car shows that the first charge from the gun struck just to the right of the rear window, two or three of the bullets just hitting the glass. The cluster of nine holes, accounting for all the bullets contained in a shell, had a spread of less than seven inches. The gun tests, made by a government man, showed a spread of eight inches at a distance of from twenty to twenty-five feet.

Emmet White, the patrolman who did the shooting, was an expert rifleman, but was inexperienced in the cus-

toms service, having joined the force only about a month previously. A manslaughter charge was placed against him by the State, but upon further investigation it was withdrawn and a murder charge was substituted. The State's attorney said that in all the instances known to him of shootings by officers of the law in such cases there was none in which the evidence pointed so strongly to an intent by the officer to do bodily injury.

The haste and excitement of the occasion should not be forgotten, and it should be remembered, as stated above, that White was inexperienced in customs patrol work. Even so, it would seem as though a man with several years of army experience, and known as an expert rifleman, should easily have been able to hit the tires or the gasoline tank and thus disable the car. So far as I could judge from the available evidence, it would seem likely that the first shot was fired directly into the car at the level of the driver's head, with the patrolman not more than twenty feet away, and perhaps as close as fifteen feet, as indicated by the spread of the bullets.

The published facts of the shooting, since branded by Assistant Secretary of the Treasury Seymour Lowman as "highly colored to say the least," aroused public opinion throughout the country, and in the face of that opinion the government "investigated." It did not try, however, to ascertain the facts of the shooting, but rather investigated the record of the slain man—and this despite the fact that the patrolmen admittedly did not know who was in the car.

The first "partial exoneration" came from Assistant Collector of Customs N. A. Linderberg, stationed at Duluth, under whose charge the customs patrolmen operated, in an interview with the newspapermen after he had received the report of the patrolmen: "It may have been that Patrolman White was carrying out his duty."

> *Q.* Are your men under instruction to use firearms only in self-defense? *A.* That is right. We instruct them to fire only in self-defense.
>
> *Q.* Do you call it self-defense when a motorist refuses to stop? *A.* The law gives our patrolmen authority to use force to make a vessel or an automobile stop if orders to stop are not complied with.
>
> *Q.* Then your men do shoot at other times than in self-defense? *A.* Well, the law does not define force. We give our men a pistol and a shotgun and tell them to use their best judgment.

I happened to go to International Falls on the same train with Henry A. Roberts, Treasury Department special agent at St. Paul, who was sent to investigate the shooting. He had been in the service for several years and knew his business. On the way up he talked rather freely to myself and a correspondent for a Chicago newspaper and his intentions were evidently of the very best. He stated that he was going to interview all persons concerned, especially the widow of Mr. Wirkkula, and get at the facts. He examined the car, and that was evidence enough. "The shooting was wholly unjustified and unwarranted," he said, in the presence of several persons.

Then he went to interview the patrolmen and other government men. That night he left for Duluth to consult Mr. Linderberg. He did not interview Mrs. Wirkkula, the most important witness. He had been with government men all day. In the evening he was the personification of an honest man defeated. He was uncomfortably evasive in his answers, and when he arrived at Duluth he found it necessary to deny having said that the shooting was wholly unjustified and unwarranted. But he did a service nevertheless. He tested the gun used by White, and I feel confident that the order of the Treasury Department withdrawing the use of sawed-off shotguns by patrolmen was based on his report and recommendations.

The day following Mr. Roberts's departure from International Falls, Oscar Dahly, the ranking customs officer for the Minnesota district, arrived from Duluth, for the purpose of obtaining sufficient facts to make a "routine report," as he said, to his department. He stated that he was not making a full investigation because Mr. Lowman, he understood, was going to send special investigators. He interviewed the two patrolmen and the sheriff, but not the widow. the only person outside the officers who could give competent testimony.

Although other customs men were under orders to say nothing, Mr. Dahly consented to an interview with the newspapermen. In this interview he exhibited a woeful ignorance of the weapons used by patrolmen—and this after he had assembled sufficient facts for his "routine report"; but he was delightfully frank, especially considering his statement: "I suppose that Washington does not want me to talk about this happening."

Mr. Dahly was told of the experiments conducted with the gun the day previously and of the spread of the bullets at various distances, and this conversation followed: "I really did not know that—I am surprised."

> *Q.* Who is responsible for the issuance of these guns to the customs patrolmen? *A.* I suppose the Department in Washington. I naturally assume that. They give the orders and we merely follow them.
>
> *Q.* Was Patrolman White familiar with the handling of sawed-off shotguns? *A.* He just told me at the county jail that he was not—had never used one before.

So far as I can learn, the report to the Treasury Department was based on one or all of the foregoing three "investigations" in which not a single government man took the trouble to interview Mrs. Wirkkula. On this basis Mr. Lowman issued his statement exonerating Patrolman White and declaring that he has a defense. Had the government admitted that a young and inexperienced customs officer lost his head and fired into an automobile containing a man, a woman, and two small children, killing the man, there perhaps might have been a measure of sympathy extended to the patrolman, and at least some respect for the Department. But instead, the Department exonerated the patrolman and announced that it will move to transfer his case from the State to the United States court, where in fact the chances of conviction are not so great.

But it investigated fully the dead man's record and found that at one time he had been convicted of a violation of the prohibition law. It will make the most of that fact and is already making the most of it, even though it has nothing to do with the case, since Wirkkula was not hauling liquor on the night he was slain and the patrolmen in any case did not know who he was. Such a defense is dishonest, but apparently the Department is determined to save its own face in defending its agent.

'Tis of Them

By WILLIAM SEAGLE

OUT in the more backward States the legislatures have long been regarded as so many art academies. Each legislator is *arbiter elegantiarum* and a true Maecenas ex officio. The native geniuses know no greater recognition than to be acclaimed by the supreme legislatures of their States. One of the most absorbing problems now exercising the legislators in their character of academicians is the selection and adoption of official State songs by act of law. The logic of the movement is inescapable. The nation has its "Star-Spangled Banner." Are not the several States sovereign and independent, too, save in those spheres specially granted and reserved to the federal government? Is the doctrine of States' rights but an empty and meaningless formula?

I

The history of the present agitation may be traced back properly to "Maryland, my Maryland." Born during the Civil War of the Baltimore riots of 1861, it swept into popular favor at once. Although never adopted by the Maryland Legislature, it became recognized indisputably as the Maryland State song. Before "Maryland, my Maryland" there had been various songs which had great currency in different States, but they had never been regarded as official anthems in the same way that State seals and State flags may be said to be official. The envy of "Maryland, my Maryland" which arose in other States in the course of the years was pathetic. Many had no events in their histories which could inspire the fervid emotions that create State songs, but a few quite early resolved to have such songs even if they should have to be as synthetic as gin under prohibition. At this stage, "Maryland, my Maryland" was inevitably the model. Oliver Wendell Holmes once said he regretted that a "Massachusetts, my Massachusetts" would not quite do.

But Iowa had a native son, Major H. M. Byers, who had no such scruples, and in 1911 he composed the "Song of Iowa" after "Maryland, my Maryland" and the legislature hastened to adopt it as the official State song of Iowa. One cannot but feel that the gallant Major adulterated the martial spirit of "Maryland, my Maryland" with a far softer sentiment:

> And she has maids whose laughing eyes,
> Iowa, O Iowa,
> To him who loves were Paradise,
> Iowa, O Iowa,
> O happiest fate that e'er was known,
> Such eyes to shine for one alone,
> To call such beauty all his own,
> Iowa, O Iowa,

Two years later, in 1913, the Florida Legislature after due deliberation adopted as the State song "Florida, my Florida," a composition written in 1894 by the Rev. Dr. C. V. Waugh, for many years professor of languages in the old Florida Agricultural College at Lake City. Of this song the Florida Legislature declared in the act of adoption: "The said song has both metrical and patriotic merit of the kind calculated to inspire love for home and native State." The Florida boom might have begun much sooner if the North had been better acquainted with this immortal song:

> Thy golden fruit the world outshines,
> Florida, my Florida,
> Thy gardens and thy phosphate mines,
> Florida, my Florida,
> Yield their rich store of good supply,
> To still the voice of hunger's cry—
> For thee we'll live, for thee we'll die,
> Florida, my Florida.
>
> The oppressor's rod can't rest on thee,
> Florida, my Florida,
> Thy sons and daughters free must be,
> Florida, my Florida,
> From North and South, from East and West,
> From freezing blasts they come to rest,
> And find in thee their earnest quest,
> Florida, my Florida.

II

But, after all, there are at most only eight States in the Union which have names that scan the same way as Maryland. A pessimist surveying at this time the resources of most of the States for the creation of State songs might have been depressed. The picture would be gloomy, indeed, if one considered alone the defalcation of the poets-laureate. They had been appointed in such States as Colorado, Nebraska, Kentucky, Vermont, Georgia, and North Carolina. One might expect that they would shrink from the job of praising a Democratic governor one term and a Republican the next, but that when it came to the composition of official State songs they would leap at the chance. But where, for instance, during all these years had been Professor J. T. C. Noe of Kentucky, or F. L. Stanton of Georgia, or Mrs. Nellie B. Miller of Colorado? Alas, they had shirked their jobs to a man and woman, and not a single one of the official State songs that we now possess is owing to their exertions.

But fortunately the very same year which saw the adoption of "Florida, my Florida" witnessed the acclaim of Paul Dresser's "On the Banks of the Wabash Far Away." It is too familiar to need quoting. It quickly became popular not only in Indiana, but all over the country, and the alert and enthusiastic Indiana Legislature hastened to make it the official State song by law. "On the Banks of the Wabash" may be said to have lent the necessary impetus to the craze for State songs which is now raging in full fury. The envy caused by "Maryland, my Maryland" was as nothing.

To a certain extent the legislatures had already taken the first steps. In the great majority of States they had adopted official State flowers, and here and there State birds. They had thus settled the appropriate aspects of the State landscapes to be featured in any State song. The

situation therefore was not especially difficult, especially when one considers that so much can be accomplished by the inauguration of contests. As a result of official, semi-official, and quasi-official State song contests, all over the country the lyricists, including spinsters, housewives, teachers, veterans, and members of the bar, have begun to sweat and hundreds of State songs have been produced.

Up to the present time no less than fifteen State legislatures have adopted official State songs. It is difficult to choose favorite lines. Of the fifteen songs, five are from the Far West where the scenery is gorgeous. Its magnificence of mountain, gorge, and desert is nobly sung in "O Fair New Mexico," words and music by Elizabeth Garrett. Its chorus is practically irresistible:

O fair New Mexico,
We love, we love you so;
Our hearts with pride o'erflow
No matter where we go.

O fair New Mexico,
We love, we love you so,
The grandest State to know,
New Mexico.

But perhaps the sweetest and most ineffable of all the State songs belongs to Arizona. It is entitled "Arizona," with words by Margaret Rowe Clifford and music by Maurice Blumenthal:

Sing the song that's in your hearts,
Sing of the great Southwest,
Thank God for Arizona,
In splendid sunshine dressed,
For thy beauty and thy grandeur,
For thy regal robes so sheen,
We hail thee, Arizona,
Our goddess and our Queen.

As might be expected, the lyricists have given honorable mention to the State flowers. Thus all through the Colorado State song, "Where the Columbines Grow," words and music by A. J. Flynn, the composer has shrewdly featured the Colorado State flower. It is the climax of every verse:

The war-whoop reechoes no longer,
The Indian's only a name,
And the nymphs of the grove
In their loneliness rove,
But the Columbine blooms just the same.

But, alas, the 1927 legislative session in Nebraska proved that lyricists will, after all, have to proceed with caution in introducing the State flower. A bill was offered to adopt as a State song "Nebraska, my Native Land," composed by two Wayne residents. It contained references to the goldenrod, which is the official State flower in Nebraska. The debate was proceeding favorably when suddenly one of the Representatives rose to his feet: "Every time I see these words I get hay-fever," he cried desperately; "I'm opposed to this song for that reason. I have had enough of the goldenrod around my back yard, and I don't want to see the word, even, any more. If this is the native song, I'm going to the mountains." Fortunately, however, the great majority of State legislators are more tractable and patriotic.

The other State songs are "Arkansas," words and music by Mrs. Eva Ware Barnett, of Little Rock; "Our Delaware," words by George B. Hynson, music by Will M. S. Brown; "Georgia," words by Robert Loveman, music by Lollie Belle Wylie; "Illinois," words by C. H. Chamberlin, to the air "Baby Mine"; "My Old Kentucky Home," that great favorite, by Stephen Collins Foster; "The Old North State," words by Judge William Gaston, sung to an old German folk-song (incidentally it was adopted by the 1927 Legislature against the vigorous protest of all the leading musicians of North Carolina); "Oregon, my Oregon," words by J. A. Buchanan, music by Henry B. Miartagh; "My Homeland, Tennessee," words by Nell Grayson Taylor, music by Roy Lamont Smith; and "Utah, We Love Thee," words and music by Evans Stephens, written originally for the triumphant occasion of the admission of Utah to the Union. All these songs are in their own peculiar ways no less sublime than the ones already quoted. Ironically, "Maryland, my Maryland," the most authentic of the State songs, still is such only by common usage, and even more ironically "The Star-Spangled Banner," the national anthem, has never been adopted as such by act of Congress.

III

The legislatures which thus far have refused their imprimatur to State songs must not be taken in most cases to be unfavorable to such legislation per se. They simply find it difficult to make up their minds. It is obvious that the trouble in such States arises from an excess of talent. All the songs submitted to the legislatures appear so good that it seems unfair to single one out above the rest, and give it that authority which is lent by a legislative act. Particularly in Texas is the legislative selection of a State song one of the most agitated questions of the day. In 1925, Governor Neff made it the subject of a special message to the legislature. As a result of a $1,000 prize offered, no less than 286 songs were submitted, including one from Brazil and one from Italy. A legislative committee commissioned to pass on the lyrics has thus far been unable to make up its mind, and has been continued by the 1927 Legislature. But it has indicated that it considers the best songs thus far submitted to be "Texas, our Texas," by Gladys Jackson Wright and William J. Marsh of Fort Worth. At any rate, as the song is the running favorite, we must not fail to quote a few lines:

Texas, our Texas!
All hail the mighty State!
Texas, our Texas,
So wonderful, so great!

Largest and grandest,
Withstanding every test,
O Empire wide and glorious,
You stand supremely blest.

The worst feature of the situation regarding State songs is the levity with which legislators treat so serious a subject. Sometimes they force the sponsor of the bill to sing the song for them. Sometimes they permit the author and composer of the song to sing it in special audition. Again, the Clerk of the Senate or the House may be picked for the performance. Legislators, however, are generally conscientious and scrupulous men, and when they have a question under consideration, they strive to decide it upon its merits.

Since it is impossible really to decide whether a State song is good without also hearing it played, they have begun, since the systematic inauguration of State song contests, to find the piano indispensable to their deliberations. Thus far they have confined themselves to renting it as needed. But the time is apparently not far distant when that instrument will have become just as much a regular part of the legislative equipment as the gavel and the cuspidor.

In the Driftway

MENTION was made in this column a few weeks ago of one of the literary gems of Amos H. Barnett, who serves the Nation Press as treasurer and funny man and from time to time sends out circulars to clients, would-be clients, and have-been clients, designed to reduce sales resistance, stimulate consumer demand, or perform other tricks for which advertising exists. The Drifter had not intended to return to the subject because, although he was at pains to mention that the Nation Press was doing business at 57 New Chambers Street in the city and county of New York, nobody from that office called around with a black bag filled with gratitude for the advertisement. Besides, the Drifter understands that Arthur F. Requa and Albert E. Bockelman, president and assistant treasurer, respectively, of the Nation Press, were green with envy because Barney was mentioned in this plinth of piety and they were not. It is easy to understand how Requa was omitted, because at the time he was probably out of the office collecting bills or drumming up trade—he is good at both—but it is hard to explain how Al Bockelman was overlooked. For Al is not only assistant treasurer (in regard to which his duties are probably not onerous) but he is the foreman of the composing-room and stands six feet two in his shirt-sleeves. As he always is in his shirt-sleeves he is about as hard to miss in the scenery of the Nation Press as the Statue of Liberty in New York Harbor. Anyhow, if the Drifter lives long enough, he is going to mention both Requa and Al some day, and he may add a word about John McGilvray who, as foreman of the press-room and midwife at the birth of *The Nation* every week, enables teeming millions to read this column for the modest price of fifteen cents a copy or $5 a year (for book offers and other premiums consult the circulation department).

* * * * *

BUT to return to Barney, who has been left in a moth-eaten bathing suit clinging to a slippery rock in this Niagara of words, he has just issued a platform for farm relief as sensible as any which the Drifter has noted—whatever that may mean. Barney doesn't get much business from farmers, and so doesn't care any more about them than do the politicians in Washington, but in his long summer evenings he likes to speculate on the misfortunes of "the backbone of America" and suggests that you wire your Senator advocating the following program of relief:

1. Propagate more tomato worms and potato bugs, which will cut down the crop, which will raise the price.

2. Make the style in female figures plump instead of waspish; get your 25,000,000 hungry girls between 16 and 46 to catch up on what they've lost the last five years in pork chops, boiled potatoes, and apple pie.

3. Increase the length of hot-dogs to a minimum of ten inches, and make it compulsory for the buttered roll to extend an inch beyond the dog on either end, and make the man put some butter on the roll.

4. Increase the depth and diameter of store pie 100 per cent.

5. Popularize the slogan, "Reach for a peck of carrots instead of a cigarette."

6. Introduce "bale-of-spinach" week, during which every patriotic citizen will consume a bale or feed it to the children.

* * * * *

THE Drifter indorses all of this program except "bale-of-spinach" week. Like the modern child, he loathes spinach, and for the same reason—it's good for him. There is an old yarn about a retired sailor who had himself called at six o'clock every morning just for the pleasure of telling the messenger where he could go and rolling over for another two hours of sleep. Likewise when the modern child grows up, he will probably order spinach served at every meal in three ways—just for the fun of refusing them all.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

From the Gastonia Jail

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: This is typewritten from the Gaston County jail. I am allowed the use of a typewriter and the privilege of writing and receiving as many letters as I wish. "Hysteria and hate" have been ruling Gastonia ever since the National Textile Workers Union began organizational work to increase the extremely low wages and lessen the very long hours of the terribly exploited textile workers in the South. This hysteria and hate is confined, however, to Manville-Jenckes and their "Committee of One Hundred" thugs and gunmen, the Chamber of Commerce, peanut politicians and hangers-on, the manufacturers-controlled press, and some of the local police who are in the habit of getting drunk and amusing themselves running around shooting up people.

It is true that my life was in danger, that I came near being shot or lynched on the night of June 8, but it is only a half truth to say that the officers who had me handcuffed to a striker saved my life. There was no necessity to bring me through Gastonia on the way to Monroe. These officers know the ones that held me up (one of the hold-ups wore a dress suit). Why were not these gunmen arrested? Because as usual it is a one-sided "law and order," the bosses' law and order. However, this was not the first time my life has been threatened. I have received telephone calls in Gastonia to get out of town in twenty-four hours' time or suffer the consequences—notes likewise. There was a full-page advertisement in the Gastonia *Gazette* urging the citizenry to commit violent acts upon me. Paul Blanshard in one of his articles in *The Nation* truthfully wrote that I had to have an armed guard nights as I slept, but the vast majority of the citizens of Gastonia and Gaston community paid little attention to these cries. The lying newspapers of this region were and are now entirely on the side of the manufacturers, with the exception of the Raleigh *News and Observer* and the Greensboro *News*.

Gastonia, North Carolina FRED ERWIN BEAL

High Treason

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Permit me to call the attention of your readers to the amazing ill fate which has just befallen Halldor Kiljan Laxness in our City of the Angels. Mr. Laxness is a distinguished novelist of Iceland, the author of eight books, some of which have been translated into English. He came to live in the sunshine of Southern California about a year and a half ago. All went well until he sent an article to the *Althydubladid* (Paper of the People), published in Reykjavik, leading city of Iceland, dealing with Upton Sinclair and his recent publications, in which he said: "Mr. Sinclair's last book, 'Boston,' deals with the execution of Sacco and Vanzetti and the legal process leading to it. These two innocent workingmen were executed last year after continuous sufferings and torture for seven years, and this judicial misdeed has provoked the horror of all the civilized world."

That was too much for the immigration authorities to stand, when the article came to their attention. They haled Mr. Laxness to their offices here in the Federal building, first on May 31 and a second time about the middle of June, quizzing him for nearly an hour on each occasion. They told him that he had gone too far, that they wanted people here who were content with the government; they took his passport away from him, and said the matter would be reported to Washington and that he would probably be deported. He was released on his own recognizance, without bond. Mr. John Beardsley, an attorney in Los Angeles, now has this case in charge, as representative of the Southern California Branch of the American Civil Liberties Union, 1022 California Building, Los Angeles, California.

Pasadena, California, June 29 Upton Sinclair

Hats Off!

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Professor Ales Hrdlicka, curator of the division of physical anthropology at the National Museum in Washington, in a recent forecast of the development of the human race for the next "few thousand years," declares that "the hair of the head will probably be further weakened." The prospect of increasing baldness is not cheering to either human self-respect or comfort. If there can be found any possible preventive of so unattractive a cranial denouement in human evolution, may we not investigate its claims without prejudice? Abandoning easy resort to ridicule and the fear of changing cherished habits, we might consider profitably, I believe, a possible connection between the advance of baldness and the wearing of hats out of doors at all times and seasons.

I have been trying, Mr. Editor, to judge the exhibits of hatless pioneering impartially, and as a result I find that a large proportion of the hatless pedestrians whom I pass in New York possess the finest heads of hair I have seen in this country. Thick, wavy, and healthy "thatches" they often are indeed, and a pleasure to look at, as well as calculated to arouse the envy of those whose thinning crowns are already fulfilling Professor Hrdlicka's dismal prophecy. If the comely ornament of the uncovered heads of our time be at least in part achieved by liberating them from closely fitting and burdensome "lids," and permitting instead free access to the open air and violet rays, then it looks even to reluctant judgment as though Mother Nature herself were approving.

New York, July 3 Eliot White

A Woman Worker Protests

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In a letter appearing in your issue of June 26, Mr. Robert J. Caldwell makes statements about the productivity per capita here and in Europe and says that employers have found it more profitable to pay high wages, thus developing the buying power of the people. If that is so, why are the employers cutting the wages all over the United States and laying off men to rehire them at lower rates, or hiring women and very young men who are cheaper? In my own experience I have been told to do heavy work which I did not consider fit for a woman when there were men around doing lighter work. At that men are paid more for doing the same kind of work. When I have protested at this heavy work I have been told that other women are doing it all the time, so why should I object.

Not only are low wages prevalent in the factories but in the stores as well. A girl or woman must be well dressed, courteous, and on her feet all day, not to speak of selling enough goods to keep her job, for the magnificent sum of fifteen dollars a week. In some of the cheaper stores it is twelve dollars. Fifteen dollars a week naturally means a low standard of living unless the salesgirl is living at home. Here, too, men get more than women for the same kind of work. Even with the factory wage running from seventeen to twenty-five dollars a week, when one needs dental work or optical work it means very rigid budgeting and actual going without other necessaries to plan these extra expenses. How these women who have children to support, manage, I do not know.

Detroit, Michigan, June 30 Marjorie Losano

***The Nation* Radio Hour—Every Monday at 8 P. M.**
526M.—WMCA—570 K.
July 22—Mr. Blanshard
July 29—Mr. Mussey

Contributors to This Issue

Zechariah Chafee, Jr., is professor at the Harvard Law School.

Abraham I. Harris is on the staff of the St. Paul *Dispatch*.

William Seagle has written many articles on the foibles of the State legislatures which have appeared in the *American Mercury* and *Plain Talk*.

Gwendolen Haste divided *The Nation* poetry prize in 1922.

Henry Raymond Mussey is managing editor of *The Nation*.

Zona Gale is the author of "Portage, Wisconsin" and other essays.

Worthington C. Ford is the editor of the Massachusetts Historical Society.

Miriam Allen de Ford wrote The War Against Evolution in *The Nation* of May 20, 1925.

C. Hartley Grattan is the author of "Bitter Bierce."

J. Dana Tasker writes reviews for various magazines and periodicals.

Vithaldas K. Bhuta is a resident of Bombay.

Alexander Bakshy, author of several books on the theater, writes on motion pictures for *The Nation*.

Books and Drama

Ophidia

By GWENDOLEN HASTE

Lifting dark beside the trail,
Blotched by the pale
Sunlight sifting down cedars;
Mark of beast—stir of bee—
But here no least foot of man has beaten track,
And the traveler shudders back
From the narrow needled floor.
This is a door into legend,
Tales of men caught among patterned horror,
Before caverns painted with sun,
With clubbed gun a slack weapon
Rasping a last breath
In swollen death.

Let the mild cedars roar
Over the cushioned floor
While the tales pour
Down the wind from that place of bright caverns,
Down paths known only to wild feet and the dead—
The dread touch of life that lies in the sunlight alone,
Warm on a stone.

A Billion Wild Horses

Men and Machines. By Stuart Chase. The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

DRIVING a billion wild horses—it is this that Stuart Chase, in his exciting book, "Men and Machines," pictures us as doing. Men come first in his title and in his thought. What have machines done to and for them? What can they make machines do? Can they really control these hitherto untamed monsters? It is strange that so little actual investigation has thus far been given to such questions; for the whole future of the human race hangs on the answers. But for the most part machines have been studied hitherto by engineers who were chiefly interested in better machines, or by business men whose interest was profits and not welfare, or occasionally by economists who could not write English or any other language. Mr. Chase is different. With an indisposition to accept sweeping generalizations of any sort, a voracious appetite for significant concrete facts, and an ability to paint vivid pictures in words, he has written a book which the everyday man of intelligence will read with interest and pleasure, and from which he will learn more sound economics and sound sense than is to be derived from most of the portentous tomes on our library shelves.

Mr. Chase neither takes part in the machine panegyric of our contemporary rejoicers nor joins the threnody of the machine-haters. Instead, he tries, as far as our imperfect information allows, to show the actual measure of praise and blame that we may rightly attach to this new servant and master of ours. He concludes that the robots of industry—our factory slave machine-tenders—do not exceed 5 per cent of the total population, as compared with the twelve million slaves required to support Greece's five million freemen. If machinery has displaced the old handicraft skill, it has brought in a dozen new human powers for every one it has destroyed; it has given the middle-class woman boredom in place of her old skill, however, and that is sheer loss.

Mr. Chase, in the excellent company of John Stuart Mill, doubts whether machines have really saved labor. Modern industry, he says, is "whittling away manfully at production costs, which are often relatively small, and doing rather worse than nothing at distribution costs, which are relatively large." That is the fault, however, of our going economic scheme, not of the machine. Machinery has lately been throwing men out of work by the hundred thousand—"technological unemployment" is our charming name for the phenomenon. But once more we ought to blame, not the machine, but our own lack of enough intelligence to devise a sane economy.

The flood of goods that overwhelms us is composed not of the old staples but of new goods, and refinements of old ones. If we are not "housed more spaciously, fed more heartily, or clothed or shod more voluminously," "we certainly are housed more glitteringly, fed more variously, and clothed more diaphanously," while every house has its garage, radio, telephone and electric wires. Much of the new stuff is useless or worse, much of poor quality, but it is doubtful whether quality as a whole is declining. What we need—and here is one of Mr. Chase's many useful concrete suggestions—is to determine just which articles can be made better and cheaper, taking everything into account, by machine and which by hand. "With less clamoring salesmanship, slower fashion changes, why should we not have better clothes, boots, housing, recreation facilities, foodstuffs, printed matter—fabricated in whole or in part by machines whose technological limits have been respected, not outraged and betrayed by bungling profiteers?"

The artistic count against the machine is by no means wholly sustained. To be sure, in the early industrial era, things were pretty terrible artistically, but the past half century has seen a notable new vitality in almost all the arts. What says the critic to our best modern skyscrapers? Yet it remains true that we have done nothing to bring back to the common man the arts taken from him by the machine.

As for play, the machine has done it great damage. Who would not agree, in view of the way we like to spend our leisure time, in being done something to, rather than in doing something genuinely recreational? Yet even here our author is not quite hopeless of breaking through the commercialized amusements that now "decreate" us.

The charge that machinery is standardizing everything and everybody Mr. Chase subjects to keen examination, with interesting results. He maintains, and rightly, that the machine has been the greatest destroyer of standards in history. Old China was standardized to a degree of which modern America cannot dream. None the less, the machine has helped the profit-makers create temporary standards of consumption, often ugly ones, so that we all eat and dress and live alike—but tomorrow we shall all change our ways. It is not one dead level, but at worst, maybe, one live level. This whole question of standardization needs a deal more study, and this book suggests more than one interesting line of investigation.

Concerning most of the ordinary questions about machines, then, Mr. Chase's answers are much qualified. Like most observers of fact in such matters, he paints his pictures in a great variety of shades. Three great and unrelieved dangers, however, he does see in the machine—mechanized warfare, "technological tenuousness" (the growing danger arising out of mechanical specialization), and the drain on natural resources.

Mechanized warfare, he believes, is actually likely to wipe belligerent peoples off the earth, and he soberly raises the question whether the next great war will not be over in two hours, by which time airplanes loaded with unbelievably deadly gases

(which are already in our hands) will have wiped out the principal cities of the warring nations. It is a sobering question, but it has little effect on our admirals.

Second, Mr. Chase questions whether the increasing complexity and consequent interdependence of our machine civilization may not lead to a breakdown due to a stoppage somewhere at some time. He lists a score of paralytic trades, as he calls them, whose stoppage of work would bring life to a standstill. Some day a trifling earthquake, a strike, or a struggle between two business groups may really cut an industrial nerve, as England's general strike in 1926 came near doing, and then we shall die by the million.

Finally, there is the drain on our natural resources. It is an old theme, and notwithstanding our talk about the miracles of science, we still live in a fool's paradise. To take a single dramatic example, what of the stability of a material civilization based, as our automobile civilization is, on an oil supply to which the experts give a life of less than a generation? These three great dangers, then, Mr. Chase holds must be squarely faced and he is not without concrete suggestions for meeting them.

Summing it all up: "As I study the schedules, I incline to the belief that machinery has so far brought more misery than happiness into the world. It has, however, brought the fresh winds of change, and with them, vitality and invigoration. . . . If the triple menaces of war, technological tenuousness, and failure of natural resources can be forestalled, and some sort of conscious functional control inaugurated, perhaps in another generation the net balance may fall on the other side."

Slowly, in the face of fierce opposition from uncontrolled and short-sighted business interests which do not yet see beyond their own nose, we are making our way toward that conscious functional control; it is the alternative to perdition.

HENRY RAYMOND MUSSEY

Grain of Truth

The Letters of Katherine Mansfield. Edited by J. Middleton Murry. Alfred A. Knopf. Two volumes. $7.50.

ONE reads well into the first volume of Katherine Mansfield's letters and is pleased with a mind that can play over life as a flame plays, lighting to color a smooth metal, bright or dull. One leaves the second volume aware that one has been played upon oneself by a fire.

To the eye of modernism such as Miss Mansfield's, a vast flatness is evident in the modernism-in-time attitudes. In juxtaposition to her willing regard, an indiscriminate skepticism becomes sheer sentimentality, becomes a mummer's mask, worn to hide the ineffectual—or to heighten confessedly faint gifts.

It is not that she is looking for the "good" in life. It is that she has a kind of well-bred willingness to see the possible intention, to include catastrophe as, say, a "rage of art," and in general to make allowances for life as might a week-end guest in a house not yet organized and running smoothly. She causes shrill and indignant outcries against fate to seem the bad table manners of the very young. Even the groans of the inadvertently wounded are taken in the attitude of hunters toward one of their number who comes a cropper—a regrettable occurrence but not one, by some reproachable essence, devilishly contrived. She has the artist's sense of the temporary value of the dissonance, though she herself may be the discord. She has had the artist's swift sense of bewilderment "as though one were caught in a cloud of rushing birds."

It is impossible therefore to comment on these letters as anything save as a record of Katherine Mansfield's attitude toward life, of her own particular thirty-four-year quest for truth, and her finding of truth in love, laughter, friends, and above all in the response to herself of every thing, animate and inanimate. The letters are the intimation of the fashion in which one organism integrated itself into life, by experiencing other particles, literally, as if it were they. This method, the letters bear tacit testimony, is probably the principal technique so far uncovered for heightening a particular awareness of the general movement of being. And it is a technique in which laughter bears a serious share.

This is not to say that Katherine Mansfield's letters are the letters of one who loves life on any terms. Rather, they are the letters of one who sees life moving, and whose preoccupation in the reaches of this process are so intense that she doesn't bother too much about anything else.

"And if someone rebels and says that life isn't good enough on those terms," she writes [I forget the terms], "one can only say *It is.*" This ranges with William James's "I'll bet it's worth while," not as a facile acceptance, but as possibly shrewd divination which, as about oracles, we may as well weigh—perhaps as art's grain of truth. But "One must tell everything, everything," Katherine Mansfield writes. "It is after all the only treasure, the only heirloom we have to leave, our own little grain of truth." She has left her own. Ill, fevered, exhausted, exiled, facing death, she held her power to behold.

> I was looking at some leaves yesterday—idly looking, and suddenly I became conscious of them, of the amazing "freedom" with which they were "drawn"—of the life of each curve—but not as something *outside oneself,* but as part of one. . . . I feel as though one received . . . the leaves into one's physical being.

The core of the value of her legacy of letters is that she quickens the perception of everyone who reads. If ever life is momentarily stale, one has only to open her letters to sense this man in a green hat within one's own horizon, and that vast respectable woman with chins; or to feel clover and grass; or to be fat pillows, sunning themselves on a weathered box. With the specialist's power of discernment, she is somehow able to make of discernment a general power, a common faculty. Without ever writing a word about the vision of the artist becoming in time the vision of all, she merely quietly stimulates all who read her to share in that elusive vision.

Therefore she is but secondarily—as she might have wished—the writer's writer, the artist's writer. But she is not the less a supreme treasure house for those who try to write, to paint, to "create." For her gorgeous realism is nothing but raw material. Always her business is transmutation.

> When I write about ducks I swear that I am a white duck with a round eye, floating on a pond fringed with yellow blobs and taking an occasional dart at the other duck with the round eye which floats upside down beneath it. In fact the whole process of becoming the duck (what Lawrence would perhaps call this consummation with the duck or the apple) is so thrilling that I can hardly breathe, only to think about it. For though that is as far as most people get, it is really only the "prelude." There follows the moment when you are *more* duck, *more* apple, or more Natasha than any of these objects could ever possibly be, and so you *create* them anew.
>
> . . . that is why I believe in technique too. I do just because I don't see how art is going to make that divine *spring* into the bounding outline of things if it hasn't passed through the process of trying to become these things before re-creating them.

And to Virginia Woolf she writes: "Your Flower Bed [Kew Gardens] is *very* good. There's a still quivering changing light over it all, and a sense of those couples dissolving in bright air which fascinates me. . . ."

Somewhere in such words as these lies her secret, her grain

of truth for the one who writes, reads, lives; her challenge to other organisms to become more aware.

Also, her honesty is like cold, bright air. A species of Christ to moderns is this one, who can be, on occasion so joyous, ironic, and sharp-edged, and who says, again and again in this form or in that: "And I *long* for goodness—to live by what is permanent in the soul."

Her end proved this need, at Fontainebleau, where she went seeking more than health alone. But she had always a laughing distaste of words too heavy-handed. She could write, "I feel I must keep in close touch with God," but she was more likely to say: "It is difficult to live from one's center of being in London."

Besides extending human consciousness, these two volumes afford a thousand pages of amusement. ZONA GALE

Rhodes as Historian

James Ford Rhodes: American Historian. By M. A. DeWolfe Howe. D. Appleton and Company. $3.50.

JAMES FORD RHODES won an enviable reputation as a writer of history by his first volumes. That reputation served to carry him through life, softening the criticism which his later volumes suggested of inadequate investigation and careless treatment of subject. He never claimed to be a philosophic historian, and he believed a philosophic history demanded qualities he did not possess and gave results quite other than his own. In explaining the methods used in writing his volumes he showed his limitations more clearly than his merits, and he never asserted an ambition to accomplish more than he had performed, or outline another method for improving what he had accomplished. Little difference of opinion exists on his work. Thorough in investigation, balanced in the proportion of topic, eminently fair in its judgment of men and incident, a style admirably adapted to its purpose—even that does not sum up the merits of his undertaking. Of special importance was the time of publication. It came when the bitterness between North and South had well-nigh exhausted itself and when both sides could welcome a calm, well-documented, and quite readable story of the War of Secession, stated with so apparent a desire to be unprejudiced as to seem like a new statement of an old story which had become tiresome from its involved, unreasonable hatreds and unexplained differences of opinion. Rhodes took a position that won recognition from all—even the most prejudiced. If faults have been found they have not affected the broad and generous treatment of the subject; if serious omissions have been pointed out, they are such as called for a knowledge or material he did not possess, and such as did not reduce the value of his accomplishment.

If that was his life work, what was the man? Mr. Howe, in letting Rhodes tell his own story, has shown great skill and his usual sensitive judgment in selecting the essentials. In place of describing a long succession of triumphs in eulogistic terms he has given the steps by which Rhodes deliberately planned to write, the exercise in style he imposed upon himself, his first advances, and his final success. For the iron merchant of Cleveland started with little that promised a career of letters. Hard discipline and long preparation developed his powers and gave him his occupation. He deserved the success which came to him in so full a measure, yet the days of a writer are not apt to be eventful. Naturally Mr. Howe looks to the social conditions surrounding Rhodes.

In leaving Cleveland and settling first in Cambridge and then in Boston, Rhodes showed his sense of relation. He came to be better known as a Boston than as an Ohio product. Singularly modest and of marked social qualities, he won a high position in a community somewhat fixed in its standards and not readily open to outside influences. He was not extreme in his politics and frankly acknowledged his lapses from party allegiance; he was free from the inherited opinions that have set New England apart; he was a wide and judicious reader, and talked well on what he read; he was an eager questioner and could flatter the questioned by admitting his own ignorance. All these qualities made for success, and he soon found a place in the most exclusive circles and dining clubs of Boston, which furnished him an atmosphere perfectly congenial to his wishes. At home and abroad he received appreciation and rewards to repletion. On the whole it was a remarkable career of unbroken advance, until ill health interfered and gave to his last years a color of pathos.

Quotation will not help to an understanding of the man; the life must be taken as a whole, and Mr. Howe has told the story in such a manner as to indicate the weaknesses as well as the strength. Rhodes's position as an historian is already assailed, and few in these days will face the reading of his series of volumes. Yet he accomplished a great task in a praiseworthy manner, and that accomplishment may well serve as an example to others.

WORTHINGTON C. FORD

The Mind of a Criminal

Stealing Through Life. By Ernest Booth. Alfred A. Knopf. $5.

THE chief drawback to the work of the criminologist has been, up to date, the absence of articulate clinical material. The criminal has been viewed objectively, but seldom or never has revealed himself subjectively. Books have been written by convicts, true—many of them. But either they have been the work of political or industrial prisoners, who are not criminals in any true sense, or they have been concerned principally with the prison experiences of their writers. From Berkman's "Prison Memoirs of an Anarchist" (and before), to Robert Joyce Tasker's "Grimhaven," issued last year, that has been true. Even Jack Black, looking back over a finished criminal career, is only an apparent exception.

Now for the first time, in the words of a writer of native power, we have the actual workings of the mind of a criminal. Ernest Booth is a professional, if he is not a congenital, criminal. His trained profession or trade has been robbery; he has been bred to no other, and any other occupations in which he may momentarily have been engaged have been incidental. In "Stealing Through Life" he has given us the sober, almost casual, record of an extra-legal career. Some of this story has already appeared in magazine-article form; one of the episodes has even been tortured into the false outlines of a motion picture. But here is the whole tale, unvarnished and open. The result is a book which cannot be ignored by any serious student of the criminal mind, any more than it will be neglected by those simply curious about the psychology of a world so like and yet so unlike their own.

The day when ten-year-old Ernest, running away with Buddy, met his first arrest, was a crucial point in his career—more crucial than even he seems to suspect. It fixed the norm of his life: it divided the world into those who follow the dull code, and those who defy it. It broke down the instinctive terror of law-breaking whose very cowardice keeps most of us on strictly respectable paths. From that event his life flowed naturally to its expected culmination as a life-prisoner in a California penitentiary. What its future may be depends on many extraneous factors. But the essential facts of Ernest Booth's past and present—modified only by the accident of an

acute intelligence and a born gift for strong and sturdy narrative—lie within the covers of this book; and together with them lie (allowing for the same modifications) the essential facts about every professional criminal.

What evasions and alterations of literal fact are in the book are very unimportant. The inner and important truths are straitly adhered to. Since its writing, Booth, like the other prison writers of California, has been forbidden by a ruling of the State Prison Board from publishing any more of his work. With some of these authors, as with Tasker, for example, this merely means a delay of a few years. With Booth it may be a far more serious impediment. Another completed work, and a third in the process of making, which follow on the events of "Stealing Through Life," are being withheld by this ruling. But whether Booth is ever able to round out his story or not, he has already, in this single volume, performed a notable service. The book, Booth himself says, constitutes "an effort to work out the fundamental causes which brought me to prison. . . . If the so-called 'crime-wave' is due to such criminals as I have met, . . . then to calm that wave . . . is but a matter of intelligent application of simple changes which, I believe, are all too obvious."

But this piece of a man's life has further value than as a mere case-book for criminologists. It reveals very plainly a new and genuine talent in American literature. That this talent has grown to fruition in a prison-cell is a mere accident; whatever the circumstances of Booth's career it must have come to light by this, his thirtieth year. There are passages in "Stealing Through Life" which challenge comparison with the best that has been done of recent years in English prose. The book has its lesser moments: but it is by his best that we judge a writer. And the not infrequent best of this young man—handicapped and truncated as he has been by the strange fortuity of his life-course—is something which even we who could find no better use for his energies than to turn them to anti-social activities and then lock him away from us, may well be proud to discover and acclaim.

MIRIAM ALLEN DE FORD

A Plea for the Mind

Belphegor. By Julien Benda. Translated by S. J. I. Lawson. Introduction by Irving Babbitt. Payson and Clarke. $2.

IT always seemed to me that the reviewers overemphasized the fact that Julien Benda's "The Treason of the Intellectuals" was lacking in pertinence so far as America was concerned. To be sure it was a book written about French conditions for Frenchmen, but a true apprehension of the fundamental thinking it contained should have made it relatively easy to apply M. Benda's ideas in this country, with disastrous results to some of our respected thinkers and writers. My objection to the book was not that it lacked pertinence to our situation, but that it offered, in the first place, no satisfactory solution of the problem of the disinterested "intellectual" who is immersed in a given social situation and must, unless he is utterly bloodless, take a "writing interest" in the practical affairs of the state. I do not mean that he should be hampered in his thinking by nationalistic concerns; indeed I heartily second M. Benda's attack on the perverse nationalism of some of our recent writers; but I do not see how any rational intellectual can hope to dissociate himself from such raging problems as those of war and peace (even though they are nationalistic in essence), for instance. I cite war and peace, for it is on an aspect of these problems that M. Benda reveals a shocking (nay, quite childish) bias and one that made me suspicious of his whole program for dissociating the intellectuals from so-called practical politics.

In "The Treason of the Intellectuals" M. Benda casts quite unworthy aspersions on those Frenchmen who have concerned themselves with the question of war guilt and considers himself justified in asserting the truth of the war-time mythology as to the origins of the World War. In other words, he has absorbed some of the very passionate mythology that is so deeply rooted in the nationalism which he is busy reproaching the intellectuals for espousing. He is apparently unable to recognize that it is a material contribution to his cause to have one of the most piously erected structures of the French nationalists (to confine the matter to his own country) destroyed. Only by demonstrating the utterly untrustworthy nature of the assertions of the nationalists on questions of ascertainable fact shall we be able to shake the belief of the general public in their grandiose emotional structures. It does not speak at all well for M. Benda's own disinterestedness that he is unable to grasp this quite obvious point.

"Belphegor," while the emphasis is quite different from that of "The Treason," is in some ways a complementary book. Its thesis is that there has been, for some time past, a distinct movement to emphasize the emotional elements in works of art to the exclusion of the intellectual. The philosophical background for this movement is found in Bergson. Its remoter roots run back to Rousseau and beyond. It has resulted in the progressive deterioration of the intellectual qualities of literature and the aggrandizement of the emotions. This thesis is supported by a wealth of argument and illustration and must be taken as a case demonstrated. "Belphegor" seems to me a much stronger book than "The Treason."

On its positive side, "Belphegor" is a plea for the reinstatement of the intellectual qualities of literature. M. Benda demands that we once more assert the disciplinary function of the mind; that we attempt not to reproduce in literature the immediate responses of the emotions to the external world but correlate our impressions and give them form and meaning through the use of the intellect. He demands that there be a return to a concern about the structural aspects of literature, with a view to making it possible to evaluate art in terms of aesthetic value, rather than of purely emotional significance. This program demands the cooperation not only of the artists but the critics as well. He finds that as the artists have aggrandized the emotional elements of their books, so have the critics become habituated to evaluating works in terms of emotions. This he finds to be disruptive of all intellectual life. In brief, he demands a reassertion of the primary importance of the intellect.

That this movement will find expression in contemporary American criticism is beyond doubt. It already has its voices, though I do not find that those who have voiced M. Benda's program are altogether admirable. They are characterized chiefly by a narrow particularity of information and comprehension. Battling for a minority point of view, they have tended to emphasize the esotericity of their program and the artists they have put forth as representative of what they desire to see come to pass are rather the last and feeblest representatives of extreme emotionalism than the precursors of the new literary fashion. Also, in their haste to reassert the importance of "structure," they have frequently forgotten content.

Personally, I am entirely sympathetic to the triumph of the intellect in art as elsewhere. The modern disparagement of the intellect does not seem to me to be firmly grounded. It is chiefly by disciplining the emotions and recognizing the conditioning non-intellectual influences, and asserting the claims of the intellect that we achieve any valuable insights. A wide reading of "Belphegor" should contribute to the reestablishment of the intellect in the place of primacy.

C. HARTLEY GRATTAN

Potentialities

Poems. By Charles Norman. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.
The Heart's Journey. By Siegfried Sassoon. Harper and Brothers. $2.
Machinery. By MacKnight Black. Horace Liveright. $2.
Poems and the Spring of Joy. By Mary Webb. E. P. Dutton and Company. $2.50.
The Hermit Thrush. By Kathleen Millay. Horace Liveright. $2.

AS representative selections from recent verse these volumes have definite limitations of importance. In the case of Mary Webb we know that her major efforts were devoted to her novels; as poets, it could be said that Messrs. Norman, Sassoon, and Black are interesting—but in their work there is evidence that each might be a more successful prose writer. It is difficult to think of these men becoming great poets, and it is surprisingly easy to imagine each one a potential novelist, writing with that instinct for accurate words which is called style.

Fine imagination, which is neither exactly nor necessarily a poetic point of view, is the distinguishing quality of Charles Norman's verse. Effectiveness, however, is sometimes sacrificed for brevity; and the poet often misses full expression by putting prose rhythms into verse forms. He continually uses (and then he speaks most naturally) prose-length lines:

> ploughing the sea the galleons swayed
> burrowing, and the huge hulls
> plunged from perilous heights.

With a single exception the collection lends itself nobly to our whim about potential novelists. That exception is Epitaphe pour la Reine. Here, strangely enough in French, is the unmistakable work of a poet.

In "The Heart's Journey" Siegfried Sassoon seldom writes without self-consciousness; the thought is frequently strained into meter, and there are only a few natural lines. Yet, certainly, the emotions seem genuine and the moods essentially poetic. In Sassoon the war is by no means a dim memory. Slight as are his treatments of it in this volume, there is still reason to believe that he might write a remarkable story of his four and a half years' service.

Corliss engines, turbines, and power-houses are, of course, novel subjects of verse. As symbols of the modern age, they are important materials of literature. Admitting that MacKnight Black understands machinery and sees in it a poetic power which the casual observer cannot grasp easily, it is fair to say that his book does not interpret civilization, even subtly; it merely analyzes symbols. And when Mr. Black employs such figures as "skyscrapers stand tethered," and "as where the measured sun hammers the cold earth, a piston beats immobile steel," there is proof that machinery is not yet a self-sufficient idea. It is possible to imagine that the rhythms of these poems are those of electricity, swirling and surging and beating; it is still more possible that machinery is a subject more suited to prose than to verse.

The poems and essays in Mary Webb's book are a record of personal experiences, out of which her novels have grown. Immediately, "we are caught into the primal beauty of earth, and life flows in upon us like an eager." As in "Precious Bane," her best-known work, a quiet, reasoned sense of beauty moves through this volume.

And by contrast, Kathleen Millay is definitely a poet; though in "The Hermit Thrush" a not very impressive one. Occasionally, however, she finds in a mood of wistful, sad beauty the lyric motive which rises to the heights of fine poetry.

J. DANA TASKER

By Charles Erskine Scott Wood

Author of *Heavenly Discourse*

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India's Wealth and England's Wars

Indian Finance. In the Days of the Company. By Pramathnatha Banerjea. The Macmillan Company. $5.

TEXTBOOKS on Indian finance and economics are few and far between; hence any attempts that are made by popular writers to throw light on these subjects ought to be welcomed by the country in general and by students of economics in particular. Dr. Banerjea has delved into the treasure-house of the records of the East India Company and produced a learned volume which reveals at least part of the terrible story of the drain of India's wealth during the reign of the company. The military expenditure was a bugbear in those days, more than a century back, just as it is a source of waste in the year of grace 1929. The book contains many details—and vivid ones, too—of the financial burden involved in fighting Britain's wars outside of India, and the agony of the company's directors in not being able to withstand the "loot" of India's resources for service of the Crown abroad. As for example, we find the directors complaining:

> Our revenues will not, with the requisite allowances for the other branches of public expenditure, suffice for the payment of the present military establishments, of which the King's troops, including their passage to and from India and the recruiting service, account for so extensive a part. Reduction, therefore, is here indispensable. Increase, payable from the funds of the company, is impossible; and this is a subject on which a clear and definite understanding is immediately necessary. . . . At the desire of His Majesty's Government, the . . . company have had to sustain the expenses of various expeditions to the French, Dutch, and Spanish possessions in India, and to. . . Egypt, all chiefly on National [British] account.

The authorities in England in a dispatch to the East India Company stated:

> We believe that a due regard to the welfare of the general community demands a large and liberal expenditure on works of the above description . . . such as the restoration and construction of works of irrigation, the formation of new lines of road and water communication, and the improvement of harbors.

Not only the East India Company, but the present British Indian Government, has generally failed, even after seventy years, to carry out this excellent policy, because of the depredations of the military octopus.

VITHALDAS K. BHUTA

Fiction Briefs

Tides. By Count Edouard von Keyserling. Translated from the German by Arthur J. Ashton. The Macaulay Company. $2.50.

The novels of the late Count Edouard von Keyserling—not to be confused with his living, philosophic cousin—belong to that long line of fiction that extends from "A Sentimental Journey" to "Anna Karenina." Except that they reflect the lingering traces of one social order and the presage of a new one to come, they have nothing in common with either the proletarian or the introspective psychological styles of contemporary writing. They are in the best aristocratic manner and, although the times have changed, they lose nothing thereby in value or quality.

"Tides," like "Twilight" and "The Curse of the Tarniffs," is distinguished by a quiet elegance of execution that is far too

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graceful to be affected. It has the simplicity that comes from infinite care and restraint. Written originally in German by a baron from the Baltic provinces, it escapes, surprisingly enough, both Teutonic ponderousness and Slavic impetuosity. The sentiment that dominates is of regret, not of enhancement. Count von Keyserling was a realist. Whether he dealt with the lords of the manor, or with their serfs, or with their runaway wives as in "Tides," his point of view on actualities was never distorted by his tastes.

The setting in which "Tides" is placed has been shattered these fifteen years, and the plot is negligible, but the situations are apt to remain pertinent as long as human opposites attract each other and human temperaments clash and environment modifies human actions. Doralice and Hans seek a refuge for their love by the seaside, but love proves difficult between contrasting natures and the sea is treacherous. In grasping the varieties of interplay between character and conditions Count von Keyserling created several small masterpieces of which "Tides" is one. It is to be regretted that his work is not better known in America, especially when it is available in such responsible editions as this one from the Transatlantic Library.

As Far as Jane's Grandmother's. By Edith Olivier. The Viking Press. $2.50.

The darker subtleties of the professional psychologist are absent from this book. The domination of Jane Langdale by her Grandmother Basildon results in frustrations and repressions that are reflected in actions only. Although accurate the study is superficial. The decorous treatment of a subject that might well tempt other writers into deeper waters gives "As Far as Jane's Grandmother's" but the meager charm of a stately and narrow tradition.

This Poor Player. By Shirley Watkins. Macrae-Smith Company. $2.50.

To all but two of the many people who come within sound of his hypnotic tongue Alexander Birney is what he believes himself to be, a savior of mankind cast in the nineteenth-century mold of philosopher extraordinary. Even the simple, devoted Geyer and the cynical, effete Seixas see the truth but dimly: Geyer cherishes the promise that is never fulfilled; Seixas analyzes the mountebank from the genius, but neither comprehends the essential quality of such a mental vagrant. It is the magnitude of Birney's fine art of deception that gives his character its peculiar and tremendous dimensions. The distinction of the novel comes from the author's power to realize the extent, the force, and above all, the barren wake of such a characteristic. Apart from this element the book might well be dismissed as a *tour de force* of erudition, rhetoric, and abnormal psychology. As it is, 454 pages of such literal, unidiomatic prose give the impression of a carefully prepared exercise. "A Poor Player" escapes complete boredom because a paranoiac is always a curiosity, and because a charlatan, even a metaphysical one, has fascination.

Dark Weather. By Marguerite R. Baldwin. E. P. Dutton and Company. $2.50.

Neither the confusions of riches nor the restraints of learning ever touched the characters in "Dark Weather." They are the people whose shabby dwellings fringe the back streets and lanes of Styxtown—poor laborers and indolent farmers. With the exception of the dreamer, Jules, none has looked above his barnyard, let alone lifted his eyes unto the hills. Their lives are only once removed by their human forms from those of their live stock; they exist with equal irresponsibility and more, much more, promiscuity and gaiety. They are the poor whites of every town from coast to coast, once confined to buggy rides and now as much confined to flivver jaunts. Written in a somber, almost onomatopoetic style, singularly unsensuous, the novel nevertheless is streaked by the peculiar vibrations of June's reckless abandon, her pathetic defiance, her impassioned vernacular. Marguerite Baldwin confronts her material with conscious detachment, and creates her object by suggestion. The theme of the loves and death of the slavey in a small-town inn is not new, but treated with discernment and penetration, with knowledge and art, it places "Dark Weather" high in the regional literature of America.

Drama

Vaudeville Must Be Saved

THE past season in particular was filled with plaints about the unprecedented number of failures on Broadway resulting in dozens of dark houses and a whole army of unemployed actors. Yet in spite of the keen public interest in the fortunes of the theater the fact that there is only one straight vaudeville house on Broadway today—Keith's Palace Theater—does not seem to attract much attention. It is only on special occasions—such as the recent sale of the Hippodrome and the proposal to demolish this legend-wrapped playhouse, or the centennial celebration of vaudeville, held in 1926—that vaudeville is recalled in the press and in public discussion. A visitor from other lands, if he suddenly found himself in Times Square, would hardly suspect the existence in this country of that unique and ancient art.

The decline of vaudeville in New York revealed itself earlier in the closing down of such Broadway houses as Tony Pastor's, Hammerstein's, and the Colonial. Now comes the downfall of that greatest house of spectacles—the Hippodrome. The same tendency is at work in the capitals of Europe. In London, for instance, such famous houses as the Empire, the London Pavilion, the Tivoli, and the Oxford have become movie palaces (or at least have ceased to house vaudeville) within the last ten years. There are still several straight vaudeville houses left in the theatrical district—the Palladium, the Holborn Empire, the Alhambra, the Coliseum, the Hippodrome, and the Palace—not to mention the numerous neighborhood music halls, but just as in New York their number, particularly in the central section of town, does not increase.

The paradox is that in spite of its practical disappearance from the Times Square amusement district and in spite also of the critical condition in which this district finds itself today, vaudeville not only exists but apparently even prospers. Here are a few pertinent figures. The largest nation-wide vaudeville enterprise—the Radio-Keith-Orpheum Circuit—operates about 700 theaters served by 25,000 artists and having an average weekly attendance of some 12,000,000 people. In Greater New York the same interests control forty-eight theaters with an average weekly attendance of 560,000 or nearly a quarter of the 2,500,000 who patronize the theater—whether it be devoted to drama, vaudeville, or movies—within that territory.

It must be admitted that only five out of the 700 theaters, namely one each in New York, Pittsburgh, Chicago, Los Angeles, and San Francisco, serve their public with "straight" vaudeville. All the others divide their program between vaudeville and movies. But though originally the concession of half the program to the movies was undoubtedly a tribute to a rival power which was rapidly becoming more formidable, today it signifies no more than the desire to provide an entertainment of real variety. In fact until the appearance of the talking picture the gains were entirely on the side of vaudeville,

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which even invaded the movie houses and drove the pictures to a position of acknowledged inferiority.

Why does vaudeville, to all appearances, prosper in the provincial and often very backward localities, while in the cities, which are the centers presumably of theatrical culture in every country, it fails to hold its own and is slowly but surely dying out? Why has vaudeville lost favor with the most exacting section of the metropolitan audience? Is it because, as a form of theatrical art, vaudeville is too crude? Or has it deteriorated from its once proud perfection? Or have metropolitan audiences acquired new and different tastes in theatrical entertainment?

The first suggestion is the most likely answer—and the most indefensible. "Vaudeville is essentially one of the lower forms of theatrical art which inevitably takes the back seat when faced with the competition of such superior forms as drama and musical comedy." What preposterous trash passes here for an aesthetic theory! The popular notion of art is that it is something very serious and very solemn, while entertainment means trivial and light-hearted distraction. It is true that what is known as music-hall, cabaret, variety, and vaudeville entertainment (the name vaudeville was introduced in this country by B. F. Keith some forty years ago in order that the "clean entertainment" supplied by his respectable houses might be distinguished from the popular but less respectable "variety") has one fundamental characteristic which differentiates it from all other forms of modern theater. It is frankly an entertainment. The stage is simply a platform, i. e., a raised place which serves no other purpose than to enable the performers to display their gifts before an audience. The modern drama tries to be on the side of the angels by preserving religiously the big and therefore "serious" form of a long play. But vaudeville needs no such devices to provide art that is vital and earnest, even if it is not always "serious." In its basic tradition it is much more the legitimate successor to the theater which was the superb ornament of ancient Greece, Renaissance Spain, Elizabethan England, India, and Japan than the so-called "legitimate" drama of this and the past century can ever claim to be.

That present-day vaudeville is not what it was cannot be denied. Because it has practically disappeared from the centers of culture, it is ruled by standards which are established not by the most sensitive and lively sections of the public, but rather by the less exacting standards of the provinces. It is possible that B. F. Keith and E. F. Albee deserve a certain amount of blame for the condition of vaudeville in America. Much as they, as well as other theater owners, have encouraged talent in vaudeville, their policy of "mass production," the very size of the organization they have developed, and the fact that they must cater to the interest and tastes of a large provincial audience could not fail to have the same demoralizing effect upon vaudeville as mass production has had in another field of popular entertainment—the movies.

There are still incomparable artists on the vaudeville stage, such as Sophie Tucker, Belle Baker, Bill Robinson, Owen McGiveney, Toto, Brothers Arnault, and a few others. But many of the best performers in vaudeville have gone to the musical-comedy stage—George Cohan, Fred Stone, Al Jolson, Eddie Cantor, Fannie Brice, Joe Cook, Will Rogers, W. C. Fields, Fred and Adele Astair, to mention a few. As a result, the average program even in the better class of vaudeville houses is often excruciatingly dull and talentless.

It is within the power of those who control vaudeville bookings to keep up its standards. The whole system must be reorganized on a basis which will enable its stars to remain in vaudeville, whatever may be the temptations of musical comedy, for compared with the youthful sprightliness, concentration, and marvelous precision of perfect vaudeville, musical comedy is like a lady far past her prime, inordinately made up, and garrulous to an extreme.

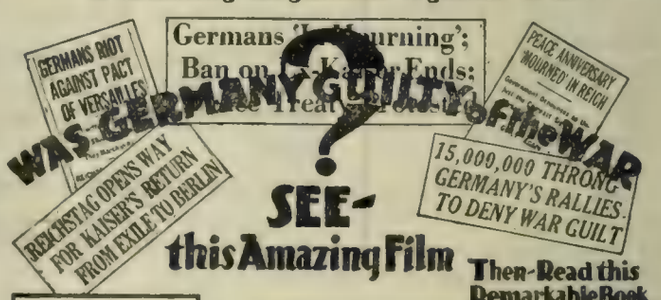
It scarcely needs proving in this country of high-powered salesmanship that public taste is subject to outside influences. But even without resort to artificial means the American public can be educated to appreciate vaudeville. In fact it already does. There were this winter two companies in New York which proved not only how glorious vaudeville can be but also how great a hold it can have on the public. I refer, of course, to the Chauve Souris and the Ruth Draper Company. There are few things more colorful than Balieff's human dolls, and no magic can achieve more than is achieved by Ruth Draper—noble, cattish, passionate, pathetic Ruth Draper.

Why not more companies like them? There are several dark theaters on Broadway. Good vaudeville can be made as successful there as any play or revue. But it must be good. It must be original and inventive; it must show real talent; and there must be unity and coherence in the performance as a whole. The scope here for original ideas and for a healthy creative rivalry is unlimited. ALEXANDER BAKSHY

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International Relations Section

White Man's Justice

WE reprint from the London *Times* a résumé of a report on the quality of justice meted out to the native in South Africa. It is an interesting study of a relationship which exists wherever the white man, in the role of conqueror, but numerically inferior, comes in contact with the dark races.

Recently Dr. Edgar H. Brookes, professor of politics and public administration at the Transvaal University College, Pretoria, South Africa, associated with himself a number of legal practitioners and graduate students to investigate the question whether the native in Africa gets an adequate and fair measure of justice. It is often said that he does not—"Justice may be blind, but she is certainly not color-blind."

Dr. Brookes and his associates report that in the matter of procedure in court natives are generally bewildered and not infrequently "hustled" when they come up before a European magistrate. White prisoners are treated with consideration by the court officials, but the native is compelled to tell his story in the way required by the white officials, and not in his own way, and is generally harried. The report does not suggest a remedy, but experienced officials suggest the use of natives as petty magistrates in the locations, the provision of a "public defendant" as well as a public prosecutor in the cases which are serious enough to come before a white magistrate, and, above all, a radical reduction in the number of man-made petty crimes. It has been calculated that one out of every four natives in Johannesburg is brought up each year before the magistrate for breach of some petty law, generally the "crime" of being out without a pass.

Of the hostility of the police toward natives there is abundant evidence. The European police in South Africa are very largely of Dutch extraction, and they are apt to follow the methods of the less enlightened section of the Dutch-speaking population where natives are concerned. Worse, however, are the native policemen. As a rule, these are Zulus, unable to read or write, but inheriting many of the warlike, not to say bullying, traits which characterize that warrior nation. Even with prisoners of his own tribe the Zulu is rough; with those of other tribes he is often brutal.

When they come to a consideration of the verdicts and sentences in European and native criminal cases respectively the investigators bring out the inequality of justice. They seem to go out of their way to be fair. For purposes of comparison they have chosen all their cases from the criminal records of one province—the Transvaal—and for the years 1925 and 1926. In cases of rape the theory acted upon by jury and judge is that natives do not regard rape so seriously as Europeans, but this theory appears only to be valid when the complainant is a native girl. Thus a European, whose case is quoted, was found guilty of having raped a native girl of fifteen and was sentenced to eighteen months' imprisonment with hard labor. But a native convicted of assault with intent to commit rape upon a European girl of eleven was sentenced to seven years' imprisonment with hard labor and seven lashes. "Had you succeeded," said the judge in the latter case, "I would certainly have sentenced you to death."

Murder cases, however, with their inevitable sentence to death if the accused is found guilty, show the greatest disparities in verdict and sentence. It may be taken as an axiom that no jury will ever convict a white man of the murder of a native. Needless to say, all juries are composed of white men. They will always find some extenuating circumstance, such as that the victim had a weak heart or an enlarged spleen, or a tumor of the liver, or attempted to assault the white man. If the report had not confined itself to cases arising during 1925 and 1926 it could have adduced even more striking cases than it does, but even these are enough to show the disparities in judgment and sentence in "mixed" cases. A European charged with culpable homicide admitted that he had hit his native servant with a pickax and killed him. He was found not guilty by the jury and acquitted. Two native servants pleaded "Not guilty" to a charge of attempting to murder their European master by administering poison. They were found guilty and sentenced to three and a half years' imprisonment each. In another case a European was charged with culpable homicide of a native whom he had kicked in the back and who afterward died. Medical evidence ("not always the most satisfactory feature of such cases") showed that the native had suffered from a tumor of the liver and that the rupture of the tumor was the cause of death. The jury found the man guilty of common assault, with a recommendation to mercy. The sentence was one of two weeks' imprisonment without hard labor. A native charged with the murder of his master was found guilty, sentenced to death, and hanged.

The report, after pointing out that "it is quite clear to us that the jury system, though not as black as some well-intentioned critics have painted it, has proved a failure in mixed cases," proceeds to recommend that the jury system be abolished, and that the criminal court consist of a judge and two assessors (which even today can be demanded, instead of a jury, by a person accused of a serious crime), or, better, by a bench of three judges. The South African judiciary is held in high esteem by both whites and natives, and such a court would win the confidence of all sections of South Africa's many communities. Furthermore, the report recommends that an alternative penalty for murder should be found since, as things are today, "the question of what sentence is ultimately to be imposed on a murderer is taken out of purely judicial hands and political advisers may in rare cases influence the final decision."

As the result of its investigations the committee believes that the average juryman, which means the average white South African, faces his task with certain assumptions, which may be set forth as follows:

> In the first place, a white man will naturally use a considerable amount of force in dealing with a native with whom he has had a difference. Should the native die thereafter, it may be presumed that he has not died as the direct result of the assault unless there is irrefutable evidence to the contrary. Secondly, no white man should ever be hanged because he has killed a native. Hence, as hanging is the only possible sentence for murder, a jury ought not to find a white man guilty if he is charged with the murder of a native. Thirdly, if the verdict is such that the white man in such a case is sentenced to a short term of imprisonment, the jury has performed a laudable action and one calculated to meet amply the ends of justice. Finally, native evidence is frequently unreliable. Hence, in the case of direct conflict between native evidence and European evidence, the latter should prevail.

It is difficult to say what effect this moderately worded and carefully documented report will have in South Africa. The general feeling is that the charge of dispensing unequal justice has been proved. The publicity thus given to the fact will help; but so long as the feeling of race antagonism remains—a feeling based ultimately on the numerical superiority of the natives—the black man will not get the same treatment as the white in South African courts.

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SECRETARY STIMSON did the right thing at the right moment when he reminded Russia and China that they were under pledge as signatories of the Kellogg Pact to settle their dispute over the Chinese Eastern Railway by peaceful means. War over such a justiciable dispute is foolish in any case and it is doubly inexcusable just after the quarreling nations have signed an agreement to renounce armed force as a method of action. The uneasy suspense after the seizure of the Chinese Eastern by Manchurian authorities reveals how inadequate our present international machinery is for handling such a crisis. Russia, being outside of the League of Nations, cannot be expected to obey its mandates, and since the United States does not recognize the Soviet Government we can communicate with Russia officially only through a third party. Otherwise the United States would be the logical nation to arbitrate the present dispute, because we have almost no interests in Manchuria and our government played so important a role during the war in saving the Chinese Eastern from Japanese conquest. Fortunately the latest reports from Nanking indicate that the Nationalists will consent to refer the dispute to the League of Nations. Chiang Kai-shek's manifesto of July 21 bristled with combative phrases, while the statement of the Russian Commissar of Railroads, Jan Rudzutak, to the New York *Times* in Moscow, is the most hopeful declaration made by officials of either government:

> Unless and until the Chinese or the White Guards attack us, no single Russian soldier will set foot on Chinese territory. . . . Our signature of the Kellogg Pact was not just a diplomatic gesture. . . . No other country ever received such provocation as we have received from the Chinese. But we shall not fight unless our country is invaded.

THE TROUBLE with such a pledge is that it is almost impossible to observe when hostile armies are mobilized and facing each other. A wild rumor of aggression by one side may start a general attack—and this is particularly likely in Manchuria. The Chinese, however, have liberated the Soviet consular and railroad officials and allowed them to go home in safety, while Foreign Minister C. T. Wang insists that "it is absolutely incorrect to infer that we have nullified Russian interests in the railway." The Russians, after their first abrupt ultimatum, apparently decided that abruptness is bad diplomacy. The rather ludicrous fact about the whole Far Eastern situation is that while the Western Powers hate Soviet Russia they cannot sanction the rude displacement of the Russians and still cling to their own possessions in China. The Soviet Government has offended against China by Communist propaganda, but otherwise her policy has been more generous than that of other Powers. Japan has a whole army in Manchuria and a railroad of her own which was taken from China by force and is held by force; most of the Powers have extraterritorial rights; Great Britain and France have concessions and navies; and even the United States has troops on the Peking-Tientsin railway line. Since Russia has had no troops, concessions, or extraterritorial rights in China, the Chinese seizure of a jointly controlled commercial railway which was already policed by Chinese troops is suggestive of the Biblical phrase about straining at a gnat and swallowing a camel.

FRANCE HAS FINALLY AGREED to the arrangement for paying her war debt to the United States which was made between Secretary Mellon and Ambassador Bérenger in 1926. Under extreme pressure from the Poincaré Government the Chamber of Deputies voted for ratification without reservations, although only by the narrow margin of eight votes and not until a separate resolution had been adopted declaring that the annuities on the debt should be met exclusively from German reparations. As the Cabinet has further agreed to a special ways-and-means law to make this resolution effective, it is obvious that France gives plain notice that payments on her debt will stop if there is any hitch in the Young Plan. Even so we are a little sorry that France has ratified the Mellon-Bérenger agreement at this time. She was clearly justified in waiting for the international acceptance of the Young Plan, and if she had simply ignored the special post-war debt due on August 1 there was nothing which the United States could or would have done about it. But the pressure of gold is irresistible.

PUBLIC

France has been more independent in her attitude toward the American debt than any other nation, but her spirit was finally crushed by the fear of what might happen to her national credit if she stood out any longer against the demands of the richest country in the world.

AMERICANS CAN TAKE little satisfaction in France's capitulation. Practically no Frenchman feels that the debt is morally owing to the United States, and although the annuities will never be noticed in our finances, every instalment will be paid with a feeling of bitterness in France. We shall pay many times over in lost friendship for the tribute we have exacted, though even if paid in full over the whole sixty-two years it will cover only a part of the sum which is mathematically due us. In order to obtain ratification a great flood of sentimental oratory was let loose by the Poincaré Government, reminiscent of what America did for France in the war. Behind this, though, the real feeling of Frenchmen appeared, as in the address of Edouard Herriot, former prime minister. It was right, he said, that signatures be respected, but what about the signature of an American President to the Treaty of Versailles? And further: "A whole year elapsed between the time the United States entered the war as belligerents and the time they became combatants. During that year their gold was the only arm they provided in the common cause." Recalling that between 1914 and 1928 America had loaned more than $13,000,000,000 to Europe, Herriot concluded:

> That is the disturbing situation which calls for organization in Europe if we are to hold our own. I do not say that the intentions of the lenders are aggressive. It is just making phrases to say that the imperialism of gold has succeeded to the imperialism of the sword. But quite fairly one may say that the tumultuous use of the youthful force of the United States may, without wishing to be so, appear menacing.

THE DECISION OF JUDGE KNOX, of the United States District Court in New York City, denying the right of the Federal Trade Commission to see the books of the Electric Bond and Share Company, if it stands, will be a serious handicap to the commission in its effort to dig down to the bottom of the power business. Judge Knox held that the individual officers of the company must answer "pertinent and competent questions" propounded to them by the commission, but that the demand of that body for production of the books and records had not yet been proved reasonable. Unless and until the commission's powers are enlarged, as Judge Knox suggests may constitutionally be done by Congress, it has the power, he holds, to require the production of such books and documents only as have become evidentiary. The case is not an easy one, and the protection of private business against a fishing expedition is at least understandable, but we cannot help regretting the effect of the decision in the present case, where public interests are so much greater than private and the formulation of a wise policy demands the widest possible public knowledge of the facts of the power business. Private rights once more stand in the way of public well-being. Meanwhile we have just had an example of the effects of publicity. The *Editor and Publisher* devoted its leading article on July 13 to the announcement made by the International Paper and Power Company of its purpose to dispose of its newspaper holdings, thus bringing to an end what this organ of the newspaper world calls "one of the most audacious and ambitious commercial schemes ever evolved around the American press."

BROKERS' LOANS have reached a new peak of $5,813,000,000, some $20,000,000 more than the previous high point, attained on March 20, and the stock market is again on the rampage. Wall Street bankers are saying that the Federal Reserve Board's campaign to restrict stock-market borrowing has collapsed, in less than six months since its inception. It seems a long time since the days, away back in 1913, when the professors of economics were instructing their students, reasonably enough, that the passage of the Federal Reserve Act was going to keep the country's funds out of Wall Street and put them into productive enterprise. The board has been criticized fairly for timidity and tardiness in its manipulation of the rediscount rate, but it has an enormously complex task. It wants to help stabilize prices so far as it reasonably can; but it can't choke off the speculators without strangling productive business at the same time, and if it none the less raises the rate in the effort, then it may only draw in gold from other countries and embarrass business there. Most of us in this country, as in every other, work for a living, but a small number of the get-rich-quick fraternity find it easier and more profitable to get theirs out of the larger but less skilful number of the same community on the stock market, and those of us who work pay the overhead. As long as the game shows its present profits and men like gambling better than work, the Federal Reserve Board will have its hands full checking speculation.

BOOTLEGGING does not involve moral turpitude, according to a decision in the United States Circuit Court by Judges Learned Hand, Thomas Swan, and A. N. Hand. The ruling was made in the case of an Italian whose deportation was sought on the ground that he had been convicted of bootlegging and was therefore guilty of moral turpitude. (Moral turpitude, it will be remembered, was invoked in an attempt to keep out the Countess Cathcart some years ago because she was reported to have broken her marriage vow—a turpitude which, like pacifism, we allow only among our native-born citizens.) Thus prohibition has presented us with another paradox. Violation of the prohibition statutes was made a felony by Senator Jones's law. Yet bootlegging—the worst violation possible—is not turpitude.

> Probably many persons in the United States would so regard the sale and possession of liquor [the opinion states], but the question as to whether it is so regarded by the public conscience is nebulous at best. While we must not substitute our personal notions as the standard, it is impossible to decide at all without some standard, necessarily based on conjecture as to what the people generally feel.
>
> We cannot say that among our commonly accepted *mores* the sale and possession of liquor as yet occupies so grave a place, nor can we close our eyes to the fact that large numbers of persons, otherwise reputable, do not think so, rightly or wrongly.

These distinguished judges apparently feel no obligation to keep up with the Joneses.

SENATOR CARAWAY thinks that George W. Wickersham ought to withdraw from President Hoover's commission on law enforcement because of the letter to Governor Roosevelt on prohibition. But what does he say of Judge Kenneth Mackintosh of the Supreme Court of the State of Washington, another member of the commission? Judge Mackintosh wrote a memorable letter too, and although it was penned ten years ago the author, so far as we are aware, has never expressed regret or made amends for it. The letter was written just after the Armistice Day parade in Centralia, Washington, in 1919, in the course of which a group of the marchers attacked the hall of the Industrial Workers of the World. In consequence of a bitter quarrel between the lumber interests and the I. W. W., the hall had been raided and furniture and papers thrown in the street the year previous, so this time the men inside defended themselves with firearms, and four of the attacking party were mortally wounded. Wholesale arrests were made, and that night the lights in the city went out just long enough to allow a mob to enter the jail. The mob took out one of the prisoners, Wesley Everest, mutilating and then hanging him from the girders of a bridge. Two days later the following letter was written:

KENNETH MACKINTOSH, JUDGE

THE SUPREME COURT, STATE OF WASHINGTON
Olympia

November 13, 1919

George Dysart, Esq.,
Centralia, Washington

My Dear Dysart:

I want to express to you my appreciation of the high character of citizenship displayed by the people of Centralia in their agonizing calamity. We are all shocked by the manifestation of barbarity on the part of the outlaws, and are depressed by the loss of lives of brave men, but at the same time are proud of the calm control and loyalty to American ideals demonstrated by the returned soldiers and citizens. I am proud to be an inhabitant of a State which contains a city with the record which has been made for Centralia by its law-abiding citizens.

Sincerely,

KENNETH MACKINTOSH

AFTER A FARCICAL TRIAL one of the Centralia defendants was incarcerated as insane, while seven were found guilty of murder in the second degree and, in spite of a recommendation for leniency from the jury, were sentenced to terms of from twenty-five to forty years in prison. A new trial was asked for, but it is not odd that it was refused by a Supreme Court one of the members of which had found in the events of Armistice Day—and night—reason to commend the "calm control" of Centralia and its "law-abiding citizens." Though the highest court of the State could see nothing amiss with the trial, five of the jurors have repudiated the verdict and seven have joined in a petition asking for the release of the eight imprisoned men—so far without success. We do not know whether President Hoover knew of Judge Mackintosh's letter when he appointed him to the commission on law enforcement. We do not know that Judge Mackintosh's fellow-members on the commission know of it, or what they think about him if they do. But we do feel that in the light of the letter many Americans will have a little less than no regard for any conclusions which the author may formulate in regard to obtaining greater reverence for law. The Sacco-Vanzetti executions, the continuing imprisonment of Mooney and Billings, the refusal to pardon the Centralia victims and the scandalous attitude of a judge of the State Supreme Court toward the tragedy—these facts, when contrasted with the acquittal of Doheny and Sinclair and the failure to try ex-Secretary Fall, make it hard even for those who are most eager to respect our processes of justice to do so.

IN THE DEATH on July 21 of John Cotton Dana, "first citizen of Newark," the United States loses one of the very foremost of its liberal leaders. A native of Vermont and a graduate of Dartmouth, obliged by ill health to spend his young manhood in a variety of occupations, among which he specially valued his experience as a surveyor in Colorado, he entered library work in 1889, and after serving in Denver and Springfield came to Newark in 1902. Since that time the Newark Public Library has become famous the world over for its extraordinary service as a genuinely educational institution. "The worth of a book is in its use" was one of Mr. Dana's favorite precepts, and his ingenuity in devising was matched only by his liberality in administering methods of getting books and the information they contain into the hands and heads of people of every sort. Founding the Newark Museum in 1909, he followed the same policy of making that institution serve the people, especially of helping them to discover the possibilities of beauty and excellence in the machine products of the day. In theory a philosophical anarchist, he was a free man in thought and action, a constant inspiration to the thousands of men and women who knew him personally and to other hundreds of thousands who knew only his work. He was in the true sense one of the makers of modern America; for the influence of his work has already been felt in the remotest parts of the country, and it will widen and deepen with the years.

SO PROFESSOR GODDARD'S ROCKET didn't get to the moon after all, but as a result of going off all at once, instead of in a series of successive explosions, as all well-behaved rockets should do, came tumbling back to earth with a clatter that brought the police and two ambulances to the Ward farm outside of Worcester. We sympathize with Professor Goddard, but our grief is tempered. If the rocket had gone 338,800 miles farther than it did, those happy beings, who now are not even troubled with an atmosphere that can be superheated in August, would undoubtedly in time have been brought down to earth, as last month's bachelors of arts have already been. They would get acquainted with *Liberty* and the New York *Daily Mirror;* they would learn to read our advertising of cigarettes and beauty creams; they would receive visits from bond salesmen and subscription agents working their way through college; they would have bigger and better automobiles and broader and more brazen loud speakers; their men would wear more clothing and their women less; and doubtless they would soon learn to spend most of their time talking about synthetic gin, the iniquities of prohibition, and the comparative merits of their various bootleggers. Yes, even Professor Goddard must feel that there are compensations for his disappointment.

Another Sacco-Vanzetti Case?

IT was night-time in a tent colony of cotton-mill strikers on the edge of a Southern town. The men, women, and children who were living in their tents after being evicted from company houses, had heard that the night-shift of the mill from which they had walked out was ready to strike if a demonstration took place in front of the plant. They formed a straggling picket line, led by a woman, and started toward the mill. They never reached it, for gangs of deputy sheriffs and police swooped down on them, broke up the line, and beat the leaders. Angry and bruised they returned to their tents, and their leaders were discussing the formation of a new picket line. At that moment five policemen came to the entrance of their tent colony, where an armed guard was posted to prevent attack. The police had no warrant and two of them have since been indicted for being drunk and disorderly earlier in that same evening. One of the policemen argued with the strikers' guard and wrested his gun from him. Perhaps the guard's gun went off in the tussle; if it did no one was injured by it. Out of the darkness came shots fired from shotguns. They seemed to come from the small building used as union headquarters. The police were struck, one died and two were injured.

Such is the background of the very significant murder case scheduled for trial at Gastonia, North Carolina, during the week of July 29. Fifteen men and women will be brought before a grand jury, indictments will be asked for the murder of Chief of Police O. F. Aderholt, and presumably the trial will take place immediately. We believe that this case is not only one of the most important in American labor history, but that it is exceedingly likely to lead to a miscarriage of justice. The man who shot Chief Aderholt was probably a striker, but no evidence has been produced in preliminary hearings to show that any of the prisoners fired the fatal shot. While the strikers are charged with cold-blooded murder and held without bail, it is not even certain that the man who shot Chief Aderholt committed a crime. American citizens have the legal right to resist a police officer who invades their homes without warrant, except when a felony is taking place there. A Southern correspondent writes us:

> The grimmest tragedy that has ever occurred in America is about to be enacted in this textile mill town of the South, and unless the spotlight of publicity is turned upon the scene, another Sacco-Vanzetti case, magnified many times, will probably take place. If an indictment for murder was all that the defendants had to face, their defense would probably be a simple matter, but, due to the fact that some of them have confessed certain political and religious beliefs and, due to the further fact that all of them have dared and persisted in an attempt to remedy a shameful and intolerable condition that has been forced upon the Southern workers by the greed of the owners of the Southern textile mills, the defense will by no means be simple and, at present, looks almost hopeless.
>
> There can be no question that the mill owners of the State are solidly behind and assisting in every way they can in the prosecution of the strikers because, outside of three lawyers in Charlotte and one lawyer from Asheville, it has been impossible to interest or secure the services of any lawyer of any standing or repute in the State to represent the defense, while the prosecution has hired sixteen lawyers, including every lawyer in Gastonia, and one from an adjoining county who, by the way, happens to be a brother-in-law of the Governor.

In spite of local prejudice, however, the defense will be supplied with good lawyers, notably John R. Neal of Tennessee, chief counsel in the Dayton evolution trial, who has volunteered his services without remuneration. The first thing that the attorneys will demand in case of indictment is a change of venue, and the arguments for transfer to another county are overwhelming. Gaston County has been flooded with anti-Communist propaganda since the beginning of the strike, and no person with enough sense to be a good juryman could possibly have escaped it. After the shooting of Chief Aderholt on June 7 the authorities became hysterical, jailed over fifty strikers who had no known connection with the shooting, arrested a college instructor who was asked by *The Nation* to send in a first-hand report of events, and even warned the chief attorney for the defense that he could not come near the town. An experienced reporter of the conservative Charlotte *Daily News* wrote on July 1:

> Gaston County is desperately near the mood to try a dozen or more malcontents for murder and condemn them by what they think about God, marriage, and the nigger—and the history of the world has shown that on the first and last of these subjects the human race, when it has tried to think, has invariably gone insane.

An analysis of the population of Gaston County in the light of jury regulations shows that the defendants, about half of whom are Northern Communist organizers, will face a more prejudiced venire than Sacco and Vanzetti faced. The county has a population of about 50,000, with 103 textile mills employing about 22,000 workers. Of course, no worker who has ever been connected with the union will be permitted to sit on the jury, and cotton-mill workers of any sort are virtually excluded by the requirement that every juror must own property. Cotton-mill workers in the South live in company houses and almost never own real property. So the jury must be drawn from the few hundred white-collared property owners of the towns, or from the relatively well-to-do farmers who own their own land. Their only source of information concerning the strike has been the newspapers of the county, which have been filled with specific attacks upon the prisoners now on trial. Civic organizations have passed resolutions against these same prisoners and pulpits have rung with denunciations of their "red" doctrine. For Communist organizers who confess, as one of them did in the preliminary hearing, that they actually doubt the existence of God the chance of measured justice before a Gaston County jury seems nil.

We hope that North Carolina will wake up to the gravity of the situation at Gastonia before it is too late. The State and the mill owners will be the ultimate losers if they allow local passion and prejudice to railroad men and women to the electric chair.

The Wickersham Letter

WHETHER George W. Wickersham was indiscreet in discussing prohibition in advance of the report of the President's commission on law enforcement of which he is the chairman, whether his suggestion was in some sense a trial balloon from the White House, or whether the letter to Governor Roosevelt was made public by mistake seem to us to be inconsequential details. The real question is: What does Mr. Wickersham suggest and is it a good idea?

We find ourselves little short of amazed at the tendency to misunderstand Mr. Wickersham's letter. Or perhaps there is less misunderstanding than conscious or unconscious misconstruction. To us Mr. Wickersham plainly suggests the virtual substitution of local option by States in place of national prohibition. Thus the idea is a considerable concession to Wets and a direct challenge to Drys. And when first published it was apparently received in that light. On the morning when it was printed Senator Walsh of Massachusetts and Representative Britten of Illinois, acknowledged Wets, were quoted in its favor, while the Chicago *Tribune*, a Wet newspaper, said the idea was "worth trying." On the other hand, Representative Volstead and Senator Caraway, stalwart Drys, denounced the suggestion as a betrayal of the prohibition cause.

But at the recently adjourned conference of governors, before whom the letter was read, Mr. Wickersham's proposal was interpreted in a directly contrary way. The Wets in that gathering apparently reached the conclusion that the plan was bad strategy, while the Drys persuaded themselves that it might be interpreted to mean that Mr. Wickersham recommended that the States should actively enforce prohibition *in addition* to the efforts of the national government. This interpretation, emanating from the Governors' conference, seems later to have been largely accepted by the public, although we can see nothing in Mr. Wickersham's letter to justify it. We quote in full Mr. Wickersham's words on prohibition, with his specific recommendation in italics:

> Of course, one of the most serious subjects we must deal with is the enforcement of the Eighteenth Amendment. That measure has written into the Constitution of the United States a prohibition of the importation, manufacture, transportation, and sale of intoxicating liquors for beverage purposes.
>
> The amendment confers upon the States concurrent jurisdiction with the national government for the enforcement of this measure. Thus far the federal government alone has borne the brunt of enforcement.
>
> It seems to me that the Governors' Conference might well consider approaching the Federal Government on some feasible proposal to share this burden. *If the national government were to attend to preventing importation, manufacture, and shipment in interstate commerce of intoxicants, the State undertaking the internal police regulations to prevent sale, saloons, speakeasies, and so forth, national and State laws might be modified so as to become reasonably enforcible and one great source of demoralizing and pecuniarily profitable crime removed.*
>
> Every State Executive has sworn to support and defend the Constitution of the United States. The Eighteenth Amendment is a part of the Constitution, just as much as any other part of it. Surely it is pertinent to their conference to suggest and consider how they may best carry out their solemn undertaking.

The Constitution forbids the importation, manufacture, transportation, and sale of intoxicating liquors. Mr. Wickersham proposes that the federal government look after the first three prohibitions, leaving the fourth to the States. That is, he would have the federal government patrol the borders to prevent smuggling, suppress illicit stills, and try to stop interstate shipments of liquor. But the whole question of *sale,* that is the control of saloons, speakeasies, and the like, would rest with the individual States.

Can there be any doubt that with conditions as they are this would mean practically State option in regard to prohibition? Mr. Wickersham's words in regard to the support which States owe to the Constitution are merely fine phrases. It is true that States are legally obligated to enforce federal laws as well as their own, even where they are not endowed with "concurrent" authority, as under the Eighteenth Amendment. So is every individual obligated to enforce all laws, State or national, and may be called upon to do so, as when requisitioned for a sheriff's posse. But practically the private individual acts to enforce law only when it is violated in his presence and when he personally *objects to such violation*. And the same attitude is generally taken by States toward federal law. State or city officials take no initiative to carry out the postal laws or prevent smuggling, although they will assist federal officers when asked to do so.

Thus under Mr. Wickersham's plan the States which have prohibition-enforcement acts, and in which public sentiment insists that they be carried out, would attain at least a measure of aridity. States which have no prohibition legislation, or do not want to enforce what they have, would be able to go their own way, free from federal interference at least so far as individual buying and selling of liquor is concerned. Whether or not Mr. Wickersham thinks the States might be allowed to pass laws establishing a more liberal definition of alcoholic liquor is uncertain. Anyhow the Supreme Court would have to decide that, and in practice the point might not be of much consequence.

We do not undertake to say here whether Mr. Wickersham's proposal is wise or not. We do undertake to say what his words plainly set forth and what, in practice, his plan would come to. It certainly would not entirely satisfy either Wets or Drys. Neither can any other plan. Mr. Wickersham's plan is not a scientific solution of the liquor problem; it is not even a strictly honest one. But in the light of ten years' experience with the Volstead Act, and in the midst of the hypocrisy and failure of present methods of enforcement, one is compelled to consider results rather than technique. Intelligent men who are not fanatics recognize that the country is in a serious muddle over prohibition. Mr. Wickersham at least suggests a plausible compromise.

"O Upright Judge!"

THE danger of arbitrary and unreasonable interference with the freedom of the press through punishment for contempt of court—to which *The Nation* has often called attention—is illustrated afresh in the conviction of Louis B. Seltzer, editor, and Carlton K. Matson, chief editorial writer, of the Cleveland *Press*. The sheriff was about to proceed against a Cleveland race track for permitting betting in violation of the law when an injunction was sought from Judge Frederick P. Walther of the Court of Common Pleas. The judge signed a restraining order unless, it read, the methods of the track were "illegal." In this qualification the judge obviously dodged the only point which it was his business to settle, and upon the advice of the county prosecutor the sheriff closed the track. The Cleveland *Press,* legitimately and reasonably, as it seems to us, said of the injunction: "If it enjoins the sheriff from doing his sworn duty, it is monstrous. If it merely enjoins him from interfering with a legal enterprise, it is ridiculous."

Messrs. Seltzer and Matson were haled before Judge Walther for contempt of court. They were ably defended by Newton D. Baker, Secretary of War under President Wilson. Mr. Baker argued that criticism is contempt only if the case under discussion is pending and if it operates to obstruct justice, neither of which was true in regard to the Cleveland *Press*. The judge sentenced the two men to a fine of $500 each and thirty days in jail. An appeal has been taken, and it hardly seems that His Honor can be upheld, although judges are prone to support one another on questions of contempt, and few convictions are reversed.

In his argument Mr. Baker necessarily sought to justify his clients within the prevailing practices in regard to contempt of court. *The Nation* takes a wider position and attacks the validity and justice of the entire process of contempt. It is a survival of absolutism and the theory of divine right which in a democracy is an anachronism and an atrocity, yet it is used more widely and with fewer limitations in the United States than in any other civilized country. It is a question if it is not a purely usurped power on the part of the courts in direct contravention to the federal Constitution and that of most of the States. The courts evade the guaranties of jury trial for crime by holding that contempt is not a crime and that punishment for it is merely part of their "inherent" right to maintain discipline and obtain obedience to their orders, but they fail to reconcile jail sentences under this theory with the Thirteenth Amendment to the federal Constitution, which forbids involuntary servitude "except as a punishment for crime."

The sound way to proceed against this abuse is through amendments to the various State constitutions, as legislative acts have frequently been nullified by the courts. In place of the dangerous and tyrannical process of contempt we should substitute laws by which disorder in court or obstruction of a judicial decree could be punished in the manner of any other crime. So far as freedom from criticism goes, there is no reason for granting the courts in a democracy any more immunity than the executive and legislative branches have through the laws against libel and slander.

Bremen, Ahoy!

A NEW queen of the seas has appeared. Cutting her way smoothly but irresistibly westward on her maiden trip from Cherbourg to New York, the steamship Bremen of the North German Lloyd developed the greatest speed ever attained by a merchant vessel. For a whole day the Bremen averaged 29.6 knots an hour, 3½ knots faster than the best going of the Mauretania over the same route, and sliced 8 hours, 52 minutes from the Cunarder's westbound record of 5 days, 2 hours, 34 minutes. But even this does not tell the whole story, for a steamship is like an automobile in that it cannot be pushed to its greatest speed until its intricate and wonderful machinery has been running for a while—has become attune and begun to sing in close harmony each part with every other. So the Bremen is likely to travel even faster on later passages than she did on her first, while her sister ship, the Europa—when in commission—may attain still greater speed.

Thus the blue ribbon of the Atlantic goes back to Germany for the first time since 1908, when the Cunard Line, backed by the British Government, sent out the Lusitania and the Mauretania to yank the pennant from the old Deutschland of the Hamburg-American Line. The advent of the "Big Lucy" and the "Big Mary," with their astonishing preeminence in speed, must have seemed too much for rival companies to overcome, and for twenty years developments in steamship building took other directions. First there was the passion for bigness, reaching its climax in the Leviathan and Majestic, and later the trend toward luxury, as emphasized in the Ile de France and some recent Italian liners. In the Bremen and Europa there is a return to speed which, according to promises, British lines will soon attempt to push further.

In aiming at speed the Bremen was built with a bulb stem and a hull so molded as to push the water down rather than to one side, thus avoiding the wave created by most ships to their disadvantage. Air resistance has been cut by making the vessel unusually low and close to the water for her tonnage. The two funnels are short and squat, like those of a motorship, although the Bremen's power is from steam turbines.

But we do not wish to write only in praise of the Bremen. At this moment, when all others are hymning the wonders of this new queen of the seas, we dip our flag in all homage to the Mauretania, from whom after practically twenty years the speed pennant has just been snatched. For the first two years of the lives of the Lusitania and Mauretania the former was slightly faster than her sister. Then the "Big Mary" came to the front and for a score of years has kept up a marvelous series of performances. Twenty years is a long championship in this age of rapid obsolescence, yet the Mauretania has not only held her speed undiminished over all this time, but actually made her record westbound passage less than a year ago! No other steamship in history has had such a long and distinguished preeminence. She may well go down in maritime annals as the greatest creation of brain and tool during the first century of the steamship.

It Seems to Heywood Broun

HATE seems to me an abominable emotion and yet all the new-fashioned psychologists agree that the human animal can't get along without it. In forgiving your enemies there lies the possibility of headaches, neuritis, sleeplessness, and various psychic disorders. Of course the wise men of Vienna may be wrong. Perhaps it is not impossible to be meek and healthy at the same time.

I've got nothing against anger. Any well-regulated person should become angry at times. Only the individual wholly devoid of imagination can go through life completely unruffled. But anger isn't the same thing as hatred. It is a flash of feeling which goes over the dam upon the instant. No man who has expressed his anger with reasonable fluency need go back to it again. Revenge is a form of procrastination. The man who eases his soul by paying off a score at the end of twenty years confesses that he didn't have the nerve or the mental alertness to handle the situation when it lay immediately in front of him.

They say that elephants are very smart because they remember the boy who gave them a plug of tobacco in the summer of 1891 and squirt him with water when he comes around again in the late spring of 1929. I can't see the wisdom in that. The gray-haired gentleman who gets the drenching very possibly has forgotten the tobacco incident. Retribution is singularly ineffective unless both sides are conscious of what it is all about. And after thirty-nine years the victim of the elephant's revenge has probably so much on his conscience that the boyhood practical joke has entirely escaped him. It was stupid of the elephant to take the tobacco in the first place, and still less intelligent for him to devote mental store-room to a grudge when that same space might much better have been employed as an arena for mental effort.

"But," says an elephant who happens to be looking over my shoulder as I write these words, "I didn't get a chance to square up with him when he gave me that tobacco in the summer of 1891. He told me it was chocolate and walked away before I got it into my mouth. After I strangled on it and spat it out he was gone. I looked around and I trumpeted, but he'd skipped. I had to stow away the grudge and store it up until he returned thirty-nine years later with a brown beard and three children."

"Come, come," I say to the elephant severely, "you know as well as I do that we live largely through introverted processes. It wasn't your throat or your trunk which was injured by that plug of tobacco but your ego. I think it ought to have been possible for you to say, 'Oh, he's just a sap,' and dismiss the matter from your mind. No humiliation caused by a thoughtless boy could possibly have been profound to you at your age. The thing became important only because you stored away the memory and treasured it. You had every right to get mad. I admit that. But you tell me you did get mad. The emotion was not suppressed. It came into consciousness and you trumpeted. What more do you want? Nursemaids screamed and children ran from in front of your inclosure in terror. It was an effective expression of your righteous rage. In fact I hold it to be far more dignified and satisfactory than your later enterprise with the dirty water. Then you descended to the level of your adversary. There's not much to choose between foisting tobacco on an elephant and drenching a man who comes to spend a quiet afternoon at the zoo. Please bear in mind what I have said if the situation arises again."

The elephant said he would try not to forget and went away, but I'm not at all sure that I convinced him.

Upon second thought it seemed to me that my advice might have been much shrewder. If ever again I get the ear of that same elephant I plan to add: "I will even go so far as to admit that possibly some dull ache of injured pride might remain even after a good sound trumpeting. The tobacco giver is gone and you can't get at him. This is the place where fantasy should come in. Certainly there must have been some other young man in the circle round about not unlike the miscreant. You could have pretended that he was the guilty party and squirted him with water. You see in my opinion it is better to get square right away even at the expense of the wrong fellow than to waste thirty-nine years in waiting for the right one."

To be sure, and by now we might as well leave the elephant out of it, civilization imposes restraints which we must accept, but not all of them. It is necessary that we should resist the impulse to cleave every skull which invites us to swing the nearest dull blunt instrument. But on the other hand it is silly to remain sewed up to the last notch of buttoned existence as prescribed by the codes we call courtesy and good form.

Let us say, for instance, that I am affronted by Mr. X or Miss Q. I may take the injury smiling and calmly and make no retort, but that is bad business all around unless I am completely insulated by an utter contempt for Mr. X or Miss Q. In that case it may not be necessary for me to display anger. But if we meet on equal terms, then it is up to me not to deceive myself, or them, for that matter. If I do not behave in angry fashion or even admit that I am angry evil consequences will flow. The incident will impair my blood pressure and my digestion and, also, my friendship for Mr. X and Miss Q. Generally I like X. Often I admire Millicent Q, but by holding back from anger when I have every reason to be angry, something permanent may go into my chemistry which will always function whenever I am in the presence of these people. A valuable friendship has been marred because I have made a silly sacrifice to courtesy. What I should say is, "Andrew X, I think you've done a mean and contemptible thing." Or, "Millicent Q, you talk like a half-wit."

And after all of that has been said there is an excellent chance that we can go on being the best of friends. Miss Q may be the sort of person who believes that friendship is a bond which imposes a constant obligation of friendliness. Well, then, the more fool she. Obviously no close relationship can be maintained without pendulumic variation. And certainly the thing to do with grave distaste is to let your anger blaze fast and furiously and subside in embers.

HEYWOOD BROUN

Mr. Dawes in Santo Domingo

By ROY VEATCH

JUST two days before Charles G. Dawes ceased being Vice-President of the United States and became again merely General Dawes, he received a request from President Horacio Vasquez of the Dominican Republic to head a mission of Americans to advise the Dominican Government on administrative matters particularly connected with the national finances. Mr. Dawes accepted with alacrity, and before the end of March had marshaled a commission of twelve and was on his way to the city of Santo Domingo. The commission remained in Santo Domingo for 21 days—and nights; for at least some members of the party worked day and night. It presented a 200-page report to President Vasquez, and withdrew before the report could be translated into Spanish. The commission had been greeted upon arrival with sharp attacks in the Dominican press and murmurings among the populace. There apparently was no way of explaining the presence of so many great and rich Americans in the little republic except by some sinister motives connected with more foreign loans or economic concessions. But Mr. Dawes captured the Latin imagination with his dramatic personality and flattering diplomacy. The report was accepted, and in less than a month the five new laws proposed had been enacted by the legislature, and the chief executive was taking vigorous, almost violent, measures to carry out all the recommendations of the report.

The occasion for President Vasquez's request was a prospective Dominican budget deficit of over four million dollars, due to excessive appropriations and to a cash deficit of $1,631,227 accumulated since 1924. At the same time, economic conditions are not good in the republic, and the tax burden is already heavy. A presidential election is approaching, and recourse to loans or higher taxes would make the present administration unpopular. Therefore President Vasquez took the suggestion of Sumner Welles, unofficial adviser and recently American Commissioner to the Republic, that Mr. Dawes be invited to show the government how to save money.

There was an additional reason for the summoning of the Dawes Commission, one which rose above party lines and gained for the commission the support of all patriotic Dominicans. Their government now enjoys complete freedom from American control, except in financial matters. According to the 1924 Convention between the Dominican and American governments, the collection of customs in the republic is to continue under Americans, appointed by the President of the United States, until such time as the present foreign loans of the government shall be completely paid off. All these loans were issued in the United States. Mr. Dawes spoke of this situation in his address to President Vasquez and the Dominican people, on the occasion of the arrival of the commission in Santo Domingo:

> President Vasquez has expressed to us his determined purpose to rid this republic of the last vestige of foreign interference in its domestic affairs by bringing about that economical management of the government's business, which is the people's business, which will furnish the funds to pay the Dominican debt and relieve this republic from the control of its customs by outsiders.

Dawes Reforms

The Commission Report provides for what Mr. Dawes calls "the best budget system in the world." This system, under a director of the budget, supplemented by a coordinating service under a chief coordinator, and by central government accounting control, follows closely the scheme inaugurated by Mr. Dawes in the United States in 1921. There are, however, certain refinements designed to prevent any part of the plan from miscarrying—a result which Mr. Dawes claims has come to pass in the United States under Comptroller General J. R. McCarl. Further following the precedent of administrative reorganization in the United States, the Law of Projected Public Improvements is designed to keep all public-works projects within the financial resources of the government and coordinated with a general scheme of improvement, while a Law Reorganizing the Government Departments redistributes certain services and creates a new Department of War and Marine. The American example was departed from only when President Vasquez asked Mr. Dawes if there was objection to renaming the new department, giving it the more popular modern title of National Defense.

There were certain other recommendations calculated to save the government money: open competitive bids on all contracts and purchases; officers or employees handling funds or personal property to be under bond; full civil-service protection to be extended to all public services; cancelation of all unexpended continuing appropriations not absolutely required; sale of government-owned public utilities.

Dawes Anticipations

The commission seems to have been interested in presenting the anticipated results of its recommendations in the best possible light in its Summary of Fundamental Conclusions. Its optimism, or its weariness after weeks of hectic work, led it to state conclusions which unfortunately are neither exactly accurate nor particularly fundamental.

The commission estimates the probable deficit for 1929, with its reforms in operation, at $769,000. This figure is arrived at by using the excess of budget appropriations over budget resources on January 1, 1929, rather than the higher figure, given elsewhere in the report, of the estimated excess at the end of 1929. Further, a full year's savings in governmental administrative expense are included, although nearly four months of the year had passed before the recommendations were made and the government could hardly be expected to save more than eight-twelfths of the estimate for an entire year. These two items would increase the budget shortage given in the summary by over $1,000,000, and the lowest possible estimate of the 1929 deficit consistent with the commission's own figures is $1,821,707.29.

The statement in the summary as to the probable financial position of the government in 1930 is still more mis-

leading. With the Dawes reforms in full operation, the report promises for that year a surplus of receipts over ordinary expenditures more than sufficient to meet the new charges, amounting to $1,262,500.33, for the sinking fund on the external debt—*if there is no deficit carried over from 1929*. What value there can be in such speculation it is difficult to grasp, when the facts, as contained in the report itself, indicate that there will be a large deficit in 1929. Instead of a surplus in 1930, on the basis of the present budget and the Dawes retrenchments, the most optimistic estimate would be a deficit of over $1,600,000. In 1931 this amount would be increased nearly $600,000 by higher sinking-fund requirements.

Instead of balancing the budget and wiping out the deficit, the Dawes plan for Santo Domingo only reduces the estimated deficit, for the present year, and the greatest reduction is to be effected through the cancelation of $1,788,000 of continuing appropriations, which could not be met in any case without surplus funds. Even with the assistance of the Dawes plan, the government must face large obligations at the end of 1929, and again in 1930 and 1931, and they will not be paper obligations that can be canceled by a stroke of the pen; the Dominican Government will find it absolutely necessary to cut expenditures beyond the Dawes recommendations, or to procure funds to meet these claims. These are fundamental conclusions based on the estimates and recommendations of the commission, and yet they are not clearly stated at any place in the report.

A conclusion that is stated in the introduction to the report, however, is that the "general economic and financial condition is inherently sound." The commission offers very little evidence to support this conclusion. Although it employed the title Dominican Economic Commission it included very few experts of any sort, and no trained economic investigators. Some members of the group looked around the country a bit and made sketchy observations, but generally reported that they did not have time to go into matters thoroughly. The commission had expected to remain in the republic six weeks, a sufficiently short period for the task it had to perform, but all of its work was crowded into half that time. No adequate survey of the economic basis of Dominican finances could be made. It is unfortunate that the work had to be done so hastily.

Public Utilities

Although the Dawes Plan does not anticipate further loans or higher taxes, it does leave one loophole through which American money might come to the assistance of the government. The commission recommends the sale of all public utilities owned by the government.

Government operation of the national telephone and telegraph system, the national radio, and the automatic telephone system of the city of Santo Domingo is condemned in the eyes of the commission because it resulted in a deficit of over $300,000 in 1928, with only a slight decrease in this amount estimated for 1929. The national railroad also is operated at a loss of something over $50,000 a year, caused chiefly by the competition of trucks on the highways built by the marines and the Dominican Government. But there must be some further reason for the recommended sale, for when the report comes to the light and water company of the city of Santiago, and the electric-light company of the city of Puerto Plata, both operated by the national government, it states that "the commission has the same recommendations to make as those previously expressed," in spite of the fact that new equipment has just been installed in these plants and that they are expected to produce a net profit of $76,000 this year.

It seems that the key to the commission's reasoning on Dominican utilities, as on any public utilities, is to be found in this statement in the report: "It is the experience of the world that public utilities are more efficiently administered and more economically operated by private interests than by governmental operation, . . ." This generalization may be understood when it is realized that the group which agreed upon it included a president of the Radio Corporation of America, a vice-president of the Indiana Refining Company, a vice-president of the Illinois Steel Company and director of several Chicago banks, a president of the Alabama Marble Company, a successful utilities consulting engineer, a corporation lawyer, and two investment bankers, as well as the head of the Dawes interests of Chicago. One hastens to add that these big business men could not be suspected of having designs themselves on the struggling little utilities of the Dominican Republic; their interest must lie only in the "principle" involved.

The commission recognizes elsewhere in the report that the government transmits free of charge over its telegraph system messages which would cost it nearly $100,000 at current rates, and there must be similar employment of the other utilities which might well be charged against the seeming deficit. Furthermore, the report does not take into account the fact that in the case of most of the utilities, especially the automatic telephones and the light and water works, the recent outlay for capital equipment has been very high, while the public use of these utilities is only now beginning. It is doubtless true, as has often been charged, that personnel costs are too high because of political influences, but the commission's recommendation of civil-service control seems the proper attack on this problem in public utilities, as in other government services. If we figure a budget for all these utilities for next year, counting on the 15 per cent savings in personnel cost that the commission has estimated, charging the value of services received by the government against the cost of operation, and including the increased revenues from automatic telephones now being installed, the net deficit to the government cannot be over $75,000. It may indeed be much less, or may even be completely wiped out, and in succeeding years it is quite possible that these utilities will be a source of considerable income.

Mr. Dawes wrote to President Vasquez on March 2, accepting his appointment, and voluntarily placing a strong restriction on the scope of the commission's task: "The work you ask myself and my associates to enter is one in no wise involved in questions of internal policy, but is only that of suggesting certain methods of organization under which the routine business of government is transacted." It appears that the ownership of public utilities is a debatable question, especially in a country like Santo Domingo, where government control of strong foreign enterprises is a difficult matter at best; the Dawes Commission might well have considered it a matter of internal policy, limiting itself to recommendations for the improvement of the government operation of these services.

What Next?

The Dominicans seem inclined to give the Dawes recommendations a thorough trial, and are even going beyond them in some lines of governmental retrenchment. The legislature has granted the executive power to dispose of some of the utilities, under conditions carefully guarding government control of their operation. But it is certain that the Dominicans will have hard sledding under their present program, and that there will be a tremendous pressure on them to take on additional foreign loans, or to "get on easy street" by granting economic and utility concessions to foreigners, particularly Americans.

There are at least three things that the Dominicans have acquired from the Americans. First is a taste for public improvements. They have projected and partially completed the extension of the highway system to every corner of the country, the improvement of three ports, two large irrigation projects, schools and public buildings, and municipal systems of electric lights, telephones, water supply, and sewerage. Second is a distaste for American loans and their consequences. Both the Government and the Opposition make political capital of the determination to rid the country of the last vestige of official foreign control. Third is a fear of economic development by foreign capital and enterprise. The American sugar industry in Santo Domingo grew tremendously during the American occupation, but the Dominican Government is inclined to embarrass it at present by such means as a tax of 150 per cent on all agricultural machinery entering the country for expansion purposes.

Now these three things do not fit together. If the present program of public works is to be continued, and education and other forms of desired social progress are to be extended, further foreign loans will be necessary in the near future, if not immediately. Greater debt charges on the budget, given the present receipts, would simply increase with the annual deficit. To meet such debt charges under the present forms of taxation, or to afford a surplus for public works over the present budget, would require an increase of the foreign trade of the country, and that could probably be achieved most quickly by attracting foreign capital and enterprise. If the Dominicans, then, want neither foreign loans nor foreign capital, they will have to forego, for the present at least, the expansion of their public works, and they may have difficulty in maintaining those acquired already.

The only way in which the Dominicans can recover complete political independence and avoid extensive economic dependence, is by exercising the freedom of action they now enjoy. They must clean house in their own government and live within their means. In this purpose they should be genuinely aided by the Dawes Report, at least by most of it. Further, they must be content with a slow economic and civic development, financed only by their own gradual accumulation of capital. If they can do those two things they will not only surprise a great many Americans at present interested in Santo Domingo, but they will also afford an almost unique experiment in the development of a "backward" country.

Republicans and the Rest of Us

By BENJAMIN B. KENDRICK, SR.

THE past eight years have been peculiarly dull in politics. The man who occupied the White House during the greater part of the period contributed materially to the dulness, but the chief contributing factor is to be found in the supine character of the opposition to dominant Republicanism. We are as impotent to discern the differences between the parties in the United States today as W. S. Gilbert was in England some forty years ago when he satirized the similarity of Conservatives and Liberals in the lines:

> Isn't it strange
> How Nature doth contrive
> That every boy and every gal,
> That's born into the world alive,
> Is either a little Liberal,
> Or else a little Conservative?

Why this tweedledum and tweedledee? The answer is simple: Prosperity and propaganda have converted a majority of Americans to the political creed of the business man. That creed runs: "I believe that government should make business prosperous and that if it does, some of the prosperity, like the gentle rain from heaven, will trickle down upon those beneath." Prosperity for some lines of business may be made by governmental action or inaction. Tariff legislation, easy access to natural resources, favorable tax laws, favorable banking laws, the granting of valuable franchises, the jailing of "agitators," are examples of action. Refraining from "going into business in competition with its citizens," from "meddling in business," from adequate regulation of public service rates, are examples of inaction. Both lists could be multiplied indefinitely. Finally, the "charmed circle of privilege" must be kept exclusively for business men of substance. Others, like laborers, farmers, most "white-collar" workers, and small business men must be kept out. Such is the political creed of the larger business men.

For nearly seventy years, with some slight exception during the administrations of Theodore Roosevelt, the Republican Party has been the instrument for putting this creed into practice nationally. Locally, the same thing has been true in the East and broadly speaking in the West despite "Progressive" heresies. Recently, in the more industrialized areas of the South, the Democratic Party has come to represent essentially the same view as the Republican Party elsewhere. Woodrow Wilson committed his party to a progressive policy nationally, but by embarking on the stormy sea of world politics, he was largely responsible for the ensuing decline. But the Democratic leaders in Congress are not blameless. They did not fight to maintain the instrumentalities created under Wilson's leadership for the control of big business, but sat idly by and saw those instrumentalities transformed into the bulwarks of predatory vested interests, hoping thus to obtain the favor of the business barons. In this

hope they were disappointed. Business men, like other human beings, trust old friends most, and their trust was not misplaced. Under Harding and Coolidge they got everything they wanted and nothing they did not want. Now their faith is in Hoover, and the prospect is that the Republican Party will continue for many years to come to deserve the confidence of the business interests.

In view of the decayed state of the national Democracy, is not the Socialist Party the logical alternative to Republican rule? Yes, but politics is not a matter of logic. Other influences prevent the Socialist Party from operating as a successful opposition. It should continue in existence, however, and it is to be hoped that in the course of time it will become a strong national party.

In the meanwhile, are we to have no opposition worthy the name? Admitting that the wish is in part, at least, father to the judgment, let us hazard a forecast. In the course of the next decade, very probably as early as 1932, the Democratic Party will divide into two parties—an Eastern and a Southern. There will follow quickly a definite secession of the Western Progressives from the Republican Party. Each of these three parties will be much more progressive than the present national Democracy. This judgment is based on what appears to be facts. First, the Democrats have learned that they cannot supplant the Republicans in the affections of big business. Second, Eastern and Southern Democrats are convinced that they can find no common ground of union on the liquor question. Moreover, their racial and religious differences, they fully realize, are too great to allow them to cooperate in a single party. Finally, millions of people are getting over the notion that huge profits for a few mean prosperity for the masses.

The present economic condition is bound to bring about a renewed moderate opposition to extreme Republicanism. Such opposition has not been dead, as the five million votes for La Follette in 1924 sufficiently attest. This opposition, too, is growing, but no Eastern or Southern Democrat or Western Progressive can command its undivided support. Governor Smith made a good candidate in the East, but a poor one in the South and West. Senator Norris would have done well in his own section, but not elsewhere. Senator George could have rallied support in the South, but almost none anywhere else.

The situation then calls for one national extreme capitalistic party, one socialist party, and three sectional parties representing various shades of moderate opposition to unregulated capitalism. Parties cannot go on forever standing for nothing in particular. They must in the end conform more or less closely to actual social-economic conditions. Extreme capitalism is the one thing that is nation-wide in scope. The Republicans will represent capitalism. Republican office-seekers, continuing to preach the gospel of prosperity, will admonish the people to put their trust in the great industrial lords, and multitudes will hearken to their voice. Against them the three sectional parties will have difficulty in making headway, but the situation is by no means hopeless.

What part will the Southern Democracy play? What ground is there for believing that it will become progressive? In the first place, it is being deserted by its most conservative element—the business men. Prohibition and religious issues were the immediate occasion of the large Republican vote in the South in 1928; but there was another cause, not so apparent on the surface. For many years considerable areas in the South have been undergoing industrialization and urbanization. A business group has been growing up whose political views are much like those of their fellows in the North. Many of them are of Northern origin. Many Southerners have been coming to the view that business is "safer" when there is a Republican administration in Washington, and therefore have been voting the Republican ticket in national elections. The next step will be for them to vote the Republican State ticket. Indeed, many did so in 1928. If President Hoover is successful in having "respectable" Republican machines organized in Southern States where none now exist, the conversion of the business men to State as well as national Republicanism will be rendered easy. It is to be hoped that success will attend his efforts.

Contemporaneously with this change, other significant movements have been going on. Southern labor is becoming class-conscious. The first generation of Southern workers, fresh from the hard conditions on the little farms they occupied, looked upon the new village or city life as a distinct improvement, even if hours were long, if work was monotonous, and if pay was small as compared with Northern wages. Today things are different. A new generation has appeared which never knew the farm. Its members are not one-tenth as isolated as they or their parents were even ten years ago. Among the more skilled workers in the cities unionism is taking hold rapidly. On the whole, the leaders are intelligent and socially minded.

Another influence making for discomfort in the South is the invasion of this territory by the chain stores, and the establishment of numerous branches of the great mail-order houses, with the consequent ruin of many small merchants. Southern agriculture is in a bad way. Some local observers look for a recrudescence of a Southern agrarian movement comparable to the Farmers' Alliance of the early nineties. We may confidently expect that within the next decade both the farmers and the small business men will be demanding relief at the hands of the State governments.

It would be a mistake not to say something about the young men and especially the young women of the Southern colleges. Almost without exception they are liberal, and in many cases even radical, in their outlook. Many of them are entering the teaching profession, where they are passing on the ideas they acquired in college. Moreover, they are not "tired" liberals. Whatever the situation elsewhere, in the South the young college men and women are optimistic, generous, and determined to improve social and economic conditions in their section. For the most part they are emancipated from the enervating tradition of a South of chivalry and romance. Of more practical importance, they will not yield obedience to the demands of an ignorant priesthood, bent upon maintaining a religious, social, and economic fundamentalism. They are thinking hard and biding their time.

And their time is coming soon. When the Democratic Party is deserted by the great business men, these young people, aided by the workers, farmers, and small business classes, will capture its machinery, and rededicate it to the principles of "equal rights for all and special privileges to none." They will conceive these principles, not as dead shibboleths, but in terms of twentieth-century realities. They will look into the mills and see that their Anglo-Saxon relatives are being exploited in the interest of local and foreign capitalists. They

will recall that in the 1860's Southern Democrats fought against being machined, but incidentally to preserve a great social wrong—Negro slavery. Before the 1960's have arrived they will be engaged in the nobler struggle to free their own flesh and blood from slavery to the masters of the machines.

But this will be only a part of their program. Their party will advocate a thoroughgoing reform of the tax system so that the tax burden will fall upon those best able to pay, to the relief of the farmers and workers. It will demand the extension of the public-school system from the present six or seven months' term to a full nine or ten months' term. It will advocate the enlargement and more adequate support of the State institutions of higher learning, insisting that both public schools and State colleges be made more responsive to social needs. It will see to it that adequate social legislation of all sorts is provided. Public utilities must be effectively regulated so that their services may be supplied the public at reasonable cost, and if experience demonstrates that this is impossible, then new ground of public ownership must be taken. The party will insist that worthy tenants be aided by the state in securing ownership of their farms, following the precedent of Denmark and other progressive countries. Farmers' cooperatives will be encouraged and given State aid. Practical agricultural education will be extended and made more effective. Such in brief is the role that the new Southern Democracy will play in State affairs.

In national matters it will cooperate, as far as possible, with the two moderate parties from the East and the West. In Congress, the three together could make an effective opposition to the extreme Republicanism which we have witnessed during the past eight years and which seems destined to continue for some time. All three parties should oppose the overgrown pretensions and demands of the navalists, militarists, and imperialists generally. Pacifically inclined in foreign relations, they should be effective opponents of the headlong plunge which we seem to be making into the next war. The three parties could not agree on the prohibition question, or perhaps on immigration, so they should frankly agree to disagree and thus save their mutual respect. In the field of national domestic politics, they could together prevent the sort of shameless favors which have been given to the great power, oil, and transportation corporations during the past eight years, and even in opposition they should be able to prevent such tax refunds as have been made under Mr. Mellon's administration of the Treasury. And they could at least call a halt to any further protective tariff debauch. Perhaps within a decade or two their combined electoral votes would be sufficient to throw the election of the President into the House. A coalition administration could conceivably be provided and sufficient agreement reached to bring the government once more to grips with some of the country's insistent problems.

The Last of Edward Carpenter

By S. K. RATCLIFFE

IT was a cool sunny day of midsummer, the first of July. A company of English people, among whom at first the local newspapermen saw nobody whose name had for them any sound of eminence, had gathered on a hillside in Surrey for the burial of Edward Carpenter, "democratic author and poet," as he described himself, maker of "Towards Democracy," and, I suppose, the most remarkable of those few original English characters who are known and honored among certain orders of the elect throughout the world. He had died three days before in Guildford; the county seat, as Americans would call it—an ancient town grown during the past half-century into a congested suburb just beyond the outer rim of Greater London.

Thither he had removed, after the war, when within hail of his eightieth year, from the cottage and holding of Millthorpe, among the hills outside Sheffield, the city of steel, where he had lived his own life for forty years—writing, reflecting, and receiving at intervals the friends and unknown disciples who came to him from near and very far. On his seventieth birthday, and again on his eightieth, tributes of admiration and affection had been paid to him: by men of letters and of affairs, by labor and socialist leaders, by bands of social idealists belonging to the small undefeated minority, by inconspicuous men and women who, in places scattered over the globe, had been reached by the word of Edward Carpenter. In Guildford, he had lived for a time in a staring villa on a steep road; in his last years he found a less inappropriate refuge in a tiny bungalow on level ground, surrounded by flowers.

A brief announcement in the London *Times* had made known that the funeral would be held in the town cemetery. This seemed to imply that the customary routine would be followed; in other words, that the Church of England burial service would be read over the body of as complete a spiritual rebel as England had known for half a century. We remembered how, after going through his course in Cambridge University, he had been ordained, and had accepted a curacy under the once renowned Frederick Denison Maurice, that prophet of a strange semi-modernism of whom Matthew Arnold said that he expended enormous energy upon beating the bush without at any time starting the hare. Carpenter as curate in the Established Church had been unimaginable by all those who had come within his circle after the writing of his most famous book; but it looked as though a man's past must come back upon him in this England of ours. To our good friend Henry Nevinson I quoted a passage from his own autobiography, "Last Changes Last Chances," to the effect that those who threatened the speedy passing of the British system were given to forgetting that England always won one battle—the last. Let us, I suggested, amend that, and force ourselves to realize that the old churchy bourgeoisie will contrive to win the last battle over the body of the rebel.

The little cortège from the town below was late. We were waiting at the entrance of the cemetery when the chaplain rode up the hill on a motor-bicycle and swung into the gateway. The coffin was of the plainest unvarnished wood, covered with flowers. We crowded into the little chapel,

and the chaplain began reading the burial service in the rapid level tone that generations of English clergy have established as the right and only way of going through the solemn ritual of farewell to the dead. Having finished with the prayers and readings of the first part, we followed the coffin up the slope of the cemetery to the grave, where the remainder of the service was read in the same voice, the words of committal being spoken, likewise inaudibly, by an older cleric of somewhat higher rank. Around the grave were some 200 people, mostly neighbor folk of the neighborhood—members of the local Labor Party, the cooperative society, the trade unions: people who knew that a remarkable man had gone from their midst. No national leaders of any kind were present.

There had been no reference to Carpenter by name. Burial in the Church of England is an entirely anonymous rite; the words are read over the body of "our dear brother here departed." Who, indeed, was this; who should it be? "So as I am, so shall you be," as the familiar rural epitaph has it. And now the formal benediction is spoken. The church has done its part.

As we were walking up from the chapel to the grave my companion said: "On these occasions some one ought to break out." Many among us, I do not doubt, were feeling precisely that; but, as it happened, there was no need for a break-out. The chaplain was moving away and the onlookers supposed that all was over, when a clear voice was heard over the scene, declaring that the company could not separate without some word of Edward Carpenter's own. It was the voice of a literary executor, Captain L. H. Green, who himself read the noble lines Into the Regions of the Sun, beginning:

> So at last passing (the great sea stilled, the raging ocean)—passing away
> All sorrow left behind, the great intolerable burdens which men vainly try to carry,
> All all abandoned, left there lying—
> Suddenly lightened, like a bird that shakes itself free from the limed twigs,
> Soaring, soaring, into joy supernal passing,
> Lo! the dead we leave behind and pass to the realms of the living.

It was clearly and beautifully done, and at the end the same voice announced that Henry Nevinson, a friend of forty years, would speak a few words about Carpenter and the significance of his work. Nevinson did, speaking slowly, in calm and moving sentences. He recalled the courage with which Carpenter had separated himself from a devouring convention, for the shaping of the life in which he believed, a life of simple labor, spent among the common folk. Carpenter was a great poet, a great writer, a great critic of life and society; but he was greater still in his life and in the spirit that he had passed on.

It was a singularly satisfying conclusion. The right thing had been done, the right page read, the appropriate word spoken. The victory had been snatched at the last moment from the official guardians of an outworn form; and I think every man and woman present was grateful to the two men who had succeeded in associating the end of Edward Carpenter with his own expression of open-eyed submission to reality, instead of with the rubric of an age from which his mind had moved decisively away.

Sex, if Any

Being, perhaps, a preview of the pamphlet Canon William Sheafe Chase is planning to write to replace Mary Ware Dennett's "The Sex Side of Life," in order that the Postal Inspectors may be kept unsullied and pure

By EDWARD HOPE

Introduction

As young folks grow out of their babyhood and begin to observe the world they live in, many of them notice that children are conventionally divided into two classes. There are Boys and there are Girls. To some of the young this comes as rather a shock, although it should not cause much comment among those whose home training has been properly looked after by their parents. It is only to young folks whose little minds have not been carefully safeguarded from thoughts of evil that the realization of Sex, or Gender, as it is more delicately called, proves disturbing.

Curiosity, especially in matters that are better neither discussed nor thought about, is a great evil and a besetting sin among certain young folks. Those who inquire boldly into the Divine Plan will come to no good end, but because curiosity in matters of Gender continues to rear its ugly head, in spite of all that wise and moral adults can do to stop it, this little book is prepared to settle the question once and for all and put the mind of the young at rest.

In what follows, you will find all the information you will need at present. Only those who are willing to risk damnation, or who are planning to lead immoral lives, will inquire further.

The Genders

There are, as you have already guessed, two major sexes, or Genders. The commonest terms for the Genders are Male and Female. We shall use these terms for convenience, although happier words could be found.

It is often important to be able to tell the Genders apart, and this is quite easy with a little practice. Men, for instance, wear trousers. The outstanding physical differences between the Genders are: Males, on the average, are bigger than Females, and stronger. Males have deeper voices than Females. Males have their hair cut shorter than Females. Males shave their faces or else grow beards, while Females do not have to shave. Little boys, and men, too, are Male. Little girls, and women, are Female.

These simple distinctions should be enough, under ordinary circumstances, to clear up any confusion as to which Gender a given individual belongs to. In any case where doubt persists, even when the given individual is judged by these standards, it is best to walk rapidly away from the person in question.

The Purpose of Gender

If you have any grasp of the ways of Providence, you will feel sure that there is some great reason in the Divine Plan for the creation of two Genders. And you will be quite right. The Genders are a part of the means the

Almighty has devised for perpetuating the race of men and women.

All living things have their Genders in one way or another, and the best way to think of the reproductive functions of the Genders is to consider the flowers. It is the plant's mission, just as it is the mission of right-thinking human beings, to reproduce itself and perpetuate its race. Today you have a flowering plant; tomorrow there will be other flowering plants where that one now stands. Go and sit in front of a flowering plant for a day or a week and watch it. You will learn a great and good lesson. And although the flowers have no marriage ceremony, so far as we know, they may be pardoned for that, because they do not know any better.

Marriage

When you are grown up and are a Man or a Woman, Love will very probably come into your life. When you find that you love another man or woman (as the case may be), it is time to think of Marriage. Don't pay any attention to wicked people who try to tell you otherwise. In fact, beware of anyone who makes such a suggestion, for it may be part of an evil design.

A marriage is best when it is solemnized by a minister, although judges and other officials of the State are qualified to perform marriages. Marriage is not a state to be entered into lightly. By marriage you will take your Mate, your spiritual companion, for the rest of your life. You must be sure, therefore, that you have first Sacred Love, the kind of emotion for which you are willing to give up your happiness and your chance of earthly satisfaction. Millions of men and women have made these sacrifices to preserve marriage for you, and you must be ready to do as much for those who come after.

There are some light-minded and usually evil persons who enter marriage in a spirit of happiness and gaiety. This is very wrong. Marriage is holy and there should be no fun connected with it. For the most part, happily, there is none, for good people bring to the institution a spirit of sacred duty and seriousness. Marriages are made in Heaven, and Heaven is no place for nonsense.

Childbirth

There are several theories about childbirth, although no one knows which is exactly accurate. The two leading theories are (a) that the baby is brought by a stork, which carries its precious cargo slung from its beak, and (b) that babies are shipped direct from Heaven to the doctors and distributed by them to those who want them.

Myself, I am inclined to the stork theory. I feel that the stork is a much more lovely creature than the average doctor. And, anyway, some of the new babies I have seen would have been much too large to fit into the little black bags the doctors carry. Whatever the true theory is, there is no need for you to worry your little head with it now.

Immorality

It is necessary to mention briefly the fact that there are Bad Women in the world. These Bad Women are a menace to decent society, and cause all sorts of trouble. Some day, it is to be hoped, proper laws will be passed to do away with Bad Women entirely, but at present only a warning can be issued. Boys should avoid meeting them and Girls should avoid becoming them.

As for where they are found and how they are to be distinguished from decent and moral people, suffice it to say that a man will know almost instinctively when he is in the presence of a Bad Woman. At the slightest premonition, if he is a good man, he will go immediately away or call a policeman. Policemen can deal with Bad Women.

* * * * *

In this pamphlet, dear children, you have all the information you will need, as I have said, for the present. Now that all your questions are answered, put the matter out of your little mind entirely, and stick to marbles and jacks, which are simpler and safer.

In the Driftway

A COUPLE of years ago, in response to a contest on the subject, the Drifter undertook to list the "ten most beautiful things" in New York City. He prefers not to recall the exact date of this performance because in his hurry he included a view of lower Manhattan, the East River, and the Brooklyn Bridge from the foot of Montague Street, Brooklyn, and an attempt later at verification disclosed the fact that most of the alleged panorama was invisible on account of nearby warehouses. Still that fiasco was quite a while ago and has probably been forgotten, so the Drifter is inclined to answer the query of the Merchants' Association as to the "seven wonders of New York City." On the authority of Antipater of Sidon the Merchants' Association lists the Seven Wonders of the World as the walls of Babylon, the statue of Zeus at Olympia by Phidias, the Hanging Gardens of Babylon, the Colossus of Rhodes, the Pyramids of Egypt, the Mausoleum at Halicarnassus, and the Temple of Artemis at Ephesus. Certain other authorities give the lighthouse at Alexandria instead of the walls of Babylon, but that is a detail.

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THE Merchants' Association put its question to a number of New Yorkers of prominence, and there is considerable repetition in their answers. There is a common tendency to name the subway system, the railway terminals, the East River bridges, the Stock Exchange, the Holland Tunnel, and the Woolworth Building. A good many of those responding to the question cited various views, usually containing skyscrapers, and some named objects of beauty without reference to their size or uniqueness. But if one is to follow the analogy of the Seven Wonders of the ancients in naming a similar list for New York City, beauty cannot be the only, or indeed the chief, criterion. The object should be colossal in size or amazing in construction, and it should be either unique or a bigger, better specimen than any elsewhere. Bearing these conditions in mind the Drifter likes best the list submitted by Gustav Lindenthal, engineer, who named New York's two great museums, the Metropolitan Museum of Art and the American Museum of Natural History; the city's gravity water supply; the subway system; the Grand Central and Pennsylvania railway terminals; and the East River bridges. This is a good list, but the Drifter

would make large changes in compiling one of his own. For various reasons, he would omit the two museums, the water system, the Pennslyvania terminal, and the East River bridges. These exceptions leave the Drifter with only two wonders listed: the subway system and the Grand Central railway terminal with its tunnel and approaches.

* * * * *

TO these two wonders the Drifter would add one of the city's great office buildings. The Woolworth is the tallest and easily the most beautiful, but perhaps it should yield to the Equitable Building because the latter is the largest in the world, housing 12,000 persons—a city in itself—while it is estimated that, in addition, it has 50,000 visitors daily. As a fourth wonder the Drifter would list that amazing and dramatic spectacle known as the Great White Way, the illuminated signs and the human surge on Broadway from Forty-second to Fiftieth Street at night. Fifth, the Drifter would like to name something connected with the great amusement business in New York, and he rests on Coney Island. For sixth choice he borrows an item from the list of Joseph E. Corrigan, city magistrate, who mentions as one of New York's wonders "the number, variety, and character of its inhabitants." Certainly this is one of the wonders of New York and of the world. Nothing is so surely the essence of the American metropolis as its human content of many races, with their differing tongues and varying manners, their restaurants, churches, shops, street and home life.

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FINALLY, the Drifter sets down as the seventh and greatest wonder of all the patient industry, the docile humility of this human throng, nine-tenths of whom wear out their lives creating wealth for the other tenth to spend. The supreme marvel is that the nine-tenths do not rise in their wrath and their might, pick up the one-tenth by the scruff of the neck, and hurl them off the Battery sea wall into the bay. THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

The Applejack Myth

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: It appears to be getting conventional to assume that the farmer, in insisting on prohibition for the rest of the world, counts on hard cider and applejack for himself. In your columns it is first Heywood Broun and now the Drifter who makes applejack the farmer's drink. Broun seemed to think that the farmers had got applejack legalized under the statute; surely it is no more lawful than brandy.

I was raised in a Vermont town that had no other industry, except for strictly local service, than farming; Vermont counts maple-sugar-making as a part of farming. Vermont was a veteran prohibition State. The cider barrel was a familiar institution and its legitimate uses were understood to be to drink while sweet, to cook while sweet (cider applesauce, etc.), and to make vinegar. The definition of sweet cider was elastic, but it was not considered thoroughly respectable to make a practice of drinking it after it had become decidedly hard; and I never heard of doing anything to prevent hard cider from going on and turning to vinegar, so that even those who drank hard cider were not presumed to have it available all the year.

But, while the cider press and cider barrel were familiar institutions, the still was not. I never saw applejack. I never saw a receptacle that was said to contain applejack. I never heard of a man who made it, or had any, or had been drinking it. I never heard of applejack except in print, on pages printed in the city. Today, at the age of sixty, after having lived for longer and shorter times in three cities and ten country towns of five States, having once devoted a summer to canvassing a rural county of New York for a purpose that made it part of my ordinary experience to hear the local scandal against the prohibitionists of the county, I have not yet heard of a specified town or farm or house or other locality in which applejack was said to be made or used.

Ballard Vale, Mass., June 29 STEVEN T. BYINGTON

Who Are Bad Citizens?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The ground on which the Connecticut judge the other day refused citizenship to Douglas C. Macintosh of the Yale Divinity School is rather amusing when read on our Independence Day. Professor Macintosh, who served faithfully in France during the World War, said in answering questions that he could not support a government in what he considered an unjust war. The judge said that when war is once on, a citizen has no business to discuss the question of its justice or injustice, but simply to support his government; and he therefore denied Professor Macintosh naturalization. He had not as much compunction on the score as even the Chicago *Tribune*, which has belatedly had qualms of conscience over carrying at the top of its editorial page the notorious old slogan, "My country, right or wrong." It did this regularly for years, impervious to the common criticism; but last winter it "got religion," frankly confessed its fear that it was mischievous, and took it off.

Almost all great Englishmen of the Revolutionary period whom we honor, and whom England herself now honors, denounced their government for its course, praised glowingly our rebellious fathers, and gave "aid and comfort" to the enemy in a way which our own Constitution pronounces treason, and which Rosika Schwimmer and Professor Macintosh would never dream of. It is doubtful whether we could have won our independence if these sympathizing and outspoken Englishmen had not made the war so unpopular in England and at times almost paralyzed their government. Our very map is dotted all over with Pittsfields and Chathams and Burkes and Foxboros and Conways and Graftons and Barres, witnessing to the gratitude of our fathers to the manly and liberty-loving critics of their government, who fought for our cause in Parliament as valiantly as Washington fought at Trenton and Yorktown.

"I rejoice that America has resisted," thundered Pitt in Parliament. "Three millions of people so dead to all feelings of liberty as voluntarily to submit to be slaves would have been fit instruments to have made slaves of the rest." Our Connecticut judge would have disfranchised him forthwith; and he would have sent Fox after him for his "treasonable" speech when the news came of Burgoyne's surrender at Saratoga. And Horace Walpole also who exclaimed on the same occasion, "Thank God, old England is safe."

Happily we do not have to go to England for examples of backbone and humanity in politics. We have had illustrious illustrations at home. Almost every conspicuous man of brains in New England denounced our war with Mexico from beginning to end; and the leaders of nearly our whole conscientious

body, from our two ex-Presidents Grover Cleveland and Benjamin Harrison down, condemned the course of our government with equal energy when engaged in the subjugation of the Philippines at the hour when their struggling people had almost won their independence from Spain. Massachusetts should ever be proud that the leader in the Senate of the opposition to the infamy was George F. Hoar; that the leader of the organized popular opposition was the venerable George S. Boutwell; and that when his voice was stilled in death his mantle fell on the chivalric Moorfield Storey. Our Connecticut judge would have sent them all to jail. Such pronouncements as that of the New Haven judge are, thank God, a novelty in this republic of Adams and Jefferson.

Boston, July 4 EDWIN D. MEAD

Dawes

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your discussion of Charles G. Dawes as British Ambassador from America you entirely failed to describe the man. He is one of the most cultured men in our nation, reads widely, and is familiar with many lines of thought. You will be surprised to know that when he was campaigning four years ago he took with him a select library of Greek and Latin books and never closed a day without long and careful study of their contents. His knowledge of ancient life and literature is very broad and deep. He has a large library and loves his books. Two years ago he told me that when he retired from the Vice-Presidency he hoped to satisfy a long ambition by taking up the excavation of some early Greek city or ruins.

Walter Leaf, the great Homeric scholar and man of letters, after spending four hours with Mr. Dawes said to me that he was one of the most cultured and widely informed gentlemen he had ever seen. Mr. Dawes can meet as an equal in learning and culture the very best of the British Empire.

Evanston, Illinois, May 30 JOHN A. SCOTT

Left-Handedness

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I am astonished that as scholarly a journal as *The Nation* should attribute left-handedness to some usage when it has been known to two generations that its cause is anatomical in a right-handed brain. I suggest that Heywood Broun read up—possibly Dr. George Gould—on the subject.

Pacific Grove, California, July 10 J. C. REEVE

Catholicism and Tolerance

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The controversy between your correspondent, Mr. Robert Dell, and Roman Catholic writers is so acutely interesting that I break into it and am reminded of old times in South Carolina. In 1706 the Church of England became the "established church" of the colony, the state religion, and it was supported by public taxation. The Episcopalians paid most of the taxes. About 1740 the "upper country" (the interior) began to be settled, rapidly, by "dissenters" who trekked from Virginia and other Northern colonies. Most of them were Presbyterians. In 1776 "we" South Carolinians had a war on our hands, and that was the opportunity of the dissenters. So the legislature of this independent State, in 1778, adopted a "constitution" (the first was adopted in 1776) and, led by the Reverend William Tennent, the Church of England was disestablished. The constitution contained these words: "The Christian Protestant religion shall be deemed and is hereby declared to be the established religion of this State." The constitution of 1790 abolished all religious tests, and it was not until then that Jews and Roman Catholics could hold public office.

Were the Episcopalians (I am one of them) to become 90 per cent of the population (we are in fact less than 2 per cent of the whites), could they (or we) be trusted not to impress their religion on the constitution and laws—presupposing that your "Uncle Sam" kept his hands off? I doubt it. Even in these illumined days, could any church, or sect, were 90 per cent of the people enrolled in it, be trusted not to interfere in temporal affairs? To doubt it may be irreligious—but I do.

Accepting Mr. Dell's assertion that under the Concordat the Roman Catholics take complete charge of education in Italy and compel all children and youth to receive Roman Catholic instruction, my fellow-citizens of South Carolina will agree with me that it is a cruel hardship on the Protestants, and the Jews—but wait. Numerically, as Mr. Dell says, the Protestants and the Jews are negligible in Italy, and the great hardship is on the children of millions of freethinkers, "infidels." Were all religious instruction forbidden in tax-supported schools, and school attendance compulsory, the "atmosphere" in the Italian schools would be non-religious, in a great proportion of them anti-religious. Would we South Carolinian Protestants approve the exposure of Protestant children, few though they be in Italy, to that? I doubt it.

Mr. Dell holds that the Roman church, unlike other churches, not only has not receded from the old position that the church is supreme in temporal as well as spiritual affairs but emphatically reiterates it—therefore we should not "commit political suicide by giving our votes to members of a political organization with such principles as these which every member of that organization is bound to accept." Why stop with refusing to vote for them? Why allow them to vote? Does Mr. Dell fancy that exclusion from office-holding of Roman Catholics in New York and Boston would prevent them from "plumping" occasionally for a Protestant brother capable of betraying Protestantism? Would it not be rather perilous to proscribe a powerful and numerous group, as to office-holding, without disarming them? Would he degrade these people, madden them, and leave weapons in their hands?

Mr. Dell admits that the Pope does not attempt to impose his notions of temporal supremacy except where he thinks he can. Is not that enough? Enough at least to let us live in political peace and political fellowship, in the United States, with these Roman Catholics? Some of my South Carolina friends will disagree, but I think we are in as much danger of the political ascendancy of the Holy Rollers as of the Roman Catholics, and my limited observation is that a very great proportion of the present office-holders are rather indulgers and tolerators of Protestant Christianity than supporters of it, whatever the masks they wear. It is certain that, in these parts, the Devil has not abandoned his claims to temporal power, and as we have less than 12,000 Roman Catholics in 1,800,000 people, I fear that most of the members of his South Carolina junta have Protestant associations.

Do these disputations about Catholicism and Protestantism profit? It is not what the Pope might do in the United States, if he could, that concerns me. It is what Bishop Cannon can do in Virginia. What he has done. What he is doing.

Charleston, S. C., July 15 W. W. BALL

The Nation Radio Hour—Every Monday at 8 P. M.
526M.—WMCA—570 K.
July 29—Mr. Mussey
August 5—Mr. Blanshard

Books

Phenomena

By MARK VAN DOREN

He thought some things were not to be compared.
They sprang from their own seed, that once had dared.
Dropping from several stars, to sow by night
One-half of earth with unexplained delight.
Then morning came on philosophic feet,
And leveling her voice denied the sweet,
Sharp difference; she was not to be confused
By novelty of names, and form abused.
So noon and afternoon saw nothing strange.
Only at twilight did unreason range,
And only now by night is wisdom had
In a spun world of which the name is mad;
Only through darkness will the meaning shine
Of things that are but planets fallen fine;
Only the black meridian declares
That old descent from big and little Bears.

A Great National Drama

The Wave. By Evelyn Scott. Jonathan Cape and Harrison Smith. $2.50.

HISTORIANS and historical novelists of the conventional school have conspired to make us forget that wars happen to people as well as to governments. It has long been supposed that the best way to encompass artistically a great national event was to take a bird's-eye view of it; and, of course, from an altitude, a war would resolve itself into the movements of masses more or less controlled by the decisions of a few outstanding individuals and primarily actuated by some common ideal. That is the so-called heroic viewpoint.

For me, at least, the importance of Evelyn Scott's remarkable book lies in the fact that it is one of the few really formidable expressions in fiction of the anti-heroic viewpoint—or, if one may be permitted so lax a term, the modern viewpoint. It is not less sentimental than Barbusse or Remarque or Renn or Frey; but it seems to gain an added power and scope because it is so rigidly unautobiographical. Fine as is "All Quiet on the Western Front," for example, one cannot help closing the book with the feeling that, after all, this is one man's war, fine-fibered and intelligent as that man may be. "The Wave" recounts no one man's war; it recounts the Civil War, whole and entire, by the one possible method: that of tracing its impact on several hundred individuals, from Abraham Lincoln down to a newsboy selling battle extras, from the Portuguese fop who has made a fortune in cotton speculation down to the Manchester factory hand who has been thrown out of work by the economic repercussions of a struggle three thousand miles away.

By the time these words appear, so much just praise will have been lavished on Mrs. Scott's obviously torrential creative power that it hardly seems worth while to make further comment. She has set in motion a veritable army of characters, each provided with a complete background, as if each were originally conceived as the central figure of a novel. Indeed, Mrs. Scott's insight into and curiosity about her own creations are so vital and enthusiastic that it is only with great difficulty that she avoids what must have loomed up as her major difficulty: that of so subordinating the tragedies and comedies of her individuals as to give the reader a continuous sense of the great national drama in which they played their parts. That we do achieve this sense, despite the fact that there is little further connection between the hundred or more sections of the book other than that of vague chronological sequence, is an astounding technical triumph for the author.

Criticism has been directed, and will continue to be directed, against the "formlessness" of the book. It is hardly necessary to point out that this formlessness is designed, that it is in itself a way, a valid and exciting way, of viewing the national cataclysm which was the Civil War. It is, more than that, the only way in which a thoroughly modern temperament *could* survey the war completely because only thus can the utter madness and senseless horror of strife be completely communicated. The indictments of a Remarque or a Frey are powerful enough; but they are individual indictments; they have a quality of isolation; and, more pertinently, the indignant emotions they arouse are rather simple ones which tend to disappear after the book is read. But the emotions aroused by "The Wave" are not the simple ones of horror and indignation at all, but something far more profound. The most blighting as well as the simplest thing one can say against war is that it brings wretchedness to millions of people—and in different ways. It is the multifariousness, the incoherent and unrelated multifariousness of the tragedies, that is the most dreadful thing about war. And of these multifarious, senseless, individual tragedies no one, before the appearance of "The Wave," has given us more than a schematic picture. There is a certain nameless horror that comes with the reader's realization that the meanest Negro and General Robert E. Lee are both made sick to their very souls by the same event. As one reads on and on, passing from one social level to another, meeting soldiers, Negroes, generals, chaplains, old ladies, children, Polish immigrants, homeless Jews, bereft wives, deserters, politicians, one begins to lose sight of the fact that this is a war between Confederates and Unionists, between two sharply demarcated economic and social ideologies. The "issues" of the war fade away, except in so far as they present themselves for our ironical survey; but the war as a tremendous *human* tragic event begins to engross us and finally to overwhelm us in its brutal variety and meaninglessness.

For myself, I find certain imperfections and disharmonies which are minor but perhaps worth pointing out. They are not the results of weakness but of an excess of strength. I could wish, for example, that Mrs. Scott's senses were not so keen and excitable, that she would refrain from packing every sentence with more visual and auditory metaphor than it will bear. Her style is so agonizingly alive that it occasionally becomes confusing. Similarly, she is so intent on avoiding a series of mere "snapshots" that (but very infrequently) she overloads her stories with biographical detail, as in the Kalicz episode. Finally, she may be charged once in a great while with selecting her stories too obviously in order to represent or typify some phase of the conflict. In so far as we recognize these episodes as "representative," they lose in emotional quality what they gain in mere pertinency.

But that Mrs. Scott's major conception has been fulfilled, cannot, I think, be denied; and only a carping critic would dare to disagree with Mr. Krutch's final judgment that here, if anywhere, the Civil War has received its most adequate treatment in fiction. There can be no doubt that "The Wave" is an outstanding achievement in recent American letters.

CLIFTON P. FADIMAN

Mohammedan India

The Cambridge History of India. Vol. III—*The Turks and Afghans.* Edited by Sir Wolseley Haig. The Macmillan Company. $11.

THAT early Mohammedan period of Indian history covered by this third volume, which comprises the years A.D. 1000 to 1500, cannot be described in any way either as great or notable. It is a signal example of what human life becomes when it is based on brute force alone, with hardly any higher appeal. The mind sickens, as page after page is turned over, without a single constructive idea, or anything that might be called a movement of the human spirit toward the highest life. The Islamic faith of the conquerors seems to have been occupied almost entirely with the mere external things of religion. It is noticeable that the only chapter in the whole book in which a slightly higher note is struck, The Monuments of Muslim India, deals with buildings in stone—tombs, mosques, fortifications, towers, city gates. Even here we can see the sheer brutality of force breaking through into the domain of art.

I can vividly remember taking the poet Rabindranath Tagore to see the Qutab Minor outside Delhi, one of the chief monuments of these ruthless years. He had already written one of his most perfect poems on the Taj Mahal at Agra, a poem that stands out for its peerless beauty in his Bengali verse. I had not realized how utterly different his emotions would be at this ancient monument which every one who comes as a stranger to Delhi goes "out into the wilderness to see." But when he reached there and saw the vandalism that had taken place—the beautiful Hindu columns that had been torn down in order to use their very stones to build up the massive and pretentious minaret, which had little semblance of dignity or artistic merit, he turned to me and said: "Let us get away from this place." All the way back to Delhi he remained silent, meditating over the barbaric ruthlessness of those vandal times.

Yet there was something in what the old medieval writers signified, when they called the fiery faith of the Arabian Prophet, as they saw it, the Scourge of God. No one can go among the temple shrines of South India, with their licensed *devadasis* and their obscene mural sculpture—witnessing at the same time the caste evil so deeply rooted that a whole human population has become "untouchable"—without realizing that the North of India has been "saved, though as by fire" from many of these ultimate evils.

It is only as we read these pages (to turn to another thought) that we can see in all its true proportions the greatness of the Mogul Empire, with its founder, the Emperor Akbar, who was surely one of the greatest of kings and noblest of men. For among the earlier dynasties, as we read how one king slaughters another and how one bloodthirsty victory is marked by a vengeance exceeding (if it were possible) its predecessor, we have no trace at all of any high endeavor or love of humankind or pity for the souls of men. We think of the Emperor Asoka, with his universal charity toward man and beast, who ruled over the very same realm more than a thousand years before. We go back still farther to Gautama, the Buddha, and recall how his divine compassion spread its saving mission of love and pity over the same lands, and then we wonder how it all could thus have retrograded. For the internal decay had come before the Mohammedan invasions began.

One thing is clear that history with its unerring finger records. The caste basis of ancient Hinduism, which came back full circle after the decay of the creed of the Buddha, led to fatal weakness. It is a miserable spectacle to witness the divided front which was offered a hundred times over to these perpetual Mohammedan invasions, as though the lesson of unity never could possibly be learned in spite of continual disasters. The invading forces were so small. The odds against them, if only some organic unity could have been achieved, were so great. But the result was everywhere the same. There was individual bravery among the Hindu people in abundance. There was often the sheer reckless courage of self-sacrifice. But the whole population was fissured by caste—like a mountain barrier with great chasms dividing it; and the invading host marched through. Time after time this happened, and yet the lesson could never be fully understood.

At a much later period in history we can see how this internal disruption was actually surmounted, when the Hindus who make up the Sikh community, having thrown aside caste altogether, became one united host, winning victory after victory against overwhelming odds, in their turn, against the decadent Moguls. But the secret lay in this one fact, that caste had been abandoned.

In concluding this review an extract may be taken, which gives a picture of the savage times through which this narrative of five hundred years is obliged to wade. It runs as follows:

> The army then set out on its return march to Lakhnawati, where Balban proposed to glut his revenge. On either side of the principal bazaar, a street more than two miles in length, a row of stakes was set up and the family and the adherents of Tughril were impaled on them. None of the beholders had ever seen a sight so terrible and many swooned with terror and disgust. But those who had deserted from the two armies sent against him were reserved for what was designed to be a yet more appalling spectacle at the capital.

We have not the heart any longer to impale living men and women and children today, but still the hideous barbarity of war goes on with unredeemed human misery; and it may be questioned whether the actual horrors of the "economic blockade" at the end of the World War were less tragic in their incidence of suffering than these naked brutalities of bygone days.

C. F. Andrews

In the German Manner

Class Reunion. By Franz Werfel. Translated from the German by Whittaker Chambers. Simon and Schuster. $2.

CONTEMPORARY fiction is not so completely international in tone as it is sometimes said to be, and the Germans, in particular, have developed a somber sort of romanticism peculiarly their own. In spite of all the differences between them, Werfel, Wassermann, and Thomas Mann have more in common with one another than they have with the leading novelists of any other nation, and the something which links them together belongs to a time and place. You may attribute the apparent kinship to simple literary influence, or you may, if you prefer, discover in the common element the result of that sense of defeat and guilt which tortured the post-war intellectuals of Germany. But the fact remains that the work of all three of them is colored by a dark and tempestuous mysticism. Their fables are extravagant and violent; their characters are at once gigantic and shadowy. Some spiritual cataclysm is generally their subject, and, fundamentally anti-rational, they are usually concerned with Guilt, Retribution, and Repentance considered as the most fundamentally important of human experiences.

In Mann this mysticism is intellectualized into a metaphysical system; in Wassermann it appears as something very like the Dostoevskian version of Christianity; while in Werfel it is, perhaps, rather more cloudy than in either of the others.

But though the mood is thus expressed in forms which reveal temperamental variations, each version is as conspicuously like the other as it is conspicuously unlike either the common-sense realism of the established Anglo-American school or the virtuosity of the reigning Frenchmen. A Proust or a Gide may be concerned with a realm of experience quite foreign to, for instance, a Galsworthy; but even a Proust or a Gide lives in a fundamentally rational and quite purely human world. Neither has any tinge of mysticism because neither is, like all three of these Germans, oppressed by the sense that there lies just beyond the reach of their clear perception a universe in which "spirits not themselves" fight the battle over a Good and Evil more important than anything which they can quite understand. We may call Wassermann and Werfel and Mann "romantic" because we have no more exact literary term, but their romanticism has nothing to do with the antiquarianism of a Scott, the slapdash adventurousness of a Dumas, or the erotic sentimentality of a George Sand. Actually what distinguishes them is the primarily ethical and religious character of their imagination. They are oppressed by a Sense of Sin thoroughly mystical and all but theological.

In "Class Reunion" Werfel has written a short tale of great ingenuity and considerable power. It seems that Ernest Sebastian, a magistrate, is called upon to examine a seedy journalist accused of the murder of a prostitute. Something in the name of the man—Adler, Franz—puzzles him, and he studies the face. There can be no doubt about it. Adler, Franz, is the brilliant classmate whom he had hated in the "gymnasium" for his intellectual superiority. Hastily dismissing the prisoner, Sebastian retires in confusion to his home and is overwhelmed in a torrent of guilty memory. In a sort of trance he writes (or thinks he writes) the whole night through, confessing as he has never confessed before, the intricate history of his own meanness. It was he who had first dared laugh at the eccentric Franz and he who had followed up his laughter with the persistent ridicule which finally broke the spirit of the boy and made him a pariah. Step by step, and because of his own cowardly envy, he had ruined a human soul. He remembers the moment when Franz first laughed at himself. "There was more than self-ridicule in it—there was self-annihilation. It was my laugh echoed, the laugh which had ruined him—. A work of annihilation had begun. It was to end twenty-five years later in the detention cell of a prison."

Crushed by his own guilt, by the sense of the meanness which has, in other respects also, ruled his life, Sebastian returns next day to his office and bursts out to the prisoner with a torrent of confession. But Franz Adler looks up bewildered. Actually he is not the same man at all though Sebastian has learned the fact too late. Sebastian is one of the wicked who flee when no man pursueth. Something out of the darkness has struck at last. He can hide from himself no longer. And the moral is enshrined in a phrase from Goethe: "Against the superiority of another there exists no weapon or remedy save love."

"Class Reunion" tells its story in a manner deceptively simple which succeeds, nevertheless, in maintaining a perpetual suspense and in getting the maximum of dramatic effect out of every incident. The whole work is suffused with an atmosphere of hardly definable foreboding and replete with a kind of psychological analysis which is not calm or scientific but extravagant, excited, and portentous. Perhaps there is something a little hysterical about its power, but the power to absorb and hold the attention is indubitably there. Werfel has done nothing else so consistently exciting, and nothing else which communicates more successfully his morbidly romantic sense that the soul is dark and tortuous.

The translation by Whittaker Chambers is excellent.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

The Leader of the Wobblies

Bill Haywood's Book. An Autobiography. International Publishers. $3.50.

BILL HAYWOOD typified the frontier in the labor movement. Though he was an internationalist and died a refugee in Moscow he was as American as the Rocky Mountains, and so was the I. W. W. with which his name is bound. That vivid left-wing labor movement was copper colored by the West. It was fathered by the Western Federation of Miners, a militant union of dispossessed pioneers who worked for the metal mine corporations when the best free land was gone and prospecting was petering out. Bill Haywood was a pioneer boy, alternately seeking gold in the hills, or homesteading, or working for wages in the mines. He joined the union at Silver City in 1896 and four years later was made general secretary-treasurer.

His book is not careful history. It rambles and misses significant organization detail. But it achieves a certain historical effect by its sharp close-ups of pioneer life and its fragmentary but dramatic narratives of the Rocky Mountain labor wars. Here are the agony and the thrills of American bull-pens, deportations, bankers' mobs, murder, martial law, and miners striking back. Bill Haywood himself, a reckless young giant, plunges with bare fists into a crowd of deputies who had assaulted President Moyer on the streets of Denver.

That early Rocky Mountain union believed in no quarter to employers who granted none. Haywood tells with pride of a strike so suddenly called that a smelter "froze" and stood years after as a monument of metal and slag to the tactics of the federation. Naturally this movement was hostile to the cautious collective bargaining and Civic Federationism of Gompers and Mitchell. So in 1905 the metal miners joined in launching a rival to the American Federation of Labor, after its own heart's desire. Haywood presided at the initial convention of the Industrial Workers of the World in Chicago.

The old man's youth recollections are freshest. The story of his more famous later years is less colorfully told. Boise gave him international celebrity. His acquittal of the charge of murdering ex-Governor Steunenberg of Idaho, the bull-pen governor of the Cœur d'Alenes, remains labor's outstanding victory over the hangman. After that "Big Bill" was always news. His triumphal European and American tours were public events. His expulsion from the Socialist Party as a direct actionist and anti-parliamentarian was of moment to the nation. Editors sharpened their pencils as he cast his fortunes again with the I.W.W., six years after the founding convention. That was the dramatic period of the I.W.W., the era of the labor revolts of Lawrence, Paterson, Little Falls, Louisiana timber, Akron rubber, with Haywood, Elizabeth Gurley Flynn, Joe Ettor, Carlo Tresca, Jim Thompson, and others addressing thousands. Vincent St. John, keenest executive left-wing labor had known, a veteran of the Western Federation, was at the hub as secretary-treasurer till he went back to mining in 1915. Then Haywood succeeded him, holding the post till the war raids sent him to Leavenworth.

It is a pity his history is too exclusively a series of war-front episodes. He misses the subtle forces transforming his organizations. Why did the Western Federation fade? Not merely because Moyer went conservative, but also because the big corporations absorbed the independents who dealt with the union. Why did the I.W.W. finally fail in the industrial centers and become a migratory workers' union? Haywood does not answer, nor does he mention the changes wrought by the rank-and-file job delegate system that lessened the function and the prestige of the orator organizers.

But we have here the story of Bill Haywood, a pretty frank story in the main. When he admits his addiction to whiskey he is admitting a failing common to labor leaders at a time when much organizing was done in saloons. But it is a failing that most men would hush up. Such an admission is one of the marks of authenticity in his narrative. The sick old man evidently had much help in piecing together his random recollections. But the book is essentially his own. It should live as long as the memory of this significant American figure.

ART SHIELDS

Lobbies

Group Representation Before Congress. By E. Pendleton Herring. Johns Hopkins Press. $3.

IN America the "inherent" right to a voice in lawmaking still means primarily the right of casting a vote for a Congressman. Of all the hoary, political traditions which have survived in full bloom the most persistent is that of government by geographical representation. Even in this late day, with powerful lobbies in operation, it is heresy to question this orthodox, democratic dogma. In the face of functional movements in Europe, of national economic councils, of guild and syndicate ideas, and in the face of what is taking place in Washington today, the citizen here still clings to his eighteenth-century notion of representation. So does our passing generation of political theorists, a fact reflected in the sterility of American political thought.

What the practical American won't admit in theory, however, he follows in practice. The four hundred lobbies in Washington listed in Dr. Herring's book give ample proof of this. Millions of citizens who profess orthodox politics have strayed far from traditional democratic faith, have organized into special groups, and set up lobbies in Washington. Occupational, professional, social, and religious groups today maintain offices at the capital. As pointed out by Dr. Herring Congressmen are no longer accepted as adequate means for representing specific or even general interests. Causes and interests have outgrown local districts, have swept local Congressmen off their pedestals and jammed them into legislative committee rooms where the unorthodox representatives of the people—the lobbyists—can get at them.

Dr. Herring's work, brought out by the Institute for Government Research, is a study of the relationship between legislation and the organized interests, although most of the book is given over to a descriptive account of the outstanding interests which maintain lobbies at the capital. The chapters on lobby methods should prove interesting to the reader. The old back-door tactics have largely given way to open, above-board activities. Today publicity is the stock in trade of the successful lobby. The press, the radio, the cinema, the rostrum, and the pulpit, every medium for reaching the public, is employed by one or another of the organized groups agitating for legislation in the capital. Tons of printed matter are used in creating public sentiment to be directed against stubborn Congressmen. Home constituencies are invaded and often influential men from the home districts are brought before Congressional committees to bolster up the claims of the lobby. The Congressman, in turn, has learned to regard the lobbyist as the official spokesman of an organized group.

The author comes to the conclusion that "with proper safeguards against abuse and deception, associations promise well as a means of meeting the problems of representation that have arisen with the growing complexity of society." In his enthusiasm for economic representation the author may indeed have overestimated the "honesty" of the lobby. It is obvious that in his investigation the "open and above-board tactics" were more accessible than corrupt practices. The swing no doubt is from individual to mass persuasion, with direct bribery and corruption yielding to the more effective method of propaganda.

The chief significance of the work is its emphasis on economic representation as a supplement to Congress. The author is careful not to lean too far toward the guild plan or the *syndicat* with their socialistic implications. He prefers to believe rather that the American problem is not primarily that of capital and labor, but of representation in which the employer and the employee, the consumer and the producer and all the multitudinous interests of our complex society will find expression. What Europe has done by formal legislation, such as the setting-up in Germany of the *Reichswirtschaftsrat,* we have informally accomplished by means of the lobby. The significance of this development has been fully portrayed for the first time in this admirable study.

M. W. ROYSE

Civil War Memories

Personal Recollections of the Civil War. By John Gibbon, Brig.-Gen. U. S. A. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $5.

DESPITE the fact that this book lacks an index and is quite inadequately edited, it is a striking and valuable addition to the long roll of Civil War narratives by the important army leaders. John Gibbon was a West Pointer, a regular army officer, a loyal North Carolinian, who was one of the best of the division and corps commanders. Its appearance so many years after the death of its author is rather extraordinary. An excellent disciplinarian who enjoyed the confidence of McClellan, Meade, and Grant, General Gibbon commanded at Gettysburg the line at which Pickett's charge was directed but was severely wounded so early in the attack that he saw relatively little of it.

As an old regular General Gibbon stresses in his narrative the heart-breaking ills and losses which followed the control of the armies by civilians in Washington and the appointment of politicians or political soldiers to high positions where their blunders cost untold misery and lives. For this Lincoln bears his share of the responsibility. General Gibbon was an ardent partisan of McClellan, whose final removal from the command after Antietam he felt to be a dreadful injury to the army and the cause. Gibbon was himself constantly in hot water with General Hancock during 1864 and became the center of several of the long series of after-the-war battles in which the surviving generals engaged. He gives an admirable picture of the dreadful slaughter in the Wilderness campaign as a result of General Grant's incessant frontal attacks on Lee's intrenchments. Finally, he was the senior officer of the board to receive the surrender of Lee's army.

Although a West Pointer and somewhat of a martinet, General Gibbon had no illusions as to his own profession. Once having to demote a raw colonel, he tried to let him down gently by pointing out the need of long instruction and experience in leaders.

> Wishing to draw a comparison based on his own experience which would convince him of this, I asked: "Now, Colonel, what was your profession before you came into the army?" To my discomfiture he replied: "I was a butcher." I did not suppose he would name a calling so nearly allied to my own but after a moment's hesitation I rallied. . . .

Today it would be treason for a general to write anything like this.

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

A Catholic Poet

A Rime of the Rood. By Charles L. O'Donnell, C. S. C. Longmans, Green and Company. $2.

IT is a little startling for me, as a non-Catholic, to be obliged to admit that one of the few books of beauty and power I have read in recent years is the poetry of this Catholic mystic.

What does it mean? That the Catholic dogmas of the Triune Creation and the Atonement, which are the chief inspiration and subject matter of Father O'Donnell's poetry, are true? Not at all. "What is truth?" asked Pontius Pilate, being at the moment, probably, as close to the spirit of the Man whose body he surrendered to the high priests as any other of Jesus's contemporaries. The implied answer, of course, is that truth is merely an algebraic variable; poetry, on the other hand, is an organic reality. The New Testament legend of Jesus is poetry. Father O'Donnell, being both a poet and a Catholic priest, accepts this legend. It is safe in his hands; indeed it grows and flowers, nourished by the essentially poetic devotions of all the Christian centuries of Europe.

Perhaps because, from the Catholic point of view, Father O'Donnell is in a state of grace, his book maintains a consistently high level of poetic taste, from which it rises frequently to impressive heights of intense, clear, and beautiful perception. The title poem is too long to quote. It deserves, I think, as secure a place in Catholic anthologies—or in any anthologies of English poetry for that matter—as Thompson's "The Hound of Heaven." The volume has so much variety of both form and subject matter that one is puzzled in trying to select a representative quotation. Most of the poems are in short rhymed stanzas: yet Father O'Donnell is too vigorous and sensitive, even too "modern" an artist to be mastered by the limitations of any one form. Here is the second poem in the volume, which is a fair specimen of the sure architectural line that distinguishes Father O'Donnell's experiments with free cadences:

DESIGN FOR A HOUSE

In my love, I would build you a house.
Its north wall will be God.
Its south wall will be God.
East and west you shall be walled with God.
You will need to fear no storms from the north.
Your south wall will be a sunny wall.
Dawn will stand for you, a wall of ivory growing into gold.
Your west wall will be a pearl, on fire.

Walk to the north wall forever, you will not reach it,
You will never stroke with your hands the arras that
streams down the southern side:
Run eastward, infinitely, dawn will be still beyond you,
And you will be footsore indeed before ever your travel
stop at the starred west wall.

In my love I would give you liberty, confining you only in
the Infinite,
I would wall you up in the beauty of God,
In the reach and range of God.

I can think of nothing better I could do for you
Than build you a house, out of my love.

The vitality of the Catholic metaphysical synthesis is indeed amazing. Seemingly Catholicism has resisted the impact of twentieth-century science: yet it has survived unshattered—it has even grown. Meanwhile Protestant fundamentalism has gone down in a shameful welter of ignorance and fear, and Protestant liberalism writhes in a maze of secular rationalization. Will the Church of Rome be able to absorb science, the "False Messiah," into the extraordinary metabolism of a new world synthesis—a proper synthesis of church and state, remember—just as in the past it has absorbed the anthropomorphic rites of countless heathen gods? Probably not. Yet if there are many minds as good as Father O'Donnell's in the church, such speculations are perhaps not wholly absurd.

Father O'Donnell's volume is panoplied with the *nihil obstat* of Arthur J. Scanlon, *censor librorum,* the *imprimatur* of Archbishop Hayes, and the *cum permissu superiorum* of J. W. Donohue, Superior-General, C. S. C. This is in itself impressive. If one waits long enough, I suppose, one may expect the collected works of E. A. Robinson to come out with the *imprimatur* of the Federal Council of Churches in America. . . . Well, why not?

JAMES RORTY

The New Miasmal Mist

Religion. By Edward Scribner Ames. Henry Holt and Company. $3.

DESPITE the excellent and often quoted advice which Jesus gave on the matter of putting new wine in old bottles, even the most radical of religionists usually devote a considerable portion of their time to preserving as many elements as possible of conventional Christian terminology. From Episcopalians who want to recite the Apostles' Creed with their fingers crossed to Unitarians who talk about God and prayer while practicing a humanistic agnosticism, the so-called modernists rationalize in a dozen different ways their habit of saying one thing and meaning another.

Of the various devices for keeping the language while discarding the doctrines of theism, perhaps the most ingenious is that expounded by Professor Ames of the University of Chicago, who maintains that God symbolizes the spirit of the world in the sense that Uncle Sam symbolizes the spirit of this country or Alma Mater symbolizes the spirit of a college. "The term God," he writes, "expresses order and purpose and moral values in the great Reality which we call Life or the World. Reality conceived as friendly, as furnishing support for man's existence and for the realization of ideal ends, is God."

This doctrine proves less than satisfactory to orthodox theologians, who sometimes scoffingly designate it as the Uncle Sam theory of God. It must also, it seems to me, fail to commend itself to most of those who, like Professor Ames, cannot accept conventional theism. Certainly the universe is not wholly unfriendly to men, any more than it is wholly unfriendly to squirrels, for both men and squirrels manage to survive. Nor is it disputable that some ends which some people thought to be ideal have been realized in the past. But there is no apparent reason why we should not also, with equal justice and in practically the same way, conceive of reality as hostile. We might have many gods as easily as one, and we are almost forced to have a devil. Professor Ames cannot eat his cake and have it too: either God is reality, which he seems unwilling to admit, or God is merely an "aspect" of reality, which is to say that he is no God at all.

One balks at Professor Ames's arguments, and yet one cannot fail to sympathize with his attempt to preserve the value of religion to society. The book pleads sincerely for social justice, for a spirit of brotherhood, for the development of the kind of character that will create a better type of civilization. Leave out the theological jargon, and there is little reason to object to the book.

Mr. Ames apparently feels that his ideal ends can be served only if they are associated with what people have commonly regarded as religious conceptions. To some extent he is right: the notion that atheism and wickedness go hand in hand is still so prevalent that humanism is almost forced to seek some form of smoke-screen. But I believe that the price in muddled thinking is, in the long run, too great to pay even for this useful protection.

If we believe that religious systems of the past grew out of, expressed, and perpetuated certain values which it is essential to preserve, let us make the rigorous effort necessary to separate the sound from the unsound, instead of juggling language. How would it be if the terms God and religion were barred from ethical and philosophical discourse for a period of perhaps twenty years? I make the suggestion seriously and not irreverently. The gain in lucidity of thought and charity of conduct might be tremendous. One would not expect a fundamentalist or even the average modernist to participate in the experiment, but could not Professor Ames be persuaded to lend a hand?

GRANVILLE HICKS

Antiquated Legalism

Studies in International Law and Relations. By A. Pearce Higgins. The Macmillan Company. $5.

WE are here offered by the Whewell Professor of International Law at the University of Cambridge a revised reproduction of lectures, addresses, and magazine articles of the period between 1909 and 1927. The topics discussed include International Relations and International Law, Some Difficulties in International Relations, The Duties of States, The Papacy and International Law, The Monroe Doctrine, The Work of Grotius and of the Modern International Lawyer, and Locarno Treaties. The remaining titles relate to questions of war law, to indulge in a contradictory term, and make up a full half of the work.

It is fair to say that the portion of the book of which we have given the titles represents Professor Higgins's latest and at the same time best thought. His discussion of the Monroe Doctrine is balanced, temperate, and informing and, despite his manifest Conservative Party leanings, his description of the Locarno pacts is useful. Often he stresses the fact that the duties of states rather than their rights should be given emphasis, but we are left with a regret that he has not explained with sufficient fulness what he understands by duties and the fundamental reasons for their existence.

Generally speaking Professor Higgins illustrates in his own person what he regards as "a tendency on the part of writers to follow the beaten track of their predecessors," in considering international law, and he shows that he believes, as he says, that "in many ways this has not been altogether a bad plan." Perhaps as good an illustration as any that he is a follower instead of a leader is shown by his statement that "situations sometimes arise in which the acceptance of peace would be felt by a nation to be an intolerable humiliation, and when a state would have no alternative but war to preserve its legitimate self-respect and dignity." In essence the same language was used by Lord Russell when he refused to arbitrate the Alabama claims on the theory that the honor of England forbade it. Nevertheless England preserved honor through arbitration.

In this statement Professor Higgins not only follows the "beaten track" of his "predecessors" but neglects an analysis of the real situation. For in truth how can the self-respect and dignity of a state be assailed? A state is but a machine for carrying out the interests of its inhabitants, and machines are incapable of giving or receiving insults and possess no self-respect. As well might one in the material world accuse a monotype of insulting a linotype typesetting machine. If instead of "state" Professor Higgins means the people who control or who are represented by the machine then we have to say that his doctrine is not that which society tolerates in its bosom, for dueling is now almost universally rejected and dignity and self-respect have not appreciably suffered because of such rejection. There are today courts to which states or their managers can appeal if in truth they have been injured. There is no use in repeating in 1928 words which were not well founded in right, though more understandable, in 1914.

Unfortunately Professor Higgins appears to live too much in the past. As late as in 1927 he told the University of Illinois that "the principles of naval warfare are in many respects different from those of land warfare." In so saying he ignored the vital difference between principles and practices; the World War demonstrated for, perhaps, the thousandth time that there were no principles pertaining to either land or sea warfare.

In another important respect we venture to suggest that Professor Higgins has erred. He reprints in 1928 an address to the London School of Economics and Political Science in 1914 wherein he reproached Germany for violating treaties and international law in invading Belgium. The reproach was well founded. Today it should be tempered by the knowledge that England and her Allies bought Italy's entrance into the war and imitated at Saloniki the primal German offense against Belgium.

It is also to be regretted that Professor Higgins largely devotes his abilities to a consideration of problems of naval warfare, discussing matters likely to have little or no place in possible future international encounters. To what advantage is it to devote two chapters to Defensively Armed Merchant Vessels in an era of the airplane and bombs?

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Books in Brief

An Anthology of Revolutionary Poetry. Compiled and Edited by Marcus Graham. With an Introduction by Ralph Cheyney and Lucia Trent. First Limited Edition. Active Press. $3.

Mr. Graham is an anarchist, and so has built his very impressive anthology around the idea—or the impulse—of freedom. Thus he includes poems by Shakespeare, Shelley, and Blake that a communist editor might have missed, and thus his book gives a warm and interesting impression of himself. Yet it covers other revolutionary ground, too, and does not hesitate to enter the field of vegetarianism. Altogether it is the best and most copious collection of radical verse so far made. That much of this verse is bad is declared by Ralph Cheyney and Lucia Trent in their introduction not to matter. It does, however, to the extent that bad verse is ineffectual. If the world is to be saved by poetry, let the poetry be good. Otherwise we shall have too long to wait.

The Older Woman in Industry. By Johanna Lobsenz. Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50.

We are beginning to realize the difficulties of the older woman who has no specialized ability to offer the business world and who has lost the very important appeal of youth. There appears to be a definite tendency in business to set up barriers against the older person, whether man or woman, and to make all the presumptions in favor of the young. That this can work genuine hardship to the employee and loss to the employer is undoubted. Mrs. Lobsenz has confined her survey to Manhattan and to a consideration of the woman of thirty-five and over in industry, general office work, selling, and domestic work. She has turned up some exceedingly interesting material, though it is significant of the extraordinarily careless organization of industry that she could get so little exact material on the subject of turnover. Turnover figures appear to be kept generally in an undiscriminated mass that permits no analysis according to sex and age groups. Mrs. Lobsenz contends that the older woman saves industry thousands of dollars because of a lessened tendency to shift jobs. She also shows that the importance of higher insurance rates for older employees is very much less in actual cost than personnel managers sometimes think. She has made a valuable attack upon an important problem, in a field in which she must have encountered many difficulties as an investigator.

The History of Biology. By Erik Nordenskiöld. Alfred A. Knopf. $6.

In this day of the new history it is discouraging to find the great need for an analytical history of biology capitalized by a chronological list of Who's Who biographies. Erik Nordenskiöld, as docent in the University of Helsingfors, gave a course of lectures (1916-1917). These he made into a book (1920-1924) which now appears in English. The differences between this book and an encyclopedia of biologists lie in the abandonment of the alphabetical order, in the omission of many distinguished names, and in the presence of connecting paragraphs. The author's interest is clearly philosophical; vitalism versus mechanism is his chief problem. What a man thinks is emphasized more than what he discovers. The circulation of the blood is the only discovery honored with a chapter; and in discussing this work, "the most revolutionary that the development of biology has to show," nothing is said of how this discovery was made nor of why Harvey was the one to inaugurate the science of biology. Yet it is his method of experimentation that is said to mark the epoch and separate ancient from modern. Instead of revealing the grand crescendo of accelerating penetration into the ways of life, we are given the wraith of philosophical juggling which sways futilely hither and yon through the centuries with no consciousness of the enormous advances and activity that characterize the present. The biographies have been selected and brought together with scholarly dignity and laborious care.

The Strange Adventure. By Mary Roberts Rinehart. Doubleday, Doran and Company. $2.50.

Mrs. Rinehart has written the story of an intelligent, sensitive girl born in the days when women wore corsets mentally and physically. Being the daughter of an American aristocrat and a vaudeville artiste, she is aware subconsciously of her tight lacing. Her husband is unworthy of her, and she refuses escape with her peer, because that would entail the loss of her only son. She loses the son imaginatively in the last war and actually in a wife. "The Strange Adventure" is her life. If it really was tragic, Mrs. Rinehart fails to be convincing. The book has all the qualities of a Victorian drawing-room. It is full of knick-knacks and what-nots, and the furniture is plush. Those who like plush can sink in it comfortably.

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International Relations Section

The Manchurian Crisis

THE present struggle between Russia and China for control of the Chinese Eastern Railway in Northern Manchuria involves many difficult points of international law which can be understood only in the light of the agreements made between the two governments in 1924. Russia and China, on May 31, 1924, signed a preliminary agreement on general principles for the settlement of disputes and stipulated that a conference should be held within one month to carry out detailed arrangements. The clauses concerning the Chinese Eastern Railway in the preliminary agreement are as follows:

1. The Governments of the two Contracting Parties declare that the Chinese Eastern Railway is a purely commercial enterprise.

The Governments of the two Contracting Parties mutually declare that with the exception of matters pertaining to the business operations which are under the direct control of the Chinese Eastern Railway, all other matters affecting the rights of the National and the Local Governments of the Republic of China—such as judicial matters, matters relating to civil administration, military administration, police, municipal government, taxation, and landed property (with the exception of lands required by the said railway)—shall be administered by the Chinese Authorities.

2. The Government of the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics agrees to the redemption by the Government of the Republic of China, with Chinese capital, of the Chinese Eastern Railway, as well as all appurtenant properties, and to the transfer to China of all shares and bonds of the said Railway.

3. The Governments of the two Contracting Parties shall settle at the Conference as provided in Article II of the present Agreement the amount and conditions governing the redemption as well as the procedure for the transfer of the Chinese Eastern Railway.

4. The Government of the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics agrees to be responsible for the entire claims of the shareholders, bondholders, and creditors of the Chinese Eastern Railway incurred prior to the Revolution of March 9, 1917.

5. The Governments of the two Contracting Parties mutually agree that the future of the Chinese Eastern Railway shall be determined by the Republic of China and the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics, to the exclusion of any third party or parties.

6. The Governments of the two Contracting Parties agree to draw up an arrangement for the provisional management of the Chinese Eastern Railway.

7. Until the various questions relating to the Chinese Eastern Railway are settled at the Conference as provided in Article II of the present Agreement, the rights of the two governments arising out of the Contract of August 27-September 8, 1896, for the Construction and Operation of the Chinese Eastern Railway, which do not conflict with the present agreement and the Agreement for the Provisional Management of the said Railway and which do not prejudice China's rights of sovereignty, shall be maintained.

One clause in this general agreement is now being cited by the Chinese to justify their claim that Russia has broken the treaty:

ARTICLE VI. The Governments of the two Contracting Parties mutually pledge themselves not to permit, within their respective territories, the existence and/or activities of any organizations or groups whose aim is to struggle by acts of violence against the Governments of either Contracting Party.

The Governments of the two Contracting Parties further pledge themselves not to engage in propaganda directed against the political and social systems of either Contracting Party.

In accordance with this treaty an agreement was made for the provisional management of the Chinese Eastern Railway which contained the following main provisions:

ARTICLE I. The Railway shall establish, for discussion and decision of all matters relative to the Chinese Eastern Railway, a Board of Directors to be composed of ten persons, of whom five shall be appointed by the Government of the Republic of China and five by the Government of the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics.

ART. II. The Railway shall establish a Board of Auditors to be composed of five persons, namely, two Chinese Auditors who shall be appointed by the Government of the Republic of China, and three Russian Auditors who shall be appointed by the Government of the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics.

ART. III. The Railway shall have a Manager who shall be a national of the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics, and two Assistant Managers, one to be a national of the Republic of China and the other to be a national of the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics.

ART. IV. The Chiefs and Assistant Chiefs of the various Departments of the Railway shall be appointed by the Board of Directors.

If the Chief of Department is a national of the Republic of China, the Assistant Chief of Department shall be a national of the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics, and if the Chief of Department is a national of the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics, the Assistant Chief of Department shall be a national of the Republic of China.

ART. V. The employment of persons in the various departments of the Railway shall be in accordance with the principle of equal representation between the nationals of the Republic of China and those of the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics.

ART. VI. With the exception of the estimates and budgets, as provided in Article VII of the present Agreement, all other matters on which the Board of Directors cannot reach an agreement shall be referred for settlement to the Governments of the Contracting Parties.

ART. VII. The Board of Directors shall present the estimates and budgets of the Railway to a joint meeting of the Board of Directors and the Board of Auditors for consideration and approval.

ART. VIII. All the net profits of the Railway shall be held by the Board of Directors and shall not be used pending a final settlement of the question of the present Railway.

ART. IX. The Board of Directors shall revise as soon as possible the statutes of the Chinese Eastern Railway Company, approved on December 4, 1896, by the Czarist Government, in accordance with the present Agreement and the Agreement on General Principles for the Settlement of the Questions between the Republic of China and the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics of May 31, 1924, and in any case, not later than six months from the date of the constitution of the Board of Directors.

ART. X. The present Agreement shall cease to have effect as soon as the question of the Chinese Eastern Railway is finally settled at the Conference as provided in Article II of the Agreement on General Principles for the Settlement of the Questions between the Republic of China and the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics of May 31, 1924.

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IN THIS DAY OF RECORDS the fact which the public will note chiefly in connection with the return of Aristide Briand to the helm in France is that it is his twelfth time as Premier. While the sporting almanacs give no statistics on the subject, we imagine that Briand's performance must be the record for all weights and classes. And Briand's capacity to be Johnny-on-the-spot whenever there is a premiership vacant is in a way the best clue to his political significance. For while he may not be all things to all men, he has at least been many things to many men. Entering politics as a radical, he gradually took a more "practical" position, and he has been too busy as a small politician ever to become a great statesman. Yet his mobility has been of service. He has worked with his ear to the ground, but his hearing has been attuned to some of the finer sounds as well as the opportunist cat-calls of the mob. Thus he was able to bring about the agreements of Locarno, and he suggested (as a pact between France and this country) the anti-war treaties which on this side of the Atlantic have been baptized with the name of ex-Secretary Kellogg. He can be counted upon to continue his work for peace. Raymond Poincaré, the retiring Premier, is a type almost the opposite of Briand. Poincaré has been one thing to all men always—a hard-headed conservative nationalist. His intransigence had much to do with bringing about the post-war economic havoc both in Germany and France, but it must be admitted that his views had grown somewhat saner lately, and undoubtedly he is entitled to the chief credit for stabilizing France's currency. Clemenceau once said: "Poincaré knows everything and understands nothing; Briand knows nothing and understands everything."

WHEN THE SINO-RUSSIAN word-bombs were bursting in mid-air, and hostilities seemed inevitable, Secretary Stimson almost forgot that his predecessors had unanimously declared that it was impossible to deal with the Russians. There was a threat of war, and he did his best to prevent its realization. Unfortunately, since we had no direct relations with Soviet Russia, he had to negotiate through France, and a certain awkwardness seems to have resulted. No one seems yet to be sure whether the French transmitted Mr. Stimson's message as a billet-doux from Washington or acted as of their own initiative. As far as world peace goes, it does not matter; the important point was to get the message to Stalin. In the light of this incident how silly our stubborn policy of non-recognition seems! Soviet Russia is a part of the world, and when a crisis comes there is no alternative to dealing with its Bolshevik rulers. They exist; they cannot be ignored, however little one may like them. Mr. Stimson acted sanely in sending his message to them; now will he not admit that the same government which exists in time of crisis exists in calm days too? It would be a healthy thing if Washington could get over its new-fangled habit of exercising censorship over the morals of foreign governments. It seems to us that it is the State Department's business to deal with any government which another people is willing to tolerate, whether it be tory, socialist, or communist, republican, fascist, or monarchical. Meanwhile, the tension between China and Russia has relaxed, a neutral zone on the Manchurian border has been created by the retirement of Chinese and Russian troops, and there are prospects of direct negotiations between the two governments.

RAMSAY MACDONALD, by virtually forcing the resignation of Lord Lloyd, the high-handed tory High Commissioner in Egypt, suggests that he intends to inaugurate a new era in Anglo-Egyptian relations. That will not be easy, as he discovered in his first term in office, in 1924, for British opinion is fairly solid behind the unilateral declaration of February 28, 1922, and Egypt is as solid against it. In that declaration the British recognized Egypt as an "independent, sovereign state" but "absolutely reserved to the discretion of His Majesty's Government" the four questions of the protection of the Suez Canal, the defense of Egypt, the protection of foreign interests in Egypt, and the Sudan. Zaglul Pasha, the veteran Nationalist leader, then Prime Minister, demanded the withdrawal of Britain's army, financial, and judicial advisers; control of foreign relations and control over foreigners in Egypt; a share in protection of the canal; and an Egyptian Sudan. Zaglul and MacDonald met,

but while both were prepared to be friendly—something new in British-Egyptian relations—neither was prepared to compromise. After MacDonald's fall things went from bad to worse. Following the assassination of Sir Lee Stack, the commander-in-chief of the "Egyptian" army, in November, 1924, the tory Government of Britain sent a twenty-four-hour ultimatum, accompanied by a regiment of cavalry, to demand apologies, suppression of "all popular political demonstrations," a fine of $2,500,000, withdrawal of Egyptian troops from the Sudan, and cessation of all opposition to British control. When Egypt hesitated, the British drove the Egyptians out of the Sudan and occupied the customs house at Alexandria. Zaglul resigned, Parliament was dismissed, and a puppet dictator was installed by the British to carry out their orders. Finally, at Lord Lloyd's order, the constitution was suspended for three years. Now the High Commissioner is to be changed, but is the Government ready to make real, substantial concessions to the Egyptians' demand for sovereignty in their own land?

BRITAIN'S LABOR GOVERNMENT will do its best to settle the grievances which lie behind the great strike and lockout of half a million cotton-mill workers in Lancashire, but it is difficult to see how it can do more than effect a temporary compromise. The depression in the Lancashire mills is part of an international situation beyond its control, and the employers and workers are both victims of that situation. The British textile industry has been depressed for a long time because its ascendancy in the world market was lost after the war. The Lancashire workers can scarcely keep alive if they accept the entire 12½ per cent wage-cut that the employers demand, but they seem doomed to accept part of that cut or go without work. Meanwhile, in our Southern States, strikes of cotton-mill workers multiply with increasing prospects of success in lifting the labor standards of the industry. A strike in Ware Shoals, South Carolina, has ended in defeat after a brave fight by the workers against the owners, the State militia, and an anti-labor governor; but in Marion, North Carolina, the strike of 700 cotton-mill workers against the Marion Manufacturing Company was continuing vigorously as this issue of *The Nation* went to press. Under the leadership of the United Textile Workers of the American Federation of Labor the strikers were fighting for the reinstatement of twenty-two discharged union members and for the ten-hour day in place of the eleven and twelve-hour shift. R. W. Baldwin, president of the company and one of the most loudly philanthropic of Southern textile manufacturers, was recently struck on the head while leading some strikebreakers to his mill. Seventeen strikers were placed under bail, charged with conspiracy to commit murder.

THE POLICY OF THE FARM BOARD is rapidly being made clear. Its theory was set forth by the chairman, Alexander Legge, in his address before the American Institute of Cooperation at Baton Rouge on July 30. Agriculture, he declares, is not keeping pace with other industries because "agriculture has operated as an individual enterprise competing with organized effort in other industries —individual action and planning as compared with collective thinking and action." The present trouble with agriculture, he holds, is largely a matter of marketing, and he states the central feature of the board's program thus: "The board believes that it can be of great assistance to the American farmers by encouraging the development of large-scale, central cooperative organizations." The records of the Department of Agriculture, Mr. Legge states, show that 2,000,000 farmers, or nearly one-third of the total, already belong to the 12,500 existing cooperative associations, and he hopes that by developing the activities of these organizations it may be possible in time to control surplus production and to stabilize marketing conditions. As a first step in the board's program, it has already arranged for the formation of the Farmers' National Grain Corporation, a central marketing organization with an initial capital of $10,000,000. The fifty-two officials of existing farm organizations who met with the board at the organizing meeting included leaders of the farm revolt at last year's Republican convention, so one purpose of the Farm Relief Act is in way of attainment. American agricultural history is not too reassuring as to the possibilities of cooperative effort among farmers, but it will be interesting, at any rate, to see what the application of big-business methods to agricultural marketing can accomplish.

TARIFF LAWS, as they are written under our system, are always so full of mischiefs that one can scarcely keep track of them. The flexible provision so dear to the heart of Matthew Woll, formerly of the labor movement, now of the National Civic Federation, in the hands of a protectionist President is in fact just a device for the further raising of particular duties, as Messrs. Coolidge and Hoover have shown plainly enough. The proposals of the House bill concerning methods of valuing imports are no less mischievous. If they are accepted, customs officials will have power to determine the basis of valuation in any given case, and there will be no appeal except to the Secretary of the Treasury. In practice, under this arrangement, the customs officials might substitute American for foreign valuations, thus raising sharply the duties payable without any change of rates. In some cases there are sound reasons for using the American valuation, and we give the framers of the bill credit for having them in mind; but the tariff vultures, it ought to be remembered, long ago scented fresh carrion hidden under this valuation cover, and if the change is made it is safe to say they will see to it that they get some choice morsels. The Association of the Customs Bar two months ago protested against the proposal on the ground that by making the Secretary of the Treasury the final authority it would deprive the importer of the right of judicial review. We protest against it on the ground that it is all too likely to mean a further jacking up of duties.

THE DEPARTMENT OF STATE has clarified the question of what one must swear to in order to get a passport by a letter written in reply to criticism of the oath which Dorothy Detzer, executive secretary of the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom, was allowed to take. Miss Detzer refused to promise to "defend" the Constitution if by that the bearing of arms or assistance in war was implied. So she was allowed to take an oath to "support" the Constitution, according to the form that was used for Roger N. Baldwin in 1926. This modification is justified by the Department of State by pointing out that the oath administered to one receiving a passport does not rest

on the same legal basis as that required of one applying for citizenship. In the latter case the oath is prescribed in the law, but there is no act of Congress requiring a statement of allegiance in connection with a passport. The practice of the Department of State in asking for an oath of allegiance is based solely on an executive order, but no particular form has been insisted upon. Evidently, therefore, anyone is justified in asking for a modification of the usual form and probably would be within his legal rights in insisting upon a passport without taking an oath at all.

IN THE GENERAL CHORUS of rejoicing over President Hoover's action for disarmament, Paul V. McNutt, commander of the American Legion, of course sounded a discordant note. The Legion, he declares in a telegram to the President, opposes any action which will prevent the United States from regaining "its lost naval parity with Great Britain"—whatever that may be. Senator Brookhart takes issue with Mr. McNutt's protest in vigorous fashion, and in so doing calls attention to an important truth about the body of the Legion as compared with its officers. Mr. McNutt, he asserts, in his picturesque way, is "merely representing a little bloodthirsty coterie at the head of the Legion, which has become the chief propagandist of the war profiteers." "Resolutions," he declares, "are usually . . . indorsed by a small number of organized delegates . . . and they never represent the Legion membership in its sober judgment." The Legion manages to be unfailingly wrong officially on important questions. We are likely to forget that its officers are—the kind of men who get to be officers of a semi-social patriotic organization. They manage, then, to put the whole weight of their organization behind their own short-sighted views of national policy, while in fact the membership contains about the same proportion of intelligent and thoughtful young men as any other rank-and-file group. Official statements of the American Legion are pretty much an unqualified nuisance, and it is a great pity that there are no means of making vocal the ideas of the intelligent unofficial membership.

OUR FIRST PRIZE for golden deeds goes this week to the Supreme Court of Errors of Connecticut, which in one decision has voided 1,493 laws, a substantial part of the legislative crop of the State for the past ten years. The State constitution provides that in order to be valid an act of the legislature must be signed within three days of the adjournment of that body, but the passion of Connecticut legislators to make the citizens wise and pure and good has been such that they have piled a prodigious heap of would-be law on the Governor's desk in the closing days of recent sessions, and through a bit of that legal legerdemain which is so excellent a lubricant for the wheels of government the last four chief executives of the State have all disregarded the time limit in signing many bills. Now the Supreme Court of Errors has called the practice unconstitutional, and bang go 1,493 hand-tailored, full-fashioned, glove-fitting, only slightly worn statutes. We commend this splendid constructive step of the Nutmeg high tribunal to President Hoover's commission on law enforcement. Nothing is better calculated to simplify law observance than not having any laws to observe. If the high courts of all the States would follow the Connecticut example, what a blessing it would be! And if legislatures would cease to enact most of their legislation, how much better still it would be! Then the commission on law enforcement might wind the clock, put out the cat, and go to sleep. It is practically impossible to violate an unenacted act.

FRANCE SAVED her international lawn-tennis championship by winning the Davis Cup challenge round in Paris, three matches to two, but the Americans made so brave a bid for the laurels that they emerged with new glory. In the years since Dwight F. Davis first presented the cup for international competition tennis has become well-nigh the most universal of sports and the Davis Cup matches include almost every modernized nation of the world. Around the matches have developed such traditions of fair play and sportsmanship that Tilden and Hunter received more applause in Berlin than Moldenhauer and Prenn, and the French crowds cheered every effort of George Lott in his deciding match against Cochet as if he were the defender of the tri-color. The heartiest cheers of all this year are due to William T. Tilden, who closed his brilliant career as an internationalist by defeating Jean Borotra. Perhaps there will be greater tennis players than Tilden, but we doubt if there will ever be one who combines his speed and strategy with the histrionic ability to make every court a stage. In spite of some derogatory newspaper comment, Tilden leaves international tennis, at the age of thirty-six, still the third ranking player of the world and probably capable of winning our national championship several more times if he cares to try for it. The only thing that may darken Tilden's retirement as an internationalist is the thought that the United States might have captured the Davis Cup by a score of three to two if the American committee had played Hunter instead of Lott against Borotra.

FOR GENTLEMEN who cannot spend the month with endurance fliers or with the Byrd expedition we suggest pajamas. It is time that these faithful garments were rescued from the outer fringes of undress where they have been consigned. Why the police should rate them lower than pants is beyond our comprehension. Anyone can go almost anywhere in pants, but let any broiling male describe his cotton pants as pajamas and immediately the police swoop down upon him. Paul Partridge of the University of Oklahoma tried breakfasting in the university cafeteria in bright purple pajamas and was led out gently by the ear. W. B. Bizzell, president of the university, warned the college paper that he would stop its publication if it printed a picture of Partridge in pajamas. W. O. Saunders of the Elizabeth City (North Carolina) *Independent* had better luck. Strolling down the main street of his town in a pair of beautiful tan pajamas with a long, smock-like coat, attached collar, and cravat, Mr. Saunders was arrested. He took his case to the mayor and won from his honor a decision which should go down in sartorial annals as the Magna Charta of the sweltering sex:

> It is the inherent right of every citizen [said the mayor] or inhabitant of the city and every visitor to dress as he pleases, and go and come as he pleases, as long as there is no indecent exposure of his person. And [he added] if I had the nerve I would adopt pajamas for street wear myself.

Peace Pact and Disarmament

THE Briand-Kellogg pact is formally in effect, and the peoples and governments of the world now face the stern task of building the peace. The pact, despite the strictures of its critics, means, or may mean, a first step in that great work; despite the plaudits of its friends, it of course means no more than a first step. Friends of peace may congratulate themselves that that step is taken, and Americans may take justifiable pride in the recent action of our President and Secretary of State in connection with this international engagement.

During the weeks of midsummer madness just past certain forces in China and Russia were working the peoples up to that stage of insane fury where war becomes a reality. It was our own Secretary of State who at the right moment reminded the two governments, theretofore apparently growing more and more belligerent, of their obligations under the pact. Since that time the exchanges between Nanking and Moscow have become more moderate, and the present outlook is for a settlement of the real differences between the two governments on a basis of reason and common-sense, not of hatred and bloodshed. We do not say that the pact prevented war, for we do not believe that it did. We do say that the pact gave Secretary Stimson a good opening, which he utilized skilfully, and that to such an extent the treaty made it easier for the governments of China and Russia to take the way of reason. We rejoice that it was an American secretary of state who in a crisis first successfully invoked the pact, and that its moral authority is in so far enhanced.

Distinctly more important, probably, in the long run, and no less creditable to Mr. Hoover's Administration, are the exchanges now going on between Washington and London in respect to the reduction of armaments. The events of the past month are full of encouragement to the friends of peace, and we should be less than fair if we failed to express our hearty appreciation of the steps Mr. Hoover has taken thus far, and our hope that he will not hesitate or falter in the good work so well begun; for of course the big fight is all ahead.

Mr. Dawes's first speech served notice on the world, and particularly on the generals and admirals, that so far as the Administration was concerned, our government was actually ready to reduce its armaments. All the silly talk about yardsticks and parity and like nonsense does not alter the significance of one basic fact: the responsible heads of the British and the American government are ready to sit down together as intelligent and friendly human beings and talk over plans of cutting navies and taxes, instead of leaving it to professional fighting men and their civilian allies to scare us all into believing that it can't be done. Prime Minister MacDonald, in discussing parity, points out that the governments have agreed to a certain elasticity in meeting their peace-time needs, and that technical considerations will not be allowed to interfere with the main purpose. This is to say that parity is poppycock, and that the governments have agreed on reduction as the important thing—which it is.

And now comes Mr. Hoover, the very day before the peace pact goes into formal effect, saying flatly:

> The American people should understand that current expenditures on strictly military activities of the army and navy constitute the largest military budget of any nation in the world today, and at a time when there is less real danger of extensive disturbance to peace than at any time in more than half a century. The hope of tax reduction lies in large degree in our ability to economize on the military and naval expenditure and still maintain adequate defense. Our whole situation is certainly modified by the Kellogg pact.

This statement the President follows up with actual figures of such expenditures for four of the leading powers, showing us outlays on the army and navy above a hundred millions more during the past year and two hundred millions more in the present year than our nearest competitor, Great Britain, and more than three times as much as Japan. Further, he points out that the $685,000,000 of last year will rise to $803,000,000 three years hence if our plans be not changed. These are not the words of those advocates of "adequate" defense who forever demand more guns and ships and planes and poison.

Nor is this all. Mr. Hoover announces the appointment of a commission (unfortunately from the general staff) to study reduction of army costs; and then, plainly by agreement with Mr. MacDonald, who makes a corresponding announcement in London, he gives notice of delay in laying down the keels of three of the five cruisers in this year's building program, the other two being under contract in private yards, where the work can less readily be stopped—a fact worthy of remark in considering the forces back of naval building. Small wonder that that doughty naval expert and Briton-baiter, Representative Britten, gives forth an agonized wail that the President is violating the intent of Congress, and that the misguided president of the American Legion utters a shout of alarm. It is only the first faint rumbling of the storm that will come; for the President actually proposes to cut down army and navy expenditures, on the ground that the pact really means something. That is the way to make it mean something, and we honor the President for his action.

We are not so silly as to imagine that Mr. Hoover has turned pacifist, but we do say that, within the limits of his ideas and his position, his moves up to this point have been admirable. Thus far, with the MacDonald Government collaborating in England, his task has been comparatively easy; now comes the real fight and the real test of the President, who does not love a fight. But the army and navy and all their war-making allies in Congress and out of it will unquestionably gather their forces and fight for their life. Their forces are immensely powerful. No indirect methods, no simple, quiet conferences with a few leaders will do the work that must be done. We believe that Mr. Hoover can find irresistible popular support for the moderate measure of armament reduction at present contemplated if he will use the power of his position to make the issue clear. Will he lead the American people to take this short step from fear toward friendliness? It is a great task for any man.

Fashions in Food

WE noted some time ago the advent of the odd cult of sauerkraut juice. Now the tomato-juice cocktail is regnant, a harmless, vapid drink, a sort of vegetarian cousin of the clam-juice cocktail which has done so much to restore the profits of the restaurant business. Time was when clam broth was served free with steamed clams, and the liquid from cold clams on the halfshell went down the sink; nowadays it is carefully saved, watered, peppered, and served in tiny glasses at from thirty to sixty cents a glass, depending upon the toniness of the restaurant. It would be a good drink at a dime, but we predict that in another decade it will be as completely forgotten as the limeades which, together with Geronimo, the tired Apache, were the chief glory of the Pan American Exposition in Buffalo in 1901.

For foods are as modish and shifting as women's dresses. It was only a few years ago that every stenographer in New York, wearing a smock to protect her dress and, like as not, a Helen Wills eyeshade to protect her eyes, spent the noon hour munching raisins because the ads had taught her that her system needed iron. Next came the daily apples, driving the doctors away. Now the girls cultivate yeast gardens in their patient stomachs. And then, having done their hygienic duty, they rush out to fill up on Eskimo pies—undoubtedly, with the airplane and the radio, one of the chief characteristics of American civilization in this decade—and Baby Ruths and Oh Henrys.

The days of the old "fancy" are gone forever—the neighborhood store where candies lay in tempting display, fly-specked and grimy from sampling fingers, ranging from twenty-for-a-cent "pills" to great "lickrish-sticks" at one cent each, and fat, powdered marshmallow bars, three cubic inches for one Indian-head copper. It is a different, oil-paper world that the child of today faces when in quest of candy. Each stock is precisely like the next—the same spearmint chewing gum, the same delectable chocolate mints, the same brands of accurately counted caramels and immaculately wrapped toffees, the same peanuts and almonds and fig bars and life-savers. In the old days one was faithful to his "fancy"; one knew the quality of its marshmallows as distinguished from that of another store. Today the stands are all alike, all equally hygienic, all shifting mechanically in accordance with the advertising and the sales campaigns. No doubt the child of today gets cleaner candy—he should, for the four-for-a-cent has been replaced by five-for-a-nickel—but we doubt if he has the same opportunity to develop his own tastes. And in one particular the candy-makers have made a deplorable retrogression. Twenty years ago it was still possible for a small boy to get chocolate—real, honest-to-God, dark brown, not-too-much-sweetened chocolate. Today there is little on the stands but the insipidly sweet milk chocolates. Even the Eskimo pie-makers have gone over to milk chocolate.

Still, the world does move. Modern science has taught us to eat greens as diligently as our ancestors did before science discovered vitamines; and prohibition has brought the delectable lime to the remotest delicatessens. Broccoli, after a century's obscurity, has returned to the American table; and the iced-drink emporiums have imported a magnificent discovery from the tropics. The "orange drink," despite its synthetic flavors, was at least an improvement on the old ice-cream soda; and this season a pale adaptation of the West Indian *jugo de piña* has blossomed upon the counter. To those who cannot endure the thought or the name of the tomato-juice cocktail, we commend 1929's finest hot-weather drink—pineapple juice!

Panama Awaits the Ax

IMPERIALISM does not always advance by leaps and bounds. More often it flows, quietly and hardly noticeable at a distance, or even merely trickles. The latter seems to be the present process in Panama. Ever since President Roosevelt despoiled Colombia of Panama by assisting a revolution in that neck of the woods and then recognizing overnight the independence of the revolutionaries, the isthmian republic has been under our domination. But actual interference or exploitation has been guarded and gradual. The cupidity of native politicians is always a favorite opening in the game of imperialism. The weaker countries get into financial troubles because of having extravagant expenditures foisted upon them and by the erosion of their revenues through graft. In this age of universal borrowing what is more natural then than to seek a foreign loan? And what is more inevitable than that the foreign banker, in order to secure the loan, will seek extraordinary rights and call upon his government to back him in the protection of that modern sacred cow, private property?

Last year Panama, having got into financial difficulties, sought a foreign loan of $12,000,000. A number of American bankers were ready to accommodate, for these Latin American loans are floated at a nice commission and good interest rates. The Guaranty Trust Company of New York was declared the successful bidder, but there was delay in issuing the bonds. Finally, the Guaranty Trust withdrew its offer and the National City Bank of New York took over the contract. Perhaps the National City voted first and discussed afterward, according to the philosophy of the late E. H. Harriman. At any rate, after floating the loan and making some advances to the government of Panama, the National City indicated some apprehension in regard to Panamanian finances. The republic was induced to "invite" a commission from the National City Bank to make a financial and economic survey. The "invitation" is said to have cost Panama $32,000, and such of the findings as were made public last spring were not entirely rosy. George E. Roberts, vice-president of the National City Bank, who headed the commission, reported that the country's revenues were good but that the deficits and the floating debt made the financial situation unsatisfactory. The commission recommended the appointment of a citizen of the United States as comptroller, although the republic is already paying a fiscal agent supposedly acting under the advice of our Department of State. The National City Bank first suggested one of its own men, but his demand for $25,000 annually and expenses, with six months a year in the United States, was a bit thick even for the docile Panamanians. Finally a business man on the Isthmus was selected, presumably equally satisfactory to the bank, so that we may take it for granted

that henceforth the finances of the republic will be directed primarily from Wall Street.

Meanwhile the treaty which our Department of State sought to impose upon Panama in 1926 is still hanging fire. That instrument, described in our issue of January 5, 1927, provides that Panama "will consider herself in a state of war in case of any war in which the United States should be a belligerent," and if necessary "in the opinion of the United States Government" to defend the Canal, Panama will turn over to the Untied States the control of wireless and radio communication and aircraft. In addition "the United States shall have the direction and control of all military operations" in the republic during actual or threatened hostilities.

Obviously the treaty is an infamous one to present to any supposedly independent nation and is due to our original error in fortifying the Panama Canal as part of our national defense instead of making it a neutral international highway. Panama refused to ratify the treaty when first presented, and President Arosemena was at pains to say last spring that unless the document was modified by us it would not again be placed before the National Assembly. But the Department of State seems still to cherish the notion that it wants the treaty, and, as we said earlier, imperialism does not always proceed by leaps and bounds. More often it flows or merely trickles. But it proceeds. Our financial and political overlordship of Panama is bound to grow ever stronger unless a drastic change of sentiment in this country calls for a new policy. Of this we see no present sign. On the contrary, we are disposed to echo the remark of a writer in the *Patria* of San Salvador:

> We are bound to be swallowed in the end, whatever happens; nothing remains for us but to try to make the process of deglutition as slow and difficult as possible. And let us keep the hope that our bones may stick in Uncle Sam's throat.

This Lawless Nation

WE are, and we have always been, a lawless nation. It is fashionable today to blame lawlessness upon the mixture of races in our population, but that is nonsense which ignores history. Good pure-blooded Anglo-Saxons built up the bloody tradition of the frontier; English stock burned Irish Catholic convents in the Know-Nothing days of the middle of the last century; and while New York and Chicago have their high percentages of crime, it is in the pure-blooded South that the homicide rate runs highest and that the tradition of ignoring inconvenient laws reaches its peak. Prohibition violations are a small matter compared to the wholesale, persistent, unashamed, and official violation of the Constitutional provisions protecting the Negro which are current throughout the South.

It may be disconcerting, but it is eminently fitting, that the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People should present to the President's commission on law enforcement a brief recalling its attention from the recent difficulties about prohibition to the long-continued law-breaking involved in the tradition of lynching, the custom of peonage, the official illegalities of segregation and white primary laws, and the flagrant partiality with which the school and Jim Crow laws are applied. The commission will convict itself of superficiality and of political evasion if it fails thoroughly to study these basic violations of constitutional guaranties and of the nation's legal fabric.

That most bestial of crimes, lynching, is, fortunately, declining. Public opinion in the South itself has turned against this stain upon the name of mankind. But the fact that there were only 11 lynchings in 1928, 21 in 1927, 34 in 1926, and 64 in 1921 should not blind us to the truth that while this worst excrescence of interracial violence is waning, the indecent conditions out of which it grew largely persist. Peonage, which is essentially a form of human slavery, degrading both master and debt-slave and poisoning their human relations, persists in many States. The conditions officially reported by the Governor of Georgia in 1921 have not been wiped out. A federal law exists under which punishment of those responsible for peonage is authorized, but, as the N. A. A. C. P. points out, prosecutions have been infrequent and the illegal system is complacently tolerated.

We commented recently upon the unequal application of the Jim Crow laws which nominally grant separate and equal accommodation to the two races, but in practice give only third-class accommodation to Negroes. The expenditure of the school taxes in all the Southern States is a similar example of flagrant disrespect for the provisions of law. In some States from five to ten times as much in proportion to the number of children of each race is spent on white schools as on Negro schools. Even border States like Maryland and Missouri grossly discriminate against the schools for Negro pupils.

But the disfranchisement of the colored half of the South is, of course, the most appalling violation of law. State after State passes laws intended to circumvent the plain meaning of the Constitution of the United States, and as soon as the Supreme Court declares them unconstitutional the States devise new forms of defiance. The white South does not intend the black South to vote, and it is notorious how election boards contrive to disfranchise Negroes. A white citizen may prove his literacy by merely reading his abc's; a colored man must prove himself a constitutional lawyer before a white board will admit that he is able to read and write. And these white aristocrats will regard such tactics as a joke!

Possibly the most bare-faced recent example of complete disregard for law by gentlemen sworn to uphold it was the contemptuous action of the City Council of Atlanta, Georgia, which, by a vote of 28 to 0, overrode the mayor's veto of a segregation law that was patently and unquestionably unconstitutional, paralleling closely, as it did, another ordinance upon which the courts had already ruled.

Such practices are at their worst in the South. But the recent violence at North Platte, Nebraska, and the only less recent outbreaks in Detroit, Chicago, East St. Louis, and other Northern cities reveal only too clearly that such contempt for law, when race prejudices are concerned, has no geographical limits. It lies deep in American nature. And if President Hoover's commission really wishes to get at the root of American contempt for law, it will do well to begin by poring over the documents attached to the brief of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, by studying American attitudes toward race problems.

It Seems to Heywood Broun

THE *Times-Journal* of Selma, Alabama, has solved the race problem very simply in a recent editorial by asserting that there is none. Except of course in the minds of a few Negro agitators and a small group of ignorant white commentators mostly situated in the North. "Down here in Dixie," says the gentleman behind the rose-colored spectacles, "we have grown to know each other and we don't have problems. We have settled them satisfactorily to both races." The basis of this mutually satisfactory settlement is outlined in the sentence, "Neither race wants social or political equality and we only hear of it from agitators on the outside."

Since the white man in the South has managed to set up political and social superiority for his own race it is probably true that he is making no great outcry for equality. I am even willing to grant that in many sections of the South the Negro has accepted disfranchisement tamely enough. He is not anxious to run the risk and bother of trying to assert his rights. Indeed, his political interests have become atrophied. It makes little difference to him which party sits in the high seats. But this acceptance of a condition is not quite the same thing as a contented satisfaction. It would hardly be fair to cram wax down the ears of an individual and after it was firmly set to explain, "Can't you comprehend that this good fellow has no desire whatever to attend the symphony concert?"

If the Selma *Times-Journal* is in any sense correct in asserting that the Negro is thoroughly complacent in his present situation it may be a plausible quibble to maintain that there is no Negro problem, but in that case the terminology must be shifted about to admit the very lively presence of a white problem. Nor is the issue a local one. If millions of adults in the United States are barred from the polls and restive under this disability a serious situation exists. But to my mind the condition is still more grave and tragic if it is true that they have cheerfully accepted their lot. Such a state of affairs puts the whole democratic theory of government in danger. Can a nation exist part quick and part dead? If it is both reasonable and feasible to take the vote away from the Negro on the ground that he is insufficiently intelligent to exercise the franchise there is no logical reason why the limitation of manhood suffrage should stop there. Under any such a philosophy of government it would be not at all unreasonable to confine voting only to persons listed in Who's Who or to such college men as were graduated cum laude.

Complete and successful disfranchisement of the Negro is a long step toward the creation of an oligarchic state. It raises the vital issue of whether America can carry upon its back a helot class and still move on and up to the bright dreams which have animated the noble army of martyrs for freedom's cause. Fortunately it seems likely that the Alabama editorial writer takes far too grave a view of the situation. His pessimism is blacker than is in any way justified. He sees the long dark ranks of supine men and women and thinks that they are dead to the cause of democracy. They sleep and are not dead. Some stir, and if the ear is sensitive it can detect that here and there one moans and mutters through his slumber. A great gulf is fixed between patience and resignation. There will be a morning of freedom. Democracy has always been a slow ferment and manhood is not to be forever mocked.

Fortunately the South has been much less than adroit in its attempt to create a half-way house on the road to Utopia. Speaking of the Negro the Selma *Times-Journal* says, "We find him ambitious, happy, and contented. Equally with the white man, he is protected in life and liberty—in the ownership of his property, and in the pursuit of happiness. . . . Side by side, with 'one increasing purpose'—the preservation of the integrity and welfare of each race—we are moving forward down here in the South."

But one has but to see the mulatto millions to know that neither North nor South has been fanatical in its effort to preserve the integrity of the Negro race. When the last lynching is a memory of one hundred years ago then it will be time enough to talk of equality in protection of life and liberty. And I would not have the audacity to speak of the "pursuit of happiness" until it was quite unknown for any white man in the land to curl the lip of scorn and say "Here you, nigger!"

Communities in which segregation exists by law have not played the game fairly even according to their own principles and professions. There are hundreds of statutes establishing separate and equal accommodations on railroads. Does any fair-minded man dare to stand up and assert that the Jim Crow car is as good a piece of rolling stock as that assigned to the white man? Nor does one have to live his whole life south of the Mason and Dixon line to know that whenever a separate place is set aside for the Negro it is a poorer place than that reserved for the white man. For the Nordic, the orchestra; for the Negro, the second balcony—it is through these humiliating devices that the white man preserves the integrity of each race.

I am aware of the fact that one fault has come too much into many articles which I have written about white and black. One might get the impression that I believe prejudice to be purely geographical. The South is more articulate in expressing its feeling. Otherwise there is not a vast difference between the Northern and the Southern attitude. Some of the most rabid Negro baiters I have ever known came down from the North and enthusiastically accepted the attitude of the community in which they found themselves. There ought to be an old adage running, "There's no fool like a convert."

It is also true that in increasing numbers the white people of the South are coming to realize that the present situation between white and black is not satisfactory for either race. Pat on his tumble from the Woolworth Tower cried out to horrified observers on the fourteenth floor, "I'm all right so far." And the Southerner who says, "We have this thing all settled," is blood cousin to the peasant who plants his vines upon the slope of some Vesuvius. When an oppressed race asks for the bread of liberty it is not enough to toss it a mammy song. HEYWOOD BROUN

A License to Steal

By WILLIAM C. MURPHY, JR.

ENACTMENT of the Hawley-Smoot tariff bill, over which Republican members of the Senate Finance Committee are now sweltering in Washington, will determine whether the power to levy taxes shall remain with Congress where it was vested by the Constitution or shall be transferred to the President. This is the question which overshadows all others in any consideration of the pending bill. Incidentally, it is the question upon which hinges the comparatively minor issue of whether or not President Hoover is to be repudiated by a Congress of his own party at the very outset of his administration.

It is true that the bill which has been passed by the House would increase the living costs of the American people by from $600,000,000 to $700,000,000 annually; that there are proposed increases amounting to 2,000 per cent on some commodities—imitation pearl beads for example—but these are merely transient iniquities when compared to the major issue involved. Individual larcenies, whether petty or grand, are trivialities when placed alongside a proposition to issue a license to steal.

Briefly, the bill proposes to give the President power to raise or lower duties up to fifty per cent of the statutory rates whenever the Tariff Commission shall determine that such a change is justified by conditions of competition between domestic and imported products. To make sure that determinations will be forthcoming as desired from the Commission, it is further proposed to abolish the bi-partisan character of that body, leaving the President free to name the entire membership from adherents of his own political faith and to remove any member at will. But this is not all; another section of the bill would take away most of the powers now vested in the courts and leave the Treasury Department—another agency of the President—as the arbiter on questions of valuation. The possibilities of increasing valuations through one agency and then pyramiding increased rates on the increased valuations are obvious. These two administrative provisions would thus give to a protectionist Administration the power to raise duties almost at will. The action of President Coolidge and President Hoover under the flexible provisions of the present law leaves little doubt that if these new sections are written into the forthcoming law we shall see many duties raised by executive fiat.

These are the facts and possibilities which have brought into being a Democratic-Progressive Republican coalition which, as this is written, seems to have a fair chance of overturning the entire flexible tariff plan in the Senate. So definite has the coalition become that Senator Borah, most ardent and vociferous of Mr. Hoover's campaign orators, has taken to issuing his statements against the bill through the Democratic National Committee. Even an ardent Administration protectionist, Senator Reed of Pennsylvania, has indicated unmistakably that he thinks the expansion of the executive's tariff-making powers has gone far enough. The point involved is the perpetuation of the dearly established principle that the power that holds the sword must be separated from the power that controls the purse. It has been suggested that if the President is given power to raise or lower customs duties there is no logical reason why he should not be given similar power over income-tax rates.

Another shadow hovering over the huge Turkish bath which is the Senate Finance Committee room, is the threat of potential retaliations by foreign countries which may not take kindly to having their products shut off from the American market by a prohibitive tariff wall. Foreign nations always register protests when an American tariff bill is in the making. It is still recalled in Washington that a former Greek Minister made himself popularly known as "the currant issue" by his persistent wailings over a prospective increase in the duties on currants a few years ago.

But the present deluge of foreign protests—so far there have been more than forty—are more ominous as well as more numerous than on former occasions. No longer are they mere polite intimations that some foreign government would appreciate it if the duties on certain products were not increased. Almost without exception, the present crop of protests speak of the inevitable decrease in the foreign demand for American products in the event of tariff raises inimical to foreign industrial interests. More important than these diplomatically worded threats are the hard facts of economics which tend to make the threats credible. It is not being overlooked that the United States now sells more than it buys, and that it has become a creditor nation, with net payments of more than half a billion a year due it on account of interest and dividends. Therefore, if we prevent foreign nations from selling to us, they must in time buy less and less from the United States, for the very adequate reason that they will not have the money to buy with. This was less plain when most of the former tariff bills were being framed. Then the United States was still a debtor nation, with a balance due to other countries on account. Such considerations as these cause even some ardent protectionists to wonder if the Hawley bill will be an unmixed blessing for an Administration which was ushered in by a glorified drummer's tour of South America to stimulate trade with that continent.

But there are more definite indications of danger from abroad than the academic questions of economics. For example, there was the Canadian remonstrance against the proposed duties on shingles, lumber and feeder cattle, coupled with the intimation that enactment of those rates might result in retaliatory British duties on American wheat. Secretary Stimson denied that any such representations had been made by Canada on the same day that the Canadian Government at Ottawa was announcing that they had been made—and after it had been learned on unimpeachable authority that several prominent senators had been summoned to conferences by high Administration officials, including Mr. Stimson, who were excited about the possibilities involved in the Canadian situation.

Leaving the question of relative diplomatic veracity for settlement by those who may be interested in useless abstractions, there is the concrete fact that the State Depart-

ment has practically abandoned any attempts to negotiate commercial treaties. It has given up this futile activity because, in view of American tariff practices, foreign nations will not accept the customary "most favored nation" clause in treaties with the United States. The situation is illustrated strikingly by comparing Canada and the United States. The former, not counting her favored status in the British Empire, has treaties including the most-favored-nation clause with twenty-two nations. These twenty-two nations include practically all of the great trading and commercial powers and most of their colonies. The United States has such treaties with exactly seven countries, of which Germany and China are the only two of any commercial importance.

It will be recalled that the announced purpose of the Republican Party, as set forth in its most recent platform, and of President Hoover in his message to the special session of Congress, is to place agriculture on an economic parity with industry, partly, at least, through tariff revision. The problem of translating that principle into definite rates is one that is adding gray hairs to the heads of Republican senators now engaged in putting the Hawley bill into shape for presentation to the Senate. They are somewhat handicapped because, after the President had suggested a revision limited to agricultural products and a few commodities faced with emergency conditions, the House ran wild and passed a bill containing nearly a thousand changes in rates. Practically all of the changes were increases, of course, so the bill became to all practical purposes a general upward revision. Agriculture was given many of the increases, to be sure, but in nearly every case where the products of agriculture enter into industry there were "compensatory" increases on the finished products. Naturally, the representatives of the industries concerned wish to retain the "compensatory" increases. At the same time the farm bloc has blood in its collective eye and is proclaiming loudly that agriculture is in exactly the same relative position as before.

It has been asserted that the Fordney-McCumber Act of 1922 gave agricultural products an average of 25.85% protection while the average for industrial products is 42.03%, and that the Hawley bill protects agriculture theoretically by an average of 29.90% and industry by an average of 47.07%. In other words, while both agricultural and industrial rates are increased by the present bill, the gap between the protection accorded agriculture and that accorded industry has been widened. To this, of course, is added the contention that tariff protection is entirely valueless on some of the great agricultural staples such as wheat, in which there is a surplus over domestic consumption resulting in the domestic price being practically fixed by the open-market world price on which a protective tariff does not operate.

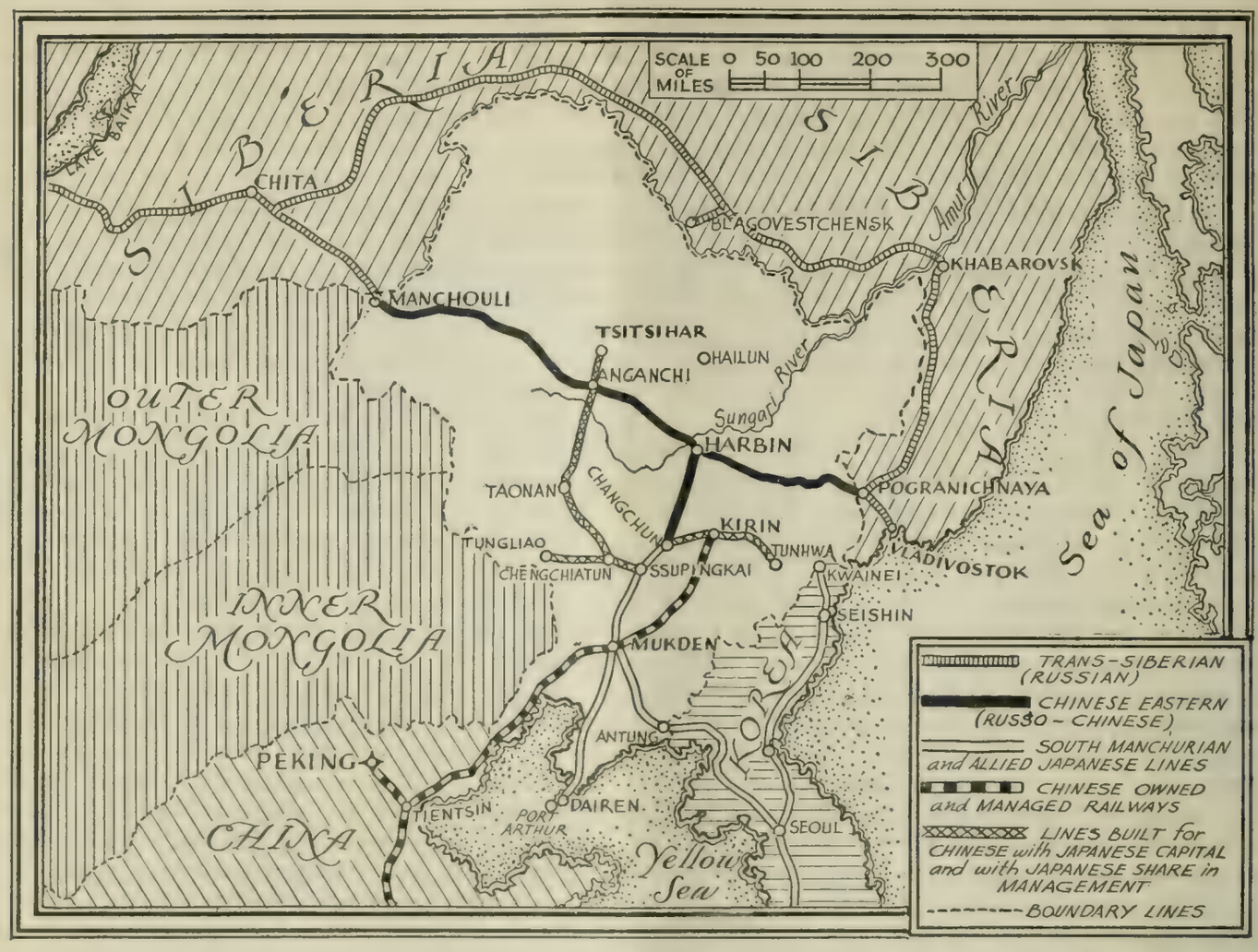
Thus the learned gentlemen on the Finance Committee face a real dilemma. For reasons of political expediency, at least, many of them would be perfectly willing to raise the agricultural rates to any point demanded by the agricultural interests. They are particularly willing to do this in view of the widely held view that agricultural tariffs are meaningless for the most part anyway. But if they raise the agricultural rates they will have the disciples of "compensatory" increase on their backs.

The other alternative is to reduce some of the industrial rates as a gesture toward the "economic parity" heretofore referred to. It may be a leaning toward this procedure which has caused the chairman of the Finance Committee, Senator Smoot, to send out a call to the Tariff Commission for a list of commodities upon which the House granted increases and of which imports amount to less than ten per cent of domestic consumption. This move has been interpreted as forecasting a retention of existing rates on commodities in this category, the theory being that where American producers have been able to acquire ninety per cent or more of the market they may be able to worry along without additional protection.

Another move toward cutting down the general level of industrial rates was that of summoning a group of prominent automobile manufacturers to Washington to ask them if it was really true that they did not need the twenty-five per cent ad valorem and countervailing duties carried in the present law. The Ford Company advocated free trade but the other motor representatives insisted that the countervailing duties, at least, be retained, these duties being as high as forty-five per cent ad valorem in some instances.

As this is written there is real anxiety in Republican senatorial circles concerning the fate of the tariff bill. After prolonged and prayerful effort the Old Guard has succeeded for the time being in convincing Mr. Hoover that he is a Republican President and should stand for a Republican tariff bill. But their alliance with the White House is none too secure as was demonstrated by the recent comedy of errors when those two doughty Administration leaders, Watson of Indiana and Reed of Pennsylvania, breakfasted with the President. They returned to the Capitol and broadcasted the news that the President wanted a "sane and sensible" tariff to be measured by "the yardstick of adequate protection." That seemed innocuous enough to have a ring of truth, but hardly had the word been passed out—and printed—than a denial came forth from the White House. The source of the denial was that unquotable and unmentionable entity which has succeeded the ghostly "White House spokesman" of the Coolidge regime, but the denial was definite and authentic. The President, it was said, had not mentioned anything about "yardsticks" or "adequate protection." Then, to make the picture perfect, Senator Watson received a telephone message from the White House informing him that no denial had been issued. There has been, so far, no denial of the denial of the denial.

Lurking behind the maze of denials, committee manipulations, and star-chamber sessions is the ever-present specter of that afternoon in the Senate when only one vote—and that vote Democratic—stood between the Administration and the wrecking of the entire tariff-revision program. That was the day Senator Borah's resolution to restrict tariff revision to the agricultural and directly related schedules was defeated by a vote of 38 to 39. One of the votes against the Borah resolution was that of Senator Heflin, Alabama Democrat. Heflin had fallen out with Borah because the latter had opposed the Alabaman's demand that the Senate condemn some unnamed person who had thrown a beer bottle at Heflin when the latter delivered a Ku Klux speech at Brockton, Massachusetts, last March. A margin of one vote—and that vote Heflin's—is a slender thing upon which to rest the fate of a Republican Administration in a crisis.



The Chinese and the Chinese Eastern

By ERNEST K. MOY

THE GIST of the Chinese position in the Sino-Russian controversy involving the Chinese Eastern Railway may be stated in the answer to two questions: (1) Has China the right, in her own territory, to arrest and, if deemed expedient, to deport aliens caught participating in political agitation constituting a menace to the government? (2) If these foreign agitators happen to be connected with a railroad in China, does their arrest constitute a seizure of the railway? The Chinese answer to the first question is Yes; to the second it is No.

It will be remembered that the occasion of the present strained relations between China and Soviet Russia, entailing ruptured diplomatic intercourse, rumors of impending war, reported outbreak of hostilities, and the efforts of neutral governments to preserve peace, was the raid which the Chinese authorities conducted on the premises of the Russian Consulate in Harbin on May 27. The raid was undertaken in consequence of information reaching the local Chinese officials that members of the Communist Third International were scheduled to hold a meeting in the quarters of the Russian Consulate to discuss and formulate plans for the promotion of communist agitation in Manchuria and other parts of China.

About forty Russians were arrested as a result of the search which, the Chinese Government declared, netted documents showing, among other things, that these foreigners, including Russian officials of the Chinese Eastern Railway, were parties to plans contemplating the destruction of Chinese property and the murder of Chinese officials by a communist "assassination corps."

If it is conceded that the Chinese Government has the right in this particular instance to arrest alien agitators against the public order, is that right materially modified because some of these aliens happen to be officials of a railway in China? And, in this case of the Chinese Eastern Railway, does the arrest of its Russian officials, who have been found to be parties to a conspiracy to undermine the Chinese Government, constitute a seizure of that railway?

It is the contention of the Chinese people that their government has an unquestionable moral as well as legal right to suppress any alien activities in Chinese territory that may be deemed inimical to public peace and the safety of that government. The arrest of the Russian officials is a matter aside from their connection with the Chinese Eastern Railway and therefore, does not constitute a "seizure" of that railway. Russia has the right, which China cannot dispute, to appoint other officials to fill the vacancies thus created by the arrests, provided the Soviet Government can disavow responsibility for the objectionable activities of its arrested citizens. At least theoretically this is the case.

But because of the official connections of the Russians who were arrested in the Harbin raid, and in view of the fact that they were also using the quarters of the Russian consulate, the question of treaty violation is involved.

In both the Peking and the Mukden treaties of 1924 there is the following provision to which China and Russia committed themselves:

> The Governments of the two Contracting Parties mutually pledge themselves not to permit within their respective territories the existence or activities of any organizations or groups whose aim is to struggle by acts of violence against the Government of either Contracting Party.
>
> The Governments of the two Contracting Parties further pledge themselves not to engage in propaganda directed against the political and social systems of either Contracting Party.

It is the contention of the Nanking Government that the evidence uncovered in the Harbin raid is conclusive proof of Soviet Russia's violation of the foregoing treaty stipulation. Russia, on the other hand, maintains that by ousting the Russian officials of the Chinese Eastern Railway China has committed an unlawful act. Assuming that the Russian contention is correct, the Chinese maintain that such a charge constitutes no satisfactory reply to China's complaint of Russia's original violation of the treaty.

The Chinese Government has expressed its willingness to negotiate a settlement of the differences, but as the situation stands at the moment of writing, Russia insists upon the restoration of the status quo ante before she will consent to negotiation. This involves the release and reinstatement of the arrested officials of the railway. To comply with such a condition would necessarily entail implications which the Chinese Government could not admit. How the difficulty will be surmounted is of interest to those concerned with the technique of diplomatic "face-saving."

The important question to the Chinese people, however, concerns the ultimate and permanent solution of the Chinese Eastern Railway problem. No one questions the fact that this railway originated in the imperialistic schemes of Czarist Russia for territorial expansion in Eastern Asia. As long as Russia exercises any control over this line, the road will remain a symbol of the foreign imperialism which present-day China is determined to uproot. To regain complete sovereignty over the entire territory of China is the purpose of the present government in Nanking; it is the unanimous determination of the Chinese people. And, ironical as it is, Russia worked three years with China professedly to help the Chinese realize this aim.

What makes the Chinese distrustful of Russia today is the contradiction in the position of the Soviet Government. That government has posed and is posing as the friend of all oppressed people who are victims of foreign imperialism. That government recognized that the Chinese Eastern Railway was an expression of this imperialism and, in 1920, it offered to restore the road to China "without demanding any kind of compensation." It experienced a very decided change of heart, however; for in the treaty of 1924 Russia was content with nothing less than the management of the railway. To the Chinese this meant only one thing: Capitalistic imperialism had simply given place to Soviet imperialism.

Nor was this attitude changed during the period of Russian cooperation with the Nationalist movement. Within the Kuomintang there were many who were irrevocably opposed to accepting Russian assistance in the ambitious project of bringing China under the Nationalist regime, because they suspected Russia's motives. The majority, however, were willing to match wits with Russia; not believing that Russia's proffered friendship was motivated by pure altruism, they were yet willing to accept her material help.

The majority of the Kuomintang leadership felt then that the policy of Soviet Russia toward China was not different from that of Czarist Russia, nor was the method of giving effect to that policy different. In a scholarly treatise on China's foreign relations, a Chinese author described Czarist Russia's policy in China as one of "territorial expansion." "To carry out this policy astutely," he wrote, "she adopted a method of reaching her ends which was unique and, at the same time, unscrupulous. That is, she always pretended to be the friend of the weaker state which she aimed to absorb or annex by extending the protection of her alliance to the latter." It was the opinion of the Kuomintang leaders that this was the policy of Soviet Russia also. They believed that it was the purpose of Moscow to sovietize the whole of China just as she had succeeded in sovietizing a part of China in Outer Mongolia. The circumstances attending and leading up to the present controversy tend only to strengthen this conviction.

What are the possible solutions that would satisfy the Chinese? The existing treaties between China and Russia afford the latter an opportunity to remove suspicion from the mind of the Chinese people. The original understanding with Czarist Russia provided that the Chinese Eastern Railway would be turned over to China "free of charge" after the expiration of eighty years. In the Mukden Agreement of 1924 this period was reduced to sixty years. To provide for the possibility of a further modification the following paragraph was added:

> The question of further reducing the aforementioned period of sixty years may be taken up for consideration with the approval of the two Contracting Parties.

This provision would enable Russia to repeat and stand by the grand gesture she made in 1920: to return the railway to China "without demanding any kind of compensation."

Soviet Russia today, however, may not be in a position to indulge the generosity she seemed ready to show in 1920. Or perhaps she may believe that the Chinese would not appreciate it. In that case she can sell her interest in the Chinese Eastern Railway to China. There is a provision in both the Peking and the Mukden agreement under which China may redeem the road at a "fair cost." A satisfactory arrangement for the redemption of the road by China on a basis perhaps similar to the one connected with the redemption of the Shantung Railway from Japan might be practicable. And still it may not be within the means of China today to buy out Russia.

To maintain the existing arrangement unaltered will be without question to maintain an active cause of continued suspicion and antipathy on the part of the Chinese people. An American editor summarized the situation succinctly when he wrote: "The Chinese Eastern Railway is not a local issue; it is a symbol of the foreign influence which the Chinese are determined to tolerate no longer."

The U.S.S.R. and the Chinese Eastern*

By HAROLD KELLOCK

THE CHINESE EASTERN RAILWAY was built in the nineties with capital furnished by the Czarist Government. Economically it was and is a short line of great value, cutting off about 1,000 miles between Chita and Vladivostok as compared with the main line of the Trans-Siberian railway which curves northward in Russian territory along the line of the Amur river. What devious non-economic purposes the bureaucrats of St. Petersburg had in mind need not particularly concern us here. After the October Revolution in Russia in 1917 they ceased to be operative.

The position of the railway in respect to the new order in Russia was not regularized until the spring of 1924 when the Chinese Government and the Soviet Government signed a treaty with certain clauses relating to the status of the railway and a supplementary agreement for the provisional management of the road.

This treaty was unique among those signed by a Chinese Government in recent times with any European power, in that it was a treaty between equals, with no European mailed fist menacing the Chinese signers. In fact it was a treaty notable for its abnegations on the part of the Soviet Government. In 1919 and 1920 the newly-formed Soviet Government in Russia had declared that it abandoned forthwith all extra-territorial rights and territorial concessions exacted from various Chinese Governments by the Czarist power. The treaty of 1924 was a formal expression of these renunciations. In it the Soviet Government agreed to scrap the old Czarist imperialist agreements. It declared null and void all treaties and agreements between the Czarist Government and other powers affecting the sovereign rights and interests of China. It renounced the Russian portion of the Boxer indemnity. It renounced the special rights and privileges relating to all concessions acquired by the Czarist Government. It abandoned the rights of extra-territoriality and consular jurisdiction. In every respect it restored China, so far as its Slavic neighbor was concerned, to the dignity of a fully independent and self-responsible nation. The precedent established by this treaty was certainly beyond price so far as Chinese nationalism was concerned.

In respect to the Chinese Eastern Railway, built by capital originating in the sweat of the Russian workers and peasants, the spirit of the treaty was fully carried out. Under the original agreement with the Czarist Government the territory through which the railway ran became in effect an imperial province of the St. Petersburg bureaucracy. The Russian officers and employees of the road, along with all other Russian nationals, were not subject to the jurisdiction of any Chinese law or Chinese courts. A special Czarist gendarmerie "protected" the road and under this armed force the Russians virtually usurped all civil powers in the territory through which the road passed.

These imperialist arrangements were scrapped in the treaty of 1924. The first clause of Article IX of the treaty makes a decisive clearance of them. It reads:

> (1) The Governments of the two Contracting Parties declare that the Chinese Eastern Railway is a purely commercial enterprise.
>
> The Governments of the Contracting Parties mutually declare that with the exception of matters pertaining to the business operations, which are under the direct control of the Chinese Eastern Railway, all other matters affecting the rights of the National and the Local Governments of the Republic of China—such as judicial matters, matters relating to civil administration, military administration, police, municipal government, taxation, and landed property (with the exception of lands required by the said railway)—shall be administered by the Chinese authorities.

The original Czarist agreement on the road included a trick recapture clause, whereby the Chinese after 36 years could take possession at a price which vaguely included the capital involved, plus all debts incurred, plus accrued interest. It was not the sort of recapture agreement intended to be taken seriously. In the treaty of 1924 the Soviet Government agreed without condition that the road could be redeemed by the Chinese Government, the details to be fixed at a later conference. This conference has not yet been held. For a time China was plunged in civil war, with no internal authority in a position to speak for the whole country. Since the Nationalist Government gained power it has made no effort to effect an orderly agreement for the future redemption of the road.

In connection with the treaty the two governments signed an agreement for the management and operation of the road. This provided for a board of ten directors, five appointed by each government. The president of the board was to be a Chinese. The manager of the road was to be a Soviet citizen. Officers and employes were to be divided equally between the two nationalities.

Without preliminary warning, early in July, the Chinese authorities in Manchuria seized the persons of Soviet officers of the road, and of many Soviet railway workers, deprived them of their positions, and expelled many of them from the country under conditions of hardship. The Soviet portion of the management of the railway was wiped out at one swoop, and the treaty of 1924 was turned into a scrap of paper. A desultory series of violent acts against Soviet consulates in Manchuria, and also in other parts of China, preceded this snatching of the railway. No adequate explanation of the abrupt violation of the treaty was obtainable either from the authorities in Manchuria or from the Nationalist Government. Meanwhile refugees struggling over the Manchurian border brought with them tales of armed bodies of Czarist refugees advancing towards Soviet territory. The memory of these relics of Czarist militarism, as Mr. Walter Duranty of the New York *Times* remarked in a recent dispatch, is written in blood in the mind of every Siberian peasant family; not in generations will they forget Kolchak and Semenoff.

* This article is a personal interpretation by Mr. Kellock. It is in no sense an official Soviet statement.

The Soviet Government sent a request to the Nationalist Government for explanations and a conference. The reply of the Chinese Government, as reported in the press, was not in any sense a reply. It contained but two positive statements, each wholly irrelevant as an explanation of the breaking of the five-year-old treaty and the seizure of the railway.

One statement was a demand that the Soviet Government immediately release the Chinese imprisoned in the Soviet Union. These, the correspondents were told, numbered about 1,000. In fact, the only Chinese in prison in the Soviet Union were a negligible number of opium traders, smugglers and white slavers.

The other statement was equally disingenuous—it was to the effect that the seizure of the road was necessary because certain unnamed Soviet citizens had been carrying on unspecified "Bolshevik propaganda." Assuming that this were true, and that some enthusiastic Soviet officials and workers had been transmitting Marxian pamphlets among the illiterate peasants and herdsmen in Manchuria, this would be only a comic-opera excuse for tearing up the whole treaty. The treaty contained a clause against propaganda directed to the overthrow of either Government. A large proportion of the scores of thousands of Czarist relicts in Manchuria, on the other hand, without molestation, spend most of their time plotting the overthrow of the Soviet Government. If certain Soviet railway officials or workers were conspiring to spread anti-Nationalist doctrines, that surely could be taken care of by a little simple negotiation. The very fact that the Chinese authorities did not attempt to take the matter up in an orderly and regular way, and clear up the misunderstanding, lends point to a suspicion that the "propaganda" story was a pretext.

Dispatches from Harbin have intimated that documentary evidence of "propaganda" was discovered in the raids on Soviet consulates that preceded the seizure of the railway. These violations of the traditional immunities of consular offices have been more or less a feature of Soviet consular life in China since the Soviet Government abandoned extra-territorial rights for its citizens. After Chang-Tso-lin had conducted a series of such raids he announced that his raiders, or rather the former Czarist officers who accompanied them, had discovered documents implicating Soviet consular officers in "subversive propaganda." The documents seemed plausible, until Chang-Tso-lin unfortunately published some facsimiles. The facsimiles bore the stamp of forgery on their own face. They were written in the pre-revolutionary alphabet and spellings no longer used in the Soviet Union by anyone. The Russian alphabet was revised after the revolution, and for a dozen years only the emigrès have used the letters that have been dropped.

After the reception of the casuistical Chinese note, apparently a hangover of the war-lord psychology, the Soviet Government summoned home its diplomatic and consular representatives in China and broke off relations. It announced that as soon as China restored the legal status quo under the treaty it stood ready to negotiate a settlement of all matters in dispute. Obviously it is now awaiting the sober second thought of the Nationalist Government.

Meanwhile the successors of the war lords hold the road, but the lucrative through traffic has ceased, the two termini are blank walls. The Soviet citizens who spend annually $8,000,000 for tea in China each year will purchase it elsewhere. Their total trade of $25,000,000 a year with China will be broken off.

War? Newspaper dispatches have rumbled war ever since the railway was seized. The Soviet Government has made it clear that it will make no invasion of Chinese territory. It was, I believe, the first European Government to ratify the Kellogg pact renouncing war as an instrument of national policy. It went further in getting its immediate neighbors on the west to sign with it an agreement making the pact immediately effective as among them. The acting head of the Soviet Government has formally stated that that Government will observe the pact in the present crisis.

Aside from sentiment, the Soviet Union has good practical reasons for adhering to a policy of peace. It inherited a country in ruins. Its first five years of life were a bitter struggle against insurrections, invasions and starvation, all of which intensified the economic disorganization. The Soviet Union has literally pulled itself up out of the ruins by its own bootstraps. It has embarked on a carefully drawn five-year plan of development, which will give it a real place in modern economic progress. All the energies of the country are absorbed in the carrying out of that plan. War, even a little war, would severely cripple the effort for lifting the Soviet Union far above the low levels of Czarist medievalism and establishing a high grade of social well-being. It is fair to give the Soviet leaders credit for a realistic sense of proportion. "National honor" is a fine phrase, but good schools and healthy children are better realities. The advantages of having red soldiers camped along the ruins of the Chinese Eastern are far outweighed by the disadvantages of a war budget absorbing the revenues of the country.

The breaking of the 1924 treaty and the accompanying acts of violence against Soviet citizens will injure the Chinese Nationalist Government more than they injure the Soviet Government or the people of the Soviet state. What influences impelled the Nationalist leaders to this peculiar break can only be guessed at from this distance. The most sympathetic guess can hardly be creditable to them.

Vernon Louis Parrington

By RUSSELL BLANKENSHIP

THE sudden death of Professor V. L. Parrington of the University of Washington closed with tragic abruptness a life whose influence had only recently broadened from strictly local to national scope. For more than twenty years Mr. Parrington had done vivid and stimulating teaching; and yet, aside from his colleagues in the English department and his almost fanatically devoted students, his reputation was limited to a very small academic circle. For years he had made a first-hand study of every document of major importance in the development of the American mind, publishing scarcely anything, but reading, writing, and revising with tireless energy. Until a year ago when the first two volumes of his "Main Currents in American Thought" won the Pulitzer Prize, Mr. Parrington's unrivaled knowledge of American intellectual development was almost completely unrecognized. But in the last

two years the recognition that was so long delayed came abundantly.

In his short sketch in "Who's Who" Mr. Parrington wrote himself down as a Democrat and an Episcopalian. One can imagine his rather cryptic smile as he did so; for his religion was far removed from that usually associated with Episcopalian doctrine and practice, and his great passion in politics was democracy with a small "d," regardless of party labels. The one American churchman for whom he had nothing but praise was Theodore Parker, and Parker was singled out because of his belief in evolutionary religion and especially because of his sermon "On the Transient and Permanent in Christianity." In this sermon Parker waived as immaterial the long-cherished dogmas of theology and accepted as permanent only the simple but untried social teachings of Jesus. Mr. Parrington's open admiration for Parker and his equally open contempt for much that passes current as religion did not endear the late professor of English to those churches that have surrounded the university campus with the obvious if unexpressed intent to counteract the "subversive" views of such men. Fortunately the Parrington virus was usually too powerful for ecclesiastical therapeutics.

In politics, as in religion, Mr. Parrington was a militant democrat, and a democrat he would define as one who loves liberty, both in theory and in practice, and hates ignorance, injustice, and intolerance. His study of American thought was dedicated to J. Alden Smith,

"Scholar Teacher Democrat Gentleman
omnium Amicus erat
qui
Justiciam amant"

There are those who insist that in that dedication the author wrote his own epitaph, true in every stroke.

Like all men to whom individual liberty means something real, Mr. Parrington preferred to study the rise of freedom in America rather than to contemplate its recent debacle. No one in his seminar can ever forget his discriminating treatment of such libertarians as Roger Williams, Franklin, Jefferson, Paine, Garrison, Lincoln, Eugene Debs, and the late Senator La Follette. Under the hand of the historian past politics became present issues. American literature became a masculine thing worthy of a treatment different from that dictated by the Genteel Tradition. Current politics Mr. Parrington watched closely, but it is to be doubted if he had a political party. Almost forty years ago in a small town in Kansas he ran for the school board on the Populist ticket. That action is the surest clue to his political doctrines, for the man was always an agrarian democrat. One of his most frequent quotations was the cryptic remark made by Emerson when industrialism began to overshadow the buoyant individualism of New England: "Things are in the saddle." And "things" in the shape of the instruments of industrialization Mr. Parrington always loathed. No man deplored more than he the passing of the American small farmer with his traditional independence, his physiocratic economics, and his rooted equalitarian principles. Agrarianism today is outmoded, and its votaries are politically homeless, but some men would rather be homeless than to be housed with incompatible fellows.

In his work-a-day philosophy, also, Mr. Parrington freely acknowledged his allegiance to a doctrine that is of the past. The high idealism of such men as Emerson, Thoreau, Garrison, and Parker, their cheery faith in the divine self-sufficiency of the individual, and their contempt for society-made creeds and catchwords set the pitch for the life of this twentieth-century thinker. Few men today have the courage to consider transcendental individualism more notable than a new airport, or agrarian ideals more important than "a million people in Seattle by 1940." Such courage Mr. Parrington had in ample quantity. If any epoch of American development gave him as much pleasure as the Golden Day of the forties, it was the period of ebullient liberalism brought to an untimely close by the World War.

Critics of Mr. Parrington's published work will inevitably arise. The scope of the study was too great and the way too inaccurately charted for any man to travel with unerring precision. But the chief criticism will concern the fundamental point of view; for Mr. Parrington was frankly a liberal and an economic determinist. "Der Mensch ist was er isst," he never wearied of saying, and his liberalism is openly acknowledged on his first page. By so forthright an admission the author drew the sting of many a critic.

Although Mr. Parrington carefully indicated that he was eschewing aesthetic considerations in his study of American literature, it should not be assumed that he was insensitive to verbal beauty. His own style will belie any such assumption, and besides, one of his earliest bits of writing was a warmly appreciative estimate of "The Incomparable Mr. Cabell." Mr. Cabell's appeal was twofold: his matchless prose and his literary and intellectual significance. Poe suffered cavalier dismissal not because he could write, but because he is of no significance in the development of the American mind.

The final estimate of Mr. Parrington must be made on the basis of his published work. On such a basis he must be accounted the flintiest defender of democracy that twentieth-century America has thus far produced. To him equalitarian simplicity in word and act and the right to live one's own life in one's own way were as fundamental as ever they were to any democrat of an earlier, less-regimented society.

We who worked with him can never forget the man as he came into the classroom and seated himself, with easy disdain for academic proprieties, upon the long table that stretched across the front of the room. From this vantage-point, swinging one foot and smiling blandly, he would suddenly pounce upon a student with a volley of Socratic questions that usually shocked the victim into awed silence. Hardier or less sophisticated students would sally to the aid of the distressed one, and the noise of verbal combat would fill the room, only to subside in private debates that frequently were protracted long after the clanging chimes brought the academic day to an official close. Taking notes in a Parrington class was almost impossible, but it was wholly impossible to leave a single session without carrying away some pithy comment that illuminated a whole section of our national life or letters. Above all one carried away a stimulus to labor and to still greater labor. The stimulating presence of the man, the unfeigned interest in our trivial investigations, the unfailing urbanity of manner, and the guiding touch of the skilled instructor are gone forever, but the books and the vivifying memories are left us.

In the Driftway

HAY is still made on our farms, the Drifter is glad to discover, because he has seen the process going on within the last few weeks. Until then he had begun to wonder if haymaking was not an extinct industry, because all the stories he heard were of people who tried to give away crops of hay on the hoof, so to speak, and could find no takers. Time was when anybody with a few acres of likely grass would be visited by a nearby farmer who would offer to cut and haul it off, paying a fair sum for the privilege. Then, as the automobile spread, the offers were merely to cut and take away the hay. Finally the time seems to have arrived when one has to go out and coax somebody to accept the grass as a gift, and then, after an unenthusiastic taker has been found, he commonly forgets to come and cut it.

* * * * *

BUT lately the Drifter has been reassured that hay is still made, not only because he has seen the process going on but also because he has read an appreciation of haying in the Minneapolis *Journal,* which calls the occupation the most romantic of all farm work. The Drifter is more impressed by the words of the newspaper than by his recent glimpse of haying, which seemed somewhat less magnificent than his boyhood recollections. The Drifter left the farm too young ever to have sat in the seat of the mighty at haying time, that is to have run a mower. It was always his ambition to do so, and he thought then—and thinks today—that he would have made good. The Drifter agrees with the Minneapolis *Journal* that nothing on a farm has quite the zest of driving the clicking teeth of a mowing machine through thick red clover or tall timothy behind two fine horses. But the Drifter had the next best job; he used to ride the hayrake, collecting the beautifully fragrant new-dried grass and dumping it in windrows as straight and regular as possible. Also he was allowed to help load the wagons, standing on top and tramping the hay down as it was thrown up. Somebody more skilful than he was up there too, distributing the hay and piling it scientifically until the horses were almost obscured and the load had reached a prodigious height, towering, as the Drifter recalls it, about to the summit of Mount McKinley. Then there was the ride to the barn, perhaps the best part of all the fine drama of haying. And at the barn the Drifter had another job. He led the horse which ran the fork by which the hay was snatched in great gobs from the wagon, swung up to an opening in the top of the barn, and dropped safely inside.

* * * * *

YES, haying is—or was—the pinnacle or romance on a farm. Harvesting is more monotonous, and the grain field lacks the fragrance of the meadow overlaid with new-dried hay. The most eminent perfume makers of France have yet to produce a choicer scent. But probably it is well that the Drifter left the farm before he was promoted to the seat of a mowing machine, and it is a fair guess that the writer in the Minneapolis *Journal* hasn't worked in a hayfield in twenty years. Actual farmers are an ungrateful lot with but little appreciation of their blessings, even when reminded of them by folks in the city. No doubt the farmer is what the politician calls him, the "backbone of the nation," but his only evidence of that fact is that the end of the day so often finds him with a backache.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Jingoism and the Press

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I have read with interest "England and America," by Charles E. Payne. However, I feel that like many other writers for *The Nation* Mr. Payne does the press of the United States injustice when he uses such phrases as "There is much evidence that even now the American public is beginning to resent the kind of foreign news service it has thus far received—." A few lines farther on he says, seeming to realize this injustice, "It is only just to add that an influential part of our press and the better weeklies on both sides of the Atlantic have done yeoman service in this same direction." These two statements are too contradictory to justify the sweeping innuendo contained in the first.

It is perfectly true the Hearst press is a jingo note in the newspaper symphony. But there are only twenty-nine Hearst papers in the United States, which has more than 2,000 newspapers published daily. Does Mr. Payne consider that the Associated Press, the United Press, and such papers as the Chicago *Daily News,* the New York *World,* the New York *Times,* and scores of others are deliberately presenting distorted pictures of affairs in the nations in which they are represented? I doubt it. His entire essay is too well balanced and sensible to admit of such an assumption. But that is substantially what he implies.

As a matter of fact Mr. Payne should know that today the American public is receiving a truer picture of other peoples, more unbiased and factual news, and more honest and intelligent editorial opinion on not only foreign but domestic affairs than any other people in the world. I make this statement without reservations and every experienced American journalist knows it to be true.

Rochester, N. Y., July 15 PAUL BENTON

Injustice to Germany

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I have just finished reading the editorial in your issue of June 19, entitled The Liquidation of the War. This is a hard life. I suppose we must be grateful for small things and rejoice that a settlement of some sort was reached. But at the same time should be remembered the fundamental facts that all the leading warring nations had a share in bringing on the war, that the responsibility of none of them can be measured in money, and that hence to demand any payment at all from Germany beyond a share in the rehabilitation of devasted territory is basically unjust.

Those who believe that the reparations settlement has laid the cornerstone of a peaceful Europe should feel the intensity of the resentment against it in Germany. For the jingoists and reactionaries it is raw meat, and even the Socialists find it very difficult to hang on to their international idealism when they see their country being so consistently kicked by the rest of the world.

Ilagen in Westfalen, Germany, July 2 SPEAR KNEBEL

Southern Race Prejudice

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: *The Nation* is inclined to overestimate the race prejudice of the South. If Mrs. Hoover should entertain a family of Negroes at the White House for a week-end the South would not "storm" so much as you seem to think. The ripple in the South caused by Mrs. De Priest's visit to the White House was as much of interest as it was of resentment. Of course the old Southern mind still works in a subconscious way as manifested by the actions of some of the Southern State senates, but the more alert Southerners looked upon the incident only with interest.

Lynchburg, Va., July 8 T. Y. Steptoe

Loyalty and Liquor

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: If naturalization courts cannot be satisfied with general declarations of loyalty to the constitution and laws of the United States, but must question a candidate for naturalization narrowly about his willingness to conform in this or that particular respect, why in the name of Mahershalalhashbaz don't they catechize them about their loyalty to the law that there is most danger of their being disloyal to, that is, the Volstead Law?

Steven T. Byington

Ballard Vale, Massachusetts, July 7

Money for Gastonia

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The American Civil Liberties Union would greatly appreciate an opportunity to clarify for its friends among your readers certain facts bearing on the relation of the Union to the defense of the Gastonia cases which will come to trial July 29.

A number of clear civil liberties issues are involved, such as the right to organize and to strike, the right to hold lawful meetings and enjoy free speech, the right to be unmolested in a private domain, the right of private opinion, and the right to a fair trial in court. But the overshadowing fact in this case is that men and women are being held for their lives on strictly criminal charges. In such a situation civil liberties issues, however important, are necessarily subordinate. We therefore recognize the reasonableness of the insistence by the International Labor Defense, which specializes in working-class cases and has a particular interest in this group of defendants, that the defense should be conducted under that organization's sole sponsorship.

At the same time the American Civil Liberties Union is keenly and sympathetically interested. Conscious of that interest and anxious to be helpful, many of our friends have been asking us to receive contributions for the support of the case. While we cannot under the circumstances ask for such contributions, we have decided to form a fund for the convenience of those who would like to help. Such amounts as we receive will be turned over to John R. Neal of the defense counsel to be disbursed at his discretion strictly for legal defense and expenses. Checks may be made payable to the American Civil Liberties Union and mailed to 100 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

New York, July 25 Forrest Bailey

The Gangster

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In your issue of July 10 you give a very interesting account of the research of Dr. William J. Hickson into the case of the gangster. The gangster is the ideal soldier from the drill sergeant's viewpoint. "He does not kill for revenge. He is superstitious and talks a great deal about religion. He is sentimental and has a childlike code of honor. Shooting is part of his business. He kills without a quickening of the pulse and he can die without a tremor."

The official instructions to recruits tell the initiate that he must put away all ideas of chivalry or sportsmanship, and that he must cease to think, and learn only to obey. Has not the gangster these qualifications well developed in addition to the other soldierly qualities enumerated? The obvious outlet for the gangster's energy is an American equivalent of the French Foreign Legion, the Algerian regiment, one of the most efficient military associations in the world. I submit this solution in all seriousness. We have been given such a silly idea of the soldier that many might jump to the conclusion that this letter is ironical. Let us face the facts like intelligent beings and we have found the drill sergeant's ideal soldier.

Oakland, Calif., July 17 E. Scott

The Nation Radio Hour—Every Monday at 8 P. M.
526M.—WMCA—570 K.
August 5—Mr. Blanshard
August 12—Mr. Mussey

Contributors to This Issue

William C. Murphy, Jr., is on the staff of the tariff bureau of the New York *World.*

Ernest K. Moy is American director of the Kuo Min News Agency of China.

Harold Kellock is an American journalist, now connected with the Soviet Union Information Bureau.

Russell Blankenship is associate professor of English at Whitman College.

Eda Lou Walton is the editor of "A City Day," an anthology of city poetry.

Alice Beal Parsons's new novel, "The Insider," has recently been published.

J. A. Hobson is a foremost British economist and a contributing editor of *The Nation.*

Anita Brenner contributes to *The Nation* frequently on Latin-American topics.

William MacDonald is a regular contributor of historical and political reviews to *The Nation.*

William Seagle is on the staff of the Encyclopaedia of Social Sciences and is co-author of "To the Pure. . . ."

Luther Emerson Robinson is professor of English at Monmouth College and author of "Abraham Lincoln As a Man of Letters."

K. K. Kawakami is Washington representative of the Osaka *Mainichi.*

Books

Fiddler's Green

BY AUDREY WURDEMANN

The boatman winnowed by a windy wrath
Will find him here a quarter from the storm
That takes him suddenly—his rest be warm
Where phosphorescent fishes light his path.

The waves are fitting cerements for sailors.
Let the white foam be delicate and kind
To all the earthly ones who have a mind
To probe these winding caverns with their oars.

They will sink down to quiet here, and turn
From restless flesh to peaceful, silent things,
And little silver fish with fins like wings
Will thread the ways from rib to rib, and learn

The spacing of the eyes, hands warped by sails,
The wonder of hard wrists and ankles set
Point within point; and then they will forget,
In chasing golden minnows' flashing tails.

Such is this haven; sullen waters bless
These coraled bones. Here is a final home,
A sunken city far beneath the foam,
Where all is thunder and then quietness.

Loneliness

By EDA LOU WALTON

Down the dark funnel speeding
Like a flame and gone,
Steel-coupled day; and every windowed face
Receded with a flicker, and the one
Memory a whistle struck on air.
No station anywhere, no tree gone bare
Holding its widowed strength to a warm wall.
Tunnel on tunnel, in and out, the flash
Of day across the forehead like a lash,
Then tears and the recessional of light.

Somewhere within the pound of steel
The sun gone down, and twilight like a wheel
Whirled on a star between two mouths of dark;
Then acrid and eternal the curved night
To circumscribe a brain. Too smooth for pain
The undulating flight waning
To stunned acceptance.
Contained within a circle and denied
The lanced side, the thorn-crowned brow,
Downward and downward sucked to center now
In slackened and reiterative speed,
Till earth is funneled upward from the breast,
And all rock roaring downward,
And the crushed heart may bleed,
And slow to rest.

Mary Webb

Precious Bane, Gone To Earth, Armour Wherein He Trusted, Poems and The Spring of Joy, The House in Dormer Forest, Seven for a Secret, The Golden Arrow. By Mary Webb. E. P. Dutton and Company. $2.50 each.

WE are only beginning to apprehend the loss literature suffered when Mary Webb died on October 8, 1927; its full extent we shall be many years learning. That she should have died before her time and through the privations of poverty, becomes a sorer wound to me with each of these lovely books I read; for she who could not afford the necessary care to save her life and who stood in the Shrewsbury Market selling her vegetables and flowers, gave bounteously as only a few can ever give. Her gifts stand now on my shelves, all nicely bound, all nicely printed, all introduced by famous men and women who were able to recognize genius while it still lived among them, but I who write and many of you who read have come to her too late to help the passionate loving woman who lived.

There are those who can love only the sort of country they know, mountain dwellers who look with aversion on the plain, and plains dwellers who are stifled in the mountains. Such will need to be led gently to Mary Webb, or to be told that she belongs to the small company of great writers and that one should approach her with respectful awe as one does Dr. Eliot's shelf; for her country is her own. Like the land of "Seven for a Secret," it lies "between the dimpled lands of England and the gaunt purple steeps of Wales—half in Faery and half out of it." Her people are her own. Their speech, observed with tender fidelity, is the rich idiom of Shropshire, their lives such as were lived in Shropshire in their several days; but she has woven them and the sights and sounds and scents among which they lived into patterns that are like the webs the poet spins. Seeming often to be as unlike everyday day as "Wuthering Heights" or "The Cenci," they nevertheless hold everyday life within them.

Robert Lynd writes of her that she "has that always fascinating quality of genius, imaginative energy," and that for this energy we will forgive her her defects, as we do "Dumas, the seventy times seven to be forgiven," and Victor Hugo and Emily Brontë. I prefer to take her without forgiveness, without asking the wild deer to be a blooded hunter, or White of Selborne to write like Thackeray or Lamb; and yet I know why he uses the word. Taken literally there is a naive wish-fulfilment quality in all the tales. The wicked perish and the righteous prevail. One thread is repeated in each pattern, that of the physically ill-favored but intrinsically beautiful woman who wins in time the one perfect man. Mrs. Webb exhausts her ingenuity in devising situations that unexpectedly reveal this woman in her own true beauty; and the situations she contrives are those a romantic young girl sighing for her lover would dream. But there is also wisdom in this naivete, and the books are not to be taken literally.

Their author will go down as one of the great writers of our time. Few have loved the English countryside as passionately as she, and only one or two have united to such love a keenness and precision of observation so great that it is a constant joy to read her pages.

> There are the twisted hawthorne trees,
> Thick-set with buds, as clear and pale
> As golden water or green hail. . . .

"The pollen grain of chicory—an outer and inner hexagon united by rays—is a rose-window in a shrine of lapis lazuli.

It needs no light behind it, for it illumines itself." Old-country legends, salty gossip, delighted her, and she has woven them richly into her pages. Wherever her emotions were not involved she had a lively sense of character, and quite as lively a talent for making it live. Her Jonathan at odds with the material world should live with Touchstone, her Enoch with some of Tolstoy's wise earthy men. "Missus Miller was a poor creature like a mealworm, but very pleasant spoken. Sexton's missus was just the opposite. She always made me think of a new painted coach, big and wide, with an open road, and the horn blowing loud and cheerful, and full speed ahead. . . ." Gideon, "with the wounded look that is ever on the faces of men between the coming of the lust of the eye and its satisfying." Her lyrical prose has a precise and tender beauty; and on every page she expressed her glowing love of life.

ALICE BEAL PARSONS

Poor Law

English Poor Law History. By Sidney and Beatrice Webb. *Part I—The Old Poor Law.* $8.50. *Part II—The Last Hundred Years.* Two volumes. $14. Longmans, Green and Company.

TWO years ago Part I of this monumental work saw the light of day. This spring two portly volumes containing Part II brought to a conclusion what is perhaps the most heroic literary task of our age. For thirty years this incomparable pair have been turning out volumes, laden with original research of materials and minute analysis, upon the structure and functions of English local government. They have done this work amid an immense variety of other political, economic and literary activities connected with the reform movements of the time.

It cannot be pretended that these volumes of Poor Law History are easy reading. Every aspect of our local government has lent itself to variations so numerous as to baffle any generalizing process. Particularly is this true of Poor Law administration. Our early Poor Laws, going back to the Statute of Laborers (1350) were for the most part a series of penal attempts to thrust back the free laborer into the serfdom from which he sought to escape, dealing with issues of Settlement and Vagrancy. The Elizabethan Poor Law was essentially a codification and extension of this process, until in the late Eighteenth Century, the forces of the Industrial Revolution broke the bonds of the older local life, and, by the Speenhamland policy of rate allowances in aid of wages, imposed wholesale pauperism on Southern England. The visible degradations thus brought about, together with the challenge of the new doctrines of Population and of Wages, compelled the Government to take action, and the Royal Commission of 1832 was followed by the Poor Law Amendment Act of 1834. The two volumes of the Webbs describe in detail the evolution within the framework of this Act of a new method of handling problems of destitution.

While the Act of 1834 remained essentially a framework of repression, its administration was continually modified, and the growth of new outside social-economic policies brought its activities more and more into preventive channels. It is in many ways a pathetic, even a tragic, story of the conflict between a repressive policy, dictated by fear, greed, and class bias, and the new spirit of democracy and humanity. From 1834 onwards through the nineteenth century the repressive policy was gradually modified by new structures in the shape of Factory Codes, Education and Public Health Acts, Pension and Insurance. These provisions taken in conjunction with improvements in the character of Poor Law institutions, and the growth of specialized provisions for the sick, the old, the insane, the blind, the children, were found to impair the repressive policy which still remained the orthodox official view. The poorer classes showed less reluctance to accept poor relief, and there was a disquieting growth in the number of recipients of relief and the cost. Hence the appointment of the Commission of 1905-1907 in which Mrs. Webb played such an active part, followed by the launching of an agitation for the break-up of the whole system of Poor Law, and the delegation of its remaining functions to specialized preventive and curative institutions. A large part of this final volume is concerned with the closely related problems of able-bodied pauperism and unemployment. The chapters treating Unemployment as a Modern Disease are particularly deserving of attention, discussing as they do the origins, character and effects of the disease in relation to the defective organization of our economic system. Though seemingly immersed in a flood of local detail, the writers preserve throughout a firm grasp of the larger significance of their problem expressed in the conflict between the two doctrines of "adequate relief" and "less eligibility." How safely to give relief, either "indoor" or "outdoor," that is sufficient to preserve the health and efficiency of destitute families, in a society where wages are so low and irregular, housing so unsanitary and wretched as is still the case with the lowest-paid of our workers in town and country, is indeed a problem that baffles separate solution. The problem can only be solved as an integral part of the wider problem of democracy. "The idols of 1834 have fallen because their clay feet were in the gutter: the ideals of the future must stand on the rock of a general well-being, a deliberately prescribed and effectively enforced National Minimum of Civilized Life."

J. A. HOBSON

The Mysterious Aborigine

Old Civilizations of the New World. By A. Hyatt Verrill. The Bobbs-Merrill Company. $5.

THE ideal outline of native American history has not yet been written, and it may never be, because the task is formidable. Awe of ancient peoples is common to most authors not very familiar with their records, and a clear account can hardly be expected under such an affliction. A professional archaeologist seldom takes any attitude but that of the detective he resembles by the nature of his work, but his account is usually technical, and unless he knows a great deal about his subject he can rarely write simply enough for popular consumption. Most attempts suffer from this lack of profound familiarity, and from the habit of speaking of human phenomena in the limited terms of science; and from dull writing.

"Old Civilizations of the New World" is no exception to this unfortunate precedent. The author, an explorer and collector in Central America, has followed a previous "popular account" of the North American Indian with this volume about the organized civilizations of the New World. In relation to this area the book compares favorably with Paul Radin's recent poetic account because Mr. Verrill gives much more information and includes numerous and interesting illustrations. However, Mr. Verrill's notion of "popularizing" appears to be limited to the literary device of sprinkling many superlative adjectives through a diffuse text. To call the Mayas, Peruvians, Aztecs, and other of our cultured neighbors astounding, amazing, remarkable, unique, incredible, fascinating may sound impressive, but it is not very good reporting, particularly since the book is less clear to the average uninformed but interested reader than, for example, Joyce's older archaeological handbooks, and less entertaining than Stephens's or Charnay's travels in the Maya territory.

Possibly for sensational effect, Mr. Verrill insists that there is something extremely mysterious about the development of the great American civilizations. How could mere Indians think out an astronomical calendar, build pyramids, practice agriculture and medicine, make symmetrical and delicate pottery, weave and dye so intricately, with so few mechanical instruments? How could they carve hard stone with no other chisel or drill than stone or bone and sand, how engrave jade and crystal jewels, how smelt copper, silver, gold with little other resource than well-trained hands and eyes? And how travel as far as they did on foot, or sail so many hundred miles in open boats with no motors?

These questions would probably not be puzzles and problems to a Chinese, an Egyptian, an ancient Greek. The Mycenaeans engraved jewels before they acquired iron. Indeed, most of the Old World civilization we respect so highly was achieved without the aid of much machinery. We have in so many ways substituted instruments for skill, imagination, ingenuity that these qualities acquire for us the glamor of forgotten chemical or mechanical secrets, or their possessors seem to us mysterious supermen. Mr. Verrill is so naively the doubting foreigner that he made what he calls a "test"; he put several natives to carving in the way he thought it might have been done, giving them ancient stone implements to use; and their inexperienced efforts proved to him conclusively that, although no traces of iron or steel have been found in any of the ruins excavated or in any of the collections made by the Spaniards contemporary to the life of these peoples, the native sculptors must nevertheless have possessed them!

One might still consider "Old Civilizations of the New World" a useful book, and compliment Mr. Verrill on his enterprise, had he not undervalued the capacity of his readers in other ways. The thoughtless organization, the small inaccuracies, the wholesale patchwork of technical authorities make the book seem almost a hack job. An owl and the well-known quetzal bird, Mr. Verrill captions Plumed Serpent; a native pictograph of warriors attacking an island, interpreted by Joyce and other authorities as precisely an attack on an island, Mr. Verrill unaccountably titles Feast of Xipe Topec. He states that the famous Dwarf's House at Uxmal in Yucatan is named so because it seems to have been built for supernatural occupants, as the doors are for too small for human beings. As a matter of fact the name is based on a legend, and the doors and windows of the buildings are the size normal in Maya architecture; they may to a hasty eye appear smaller because the lower portion of the building is buried.

Two portions of the book, based on the author's research, are valuable. One reports archaeologically an extremely ancient settlement or "culture" in Panama. The other is titled Where Montezuma Still Rules and is an account of the Aztecs or Nahuas isolated at the time of the conquest in the northwestern hills of the isthmian region. Mr. Verrill lived among these reticent people long enough to become familiar with their habits, their clothing, many of their ideas, and some of their rites. He describes a people so similar in all these things to the Mexicans whom colonial missionaries three hundred years ago proselytized that this chapter might almost be a vivid condensed version of their records.

Mr. Verrill nevertheless remarks that "most of the ancient Aztec customs and observances have been lost or forgotten during the centuries that the tribe has been isolated. . . ." This is typically your cautious scientist's tone, and it contrasts confusingly with the flaunting clamor of the portions referring to the pre-Spanish state of these same people. One assumes that Mr. Verrill could not decide whether to be an archaeologist or a successful journalist, and one concludes that the latter choice was not fully justified.

ANITA BRENNER

An Old-Fashioned Tyrant

Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria. A Biography. By Joseph Redlich. The Macmillan Company. $5.

PROFESSOR REDLICH has succeeded remarkably well in writing a life of Francis Joseph without turning the narrative into a history of Austria or of the Europe in which Austria long played a great part. The task was the more difficult because Francis Joseph, more than most rulers of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries, identified himself with the state so completely that the one is not to be understood at all without the other. Professor Redlich gives enough of the historical setting to enable the reader to keep the place, but his chief concern is with the personal traits of the Emperor and the influence of his personality and ideas of government in making Austria, and the later Dual Monarchy, what they were.

Francis Joseph, born in 1830, became Emperor of Austria in 1848, and died as late as 1916. Into his unprecedentedly long reign was crowded a succession of great events: the revolutions of 1848, the war with Prussia which excluded Austria from the German Confederation, the Franco-Prussian War with its seeds of later conflict, the unification of Italy with its accompanying territorial losses by Austria, and somewhat more than half of the World War. Throughout a period in which political liberalism, in one form or another, was making strong headway in Western Europe, Francis Joseph stood as the most marked embodiment of royal absolutism. Time and circumstances forced him to yield something to constitutionalism, but it was only a concession, and his views remained the same. It was always his will that was to prevail, always the people that were to be governed, not for his pleasure but for their own good as he saw it.

His personal characteristics, as exhibited by Professor Redlich, were such as today have begun to seem remote. "His outstanding intellectual defect was a complete lack of imagination." Although he showed, in his later life, "an extraordinary understanding of men," he was not attracted by personality, and his own thoughts were not profound. "In his youth, and right on up to his death, Francis Joseph was dominated, spiritually and intellectually, by the notion of maintaining intact the might of the dynasty whose head he had become through his accession to the throne, and preserving the foundations of this might, namely, all the territories of his realm, as a unit." Only from this point of view is his foreign policy in particular to be understood. It is not surprising, therefore, that he never knew his people, and "literally never saw or heard a free independent person, not even from among the ranks of the high nobility. He did not even see his ministers often, and then as a rule only on official business." He could speak of the Bohemians as "numbskulls," of the Italians as "calculating and cheats," of the Magyars as "obstinate."

There is something imposing, little as there may be to admire, in the picture of the old Emperor struggling to uphold a theory of government which was fast being discredited. "The unmistakable change in public opinion in the wider sense, both within and without his realm, on his personality," which toward the end of his life brought him popularity and confidence, is associated, in Professor Redlich's mind, with an almost instinctive popular apprehension of the essentially tragic nature of his career. The tragedy, however, was in the imperial idea, hopelessly at odds with the temper of the age. He did not live to see the downfall of his empire, and "succeeded only in maintaining what existed so as to be a burden to his successor." If destiny gave him that mission, he may at least be said to have fulfilled it.

WILLIAM MACDONALD

A Popular Moralist

A Preface to Morals. By Walter Lippmann. The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

I IMAGINE that the most disconcerting thing that can happen to any moralist is suddenly to find himself popular. The warmth with which Mr. Lippmann's "A Preface to Morals" has been received makes him undoubtedly a popular moralist. It is only in part that the phenomenon can be explained by his suavity and charm. There appears to be not much comfort in the first of the two parts into which the argument of the book itself is divided. It is devoted to an exposition of the moral anarchy which has been caused by the decay of religion and the traditional order not only in our personal lives but in the public affairs of business and government. But it becomes obvious soon that our moralist is not addressing himself to the too sophisticated modern, judging from the fact that he is at pains to show at such great length that it is only a personal God who can be real, and only personal immortality that can have meaning. This, indeed, is done with such conviction that one awaits with alarm the apparently inevitable conclusion that we must return to faith. It comes almost as an agreeable surprise when religion is finally rejected as a possible way of life in the modern world.

But this apparent disharmony of purpose which really divides the book against itself is shrewd as far as its ultimate objective is concerned. Its second part is given over to an attempt to reconstruct the shattered foundations of morality in the course of which all the traditional virtues are rediscovered as the truths which all the saints and sages have been teaching for countless generations. However, since authority and the modern spirit are incompatible, these precepts are no longer to be accepted upon authority but for their own sake and are to be observed without regard for possible benefits or our own desires but in a noble spirit of mature "disinterestedness," constituting a modern "humanism" and a "high religion." An evident element of attraction is at once discoverable in a system of morals without authoritarianism, compounded of the ancient and incontrovertible virtues of honor, decency, and loyalty, particularly when it is assumed that they are simple and static instead of constantly changing under different conditions of life. Moreover, the mistake has been avoided of calling this morals without authoritarianism by that forbidding word which has been current for many decades since Darwin, to wit, "ethics."

Mr. Lippmann's adumbration of the moral man as one who has achieved maturity in "disinterestedness" seems at first glance less consistent with the demands of a popular morality. But for the very reason that it implies a severe stoicism it may very well appeal to more conventional minds who have had a background and training in Christian resignation. On the other hand, to freer minds who find themselves confused by the complexity of the Great Society it may well come as a welcome gospel of justification for "uninterestedness." It implies a certain effortlessness particularly when applied, as Mr. Lippmann applies it, less to personal morality than to the public morality of government and business which we are told are evolving toward this ideal because of the very exigencies inherent in the intricate structure of modern life. The implication seems to be that all will be for the best in the most rapidly self-improving of all worlds. But, alas, the problems of personal morality have not always been decided in the same way as those of public morality even in the modern world. Whatever may be true of the future, Big Business, for instance, if one may judge alone from the power trusts, still hardly warrants this extension of disinterestedness. Mr. Lippmann's mood has certainly changed since he wrote "The Phantom Public."

It may be that I am grossly unfair to him. His concept of "disinterestedness" is not fully communicated and perhaps it has implications that I miss. Cogito ergo sum, for instance, is an exalted and self-evident proposition as far as Descartes is concerned but it becomes a huge joke when applied to a Babbitt. If morals without authoritarianism is simply "ethics," I am afraid that moral "disinterestedness" may similarly be taken for the familiar principle of mutual interest in an ethical system. The truth is that the "humanism" Mr. Lippmann talks about is really a cleverly disguised neo Victorianism. Not even his derivation of the disinterested man from the Freudian mature personality can gainsay the fact. It has been said that "A Preface to Morals" represents a shift of interest on Mr. Lippmann's part from politics to morals. The shift, however, is more apparent than real. He is interested in religion primarily because it is a system of divine government which has helped to make human government easier. And it will be recalled that this was precisely the attitude of the Victorians when Darwinism broke in upon their frightened world. But no true modern would dwell upon the decay of religion and the dissolution of the ancestral order, except as a minor prelude to the confusion that has been brought about in his soul. This personal unhappiness is, however, not the theme of Mr. Lippmann. Despite its connection with modernism, "A Preface to Morals" cannot be called a part of that literature of disillusion which future historians no doubt will recognize as symptomatic of the Middle Ages of science.

WILLIAM SEAGLE

Lincoln's Family

The Lineage of Lincoln. By William E. Barton. The Bobbs-Merrill Company. $7.50.

THE authentic biographer should be an expert judge of genealogical evidence. As such Dr. Barton has qualified well in matters touching the lineage of Lincoln. This special study embodies his pertinacious research to discover and record a veracious account of Lincoln's forbears, English and American, and to correct errors that have previously been accepted as history. During his several research visits to England he had the assistance of persons who had access to parish and other public records and he made contacts which led to information he desired. He confirms the conclusion of Lea and Hutchinson, whose investigations pointed to Samuel Lincoln, of Hingham, England, as Lincoln's English progenitor, who voyaged to Hingham, Massachusetts, about the year 1637. He verifies the previously published information that Samuel Lincoln's grandson, Mordecai, drifted to New Jersey and later to Berks County, Pennsylvania, whence his descendants took root in Virginia. From these came Captain Abraham Lincoln, who went as a pioneer to Kentucky, where his son Thomas and his wife, Nancy Hanks Lincoln, became the parents of President Lincoln.

This authoritative volume is full of interesting collateral information and comment on seventeenth-century Norfolk out of which Samuel Lincoln emerged during the Puritan migrations to America. The author has succeeded in tracing the ancestor of Nancy Hanks Lincoln to Thomas Hanks, a Puritan of Malmsbury, England, who, following his capture by the king's partisans, was deported to Virginia. Here he became a landowner and, according to Dr. Barton's deductions, one of his descendants, Joseph Hanks, married Ann Lee, who belonged to the Lees from whom General Robert E. Lee descended. Since Joseph and Ann Lee Hanks were the grandparents of Nancy Hanks Lincoln, Abraham Lincoln and Robert E. Lee appear to have belonged to the same house divided against itself.

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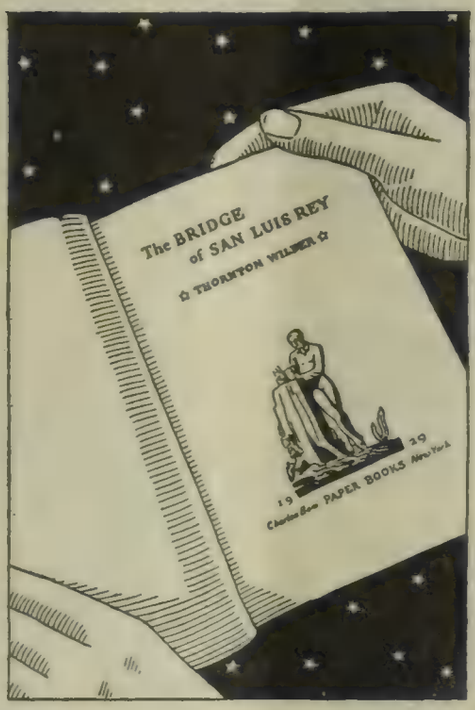
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Dr. Barton flays a number of assumptions which certain biographers, notably Mrs. Caroline Hanks Hitchcock, have employed in their efforts to reconstruct the obscure Hanks family lineage in America. In tracing the Hanks and Lincoln ancestry he finds it necessary to snuff out and bury several fictitious members of both families, a sacrifice he instituted in his life of Lincoln, 1925. One of these interpolations was Mary Shipley, once regarded as the first or second wife of Captain Abraham Lincoln. Dr. Barton is sure that Captain Lincoln had but one wife, whose name was Bathsheba. Other inventions he now discards are Nancy Sparrow, Nancy Shipley Hanks, Elizabeth Shipley Sparrow, and Lucy Shipley Berry. Having definitely, and apparently with good reason, eliminated these fabled Kentucky kinswomen of Lincoln from the biographical account, and having retraced with searching scrutiny the family lineage of both the Hankses and the Lincolns, Mr. Barton has done much to simplify the work of future biographers of Lincoln. LUTHER EMERSON ROBINSON

Lyrics of a Feather

Golden Falcon. By Robert P. Tristram Coffin. The Macmillan Company. $1.50.

A Cedar Box. By Robert Nathan. The Bobbs-Merrill Company. $2.

Along Old Trails. By William Haskell Simpson. Houghton Mifflin Company. $2.

Poems from the Ranges. By Charles Erskine Scott Wood. San Francisco: The Lantern Press. $2.

Thalia. By John Finley. Houghton Mifflin Company. $2.

MOST of these lyrics which have flown to us together have a quality in common—their slightness. They vary, of course, in technical sufficiency, in subject matter, but all of them are flute tones and not piano. One book only, Mr. Wood's, might be said to be trombone.

Of the poets, Robert P. Tristram Coffin has, in my estimation, most poetry. Mr. Coffin in his earlier work dwelt somewhere in a remote past. He was essentially conservative. Something has happened. He has discovered, it seems, Robert Frost and Frost's "modernism." In "Golden Falcon" he has come out of his past and has attempted Frost's suggestiveness. He falls short of it, usually, because he has nothing of Frost's hardiness and ruggedness. He is still like Blake in choice of tiny subjects for large significance and in some of his flashes of mysticism. But he is without Blake's frightening honesty—the quality which, according to Eliot, is most definitive of Blake. I have no desire to suggest in these comparisons that Mr. Coffin is imitative. He is quite himself. His unique gift in verse writing is a gift of language and super-sensitivity. His subjects are slight, but his language is so perfectly explicit, so delicately musical in sentence composition that his poems are unmistakably his own. He has the precision of a scholar and the leanings of a mystic. The combination makes for a chrysalis of wording through which, in its glasslike clarity, one sees the subject matter growing from grub to butterfly. Often within the last of his consistent quatrains the lines come which set the wings free under sunlight:

> The trees in worship fill the world
> With prayers benign and wise,
> On all the altars of the night
> Burn the moth's cool eyes.

That Mr. Coffin is a sincere artist no one can doubt; that he penetrates a universe delicately but intensely meaningful to himself, is evident. When he says

> I have kept the ancient law,
> I have written what I saw. . . .

no critic would question him. "Golden Falcon" is poetry which describes in perfect taste a religious search through bird and beast and flower for a definition of God.

> Golden, cruel word of God
> Written on the sky!
> Living things are lovely things
> And lovely things must die.

Robert Nathan, known better for his poetic prose, gives us in "The Cedar Box" slighter poetry than that which he defines as prose. He has not the penetration nor the perfection of Mr. Coffin. His themes are more general. But he uses the quatrain aptly and his brief character sketches are interesting; as this, The Mountaineer:

> He came from hills to comfortable plains
> With eyes like scars,
> Weary of mountain sun and mountain rains,
> Weary of stars.
>
> He sought a home. He was a lonely man,
> With mountain ills.
> He found one shelter—in a caravan
> Bound for the hills.

There is economy here and intuition and sensitiveness of introspection. "The Cedar Box" is worth looking into.

William Haskell Simpson has discovered "along old trails" the natural religion and intense coloring of the Pueblo Indians. His poems have been influenced by Pueblo lore and by Mexican melancholy. Both have childishly direct expression. And the chief virtue of Mr. Simpson's work is that he keeps just this childish directness in his poems. The songs which are taken from the Indian are not so successful as interpretations by other well-known poets, such as Alice Corbin Henderson, Lew Sarett, and Mary Austin, but the songs which are Mr. Simpson's interpretation of what he himself has seen in the Spanish-Indian country are more interesting. The forms are free, often too free—this in imitation of Indian song structure and without the exact parallelism which conventionalizes true Indian song. His subject matter is almost entirely Southwestern, personal only in that it is a sensitive man's reaction to that country.

> At Cordova the adobes hang on tight,
> and this you may see, with seeing eyes:
> young hills, that push the sky up;
> old hills, that slide down to a singsong river.
> and this you may see, riding up or down:
> José and Maria, who cross themselves;
> they hug little Jésus Maria closer;
> they stir the fire—
> the smokes ride up with the high-riding hills.

The pictorial quality of the verse makes one wonder if Mr. Simpson may not also be a painter.

Charles Erskine Wood can never be accused of "slightness." He blows a robust horn. He is a Western rancher giving us the West expansively. "Cows bawl," "carrion birds wing," "the sky is above and the desert flood of silence all around," and Mr. Wood's prayer is to be laid on the hill-top close to the sky. His verse is always strong and refreshing wind. It is certainly not always good poetry. His best effects are those of open-air oratory.

The masque has, in the past, been a beautiful poetic form. It is high time that poets turned to it again. But John Finley in his "Thalia" has made the mistake of thinking that a modern masque should be written in archaic language and on an old pastoral theme. His animal characters, his countrymen are the usual figures. The play within the masque has the old theme of the werewolf. The result is that for the modern reader the long poem, despite its evidence of careful workmanship, is dull.

EDA LOU WALTON

Fiction Briefs

The Pathway. By Henry Williamson. E. P. Dutton and Company. $2.50.

It is a pity that Mr. Williamson's recent novel has had to endure so much unthinking and rhapsodical praise, particularly from English critics who should know better. His gifts are undeniable and have been on exhibition ever since "The Dreams of Fair Women": a really beautiful and passionate feeling for landscape, weather, and animals; a style, occasionally over-fluent and uncritical of itself, but suffused with an admirable lyric quality; and a terrific sincerity. These talents have never been so finely demonstrated as in "The Pathway"; but there is nothing more added to indicate that Mr. Williamson is a great novelist or that he, as yet, measures up to the laudation which has been showered upon him. The fact that he has attacked a great and simple theme (the revolt of the Christ-Shelley temperament against the barbarism of our times) has perhaps moved critics to applaud his artistry when they should be merely admiring his courage. It requires only a little reflection for one to realize that Mr. Williamson finds it so hard to divorce himself from his hero, Willie Maddison, that his book falls inevitably into sentimentality and a rather painfully obvious self-pity. Further, the temper of his mind is almost exclusively lyric; and the result is that his hero, ostensibly a poet and philosopher, gradually becomes so de-intellectualized as to appear positively sappy. His tirades against the brutalities of civilization are so repetitious and vapid that the reader rapidly tires of his personality; and the last straw is added when the author, in an orgy of teary self-indulgence, sends his hero to a watery grave almost slavishly in accord with the Shelley tradition. It is clear from this over-ambitious work that Mr. Williamson would do well to cultivate his own garden and re-employ himself in the depiction of those scenes of English rural life where he is so thoroughly at home.

The Coat Without Seam. By Maurice Baring. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

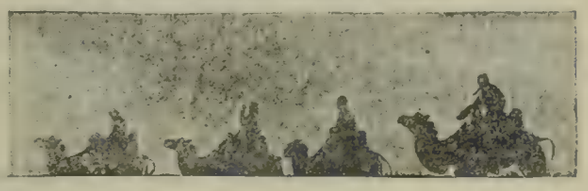
Reading "The Coat Without Seam" is like looking through an old postal-card album of Europe. Here are pictures of Constantinople with Turks still in national dress, glimpses of St. Petersburg still with its Romanoff name and statutes, scenes from France before the American invasion, and series of Rome without any gentlemen in black shirts posed before the ruins. Conversation among educated people still affords an evening's amusement. The symbol of life comes from Golgotha instead of Vienna, and only an incorrigible young journalist worries about its meaning. The modulated charm of "The Puppet-Show of Memory" is, however, lacking. Like the postal card the style is too concise, too constrained to tell the whole story. There is no invention in the handling of the material. Christopher's experiences are listed like the items of an inventory and are equally uncorrelated. While the variations of the legend of the "Coat" are of interest in themselves they make clumsy transitions between episodes. As in Mr. Baring's other novels the characters are the best part of the book.

Marie Bonifas. By Jacques de Lacretelle. Translated from the French by Winifred Stephens Whale. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.50.

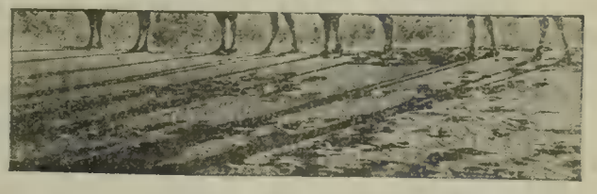
Contrary to much of the comment given this book in America, it is not enough to say that "Marie Bonifas" is another study of perversion. M. de Lacretelle's heroine differs from similar women in recent novels in that her life has a natural fulfilment in spite of her unnatural partiality for members of her own sex. What seems to pass equally unnoticed is that the author's chief concern is with the rule rather than the exception of her character, and that this rule is of such unusual measure that the abnormality, although lending a certain strangeness to her personality, is secondary in comparison. Moreover, we can think of no other writer of the present—unless, perhaps, of another Frenchman, Mauriac—who could set himself such limitations and realize such possibilities without sacrificing any of the essential unity of the individual. It takes mastery in delineation to sustain an intrinsic harmony between the jealous, impulsive child who strikes down her rival with her fist, the anguished, suspicion-stung woman who doubts her own sanity, and the decorous person in black who wears the colored ribbon of an order on her dress. M. de Lacretelle does this and does it with conviction. Marie Bonifas is sound and impressive; astride her old mare, riding alone to make a truce with the German army, she is magnificent.

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International Relations Section

Bethlehem, Britain, and the Chinese Navy

By K. K. KAWAKAMI

ON July 1 the National Government at Nanking announced that "an agreement has been signed by the Chinese and British Governments providing for the training of Chinese naval cadets in England and for the engagement by the Chinese Government of a British naval mission to assist in the development of the Chinese navy." It was also stated that "the Chinese Government has a comprehensive program for the building of a substantial navy, and that it is its intention to construct certain vessels in Great Britain."

The significance of this announcement will be the better appreciated if one remembers the secret contract of October 21, 1911, whereby the Chinese Government agreed, among other things, to buy from the Bethlehem Steel Corporation all the necessary materials for the naval vessels it might construct. This agreement, though eighteen years old, is intact and valid. As late as 1923 the American Government, in a memorandum addressed to the diplomatic corps at Peking, officially endorsed and supported it, "reserving the eventual rights of the Bethlehem Steel Corporation under its contract of October 21, 1911."

The interesting question is whether the American Government will acquiesce in that section of the new Nanking-London agreement under which Chinese warships are to be built in British yards. If it does its intention, presumably, is to let the Bethlehem agreement lapse, or at least that part of it which obligates the Chinese Government to purchase all materials from the Bethlehem Steel Corporation required in China's naval construction.

Even if the above-mentioned provision of the Bethlehem contract is superseded, in whole or in part, by the British agreement, that contract has another equally important aspect which, provided that the American Government's intention conveyed to the diplomatic body at Peking in 1923 remains unchanged, will continue to be a matter of no small concern to Japan. For the Bethlehem agreement, not only contains a monopolistic provision for the supply of naval materials, but also calls for the construction of a navy yard at Samsah Inlet and a dockyard at Mavee, both near the port of Fuchow in Fukien Province across narrow straits from the Japanese island of Formosa.

The Bethlehem contract was, as I have said, concluded in great secrecy, and its contents have ever since been jealously guarded. But no agreement of such importance and magnitude can be kept entirely secret. In 1911, even before it was actually signed, enough leaked out to cause alarm in Japan. The Japanese newspapers in those days raised a hue and cry against the "American imperialism" evidenced in the Bethlehem project. They were not entirely unreasonable. They recalled that only a decade before the American navy sought to establish a coaling station at exactly the same place where the Bethlehem Steel Corporation now proposed to build a navy yard. In 1900 John Hay, then Secretary of State, asked the Japanese Government if it would object to the American Navy leasing land at Fuchow for the purpose of establishing a coaling station there. Japan, politely but in no uncertain terms, expressed disapproval, and the American Government was considerate enough not to press the matter. The correspondence on this question is now a matter of public record.

But when the Bethlehem agreement was made, the Japanese could not but feel that it was the old scheme in new guise. True, the navy yard and dockyard were to be built by the Bethlehem Steel Corporation for the Chinese Government, but inasmuch as China, of course, had no money to pay for them, they would be controlled by the American corporation which would in turn be influenced by the Navy Department at Washington. I do not say that the suspicion was justifiable or unjustifiable. I only state a fact. In fact, Secretary Hay's sounding of Japan in 1900 and the Bethlehem agreement of 1911 furnished the motive for that clause of Japan's famous or infamous "twenty-one demands," whereby she sought to establish the principle that she should be previously consulted should China need foreign capital for railway or harbor construction in Fukien Province.

That the American Government, at least up to 1923, officially supported and defended before the Powers the Bethlehem agrement of 1911 is also a matter of record. This became known in connection with the arms embargo which was established for China by an international agreement in 1919, and which was removed only three months ago. As the embargo has an important bearing both upon the Bethlehem agreement and the new Sino-British naval agreement, we may take a glance at it.

The embargo agreement was made among the foreign representatives at Peking in 1911, on the initiative of Dr. Paul S. Reisch, then American Minister to China. It provided that in view of the factional strife prevailing in China the Powers should "restrain their subjects and citizens from exporting to or importing into China arms and munitions of war and material destined exclusively for their manufacture until the establishment of a government whose authority is recognized throughout the whole country, and also to prohibit during the above period the delivery of arms and munitions for which contracts have already been made but not executed." This agreement, though couched in general terms, was really aimed at Japan. The Cabinet at Tokyo at that time was headed by General Count Terauchi, who believed that the Government at Peking was China's central authority, recognized as such by the Powers, and that it was best to stabilize it by supplying it with money and munitions of war. Naturally other powers, particularly the United States, were more or less apprehensive. They relished no thought of Peking becoming a tool in Japan's hand. That was the real reason back of the embargo agreement. Whatever the motive, the agreement was just and desirable. It was, and is, best to let China's various factions settle their own disputes.

Soon after the above embargo was established, the Powers concerned also agreed to extend its application to naval armament. This put in abeyance the Bethlehem

agreement of 1911, which had remained unexecuted largely because of China's uncertain condition and partly because of Japan's objection. In July, 1922, and again in January, 1923, the American Government, through its minister to China, notified the diplomatic corps at Peking to the effect that although it "reserved the eventual rights of the Bethlehem Steel Corporation under its contract of October 21, 1911," it would, pending the restoration of a unified government in China, take no steps to execute that contract.

In April of this year Sir Miles Lampson, the British Minister to China, proposed to the Peking diplomatic body that the embargo be removed and that the removal be interpreted to apply not only to arms and munitions of war but also to naval armament. Two months later, like a bolt out of a clear sky, Nanking officially announced the agreement with London as stated in the beginning of this article. Had the British Admiralty already struck the bargain with Nanking when Sir Miles proposed the lifting of the embargo? It looks as though the Admiralty has stolen a march on the Bethlehem Steel in the matter of supplying China with naval armament. Will Washington act?

As for China, she will gain nothing, except a negative gain of more foreign debts, by building a navy before she has put her own house in a little better order. One feels that China's internal condition, which caused the Powers to adopt an embargo agreement in 1919, has not materially changed. Meanwhile, the American Government should, it seems to me, remove the injunction it has persistently placed upon the publication of the Bethlehem agreement, for secrecy, however well intentioned, breeds suspicion which may in the light of publicity prove unfounded.

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EVEN POLITICS MAY BE AMUSING. The agony of the Republican Party in New York City, for instance. It is an open secret that the local Republican chieftains—the Hon. Sam Koenig in Manhattan and the Hon. Jake Livingston in Brooklyn, in particular—find it easy to work with Tammany Hall. They get out the Republican vote in national elections and do not bother about city issues. Tammany obligingly provides an adequate number of jobs for the local Republicans, and all is harmonious. It was generally understood that Jesting Jimmie Walker would be reelected this autumn without a serious contest. Enter, however, Fiorello H. La Guardia, wrapped in a long Republican cloak. Mr. La Guardia was in 1924 a supporter of La Follette for President, has on occasion solicited and obtained the Socialist nomination for Congress, and has been sent to Washington both as Socialist and as Republican. He is a wringing Wet, which is popular in New York, has successfully straddled the five-cent subway issue, and has a capacity, unmatched by any local Republican, for getting sympathetic headlines on the first pages of the newspapers. Mr. La Guardia announced that he wanted to be mayor. Party chieftains who knew that he played with the Western Progressives in Washington hooted at the thought. But the politicians soon discovered that he had a rank-and-file following in every district. They tried to stop him by suggesting various estimable nonentities, all of whom declined to be thrust under the Tammany steam roller. The only opposition candidate who had any show was Mrs. Ruth B. Pratt, and the regular politicians would almost prefer a Socialist to a woman. In the end they had to accept Mr. La Guardia. So the party of the seven-cent fare and the power companies, the staunchest group of reactionaries anywhere short of Pennsylvania, will be found nominally cheering for a near-Socialist. It will be entertaining to see whether the Republican machine gives Mr. La Guardia any better support for mayor than the disgruntled Tammany gave Al Smith for President.

IT TOOK THE ARREST of several prominent social leaders, including the daughter of former Governor Pennypacker of Pennsylvania, to arouse the people of Philadelphia to the knowledge that freedom of speech in the cradle of liberty is a dead letter. When the Workers' International Relief called a meeting in Philadelphia on the night of July 26 an audience gathered at the Grand Fraternity Hall to discuss the Gastonia trial and to raise funds for the sixteen prisoners charged with murder in the Southern strike-center. The meeting had not been in progress more than thirty minutes when a corps of policemen with four patrol wagons appeared and arrested the entire gathering of some fifty persons, carting them unceremoniously to the police station, where they were lodged in cells for the night. They were discharged without penalty in the morning, but we hope that they will not let the matter rest there and that they will sue the police for damages. It is time that some one called a halt to the frequent raids upon meetings by police in Philadelphia and in western Pennsylvania. After the police had refused to grant a permit for the meeting on July 26 and had insisted that a permit was necessary, it was discovered that no such formality was legally required and Superintendent of Police Mills admitted that the arrests were "a mistake." If the presence of some of the city's socially elite had not advertised the action of the police, "the mistake" would never have been rectified.

AT LAST A DENT in the high-tariff armor! The Hawley bill, as passed by the House, imposed duties on logs, lumber, and shingles, so as to aid the farmer, we suppose, by making it more expensive for him to get such wood products as might come across the Canadian border. The Senate Committee on Finance on July 30 decided to put them back on the free list. It is not much, but in these hot days we are grateful for small things, particularly for any evidence that the dissatisfaction of the farmers and the rest of us is producing any effect in the framing of tariff schedules. If free lumber should result in cheaper coffins, we should be especially glad, as we are strongly in favor of more and less expensive funerals. We stand ready to furnish the Senate committee with a long list of ultimate consumers of coffins—first-class prospects whom it would be

highly desirable to develop as fast as possible into actual consumers, and we urge upon our lawmakers the advantage, from this point of view, of having wood as cheap as possible. The information about the wood schedule the public owes to Senator Couzens, who says, sensibly enough, that as news of the action of the committee in some way apparently leaks from its members to their constituents, he does not propose to be bound by the rule of secrecy under which it is supposed to operate.

THE "MILLION DOLLAR LOBBY" of the utilities companies came in for some attention a year ago. It filled the columns of the newspapers with stories of the virtues of the power companies, taught school children the evils of public operation, filled the ears of Senators with subtle wisdom. But it was, after all, amateurish, compared with the recent triumphs of the power companies' publicity boys. The high point in promotion work for 1929—which should certainly win a Harvard advertising prize—was the feat of persuading the Post Office to get out a special two-cent stamp advertising Mr. Edison's electric light. But a close runner-up has been the publicity given, free of charge, to the advertising stunt of bringing bright boys from forty-eight States to Mr. Edison's New Jersey laboratory. Every day for a week these lads—aided by the forethought of the publicity man in arranging for the simultaneous presence of Messrs. Edison, Eastman, Ford, and Lindbergh—made the front pages. Every day the thought was subtly instilled into impressionable young minds that the electric-light companies yearned to help bright boys and to achieve more inventions, all for the benefit of the dear old Ultimate Consumer. Mr. Edison's name happens to be attached to sundry companies which send out electric-light bills in New York and other cities; and that was all that was needed. Credit for this super-advertising, we understand, belongs to Mr. Edward L. Bernays, "counsel on public relations." If Mr. Ivy L. Lee is to maintain his reputation, he will have to do some tall thinking.

CUPIDITY, NOT STUPIDITY, was the chief cause of the foundering last November of the Lamport and Holt steamship Vestris with the loss of 112 lives, in the judgment of the court of inquiry of the British Board of Trade. This is directly contrary to the facts revealed by the newspaper accounts and the official investigations in this country, where officers and lawyers of the company frightened the crew into silence, leaving the public with the impression that the disaster was due mainly to failure and fatuousness on the part of the ship's company. But the British inquiry brought out the previously concealed fact that the Vestris was dangerously overloaded, and the verdict of the investigators emphasizes above all that on this account the ship was "not fit" for the passage from New York to Buenos Aires. Sanderson and Company, the New York agents of the line, are held chiefly to blame, therefore, for the disaster, while a lesser amount of censure—too little, it seems to us—is visited upon the general manager of the company in London, who knew that the vessel had been overloaded before but took no steps to stop the practice. The crew of the Vestris is practically cleared of blame with the exception of Captain Carey, who is said to have been six hours late in sending his S O S call. But some of the sting is taken out of this criticism by the condemnation as "highly undesirable" of the company's general orders telling a captain that he "must carefully consider the actual amount of peril there may be for the lives under his charge and then judge whether he will be justified or not in fighting his way unaided to the nearest port," success in which will be "a matter of high recommendation as a master." As we have pointed out before, peculiar laxity was possible in the official inspection and control of the Vestris because although a British ship she did not sail from a British port, and while she cleared from an American port she did not fly our flag. Perhaps Congress may so calk our inspection laws as to stop up this hole, but beyond all legislation is the more insistent need of greater integrity and responsibility in the seats of steamship management.

"I LOVE PROTESTANTS but I hate the Buddhists," shouted a Roman Catholic bishop as he was introduced to a Buddhist priest—his fellow guest at a luncheon. "If he is a guest here I will leave. I refuse to eat at the same table——" Thereupon an Anglican dean stepped to the bishop's side and said that he too hated Buddhists and apostates. The two outraged Christians started for the door, when the Buddhist spoke. "Do not go, please," said he. "You are of greater importance at this meeting than I am. I am the one who will leave." The foregoing incident took place on July 9, 1929, A. D., as reported in the *Hawaii Hochi,* in the lobby of a hotel in Honolulu, at a luncheon arranged by the Rev. Henry P. Judd of the Hawaiian Board of Missions. The Catholic bishop was Stephen Alencastre, head of his church in the Paradise of the Pacific. The Anglican was Dean Ault, head of his church in the same islands of the blessed. The Buddhist priest, whose church, by the way, has the largest membership of any religious group in Hawaii, was the Rev. Ernest Hunt. After the offending Buddhist had departed, the meeting settled down to the business in hand—"discussing certain community problems involving the education of the youth along moral, ethical, and cultural lines from a non-sectarian standpoint." Let students of comparative religions try that on their ukuleles. Its title is "Pineapplesauce."

WISELY THE AMERICAN PILGRIMS to the third session of the Institute of Pacific Relations—meeting at Kyoto, Japan, in October—have decided to carry out their plan to travel eastward via Moscow and the Trans-Siberian railroad. They may meet difficulties before they reach Harbin, though it seems likely that the crisis will have simmered down before they reach even Moscow; but they will surely gain a perspective which the institute needs. For earnest as were the Honolulu meetings, a note of unreality crept in whenever they faced the problem of the Pacific as a whole. Britain, America, and Japan are the three great Powers of the Pacific today; but Russia, America, and China are almost certain to be the three great Powers tomorrow, and discussion of Pacific problems without Russia is "Hamlet" with Hamlet left out. Professor Nasu, one of the Japanese delegates for the coming conference, suggested the other day that had Russia been represented at previous sessions the Manchurian crisis might never have arisen. Certainly the meetings of minds between British and Chinese, and between Americans and Japanese, have been impressive and not with-

out tangible results. The ostrich-like refusal to face the importance of Russia will surely be dissipated when the American delegation—which counts John D. Rockefeller, 3d, and Frederick Vanderbilt Field among its secretaries—emerges from its tour of the Union of Socialist Soviet Republics. James G. McDonald of the Foreign Policy Association, one of the American party, left America with the hope of obtaining a delegation in Russia to attend the forthcoming meeting. If that is not possible this year, it surely must become the most important task in organizing the fourth conference.

AN AWKWARD PAUSE occurred in the negotiations between Great Britain and Russia for recognition of the Soviet Government when Valerian Dovgalevsky, Russian Ambassador to France, chatted a while with the British Foreign Secretary, Arthur Henderson, in London and then packed up his week-end bag and went back to Paris. The British Labor Government announced that before it recognized the Soviet Government it would demand "guarantees" (whatever that may mean) from Moscow that there should be no Soviet propaganda in the British Empire against the existing forms of government, and that assurances should be given of the payment of Russian debts. The Russian Government, on the other hand, wanted recognition first and discussion of differences afterward. The real issue involved in the diplomatic jockeying is Communist propaganda in Great Britain; the debts do not matter so much because the Soviet Government has given polite though rather meaningless assurances about debts in the past. What Premier MacDonald fears now, in view of the furore created in 1924 by the Zinoviev letter, is that his own Government may be overthrown if he recognizes Russia again and there are subsequent revelations of revolutionary propaganda coming from Russian official sources in London.

BY PRESIDENTIAL DECREE the National University of Mexico has become a private corporation, as a result of a two months' strike of the student body and sympathetic allies in other schools. The strikers, declaring that students and teachers must have an equal voice in all matters pertaining to curriculum, administration, and academic activities, demanded that the university be separated from the National Secretariat of Education and be reorganized and reorientated. They took the position that political factors had had too much weight in university affairs and intellectual not enough; that they were taught haphazardly and in many cases by teachers out of sympathy with their needs, or ignorant of them. The decree which ended the strike accedes to the students' demands. The university will be administered henceforth by a council made up of the rector, the secretary, and the treasurer; a delegate from the National Secretariat of Education; two professorial delegates elected by their colleagues in each of the schools; two students, a man and a woman, representing corresponding school bodies; a delegate from each alumni association; and two representatives of the Students' Federation. Delegates will hold office for two years. The council will supervise the curriculum and all academic activities, authorize expenditures, appoint and remove officials and teachers, and confer degrees. This victory by no means signifies that Mexican students are dangerous creatures who must be placated, for their attitude is much like that of the government itself. The university's divorce from the government may come to mean, therefore, closer cooperation with its aims.

AS THE WORLD WAGS America is a newly-settled country, and it lacks the ingrained, historically-based differences in speech which exist in some of the older lands. In spite of the greater size of the United States, there is no such variation of language from New York Bay to the Golden Gate, from the Lake of the Woods to Lake Pontchartrain, as there is in the United Kingdom from Norfolk to Connaught, from the Scilly Islands to the Shetlands. Yet our dialects and individualities are quaint and precious. And passing. The newspaper and the railroad have for years been bringing us nearer to a common pronunciation and vocabulary, while recently such progress has been greatly hastened by the phonograph and the radio. So it is well that the American Council of Learned Societies is planning to make a record of our dialects by a scientific system of phonetic spelling. One of our great foundations, we understand, is already making phonograph records of speech in the United States, and for the average person this kind of preservation will be the most interesting and understandable. Besides there is a certain happy revenge in making the phonograph and the radio preserve and give back to us the Americana which they are so rapidly destroying.

THORSTEIN VEBLEN, who died in Palo Alto on August 3, has had a far-reaching influence on American thinking. He taught at Chicago, Leland Stanford, and Missouri universities, and since 1918 at the New School for Social Research in New York City, exercising a profound influence on successive generations of students. But he was known to a far wider audience through his books and other writings. The ideas and the phrases of "The Theory of the Leisure Class," which appeared thirty years ago, have already become coin of the intellectual realm, and the very school boy of today knows about the canons of conspicuous consumption and the other whimsical realities of that delightful classic. Professor Veblen's mordant wit, his extraordinary gift of phrase-making, and his uncanny power of discovering wholly new meanings in old facts gave to his writings an appeal wider than their purely scientific interest, and have already extended his influence far beyond the ranks of the technical economists. But within that fraternity probably no man, unless it be the late Simon N. Patten, had done more to shake thinking out of its old ruts, and to open the way for new truths to be received into the accepted body of theory. Professor Veblen's fruitful distinction between the pecuniary and the industrial functions of the business man is one of the basic ideas of contemporary economic analysis, and his emphasis on "use and wont" is perhaps the very source of that whole stream of thought known as institutional economics. It must always be a matter of regret that the movement vigorously pushed by his friends a few years ago to have him elected president of the American Economic Association, the highest honor within the gift of economists, should have been blocked by the regulars in that organization. If Veblen today looks down from some Olympian height, it is doubtless to smile at the grip of the vested interests on the minds of some of those who devote themselves to the impartial study of the working of those interests.

The War on Crime

THE recent riots in the New York State prisons at Dannemora and Auburn and the Federal prison at Leavenworth have again stirred a languid public interest, which in a few days will doubtless die down, in the question of the treatment of criminals. In all the long and melancholy history of human stupidity and folly there is no more depressing chapter than that which records the dealings of society with its delinquent classes. It is not clear that we have made any substantial progress from the days of Draco in dealing effectively with crime.

Indeed, it is doubtful whether there exists, even today, any adequate and clear-cut body of theory on the basis of which it is reasonable to look for a satisfactory working out of the problem. The whole question of crime and the criminal is intimately bound up with our basic institutions of property and the present state resting on force. Few men, therefore, are willing to face the implications of any real plan for improving the lot of our criminal population. You cannot reform the criminal without reforming society. Few persons are willing to reform society, and those who are, unless they be harmless and ineffective intellectuals, are likely of course to get clapped into jail themselves for their efforts.

In the wake of the war, which did so much to set back thought and practice in almost every field of human endeavor except that of material accomplishment, we have witnessed a backward swing of public opinion in respect to the treatment of criminals. The world became accustomed again to violence, bestiality, and sanctified hate and cruelty. With the new habituation to violence, and the added facilities offered by the automobile, there came a marked increase in certain crimes of violence. Acting in the unthinking fashion all too common in such cases, our law makers struck back. We have had a veritable plague of laws based on the idea of making penalties so severe as to put the fear of God into the hearts of law-breakers and thus restrain them from crime. Two examples at once occur to everyone: the Jones Law, which is undoubtedly going to help make it impossible to convict violators of the Volstead Act, and the notorious Baumes laws of New York, which as their crowning glory provide life imprisonment for persons convicted of four felonies. These laws are only examples of a whole crop of legislative measures which seek to repress crime by threatening law-breakers with unconscionable penalties. The Jones Law has been widely and justly condemned, but it has been criticized far more often because its critics did not want prohibition enforced than because of the false theory underlying it. The Baumes laws and their like, repudiated though they have been by practically all competent students, have yet not so much as been threatened with repeal or modification. Almost the country over, we have gaily and unthinkingly rushed into a war on crime.

At Dannemora and Auburn and Leavenworth we are simply reaping what we have sown. From each of these prisons and from others throughout the country come essentially the same reports, of desperate men subjected to rigid discipline in over-crowded quarters under conditions offering no hope here or hereafter. Any incident starts a revolt. Where shall it end? A Special Committee on Penal and Reformatory Institutions of the federal House of Representatives last January found that Atlanta, with a normal capacity of 1,712 prisoners, was actually housing 3,107, while Leavenworth, with a capacity not greatly different from Atlanta, had 3,700 inmates, more than twice the number for whom it was intended. The committee declares that "due to the lack of a proper program *and to the tremendous increase* (italics ours) in the number of persons arrested, convicted, and committed for violations of federal penal laws, the penitentiaries are overcrowded with those sentenced to prison for more than one year." New York shows the same condition, which could be duplicated in many other States, and the House committee calls attention to the overcrowding and idleness in the 1,100 local jails in which short-term federal prisoners are confined. The prison keepers of the country sleep on their riot guns, and with good reason.

Another extremely dangerous element is injected into the situation by the growth of the bootlegging industry. In our war on crime we make it all but impossible for the ex-convict to get and keep an honest job. But the organized sellers of illegal liquor offer him a job at good money, and protection, so far as possible, in case he is caught. This combination means, plainly enough, an increase of crime and a demand for more repression.

The time has come, then—and happily these prison outbreaks have led public authorities to call attention to the necessity—for a new public attitude concerning crime. We do not refer simply to the necessity for a modification and repeal of savage laws, important as that is at the proper time. We do mean that we have got to get rid of the notion of retaliation on the criminal and even of the notion of punishment in the ordinary sense. Society must protect itself of course, but in so doing it has no right to destroy the bodies and souls of those against whom it must protect itself, and that is just what we always have done, what we are doing, and what we shall continue to do so long as we act on our present theory of punishment as essentially a deterrent. We are advocating no softness with criminals, but we are advocating the enlightened as well as humane prison policy which regards the ends of punishment as solely the protection of society and the reform, if possible, of the offender. As stated in the beginning, we cannot go far without fundamental social and economic reforms for which we must doubtless wait a long while, but we can make a beginning, as certain enlightened penologists have already shown. The indeterminate sentence, the parole system, the juvenile court, the payment of prisoners, the scientific examination and treatment of individual offenders, and other reform measures may put some element of hope for future normal life into the existence of those unfortunate beings who for one reason and another, mostly connected with poverty, lack of training, or mental defect, have come within the clutches of the law. It is to measures such as these, and not to the multiplication of savage laws, that we must look. Intelligence and humanity are still our only hope. We shall never lessen crime by making war on it.

The Sweltering Sex

IN spite of the publicity recently given to pajamas as summer street dress for men, we have no stalwart hope of the arrival of such a fashion in the near future. Granting the intrinsic excellence of such garments—and there may be reservations on that point—there is no probability of so drastic a change all at once. The world may move, but it's all-fired deliberate about it, and the fact that pajamas as a day costume may be reasonable will not hasten their adoption—perhaps the contrary—in the queer civilization of make-believe in which we live. So we think that the manufacturers of men's suits need not be thrown into despair, nor should the producers of pajamas increase their plants too greatly in the hope of booming business.

But merely to *talk* about dress reform is some relief for sweltering males in hot weather, and if they don't get pajamas they may win some less dramatic but equally valuable concession—say the right to go without their coats with the same freedom with which a woman lays aside her jacket. What sane summer dress for men in the United States ought to be we would not be so rash as to advance in one brief article. Even the single item of belt versus suspenders will cause an argument hotter than an eruption of Vesuvius and longer than the moral law. For although the supporters of galluses—or shall we say those supported by galluses?—are now few in number, their passion exceeds that of a fundamentalist parson for a good old-fashioned rip-roaring hell. But everybody is agreed that men wear too many and too heavy clothes in summer. The Life Extension Institute weighed the street clothing of a dozen men and that of an equal number of women in New York City last June. The clothing of the women, who varied from a modern girl of eighteen to an "old-fashioned" woman of sixty-one, averaged two pounds, ten ounces, while that of the men was eight pounds, six ounces.

In England a number of prominent men, including Dean Inge, have organized the Men's Dress Reform Party, and there are embryo associations of a similar sort here at home. The English society may accomplish something; Englishmen are like that. But our confidence in the success of similar organizations in America is tepid. We doubt the success of any serious campaign organized by earnest disciples—especially if supported editorially by *The Nation*. Even the phrase "dress reform" is likely to be disastrous. Better clothing for women has come not as a crusade but as a fad. In the Victorian Age women were dressed more uncomfortably and absurdly—no, it doesn't sound possible, does it?—than men. There were always brave souls campaigning for "dress reform." And they got nowhere. It wasn't until the women of our day began to want to express their increased freedom in new fashions that better clothing arrived. The cult of women's sports, the crumbling of old moralities, the mere desire to "step out" all had some part. When it became possible to speak of a woman's legs it became possible also to display them. The leaders of the new era in clothing were not women educators or physicians. They were pretty movie actresses and smart "society matrons." And the flappers did their bit. Neither health nor economy was a slogan. In fact abbreviated dress was at first denounced as provocative of various diseases, and it has proved notoriously expensive. The rule in women's clothes is the fewer, the higher. All of which is saying that our hope for lighter summer clothing for the Sweltering Sex rests less in the reformers than in the college boys—who have already done a lot, without intending or knowing it.

In fact men have made a prodigious advance in the way both of saner and better-looking clothing in this century. It seems slight only by comparison with the greater progress of women. Men have largely discarded long-sleeved, long-legged underwear both in summer and in winter; the once obligatory starched shirt and collar have collapsed before the soft varieties; high shoes have given place to low; and stiff derbies have yielded to soft hats or none at all. Even in torrid weather a man may be pretty comfortable as it is without offending too much the accepted etiquette. He may dress in Palm Beach or other light, washable fabrics, yet more than half the men one meets fail to do so, preferring apparently to broil in wool and complain of the heat. Even the most punctilious men may now take off their coats in their offices, their homes, and in most of their friends' houses. When the weather is hot enough they may walk around the streets without coats, though they still get a dirty look or a request to mend their habits when they enter a restaurant of any pretensions in that mode. Thanks to the college boy, too, a man may go hatless the year around without exciting a single stare. In fact the only reason for wearing a hat nowadays is to be able to take it off when the band plays "The Star Spangled Banner."

Official Lying

AN unfortunate practice of the Department of State has been brought to light by a recent incident in connection with Canadian tariff protests. On July 13, when newspaper reports of such protests were called to the attention of Secretary Stimson, he said:

> I wish to deny unequivocally that any such statement was made by the Canadian Minister or any representative of the Canadian Government to me or to any representative of this Government. There has been absolutely no such protest or threat or any mention of such a subject that I know of, and I think I would know of it if it had been made.

According to a dispatch appearing in the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* of July 14, over the signature of its careful and well-informed correspondent, Paul Y. Anderson:

> While Secretary of State Stimson today was issuing an "unequivocal" denial that any protests or threats of retaliation had been received from Canada concerning the proposed increase in the tariff on imports from Canada further information concerning the protest was obtained from a thoroughly reliable source. It was ascertained that the Canadian Minister, Vincent Massey, not only had intimated to the State Department that a British tariff on American wheat might be the result of the Hawley-Smoot rates, but that the State Department also had been informed that enactment of the Hawley-Smoot rates probably would produce the downfall of the Liberal Government in Canada and the establishment of a Conservative Administration pledged to a more militant policy toward the United States.

The startling contrast between Secretary Stimson's statement and the known facts was subsequently explained by Senator Borah, chairman of the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations, who disclosed that conversations between the representatives of foreign governments and officers of the State Department are officially considered as never having taken place unless they are recorded in writing.

It is not only legitimate but desirable for Mr. Massey to tell Mr. Stimson in an informal, unofficial way what he knows or thinks about the probable effects of our proposed tariff rates in Canada—or in Timbuctoo for that matter. In these days of hourly cable and wireless communication between governments, we should suppose, indeed, that just such informal contacts constitute one of the chief values of expensive systems of government representation abroad. Of Mr. Massey's informal communication Mr. Stimson may then legitimately pass on as much or as little as seems wise.

If the Secretary of State, however, relying on a technical practice of the department, gives a statement to the press, intended for the common man, denying unequivocally that any protest has been received, the Secretary knows, and everybody knows, that the common man will understand him to mean that no protest has been received—not that no protest has been received in writing—and the common man will be deceived. Most of us will call to mind a number of disagreeable instances before where department statements were absolutely at variance with known facts, and we should be happy if the department would point out in what particular Mr. Anderson's statement in this case is incorrect. If the department finds it necessary to observe the rule stated (and there are evident grounds for defending such a rule), then, in the light of its extra-official as well as official information, it carries an extraordinary responsibility for being an absolutely honest guide to everyday public opinion. The Department of State has no more important duty than to supply the public with an adequate body of fact to serve as a basis for sound and correct opinion.

Justice in Gastonia

JUSTICE conquered prejudice in the first round of the conflict at Gastonia, North Carolina, when Judge M. V. Barnhill granted a change of venue to the sixteen strikers and strike leaders charged with the murder of Chief of Police Aderholt. We salute Judge Barnhill for his courage and fairness in a critical situation.

In his charge to the grand jury and in his whole conduct of the trial preliminaries this tall, kindly-faced, and informal-mannered jurist, who is the youngest judge on the circuit bench of his State, impressed observers with his independence and common-sense. No prisoner, said Judge Barnhill in addressing the grand jury, should receive "either more or less than is just on account of his race, color, or condition in life, or on account of his convictions upon social, economic, industrial, political, or religious matters. These matters have no place in a criminal trial, and should not and will not be permitted to becloud the one issue we are to try."

Fair words these, but the nature of the indictment against the Gastonia prisoners is such that a discussion of their social philosophy cannot be avoided. Not one of the sixteen defendants was indicted for firing the shot that killed Chief Aderholt; no one seems to have any information on that subject. The prisoners have been indicted for what their leaders have said and for what their organization has stood for. The official charge is conspiracy to commit murder, and apart from the charge that the Communist policy in conducting the strike was deliberately directed against law and order the prosecution has no case. Against the strike chief, Fred E. Beal, who was indicted for first-degree murder, the prosecution's entire case consists of a few quotations from speeches at strikers' mass meetings in which Beal allegedly used phrases about blood and battle. Since conspiracy is so sweeping and vague a charge, it seems almost certain that the prosecution must be allowed to admit a great deal of general evidence to show that the Communist tactics in the strike deliberately led to violence.

The critical point in the trial may come when the defense tries to present the other side of the picture—the raid of masked men upon the strike headquarters, the assaults upon strike pickets, the threats of lynching, the appeals to violence in the local press. Will the conspiracy of the mill owners and the citizen-gangsters to do violence to the Communist union be described for the jury? If not, the trial will be a farce, for it is only in the light of this conspiracy that the policy of the strikers can be understood.

The transfer of the case to the neighboring city of Charlotte, to be tried in the week beginning August 26, does not end the danger of an unfair verdict. Any North Carolina jury, particularly in the Piedmont belt, is to be feared by Northern labor organizers whether they bear the Communist label or not. In 1921 the South's greatest textile strike centered in Charlotte, and the countryside was aflame with prejudice against the Northern leaders of the American Federation of Labor. In the Gastonia strike the Charlotte papers have been second only to the Gastonia daily in vituperative attacks upon the defendants. Added to their other handicaps the prisoners, as we pointed out in the issue of July 31, will face a jury composed entirely of owners of real property whose interests are far removed from those of the workers of the isolated mill villages.

Unfortunately, too, the Gastonia defendants have some theatrical-minded friends, who are somewhat more zealous than wise, and insist upon dramatizing the case as the prologue to world revolution. The International Labor Defense, the Communist organization which is so vigorously defending its comrades in Gastonia, demanded a change of venue and then, when the change had been granted, issued a statement saying: "The false show of fairness of repeated hypocrisies about no economic or political beliefs of the strikers being admitted in the court room must be met by mass action of the workers." Mass action? That is not a phrase to toy with lightly in a hostile community when comrades are threatened with the electric chair. To many North Carolinians it may suggest barricades, red flags waving over crazed foreign faces, and American women being butchered by squint-eyed Red villains such as Hearst and *Liberty* love to depict. We hope that the Communists will prune their appeals of all phrases that may be interpreted as threats. Events of the last two weeks have proved that North Carolina justice is not dead and that North Carolina public opinion is susceptible to rational persuasion.

It Seems to Heywood Broun

JAMES CANNON, the bullish bishop, has been devoting a good deal of his attention lately to the ethics of active participation in Hoover prosperity through the medium of Wall Street. After considerable study the good Bishop reports, "I became convinced that there was very much latent hypocrisy in the attitude of very many persons on this subject." What a pity it is that Bishop Cannon has not had the leisure to devote an equal amount of clear and hard thinking to the subject of prohibition.

Though many will agree with the comforting conclusion reached by the devoted dry leader in regard to Wall Street trading he has a fight on his hands in the matter of some generalizations into which he then proceeds. The Bishop has been accused by enemies, all paid hirelings of the whisky trust, of the sin of gambling. Logically enough he insists that before the charge can be tried there must be a precise definition of the offense. Nobody abhors gambling more than Bishop Cannon. But what is gambling? Frankly enough he admits that it is hard to draw the line. As a veteran dealer in building lots, timber, and stumps, he is naturally loath to confess that these pleasant pursuits are iniquitous. "Gambling," he confesses, "is difficult to define wholly and completely. The throwing of dice, shooting of craps, the purchase of lottery tickets are all clearly gambling; for there is no element of skill or intelligence involved, nothing but pure chance."

In other words, the Bishop is maintaining that he was entitled to take a flier in stocks because he brought to this pursuit a superior skill and intelligence. "The purchase of stocks," he continues, "may be made entirely on the gambling basis or upon the knowledge of the value of the stock and a study of business conditions."

It seems to me that the Bishop is trying to say that it is sinful to play a bad tip and virtuous to follow a good one. But in the light of this philosophy Bishop Cannon should admit some strange bedfellows to his couch. The late Arnold Rothstein was just as eager as the Methodist leader to eliminate the evil factor of chance from his transactions. Before Mr. Rothstein bet upon a horse race he had been in close contact with both jockeys as well as the horses. He studied the situation as thoroughly as Bishop Cannon studied the Lehigh Valley Railroad when he bought his shares on generous margin. As a matter of fact I will maintain that the Rothstein risks were even less than those shouldered by the Bishop in embarking on the Kable monthly payment plan.

Some few partisans may contend that the Bishop hardly lived up to his own stipulations for a moral stock-market trader. While nobody denies that he made exhaustive researches into the corporations which he favored with his support, he did neglect the small matter of investigating his broker. This seems to me an unjust argument. Though the Bishop did lose the funds which he tried to augment for the glory of righteousness he scored a moral victory. The stocks upon his list went up. Only the broker declined.

It is a pity that Mr. Rothstein's untimely death stands in the way of a debate between these two students of the laws of chance. I think that any seasoned gambler would sincerely dispute the good Bishop's statement that the shooting of craps is sheer gambling without any element of skill whatsoever. If Mr. Cannon feels that according to the law of averages he would have an even chance in a dice contest I can find ever so many willing to accommodate him. Indeed, many a man has gone into such a transaction with an assurance of success far beyond that which strengthened the moral fiber of the Methodist playboy when he first took his famous shot in Wall Street. It is true that mathematically speaking no player should have an advantage over any other provided the dice are reasonably honest. But by now I trust that Bishop Cannon has had sufficient experience to know that mathematics do not prevail even in Wall Street where he made his businesslike investments. Some stocks sell for twenty times their earnings while others languish even though they may be priced at less than ten times the amount of the corporation's yearly income.

In support of his position Bishop Cannon calls upon John Wesley. "I have tried," he says, "to make money in order that it might be an instrument for service. I fully agree with John Wesley's sermon on money: 'Make all you can; save all you can; give all you can.'" It would have been decidedly interesting if Bishop Cannon had supplemented this with a list of the stocks of which John Wesley was long.

The Bishop is not enunciating a wholly new theory in regard to gambling. Members of the fraternity of those who live by their wits will agree with much of what he says. Indeed, the Bishop's philosophy on the subject of chance was brilliantly expounded in the last act of a melodrama called "Checkers" which was popular some twenty years ago. The hero of the play was also a disciple of chance but his racket was the track and not the stock market. The somewhat prissy heroine made him swear off these activities and in reward for his promise of renunciation gave him her love and a silver dollar as a souvenir of her devotion. But in spite of promises the urge remained in his blood. Bishop Cannon will understand. After making a close study of a horse called Remorse the hero decided that he was confronted with an excellent business opportunity. Because of a temporary lack of capital he was obliged to invest the silver dollar. The last scene found him standing humbly before the girl and confessing that he had staked the love token on a horse race. "How could you?" she exclaimed. "How could you lose that silver dollar which was a symbol of our love?"

"But," replied the hero, "I didn't lose. I won and the odds on Remorse were a hundred to one." Whereupon the girl threw herself into his arms and said, "Of course, you did it all for my sake."

The analogy is not quite accurate because the Bishop serves a sacred and not a profane love. But the Cannon's law holds good in either instance. I think it may be accurately and briskly summed up in the sentence, "The only sinner is the sucker." Accordingly I urge upon Bishop Cannon that for the glory of God he let the utilities alone and buy himself instead one share of General American Tank Car.

HEYWOOD BROUN

Where Are We Flying?

By GEORGE BRITT

A QUICK turning of newspaper files from July 13 to 31, covering the 420 hours during which the two pilots of the St. Louis Robin were setting the latest airplane endurance record, reveals that during the same hours nineteen persons in the United States were killed in airplane accidents. The same papers also noted the fatal crash of two marine flyers in Nicaragua, and the deaths of six aviators in foreign countries, including Major Idzikowski, the Polish transatlantic pilot. The examination of the press was by no means exhaustive. Among aviation items was also an account of a celebration by an air-mail pilot of his one-millionth mile in the air without serious mishap.

On both the business and the human side, this death record is a constant nightmare to the new half-billion-dollar industry of American flying; yet in view of the tremendous progress of aviation since Lindbergh's flight, it has become almost a commonplace. Flying has, in fact, become a great deal safer. Especially in the established transport lines does the mortality rate appear practically negligible. The Western Air Express celebrated its first anniversary in May with the announcement that it had carried more than 3,000 passengers between Los Angeles and San Francisco without a single accident. But transatlantic flying, stunting and carelessness in the air still are extremely hazardous. Even the majestic Zeppelin is not without its roll of the dead.

The green beginner who has just completed his fifteen hours of dual and ten hours of solo flying and has received his private pilot's license is one of the major worries to the owners of aviation systems. They realize how likely he is to fall, and falls do not sell business.

The Guggenheim Fund for the Promotion of Aeronautics is conducting at present a safe-airplane contest in which it has obtained entries from sixteen manufacturers. The first prize will be $100,000, to be awarded within two months. The beginnings of a network of weather reporting stations along the air routes have been put into effect officially in California. The Department of Commerce is enlarging its functions of licensing and inspection, and is forcing stricter requirements upon manufacturers. At present the department is also beginning its authorized inspection and rating of flying schools, with a view to weeding out the unfit. All these moves are part of a vast campaign for safety.

Figures on safety and accidents have been kept in only the loosest fashion. There was no reporting at all on the subject until the passage of the Air Commerce Act, which became law in May, 1926. Your statistical juggler will demonstrate that flying is safer than riding on the railroad. The 1928 record shows 65,658,936 miles flown and 368 lives lost, an average of about 178,400 miles per fatality. At the same time, the railroads traveled a total of 1,122,997,000 miles and reported 6,500 persons killed, an average of about 172,768 miles per fatality. Of course, more than two-thirds of the railroad deaths were of trespassers, yardmen, and persons struck at grade crossings. But the real catch is in the fact that a train-mile represents hundreds of passenger-miles; an airplane mile probably not more than two or three. Figures actually reported but probably incomplete show 79 persons killed in air accidents in 1926, 164 in 1927, and 368 in 1928.

The increased number of persons flying is indicated by the Department of Commerce figures on licensed pilots. At the close of 1927, the first full year of government licensing, 1,572 licenses had been issued; during 1928, 4,940. On June 30 of this year, there were 7,881 licensed pilots, and permits for training had been issued since January at the rate of more than 1,500 a month. The number of fatalities went up, of course, but fortunately, more slowly than the number of pilots. There was one death for each 9.5 pilots flying two years ago; one for each 13.4 last year.

Turning now to the air transportation lines, one finds last year an aggregate of 52,934 persons carried 10,472,024 miles with only 22 fatalities, against 12,000 passengers, 5,000,000 miles, and 6 fatalities in 1927.

Insurance policies are among the best indications that careful flying is reasonably safe. Although flying is forbidden in the ordinary-rate policy, it may be permitted with full protection by the payment of an additional rate. The minimum extra charge is $5 per $1,000 of policy, and the maximum is $25 extra in the case of an accepted air-mail pilot.

The rate of coverage for crashes amounts to from nine per cent to 20 per cent of the value of the plane. The policy is issued for a specific plane, to fly over a certain territory with a designated pilot, and a record is kept on that pilot. One company announces lower rates for pilots than for taxicab drivers in liability and other classifications. Its statement is:

> The total cost of those coverages on a $3,000 aircraft of good type, plying for hire in the Middle West and driven by a pilot of normal qualifications, might amount to as much as $1,410 for one year, the exact amount depending partly, of course, upon the amounts of indemnity; whereas the cost of those coverages on an automobile of the same value, used for similar purposes in New York and operated by a man or firm of satisfactory status, would not exceed about $1,668.

Insurance companies now are competing hotly for airplane policies, and rates have been reduced by 40 per cent since 1922.

Accidents, which menace the prestige and earning power of the industry, cannot be prevented by law. Learning to handle the controls after a fashion is simple. The most famous example of reckless amateurism was given by Charles A. Levine, the transatlantic passenger. He never had flown solo until he decided suddenly to go from Paris to London, two years ago. He went up alone, without charts, crossed the channel, and bounced down for a landing which terrorized the experts.

Anyone may attempt a similar feat in his own plane. A plane, equipped with a 23-horsepower motorcycle engine and guaranteed to fly, may be bought new for as little as $675 from a Chicago mail order house. Or the buyer may

go up to $7,000 and make a selection from thirty-two different models. Or he may go shopping for a Keystone Patrician at $100,000, and smash it if he desires.

To fly across State boundaries, however, one must have a private pilot's license from the Department of Commerce. To take up a passenger for hire, one must have an additional 50 hours' experience in the air. For a transport pilot, the highest rating, the requirement is a further minimum of 200 hours. Some of the States have adopted these same regulations for intrastate flying.

The careless or irresponsible flyer, however, is not a novelty. In the romantic and more dangerous age of flying before Lingbergh there was the barnstorming gipsy flyer. The government after the war was left with some 30,000 of the Curtiss JN models, "Jennies," which cost as much as $22,000 each. Thousands were sold for as little as $300.

The boys out of a job who had flown during the war now bought Jennies and went adventuring. They astonished farmers at county fairs and took up passengers for as much as the traffic would bear. They went in for sky writing, crop dusting, mosquito oiling, movie daredeviling, photography and mapping, and the transporting of whosoever chanced to be in a hurry. Accidents were frequent. Conservative business men were cold toward flying. Then Lindbergh set the country air-minded overnight.

Before all the medals were pinned on, however, aviation ceased to be a game for heroes and became a prize for modern Jay Goulds and Jim Hills to fight over. Hundreds of companies sprang up. Investors began to realize that here was a coming development in which the backers might see their stocks progress as in the case of radio. Out of this activity, the gods of the air having been on the side of those with the most powerful banking connections, a trio of giants has just now emerged and set to work in railroad fashion, going after business.

These predimonant factors in aviation today are the United Aircraft and Transport Corporation, financed by the National City Bank of New York; the Aviation Corporation, with W. Averill Harriman and Robert Lehman of the Lehman Brothers banking house; and the recently consolidated Curtiss-Wright Corporation, combining the aviation companies of C. M. Keys, himself a broker and banker, with those of Richard F. Hoyt, of Hayden, Stone & Co. One subsidiary of the Aviation Corporation is allied with the Mellon interests.

Along with these giant groups are many powerful independent companies. Henry Ford is an extensive manufacturer. General Motors owns 40 per cent of Fokker, Ford's principal competitor. The smaller companies are legion.

The business of an aviation system today includes all the steps of manufacturing, marketing, and exporting planes, operating mail and passenger lines, maintaining air taxi service subject to call anywhere, and the operation of flying schools. Manufacturers see a prospect of persons of moderate income buying planes as they do automobiles. One wealthy young man in New York now maintains five ships in his own hangar for his personal use at a flying field.

The family bread winner in aviation is the air-mail contract. For example, consider the Boston to New York line. The rate is $3 a pound, paid every day on a constantly increasing bulk. The passenger rate on the other hand is $34.85 one way, $64.70 round trip, $277 for a commutation ticket of ten rides. One hundred pounds of mail on one trip earns more than 150 pounds of passenger on ten trips; furthermore, the mail travels every day, carries no baggage, asks no questions, and demands no cabin steward.

As an addition to the mail contract, however, passenger and express business may bring in clear profit. Passenger service is likely to remain in the luxury price-schedule for a considerable time—until planes and operating costs are lowered. But even now one may fly from Chicago to the Pacific Coast in less than twenty-four hours for $200, only about twice the train and Pullman rate. One may fly from Chicago to Detroit for $30, a longer ride than from London to Paris at approximately the same rate.

The money paid out by the government on mail contracts last year amounted to $6,105,247. The mail itself weighed more than 3,000,000 pounds, tripling in bulk during the year. In July this year it was more than 100,000 pounds ahead of January.

The profits already collected in the infant industry are indicated by the report of the Curtiss Aeroplane and Motor Company, Inc., for last year, announcing a net profit of $1,528,782. This was one of the companies on the verge of ruin just after the war. C. M. Keys obtained control of it at that time from John N. Willys, the automobile manufacturer, paying around $3 a share for it, according to report.

Given a continuance of the present public confidence, the industry is now ready for the operating of a practical transportation service. The Lindbergh era of personal heroism and the bankers' era of consolidations will carry over, but in the growth of flying as a whole they probably have done their part. But the demand of the times has swung around toward the railroader type who can develop new feeder lines and persuade the public to ride with him.

The steps just ahead, leaders say, must start with a redistribution of operating lines to territories where they actually will fit. In the East with convenient overnight train schedules between cities, there will be less traffic than in the far-spread West. Wichita, Kansas, builds more ships than the whole of New York State.

Another step will be to reduce the cost of manufacture by factory methods. Every ship now is practically handmade. Manufacturers talk of being able to stamp out a wing with one stroke of a die. When they do, hundreds of airports will have to enlarge their acreage. The metal plane would be part of such a program, and its life would be much longer than the present estimated limit of three years.

Most ambitious of all present plans is that for obtaining eventually complete handling of the first-class mail, leaving only bulk mail to the railroads. Such a plan has the partial endorsement already of the assistant postmaster general in charge of air-mail, who said recently: "It seems to me that in the near future the department will have to consider the carrying of two-cent or first-class mail in the air, especially on the long hops over those passenger lines now going into operation." Such a shift might involve serious conflict with the railroads, and the prize of the mail contracts would bring in a more intense rivalry among the aviation lines than they have yet seen.

Aviation by all these tokens appears too vigorous a development to be stopped, even by a casualty list built up through uncontrollable and often reckless elements. It doesn't want even to be slowed up by such a handicap.

The Challenge to Labor Standards

By MERRYLE STANLEY RUKEYSER

IF there is anything in the theory of a protective tariff then Massachusettes is entitled to a tariff to protect its workers from competition with toilers in South Carolina, with its low labor standards. In the South generally, labor is cheaper, hours are longer, and taxes are lower than in the North. Only the Constitution of the United States, which forbids tariffs as between the States, prevents an application of the G. O. P. doctrine of protection to the new competition between the North and the South; for our country is a conglomeration of widely differentiated communities of varying ideals and standards.

It is perhaps well to remind those who think that the millennium is just around the corner that night work for women and minors is still common in the South, whereas it is forbidden by law in most of the North, and in England, continental Europe, India and China. Until recently, some of our Southern States were tied in backwardness by Japan, but a law went into effect on July 1, 1929, forbidding night work for women and children in Nippon.

The truth is that the South, which since the war has had a remarkable industrial renaissance, has turned back the clock of industrial history, and the same struggle which was successfully waged in the factories of England in the nineteenth century must be repeated.

So careful an observer as Leo Wolman, labor economist, informally remarked to me: "My opinion is, of course, that the prevalence of low wage levels and long work weeks has already contributed much to reducing standards of labor in Northern competitive States and that as long as this state of affairs continues Northern levels are likely to be still further depressed."

This opinion tends to confirm my own view that one of the principal social issues in the United States is the problem of converting Southern manufacturers and law makers to progressive labor standards which prevail in the North. The efforts along these lines of humane church and liberal publications are hopeful signs, and the recent series of strikes indicates that the necessary motive power for altering conditions will not be lacking. The principal job for organized labor in the United States is to unionize the South effectively. Otherwise, the victories of labor in the North will prove ephemeral and illusory, as the drift of business from the unionized soft coal mines of the North to the non-union mines of Kentucky and West Virginia in recent years has so clearly demonstrated.

The necessary objectives should be approached without blind emotion. Owners of Southern mills have not as a class been fabulous profiteers. As a matter of fact, in spite of low wages, a majority have been hard pressed to make both ends meet. They have in many instances been victims of promoters among machinery vendors who "oversold" the advantages of the South. As a result, the productive capacity of the nation's cotton textile mills was expanded out of all proportion to the steady increase in the demand for the product. Accordingly, in the midst of record-breaking Coolidge-Mellon-Hoover prosperity, the cotton textile trade has been a laggard—a lean and hungry member in a highly prosperous family of diversified industry.

From a strictly economic standpoint without reference to human considerations, profit and loss statements have demonstrated in the United States since the war that industries, like coal and textiles, which depend for their success in a measure on sweating labor, have fared relatively poorly. On the other hand, the automobile, steel, and electrical industries, which find well-paid labor the most economical, have amassed the largest profits; for they have learned the technique of adding to the productivity of human beings through aiding them with machinery.

But it takes slower-witted business executives at least a generation to learn the new truth that high wages constitute the road to national prosperity, in which all soundly managed industries are bound to share. Capital has been lured to the South by the repetition of ancient economic fallacies. In underbidding the Northern labor market, the South is sacrificing its longer-term advantages for temporary benefits. As long as it sweats labor, it is in reality exporting products, consisting largely of labor, at inadequate prices. The result in strictly business terms is that the purchasing power of its population is low, and the prosperity of its local merchants and manufacturers is accordingly held down.

Meantime, numerous bourbon manufacturers are solidly lined up determined to maintain the reactionary status quo. Asked whether it would be desirable for the Southern textile States to imitate the laws of Massachusetts, one of the leading cotton men in the Southwest candidly replied: "It is neither necessary nor advisable for the Southern textile States to enact labor legislation similar to that on the books of the State of Massachusetts."

To the extent that the South possesses legitimate advantages over the North, such as proximity to sources of raw material, it deserves to take over much of the textile business. In respect to the effect of this transition on the earnings of mill stocks in New Bedford, Fall River and Lawrence, the disinterested observer will be unconcerned. But to the extent that Southern industry is built up by depressing wage standards and ideals in social legislation, its activities constitute an important national issue.

Originally, the textile business flourished along the seacoast of Massachusetts, instead of in the South, because those Northern cities possessed a natural dampness which was needed in spinning cotton. In recent years, however, artificial humidification has made it possible to emulate the fogginess in the driest Southern towns. Accordingly, a basic reason for running textile mills in New England, far from the source of raw materials, has disappeared as a result of technological progress.

To some extent, the moving of mills to the South has been accomplished without a careful analysis of the advantages. One of the principal cotton textile manufacturers in the country informed me:

It must be borne in mind that fine cotton goods are made from cotton grown in Mississippi, Arkansas, and Louisiana. Medium cotton goods or print cloths are best made and most commonly made from cotton grown in Texas, Arkansas, and Oklahoma. There is, therefore, no particular economic reason for making medium or fine goods in the Carolinas, except for low wages and longer hours. It is obvious that the climatic conditions of the Northeast are better suited for factory labor than the warmer and more enervating climate of the Southeast and South.

This same manufacturer, in alluding to alleged unfair competition in the South, said:

The factor that is operating to develop the manufacture of cotton goods in the South more rapidly than in the North is the longer hours and lower wages permitted and customary in the South. I would refer you to the labor statistics published by the Bureau of Labor Statistics which show that wages in South Carolina average about $14 a week for 55 hours' work as against about $20 a week for 48 hours' work in Massachusetts. The trend toward the South will continue until wages are on a more nearly equal basis.

If Southern textile States should enact labor legislation comparable to that in Massachusetts, New York, or Illinois, it would sharply curtail the increase in cotton manufacturing in the South. It might, however, be better from a social standpoint for the communities involved.

The neutral bystander might get the idea that the competition between the North and the South constitutes a laboratory experiment which would demonstrate the advantage of paying adequate wages. However, the facts hardly warrant such a conclusion. In the first place, the textile industry in New England is not one of the modern, conspicuously well-directed industries, for which American business executives have become renowned. It suffers from obsolete machinery, traditionalism, and nepotism. Moreover, its labor conditions, though better than those prevailing in the South, have been distinctly unsatisfactory as compared with standards in more successful industries of the North. Furthermore, some of the identical interests own mills in both the North and the South. The whole industry is in flux, and is seeking to adjust itself to changes wrought by the competition of other products, such as rayon, and of fluctuating fashions. Accordingly, this sick industry cannot be depended on to give any conclusive demonstration of the economic validity of the high-wage theory.

In alluding to wage differences in the North and South, the National Bureau of Economic Research in a bulletin published last year offered this sensible interpretation:

Hourly rates of wages for either men or women are consistently lower in the South. In 1913 men's wages in the North are 44 per cent higher than men's wages in the South and women's 47 per cent. By 1926 the difference is even wider: men's wages in the North are 56 per cent greater than in the South and women's wages more than 60 per cent.

The full-time week was in 1914 nearly 10 per cent longer in the South than in the North and in 1926, at the end of the period, nearly 11 per cent longer.

Although wages and hours are a significant item in labor cost, these differences between the North and the South in hourly rates of wages and full-time hours per week cannot be regarded as measures of differences in labor cost in these two competing industrial areas. Unmeasured factors such as differences in the efficiency of labor, gratuities to workers in the form of rent or other services, are factors in labor cost that are not reflected in the wage rate. The same figures, likewise, are not measures of relative well-being because they do not take into consideration local differences, sometimes great, in the costs of living. Allowing for all such items, however, the figures appear on their face to indicate substantial competitive advantage to the South.

These comparative advantages, however, cannot be considered decisive in fixing the future localization of the cotton textile industry. Industry is subject to considerable inertia which resists its movement from one region to another. The existence of a supply of experienced labor and of substantial numbers of persons who have managerial capacity and who know the business, which is characteristic of the established industrial area, often acts to interrupt a trend that on its surface appears irresistible. Observers of the cotton textile industry point to the operation of such recuperative forces in the New England States that may conceivably interrupt, if not change, the trend of the industry toward the South.

My own opinion is that the South faces an excellent long-term economic future, which in the long run will be heightened by appropriate advances in social standards. Real prosperity, as Frank A. Vanderlip has observed, consists of the full employment of labor at high effective wages, rather than fabulous riches for a handful of mill owners and poverty for the multitudes of toilers.

The hostility of reactionary mill owners and their editorial cronies to conservative efforts to improve working conditions in the South automatically opened the field to the communist union in Gastonia. Where working conditions are wretched, the soil is fertile for the propagation of ideas of radical reform.

The American Federation of Labor, representing the right wing of American labor, is, of course, best equipped to do the missionary work of introducing trade unionism in the South. The organization, stimulated by strikes in Gastonia, in Elizabethton, Tennessee, and in South Carolina, has redoubled its efforts. William Green, president of the American Federation, in reporting tentative accomplishments, recently remarked:

It is a moving sight to record the steady formation of trade unions in the South. This group of workers maligned as docile and cheap has risen in the strength of their manhood and womanhood and said, "We want the agency of justice and freedom." Low wages, long hours, child labor, company houses, and a long list of other grievances are the cause of the revolt which spreads from mill to mill, and town to town.

The radical will be impatient with the cautious methods of the American Federation of Labor, but the objective observer recognizes that it can be extraordinarily helpful in guiding the transitional period. The Northern public should not forget that industrially the South is still several decades behind, and that in reality a new economic empire is being opened up.

Meantime, the competition of the South is a challenge to Northern labor standards, and even the meager advances thus far won for the Northern toiler have not yet been consolidated.

The Dominant Sex

By T. SWANN HARDING

ISAIAH, an ancient Hebrew gentleman of doubtful historicity and prophetic inclinations, was once reported to have remarked in a moment of irritated candor: "And in that day seven women shall take hold of one man, saying, we will eat our own bread, and wear our own apparel; only let us be called by thy name, to take away our reproach." There have been people who devoted almost their entire lives to the laudable work of tracing out the accuracy of Isaiah's predictions.

The period described by the prophet, however, has passed and gone. It would be difficult to find a woman today who desired to be called by any man's name to take away any conceivable sort of reproach. Nor does she eat her own bread and wear her own apparel, if she can easily help it. She eats and wears man's, but renounces his name in the interests of the Lucy Stone League and "sex equality." So much for the lucubrations of a bachelor prophet as inspired by a divinity also reputed to have avoided matrimony.

Today many expositors of doctrines on sex relations assume that man subjugated woman in savage society and that he consciously seeks to keep her subjugated in civilized society. The facts that you can find a "primitive" society conveniently adapted to illustrate almost any social theory you have in mind (I shall later produce some primitives to "prove" my own contentions, of course) and that in many such societies man does not subjugate woman, are customarily ignored. Furthermore, even among genuine primitives woman repeatedly worms her way in through man's prohibitions, whenever she wishes and however stringent the prohibitions are. Today, certainly, no man dares exercise his full legal rights over woman in this country. He knows better and he has now rechristened his timidity. He calls it chivalry.

The exponents of fanatical feminism are wrong. They are wrong individually and they are wrong collectively. While we cannot peer as closely as we should like behind the veil which shadows the past, what we can see darkly indicates that woman had her period of dominance and lost it. It was her own fault, and it was especially stupid on her part because every physiological fact lined itself up in her support!

It is not necessary for us to subscribe to the plenary inspiration of the remarkable and too little known "Dominant Sex" by Mathilde and Mathias Vaerting, in which the philosophy of matriarchy perhaps overleaps the facts in its enthusiasm. That comes of having a dogma to sustain. But there is little historical and still less physiological reason to believe that woman lost out except by her own crass stupidity. A few words of exposition may be in order.

Primitive tribes still exist today, as Malinowski has pointed out in "The Father in Primitive Psychology," which have no idea at all of the paternal function in procreation! This idea has its humorous implications if we dare think of it. The father as a family adjunct stands, a supernumerary, upon a very insecure foundation of social usage and custom, and the mother is the Parent. She wanders on occasion to the tall grass where spirits graciously attend her—and the father evinces no surprise or indignation, nor indeed suspects his wife's virtue, if upon a return from a two-year trip he finds new children at hand calling him daddy. It is difficult to imagine how any reasonably intelligent sex could ever be so utterly lethargic mentally as to let so powerful and so useful an instrument of dominance slip from its grasp.

But one may well ask what the antics of primitives of today have to do with conditions in the distant past. The partial reply is that we may insist in season and out of season that woman's physiological function in procreation made her inevitably the Parent of importance among all real primitives, gave over into her hands power, prestige, authority, possession and inheritance rights, and, by natural law, left the male in a position almost as ridiculous as that occupied by a drone bee who is not selected by the divine providence which presides over bee destinies to mate with the queen! Woman had, then, a tremendous running start over man.

Her physiological relationship to her progeny made her the founder of the home and, as its founder, she was originally its unconstitutional monarch or dictator. Man came and went sheepishly, a powerless and impotent adjunct to the habitation. Time and time again he was rather son than husband, when he married exogamically. Indeed, he was adopted by his wife into her tribe, but his major duty remained to a woman, his mother. When war between the tribes took place her relationship was paramount and he was subject to the maternal command. But he never escaped subjugation by woman, for his marriage was arranged for him by women.

His position in his wife's family was much more precarious than that of any modern wife marrying into her husband's family. He was there on sufferance. He got there originally because councils of old women put him there, and if those old ladies later decided that he should be expelled he returned home some day to find his tent opening facing the west and his possessions significantly outside. He thereupon passed placidly out of the picture and returned to mother. If in Roman civilization an Augustus put aside his beloved wife because his father found her objectionable, it was woman's own fault, for originally she undoubtedly had the upper hand and set man rudely in his place.

We may become more recent. In 1917 the women of New York State after much travail and hysteria at last achieved the right to vote, which most of them now value as men value it, which is to say, very little indeed. But among the Iroquois tribes which inhabited that State before modern padlocking refinements were introduced, all adults, male and female, belonged to the tribal council, which gave them equal suffrage on a democratic basis. Centuries before this the women of the Senecas were electing the tribal officers and exercising the power of recall as well, when necessary. Among the Wyandottes and Hurons the clan

was governed by a council composed of one man and four women; the women were elected by the women of the tribe; the man was elected by the four women of the council!

The chief of these associated tribes was elected by women; he served a probationary period during which he was denied vote or voice, and if he made good he was invested with the tunic of office—by a woman! Since the combined tribal council of these peoples was made up of the aforementioned clan councils it was four-fifths women too. Could feminism hope to go further? Then through what crass idiocy did the sex lose this power?

There are other primitives I can use for my purpose, since one of the maxims of sociology is: "Prove it by Primitives." I therefore remark the savage African. We are reliably informed that Yoruba, Ashanti, and many other tribal chiefs were restrained from the more lurid forms of violence by feminine influence; wives, mothers, and sisters successfully prevailed upon and thus ruled over the chiefs. The Bushongo blacks have (or since the white man has corrupted them we may better now say "had") a parliament three hundred years old. It was chosen by popular vote—all adults voting regardless of sex. It systematically represented not only each territory, but each craft and trade.

Ancient legends celebrate this early feminine dominance. Tales of Amazons and the homage paid to Athene, goddess of wisdom, attest it. Five thousand years ago the sophisticated culture of Babylon and Egypt yielded to feminine power. Woman was better off at that time than she is anywhere in the world today. Herodotus, after visiting Egypt, returned to report to man-ruled Greece that things were topsy-turvy on the Nile. No wonder he thought so. For he found that "they call themselves after their mothers and not their fathers; and if one ask his neighbor who he is he will state his mother's parentage and enumerate his fore-mothers."

The Egyptian woman, married or single, made contracts in her own right and for her own benefit. She could bring action at law and plead her own case in court. She practiced medicine and officiated as priestess in the temple. She shared the social freedom of her husband, and Cleopatra, as Queen of Egypt, early directed her own army and navy in person, conceiving and directing military and naval maneuvers.

But ah, this Egyptian woman's marriage contracts! There was dominance with which to reckon. The possession of her own property was retained by her in marriage, frequently supplemented by the property of her husband made over to her as a bridal gift. The partnership thereafter was joint, but it was profoundly partial to the wife. It was usual for the husband's deeds to be indorsed by his wife, but his indorsement on hers was totally unnecessary. Furthermore, he was required to stipulate in the marriage contract how much he would allow the wife yearly for her personal support, his entire property being at times pledged as security. The wife was further protected by a charge on her husband to be paid at once in the event of her divorcement.

Did man chafe under this feminine dominance? Was he in militant revolt? Hardly. Instead he spoke of her as "glad and gladdening like the midday sun," as "cheerful and rejoicing," as "set in honor." He was always delightfully submissive. He was advised by Petah Hotep in 3360 B.C. to "observe that which she wisheth and that on which her mind runneth; thereby thou shalt make her stay in thy house." For it was the man's job to make the home attractive. Finally he was admonished by philosophical advisers: "If thou resistest her will it is ruin." Man still remembers that admonition.

When man ceased to accept his subjection and began to subdue the world, woman, tradition-ridden and inert, failed to sense the coming change and stepped docile into bondage. Of man's uprising, his revolt and seizure of power, our reports are meager. But woman became subject to man, she became a chattel and, so far as history saith, she took all this lying down. She deserves what she got, just as the American man of today, supinely subject to woman in all things that matter, impotent, downtrodden, and sequacious, deserves what he has brought upon himself; for of course woman assumes dominance again today.

No doubt one fact bulked large in woman's defeat. Man found out that he was the father of his own children, and instantly he assumed control. Woman was caught by surprise at his perspicacity. At last he had his eyes open. He had been fooled long enough, and he must now go the whole road to liberty. In fact, he began to reserve liberty as his own prerogative and restricted his wife exclusively to himself at the same time. He not only usurped woman's privileges; he invented some new ones. He took sex liberty and ironically turned to exalt female virtue, chastity and fidelity. He held woman to monogamy and reserved group marriage for himself. For if mothers are faithful, descent may still be reckoned paternally even in polygynous unions, a thing impossible in polyandry, anyway.

Only recently has woman had sufficient courage to revolt and to demand the same rights, liberties, and license that man has. She has done this successfully because man has in his turn taken his new subjugation lying down. He protests feebly, but plays golf, supplies the cash, seeks to support his wife in conspicuous leisure and to keep her out of too much mischief, and hopes for the best, usually getting much less than that.

But when man first took the helm he was master. He told woman in China (Chun Ka Po; "Transmitted Family Pearls"): "No one desires that you should be intelligent or your abilities of a high order. . . . You ought to know that the husband is the wife's heaven; that you have not been born a male is owing to your amount of wickedness in a previous state of existence having been deep and heavy." And she believed him!

He told her in Greece (Hesiod) that she was Pandora opening a jar of troubles and (Simonides) that she was "the greatest evil that God had ever created." In fact Mettullicus Macedonicus indignantly declared: "If we could get along without wives we would dispense with the nuisance." That does have a decidedly querulous modern tone. Aristotle said: "The male is by nature superior, and the female inferior; and the one rules while the other is ruled." His dictum was flat and unadorned, and destined long to hold sway.

In Rome Cato was saying: "The husband is judge of his wife. . . . If she has been guilty of adultery, he kills her." There is somehow no mistaking that imperious voice. Woman heard, and was silent. The Hebrews adopted the

same pagan ways. Among them man, quite characteristically, assumed the voice of God and informed woman: "Thy desire shall be thy husband and he shall rule over thee"; and he added contemptuously: "In sorrow shalt thou bring forth children."

Then there seems to have arisen among the Hebrews, a legendary figure, sedulously repudiated by them, of course, shrouded in the fogs of history, half-obliterated by the miasmas of theology, an intrepid social reformer. He consorted with prostitutes and condoned them, but blamed men for their sin. He did not explain it economically. He perhaps knew that the 1926 Report of the New York Salvation Army Headquarters would remark that the professional prostitute had almost disappeared now since maternity homes were filled to capacity with school-children of an average age of sixteen. But, says the contemporary reformer, prostitution is caused *exclusively* by economic injustice. Yes?

Today prostitution declines, female promiscuity increases, the economic system meanwhile remains intact. But this ancient Hebrew iconoclast dashed his head bravely against the stone wall of Oriental female seclusion; he reasoned with women and considered them worth intellectual regeneration.

Then the man who put Christ over to the masses came to undo this revolutionary step toward feminine emancipation. For Paul averred: "A man ought to cover his head forasmuch as he is the image and glory of God; but the woman is the glory of man." He continued austerely: "Let your women keep silence in the churches; for it is not permitted them to speak; but they are commanded to be under obedience, as also saith the law." Finally he ordered: "Let them be silent and at home consult their husbands." Again woman heard her master's voice, believed him, and obeyed.

The early church fathers hastened to sustain Paul. "Above all it seems right that we turn away from the sight of women," they said, "for it is a sin not only to touch, but to look; and he who is rightly trained must especially avoid them." St. Chrysostom echoed this righteous sentiment when he added: "What is woman but an enemy to friendship, and unavoidable punishment, a necessary evil, a natural temptation, a wicked work of nature covered with shining varnish?"

Man then spoke throughout the world with authority, and woman stupidly trembled. She let him wrest economic power from her and stood aghast, unable to cope with him in a battle of wits. Nor did she come to herself for years, and it was the nineteenth century before she tried the very obvious and simple experiment of invading man's outside economic sphere as a way of equalizing her status. When she did this who stopped her? No one.

Who stopped the very emancipated Mrs. Samuel Pepys? Who stopped Aspasia, the ruler of Pericles, or Sappho, who decided to be learned in a bachelor-girl way? Determination always succeeds in such cases. In Persia woman, unlike her emancipated Turkish sister, was still subdued even in 1926-1927. The dictator Reza Shah Pahlavi believed in no modern woman tomfoolery. But little bespectacled Parvin Khanun, defying him, refused to enter his palace as court poetess and tutor to his wife and children.

In Turkey women cast aside their veils and the religion of Mohammed when they wished to do so. In Tibet they have for generations controlled businesses of their own; in Spain, France, Italy, and South America they arise to power when they desire power sufficiently. In England and America man now stands helpless in turn, unable to think up anything sufficiently clever to limit woman's increasing sway. Sex domination is always built upon the collective stupidity of one sex or the other. Today the trend is against man in the United States and Great Britain, and he is too stupid to stay the march of victorious woman.

Of course in this day of enlightenment, when each school-child is better equipped with scientific fact than was Aristotle, no such simple expedient as discovering that he is the father of his own child, or domesticating animals, will save man. Nor can woman ever be saved again by the simple expedient of entering man's extra-household economic sphere. A compromise expedient is necessary, and this can have but one basis and one foundation.

The foundation must be a realization of the fact that men and women are entirely different animals. We must have sense enough to allow for the scientific implications of this definite physiological and psychological fact. Then the basis of adjustment or compromise must be that equality which exists among incommensurable, complementary, and asymmetrical coordinates. What does all this mean?

Fortunately it means something quite simple. A peach and a pear cannot justly be compared. There is no common measure of value; they cannot be superimposed, and you cannot say which is better and which is worse. Exactly the same holds for a horse and a cow, for a chronometer and a microscope, and for a man and a woman. Physiology and psychology set definite limits to their characters and adaptabilities. Each has its peculiar faults and fine qualities. Each may be as good of its kind as the other of its kind and that is all that can be said. There is no sound basis for sex dominance.

In the Driftway

THE New York *World* shows itself to be a true lover of Americana in its scornful refusal to accept the claim of the motor launch Bogie to beating the record of the famous Mississippi River steamboat Robert E. Lee. The Bogie is doubtless a good boat, and her crew is to be congratulated on having made the run from New Orleans to St. Louis in a couple of hours less time than did the Lee in the memorable race against the Natchez fifty-nine years ago. But the record of the Lee still stands, and is unlikely to be either beaten or forgotten as long as steamboats are remembered and the Mississippi still flows from the prairies to the sea. The performance of the Bogie hasn't anything more to do with the record of the Robert E. Lee than the crossing-time of the new steamship Bremen has to do with the best transatlantic passage of the celebrated sailing ship Red Jacket.

* * * * *

IT is good, though, to be reminded of those proud packets of the Mississippi in the 70's which churned up and down the river when it was the great highway of the Middle West. People used to stand on the river banks at night to see the crack steamboats go by, fire pouring from their smoke-

stacks, and crowds gathered at the landings as they do now in New York for the arrival of the Leviathan or the Ile de France. The great days of Mississippi River steamboating were the decade just previous to the Civil War and again for a few years shortly after the conflict—before the railroads finally robbed the river of its trade and its glory. The earlier boats, though fast, were dangerous, and explosions of the boilers in those still primitive days of steam were common. Most of the Mississippi River craft were the "high pressure" type of which Charles Dickens wrote: "It always conveyed that kind of feeling to me which I should be likely to experience, I think, if I had lodgings on the first floor of a powder mill."

* * * * *

THE Robert E. Lee was one of the last and greatest of the crack fleet of Old Man River. The Lee is credited with a speed of eighteen miles an hour against the current and as much as twenty-five miles when running downstream. The steamboat still lives in the song and story of the river and in our own generation was recalled in a bit of early jazz. The Drifter was abroad at the time and was doubly impressed to have the song first reach his ears from the throats of scores of young Cockneys picnicking on a rainy Easter Monday in 1913 on the water-soaked grass of London's Hampstead Heath. (The English never postpone a picnic because of rain. There just wouldn't be any picnics if they did.) Everywhere the Drifter went he found groups of young men and women, weaving back and forth in an improvised dance on the sodden grass, singing a lilting chorus:

Waiting on the levee,
Waiting on the levee,
Waiting for the Robert E. Lee!

* * * * *

ANYHOW the Drifter is glad of the reminder of old times on the Mississippi brought by the publicity gained from the recent trip of the motor launch Bogie. Though racing days may be dead on the Mississippi, there has lately been a revival of the old rivalries on the Ohio. A year ago there was a nip-and-tuck race between two side-wheelers on the Ohio near Louisville and this summer the Tom Greene and the Betsy Ann had a contest near New Richmond. It must have been a perfect race in every way even to the fact that the spectators quarrelled with the verdict of the judges and half of the onlookers went home protesting vehemently that the Betsy Ann had won although victory was officially awarded to the Tom Greene. That sounds like the old river spirit. The accounts which the Drifter read failed to say whether the rival steamboats were side-wheelers or stern-wheelers. He imagines that they were the former, although all the steamboats which the Drifter has seen around Pittsburgh lately have been propelled by one great churning wheel at the stern. Most of these craft have seemed dingy and drooping compared with the vessels which Pittsburgh once knew. For it should not be forgotten that our present metropolis of belching iron foundries and steel rolling-mills was at one time a great town for the building of wooden ships. In the early days of the nineteenth century its yards not only turned out flatboats and steamboats but fashioned schooners, brigs, and even full-rigged ships, which were floated down the Ohio and Mississippi rivers at high water and thus to the sea. THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Whose Vandalism?

[We have received a multitude of letters concerning Max Bahr's article on the destruction of the Münsterwalde bridge in *The Nation* of April 3. From these we select the three following communications as representative, and beg to consider the controversy closed.—EDITOR THE NATION.]

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In *The Nation* of April 3 Max Bahr, a German publicist, signed a brief but fiery arraignment of Polish vandalism and its menace to the peace of Europe. The vandalism of which Poland was accused is the willful destruction of a great bridge, a masterpiece of engineering skill, on the Polish-German East Prussia frontier, for the purpose of annihilating peaceful intercourse between these territories, an act claimed to be open defiance of a treaty.

The bridge across the Vistula, a little south of Gniew (Mewe), known as the Opalenie (Münsterwalde) bridge, was erected in 1909 by Prussia at a cost of more than $4,000,000 (no doubt from Polish taxes). By final decision of the International Commission on the plebiscite for the Polish-German East Prussia frontier, Poland received this bridge and, on the German side, five small villages. If it were true that Poland is exceeding her rights in razing a bridge on her own territory, Germany would have a good case to present to the League of Nations; it is significant that none has been presented.

This bridge, whose depreciated value in 1928 was estimated at about $3,000,000, is being torn down by the Polish government for two reasons, both of which Herr Bahr and other Germans have neglected to mention:

(1) Whatever the conditions demanding the bridge in 1909 were, the traffic at that point was so small in 1927 and 1928 that the passage of each person over the bridge, because of high maintenance expenses, cost the Polish government 425 zlotys, or $50. It is a higher toll rate than individuals will pay, and more than a new government can ask its taxpayers to pay. During 1927 there were only 203 automobiles and 1,554 carriages passing over the bridge, and during 1928 the average daily traffic amounted to 38 persons, which, remembering that on the border each person is counted twice, actually meant 19 (quoting the German figures, which, understandably, are a little higher than the Polish).

(2) Since before the war the bridge standing at Toruń, farther south on the river, through which both Polish and East Prussian commerce is served, has been insufficient to accommodate the traffic at that point. Conditions demand a new bridge, and, although a modern one was desired, the Treasury was unable to furnish it: calculation showed that it would be cheaper to transfer the Opalenie bridge. The steamboat traffic at Toruń in 1927 was, monthly, 81,000 people, and in summer months, increased up to 120,000. The bridge at Toruń monthly was serving 82,000 people, 12,000 carriages, 6,000 automobiles, and 6,000 bicycles (Toruń is not a border city and there is no duplicate counting). In other words, the bridge standing at Opalenie, where it was a heavy burden on the government, if moved to Toruń, would serve 1,400 times more traffic. (The figures quoted are from a statement by the Polish Ministry of Foreign Affairs).

The bridge is being moved and will be ready for use within a year or two at Toruń. Is it not, as the Germans declare, an outrageous piece of vandalism?

HELEN R. MICHEJDA

Giszowiec; Górny, Slask, Poland, July 17

Dr. Bahr's Defense

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Albert Morawski-Nawench tries to ironise my essay about the destruction of the bridge at Münsterwalde saying: "One cannot very well see a threatening of the peace of Europe by this." He is of course misinterpreting my deductions rather violently. Nobody with common sense will assume that there will be a European war because of the bridge of Münsterwalde. But the sentiment marked by such a deed bears in itself the germ of war, that would set Europe ablaze.

Only very short-sighted people may be misled by the description of the small traffic over the bridge nowadays and the high cost to each traveler. Before the war the daily railway traffic amounted to 30, sometimes even 40 trains. At present of course the traffic is smaller. Still, however, from the first of January to the last of June, 1928, 6,796 persons crossed the bridge in 183 days—371 for a day—not 19!

In times of normal peaceful business connections between Poland and Germany the bridge would serve for the nearer traffic of about half the part of West Prussia that remained with Germany—including about 120,000 souls—and a quarter of the part which came to Poland, including about 240,000 souls, totalling 360,000. A look at the map shows a well-developed net of railroads on both sides of the Vistula and in a distance of about thirty miles a number of smaller towns, and a well developed agriculture. Certainly with a treaty of commerce between Poland and Germany also a part of the greater through traffic would have taken its way over this bridge, so that probably more than "five wagons with wood for a sawmill" would pass it. It is rather childish to find the arithmetical sum of nineteen (?) people passing every day to and fro on a bridge that has a value of 26,000,000 zloties with 1,300,000 zloties rent a year, and 232 zloties as the share of the costs per traveler. Poland itself has not spent a cent for the cost, neither does it transfer the value of 26,000,000 zloties to Thorn. To blow up the pillars might cost hundreds of thousands of zloties.

[In the second paragraph Mr. Bahr has made a serious mathematical error which exaggerates the number of persons using the bridge. 6,796 ÷ 183 = 37.1, not 371.—Editor The Nation.]

Lansberg, Germany, July 14 Max Bahr

From a Polish Editor

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: My attention has been drawn to a letter from Mr. H. D. Isenberg, appearing in *The Nation* of June 26, in which he undertakes to bolster up the original contentions about alleged "Polish vandalism" in the destruction of the Münsterwalde bridge across the Vistula. Mr. Isenberg makes the statement that "the railroad from Münsterwalde bridge was virtually the only practical route through the corridor to the fatherland for marketing the agricultural produce of East Prussia." The Treaty of Versailles definitely obligated Poland to give "free transit between Germany and East Prussia through the territory ceded to Poland and through the Free City of Danzig." All questions of railway communications have to be regulated with the participation of Germany. Accordingly, agreement was reached in 1921—not in 1925, as Mr. Isenberg says—naming eight railway lines for this transit through Poland. The line over the Münsterwalde bridge was not one of them. Consequently, it was discontinued eight years ago and the official custom-house figures quoted in the letter of Mr. Albert Morawski-Nawench omitted the record of railroad traffic over this bridge for the excellent reason that there was none. Mr. Isenberg's statement that the proposed ferry—which is not only proposed, but is in operation—can never be an adequate substitute for the bridge, is merely an uninformed opinion.

Documentary evidence of Germany's satisfaction with the rail communications with East Prussia across Polish territory is contained in a published opinion of the Directory of German Railways in Königsberg under the title "East Prussian Economics and Communication Before and After the War." I quote from this publication as follows: "In regard to transit traffic, East Prussia can no longer be called an 'enclave.' The Reich Railways have bridged the way over the Polish transit territory."

New York, July 5 Ignace Morawski

Catullus on Aviation

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In this day of rival flights across the Seven Seas, let us not forget Catullus's immortal reference to aviation in his time! It reads:

Iam ver egelidos refert tepores,
iam caeli furor aequinoctialis
iucundis Zephyri silescit aureis.
Linquantur Phrygii, Catulle, campi
Nicaeaeque ager uber aestuosae:
ad claras Asiae volemus urbes.
Iam mens praetrepidans avet vagari,
iam laeti studio pedes vigescunt.
O dulces comitum valete coetus,
longe quos simul a domo profectos
diversae variae viae reportant.

Emerson assures us that Rome practiced many arts now lost. Flying may have been one of them; if we translate *volemus* literally, of course it was!

Nathan Haskell Dole

Ogunquit, Maine, June 15, MDCDXXIX

[For the benefit of the occasional reader of *The Nation* who may have been too busy during recent years tinkering his radio or handling the controls of his airplane to keep his Latin absolutely fresh, we append Martin's translation of the poem of Catullus to which Mr. Dole so delightfully calls attention. —Editor The Nation.]

A balmy warmth comes wafted o'er the seas,
The savage howl of wintry tempests drear
In the sweet whispers of the western breeze
Has died away; the spring, the spring is here!

Now quit, Catullus, quit the Phrygian plain,
Where days of sweltering sunshine soon shall crown
Nicaea's fields with wealth of golden grain,
And fly to Asia's cities of renown!

Already through each nerve a flutter runs
Of eager hope, that longs to be away,
Already 'neath the light of other suns
My feet, new-wing'd for travel, yearn to stray.

And you, ye band of comrades tried and true,
Who side by side went forth from home, farewell!
How far apart the paths shall carry you
Back to your native shore, ah, who can tell?

The Nation Radio Hour—Every Monday at 8 P. M.
526M.—WMCA—570 K.
August 12—Mr. Mussey
August 19—Mr. Warner

Books

Maine: November

By HAL SAUNDERS WHITE

Outside the wall cut fir-boughs nestling,
A fragrant barricade against the cold,
Wait for increase of winter. Brown vines cling
Along the eaves. Chill window-boxes hold
The whispering ghosts of gaunt geraniums.
The drifted silver of the moon is lost
Where upon deepening windows faintly comes
Premonitory fingering of frost
Against the whitening hour . . . Cold sands blow
Up from the sea and straggling under hedges
Sting the dull grass to hissing as they go.
Threadbare of soil, a moon-lit rock's lean edges,
Holding proud nakedness from burial
Beneath the steely crystals' thin turmoil,
Stand as of right amid a shifting soil
To wait cold comfort in the white snow's fall.

Voyage

By EVELYN SCOTT

I

Upright and proud and isolate,
The mast; already past, the slow land.
Gulls cleave the sky
Into clean remnants of a lost earth motion;
The hooting gulls
That are the carrion angels of the ocean;
The slow gulls who write themselves severely
On the sinking glare,
Turning their pale heads between
Phantom-feathered shoulders and observing
Where all light-ships crash away, extinct.
A thin tincture, a small essence that is star,
A drop, hangs over blued and sooted waters
As they slope and curve and smite
With heavier bludgeoning
The ruddy orchards of the hazy west.
I am alone, and blest.

II

Moon, fine as a shrill whip,
Lashes the clouds,
Shreds gloomy gold
From bitter tendril curled,
Excites a sodden world
To moving tremors.
I feel the waters sway with me.
And all the giddy universe with stars
Beats vastly, like a gale-flapped banner.

III

Over the numb edge of sky
Climb the snow-traveling mountains,
Vapor-fuming,
In ice-grey, running hummocks,
Until the moving Andes has turned white with gale.
Jade-stained valleys, soot-blue peaks,
Milk-gushing springs in marble-curled alleys,
Diamond-smoking, choking with refused reflections
Of sunset like the slag eruption of a cold volcano:
In all this vividness-to-animality,
A hell for exquisites.
Even with the forecast of the night,
When the horizon is harsh horn of shadow scarcely seen,
This gentle bedlam, in its vastness,
Seems serene;
And Death here
In black innocence.

"The Father of the House"

Memoirs of an Old Parliamentarian. By The Right Honorable T. P. O'Connor, M. P. D. Appleton and Company. Two volumes. $10.

THE oldest Member of the House of Commons is called "The Father of the House," and well does dear old "T. P." deserve the name. Not only for his age (and he is eighty-one), but for a certain kindliness and benignity that we should all like to associate with the name of father, no matter how often we are disappointed. I should say that never in his long life has he felt or shown a trace of malice or malignity toward any human soul, no matter how violently opposed upon political opinions or public actions. Most journalists in London have at one time or another known his unselfish helpfulness, and like most journalists, I can speak of it from experience. And now that he is old, though not past work, his friends in Parliament (and that must surely include all the Members) have combined to make him a presentation tomorrow (July 18), partly to show their personal esteem, partly to ensure for him freedom from money cares. For in spite of his persistent labors, and energetic public life, and the numerous successful papers he has started and edited, he remains a comparatively poor man, and, as he told me lately, the fear of poverty still haunts him.

These volumes alone ought to remove that fear for the rest of his life, for I suppose a great sale is certain. So that *The Nation* may have this notice in good time, I have devoted a long day and a long night to reading them, but in any case I should have read them straight through without a break. So absorbing is their interest. Possibly their interest is peculiarly strong to me, for they treat of those terrible years when first I began to turn special attention to Ireland and her piteous condition. But to everyone with a sense for personality and dramatic action their interest must be overwhelming. We find brief introductions from previous years just to show what the Irish question implied (and in fact O'Connor was himself born in the very year of the worst famine, 1848), but the main story is concerned only with those eleven years from 1880 to 1891, marked by the intensely dramatic incidents of the Land League, the Phoenix Park murders, Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule Bill, the Pigott forgeries, and the fall of Parnell owing to his passionate love for Mrs. O'Shea. Other matters of great interest come in by the way, especially the disasters that befell Mr. Gladstone's Government after his triumph in 1880—the conflict over Bradlaugh's refusal to take the oath in Parliament, the terrible fate of Gordon at Khartoum, the danger from Russia on the Indian frontier, and other troubles that pursued that ill-

fated Ministry. But throughout, the main interest of the time was Ireland, and here we have the history of those tempestuous years told by one who was himself a great part of the events, and always stood behind the scene.

How different is such a record from the sneering and malignant sketches by writers who have never in their lives known responsibility or taken a share in action or exposed themselves to danger or even to anxiety for a great cause, but think they have written history and penetrated into character when they have contrived to squeeze from their acrid brains the pungent epigrams that will gain popularity and a big sale for their books. They succeed because the majority of ordinary people like to be told evil of accepted heroes, and to be shown that the noble figures of an age are not much better than their poor little selves. Surely in the last seven or eight years we have had enough of those blow-fly epigrammatists! Here at all events is the antidote to their acidulated depreciation. My one regret in these volumes is that the author quotes from Mr. Lytton Strachey's "Eminent Victorians" one of the passages in which we are shown General Gordon as addicted to brandy and soda. A writer who has probably never suffered heat in his life unless sheltered by sympathetic parasols, has never known thirst beyond the reach of iced lemonade, and probably has never known a moment's danger or risked a hair for a noble object—that such a man should devote his eminent wit to making light of Gordon in a hot and thirsty desert, exposed by day and night to the peril of savage death, and contending for the safety of thousands of fellow men—that may delight the exquisite dwellers in Bloomsbury Square, and it is evidently what the public likes, but Mr. T. P. O'Connor has not followed that popular line.

With patient skill he brings before us all the most prominent figures of those eleven dramatic years—Isaac Butt, Joseph Biggar, Michael Davitt, Tim Healy, Thomas Sexton, John Dillon, Swift MacNeill, Charles Bradlaugh, Randolph Churchill, A. J. Balfour, W. E. Forster, and other friends or enemies of the Irish cause, most of whom I have known, at all events by sight, and some of whom still survive as ghosts of an almost incredible past. But the two figures that stand out most prominently in the drama are Mr. Gladstone and Charles Stewart Parnell. To both Mr. O'Connor was at one time or other politically and even violently opposed, but what an impression of heroic qualities he leaves upon our minds! In the case of Mr. Gladstone this is the more remarkable and the more welcome. For clever writers, from Mr. Lytton Strachey and M. Maurois downward, have chosen Mr. Gladstone as the chief butt of their envenomed sneers, and now every whippersnapper imitates their easy game. They never knew, never heard, never saw that amazing man, but Mr. O'Connor knew him for years, and we who only saw and heard him know the incalculable greatness of the commanding figure. The nobility of his character and the greatness of his intellect shine throughout these volumes, but let me quote only two passages on his personal qualities:

> As he walked up the floor of the House he seemed to be enveloped by a great solitude, so unmistakably did he stand out from all the figures around him. I must add to this description of his extreme physical gifts the wonderful quality of his voice. It was a powerful voice, but sweet and melodious, and it was managed as exquisitely and as faithfully as the song of a great prima donna. If the speech were ringing, it came to your ears almost soft by that constant change of tone which the voice displayed; it could whisper, it could thunder.

Or again, take this brief account of the noble-hearted old man who at seventy-six had led the great revolution of his life—his Home Rule Bill—and just been defeated:

> Gladstone was at his best in his speech [at Liverpool, June, 1886]—playful, argumentative, solemn, all these moods were conveyed in a voice that, in spite of the terrible strain upon it, seemed as fresh as ever. Then he went into the streets and received the same rapturous reception. It was not the first occasion on which I saw proof that the appearance of Gladstone—with his magnificent face, his splendid eyes, the expression at once so benignant as well as so resolute, his broad shoulders, and the sense of vigour and resolution, not weakened by seventy-six years of life—had almost the effect of the trailing of a miraculous saint among masses of idolaters.

After those and many similar accurate descriptions, coming from one who fought in the very thick of the dramatic conflict, perhaps the literary amateurs in politics who have never known what action is had better hold their peace.

The other personality who stands foremost in this absorbing record is the heroic and enigmatic figure of Parnell. I suppose he remains the most inscrutable nature in political history, but here we are shown him more clearly than in any other book known to me, even than in his lover's and wife's own reminiscences. Who could fathom that glacial nature under which stormed so violent a torrent of passion, of love, of hatred, and of utter devotion to the cause of national freedom? No element of tragedy on the grand scale was wanting to his purpose, his struggle, and his fall. As to the cause of that fall, I have never understood how even the most conscientious "Nonconformist conscience" could have greatly condemned—condemned to utter ruin—a man whose love was so natural, so loyal, and so excusable; for no love had ever been lost between Mrs. O'Shea and her contemptible husband. But let me quote Mr. O'Connor himself, though, to his grief—his permanent grief, as I feel assured—he parted from his great leader at the time of crisis:

> At what precise time this evidently growing love between them developed into intimacy is left unanswered, but it must have happened pretty soon. The two people were violently drawn together by a natural affinity, and in soul, in heart, and in body they reached the unity of perfect love as much as any two human beings.

There, unhappily, this notice must end. The Father of the House has lived to see a greater measure of freedom gained for his country than Parnell ever dreamed of. But if those who have the good fortune to be so young that they cannot remember the conflict of the 'eighties as I can would realize what that measure of freedom cost the patriots who fought for it forty or fifty years ago, let them read the record of its inner history in this irresistible account by one who then played a leading part in the conflict.

HENRY W. NEVINSON

Russia Moves On

The Diary of a Communist Undergraduate. By N. Ognyov. Translated from the Russian by Alexander Werth. Payson and Clarke. $2.50.

LIKE his "Diary of a Communist Schoolboy," Ognyov's present "Diary" offers a fascinating and vividly authentic picture of the bewildering social and psychological changes in the student life of Soviet Russia. Against the background of a tumultuously changing milieu and of numerous ailments and contradictions incident to a transition period, the undergraduate's notes reveal a university world stimulatingly perplexing and bizarre and a student body glowingly vital and promising. Twelve years of civil war and revolution have almost eliminated the queer, neurotic, ineffectual, broodingly introspective, morbidly sensitive, excessively cultivated "hero" of the past. The Onegins and the Pechorins, the Rudins and the Oblomovs, the Karamazovs and the Sanins had had no

useful outlet for their energies and were driven into futile sexual sophistications, weird self-analysis, mystical aberrations. But life has changed and the hero has changed. There has been a complete dethronement of the pre-revolutionary protagonist. The contemporary Russian hero is certainly no introvert. "To hell with degenerate reflection!" exclaims Kostya, the fictitious author of the "Diary." "I must work, and keep control over myself and the life around me; I must be constructive not contemplative." It matters little to Kostya that he is repeatedly disillusioned, that Soviet reality is not nearly so beatific as he had imagined, that he is forced to sleep in the park and to wheedle an occasional meal from his bourgeois classmate, that there is a great deal of ugliness and coarseness and maladjustment in the Russian student's life—this, he feels, is a temporary condition; things, though bad, are improving all the while, there is no reason to despair. Frustration? Futility? Doubt? . . . Nonsense! "But there is an outlet for my energy," he exults: "Science. Socialism. Struggle." He must work, and build, and organize, and conquer. Indeed, he is, in the words of the *intelligent* Shahov, "a round and oily ball, and will pass, like a croquet-ball, through all the gates"; he has no tragic edges, no acute angularities.

Of course, the old has not yet been completely eradicated. In addition to the distressingly cynical and individualistic student Korsuntsev, his gormandizing and bibulous uncle, the lascivious and empty-headed Zizi, the diaphanously attired "fox-trot" lassies, the secret circle of vapid mystics, the distracted princess, the pious shoemaker, and others, there is the "triangular" intellectual Shahov who is unable to get rid of the past or to become part of the present or to see anything but "nonsense" in the future, and who escapes the terrific strain of irremediable inner contradictions by ending his own life; there is also the idealistic old teacher N. Ozhegov (incidentally, this name is strangely similar in sound and derivation to the author's name) who finds himself in a "Hamlet dilemma . . . crucified on the crossroads . . . while life goes rushing past him, bringing new creative forces to the surface . . . ."

Poor Ozhegov is a typical member of the revolutionary intelligentsia and, despite his popularity with his Communist pupils, is so utterly wretched in this raucous proletarian world that his mind almost gives way under the pressure. Significantly enough, Ozhegov is finally saved from insanity and suicide by contact with the village, the peasant. In his letter to Kostya with which the book is concluded, Ozhegov writes lyrically:

> We keep forgetting that there is this vast, immense Russia, the rural Russia on whose crest we are living. . . . When I see the blue outline of a wood against the snowy horizon, and somewhere in the distance the lights of a factory, and when the little horse pulls the sledge through the deep snow, with the driver and myself, and mail-bags full of complaints and applications and facts and orders and information and money, I suddenly have a dim vision of my home country, and I sometimes whisper to myself:
>
> Onward, dear Russia, onward!

Thus, contrary to all dictates of artistic unity, is the diary of a *Communist* student concluded with what sounds like a veritable *nationalist* rhapsody. There is a subtle discrepancy here, a scarcely perceptible shift of emphasis from the proletariat to the peasant, from urban to rural ideals. And it makes one wonder, since Ozhegov apparently speaks for Ognyov, whether the prominence given to his patriotic effusions reflects the Communist author's conscious or unconscious personal attitude or whether this subtle substitution of Russia for the proletariat is symptomatic of a widespread tendency in Soviet life and in the Russian Communist Party.

JOSHUA KUNITZ

More from the Front

War. By Ludwig Renn. Translated from the German by Willa and Edwin Muir. Dodd, Mead and Company. $2.50.

THE blurbs on the jacket and band around this book say it is very fine. I agree. It is the simple, sincere and candid narrative of the experience at the front of a German N. C. O. of infantry. It is offered by the publishers as non-fiction. It reads like fiction. Why not? Fine fiction seems real; actual experience, when handled with literary skill, tends toward fiction.

One would not expect, in such a book, a note on the art of writing. Yet on pp. 140-141, when the book carries the reader behind the lines for a brief period of rest, the author allows himself the following comment:

> About writers it struck me how arbitrary was the order in which they set down their words, in spite of the fact that there is an obvious inevitability about the arrangement of words, which must be set down in the exact order in which the reader is to feel them. For instance, not "a green, over-several-knolls-rising meadow"; for one has to know first that it is a meadow, and so the word "meadow" should come at the beginning of the sentence.

That is how the book is written. The author has taken care of his words. He understands, too, the value of the appeal to the senses of sight and hearing (in so far as literature can appeal, by association, to the eye and the ear). To wit:

> . . . I covered the nearest man. Shots rang out.
> I pulled my trigger.
> He fell.
> I loaded again.
> Hartmann shot.
> Some of our men came racing up behind us.

And again:

> The shells crashed, and burst, the ground shook.
> Whizz! Something flew close over my head and behind me into the valley.
> Bang! rat-a-tat! Bang!
> I crouched lower.
> My ears sang.
> Something or other hit my helmet.
> I drew the blanket quite over me.
> Bang! Whack! Crash! Bamm-bamm-bang! Rat-a-tat! B-rrr!
> . . . And if one of them hit you—you would never notice it, no pain even—simply be finished with it. What was so terrible about that, after all?

Isn't there order in those passages? Don't those words appeal to the eye and the ear? Everywhere in the book are scenes which are like visual and audible images of war.

"War" lacks the philosophic perspective of Remarque's "All Quiet on the Western Front." It is perhaps not so great a book, although no one can yet judge with any certainty of that quality between the two. Renn's story strikes me, however, as more authentic than Remarque's. Renn's descriptions of actual combat, and of the front, are truer, more real and accurate. As I read "War" I did not have a feeling, as I did with "All Quiet on the Western Front," that it was occasionally unreal. As a transcript of war Renn's book has the greater value. It is, too, the braver of the two volumes.

The translation by Willa and Edwin Muir is excellent, far better than that of "All Quiet on the Western Front." In fairness to the latter, however, it must be said that it was by far the more difficult to translate. The reviewer has read both books in the original and in English.

JAMES B. WHARTON

Tales of Success

John D., A Portrait in Oils. By John K. Winkler. Vanguard Press. $2.25.

An American Business Adventure: the Story of Henry A. Dix. By Mark H. Dix. Harper and Brothers. $3.

An Inside Story of Success: Life of William Burnette. By Neil McCullough Clark. Doubleday, Doran and Company. $2.50.

The Life of George Chaffey. By J. A. Alexander. The Macmillan Company. $7.50.

NO capitalist in history has stirred up more universal hatred against himself than John D. Rockefeller, and in no case has the white heat of people's passions cooled down to such a degree of frigidity with the passing years. "John D." is taken for granted, and the abundance of his ill-gotten gain now enriches our institutions of higher learning and medical research and foundations "to promote the well-being of mankind throughout the world." His dimes go to the thousands of his humbler fellow-countrymen whom he encounters on his occasional trips from one palatial estate to another.

Mr. Winkler's contribution does not consist in the originality of his material but in his way of bringing to life an almost forgotten figure of the pioneer days of American industrialism. We see young John borrowing money from his rascal father at an exorbitant rate of interest to launch a commission business in Cleveland. With the first discovery of oil in Pennsylvania, his keen nose for money scents profits. One after another, he gathers about him with unerring judgment the men best fitted to play his game. On Sunday he teaches Sunday-school classes, carrying out his God-given Baptist mission with the same zeal he shows in what he regards as his divine call to become a millionaire.

Secretly he undermines all competitors. Before the world or his adversaries are allowed to know it, he has put over a deal with the railroads which makes competition practically impossible. At length the truth is found out and his opponents and an infuriated public opinion unite against him. But he is already a multi-millionaire possessed of power greater than the strength of court edicts and editorials. The great Standard Oil Company is dissolved into its component parts, in each of which John D. holds a controlling interest, and the colossal plunder goes on as before.

When John D.'s health is well-nigh ruined by the nerve-racking struggle, direction of his empire is entrusted to his son. This upright Christian business man comes to be regarded as a liberal capitalist. He even promises the leaders of a strike in the Rockefeller Colorado Fuel and Iron Company that he will investigate their ills. Down into the mines he goes, in overalls, eats with the workers, discusses their problems—and presents them with a "Republic of Labor" to quiet their troubled spirits. This device staves off the onslaughts of trade unionism and the Rockefeller profits continue pouring into the family coffers. Ivy Lee becomes the master magician to handle public opinion. Foundations for giving away money are organized. At last everybody is satisfied! And the Rockefeller dynasty is worth today well over a billion dollars.

The picture is completed with a few strokes of Mr. Winkler's brush, showing John D., III, in his Princeton dormitory; Nelson a sophomore at Dartmouth, and John D., Sr., at home on his $3,000,000 estate at Pocantico Hills. The old man's tradition will carry on in his amazing progeny, in whom are combined the Rockefeller traits of lust for money, shrewd judgment of men, and the utmost piety and Christian virtue.

The "American Business Adventure" described by Mark H. Dix stands in sharp contrast to this tale. Here was a man who refused to allow his business to expand beyond the limits of human control, a man who really had the interests of his workers at heart and who finally turned his clothing factory over to a directorate of men who had risen from the ranks of workers. Henry A. Dix deplored certain methods of some labor leaders but in general approved of trade unionism, although his plant was never organized.

The "Life of William Burnette" is another *American Magazine* success story, told with delightful naivete. Readers of *The Nation* will not be likely to rush to it eager to get the inside dope on how to achieve success by selling aluminum.

"The Life of George Chaffey" can be helpful only to persons interested in irrigation.

ROLAND A. GIBSON

Deux Ex Machina

Make Everybody Rich: Industry's New Goal. By B. A. Javits and Charles W. Wood. B. C. Forbes Publishing Company. $3.00.

ONE of the most interesting contemporary commentators on our machine civilization is Mr. Charles W. Wood, author of "The Myth of the Individual." In that book he pointed out that man is a social animal; that his individual significance is derived from his participation in the thought and activity of the group; that in the economic field he as an individual can only profit, ultimately, by serving the group; that business is wrong in supposing that we can all make a living by taking in each other's washing; that industry, the machine, which follows the severe logic of the physical sciences, is far more intelligent than man because it obeys the logic of the universe; that this logic entails progressively more efficient production, the elimination of waste in distribution, and the increase in demand through the increase of wages. Mr. Wood's latest extension of this thesis appears in a book written in collaboration with B. A. Javits. In this book he develops his theory into an energetic and well-argued plea for the repeal of the anti-trust laws, which hamper the logical march of industry toward a millennium in which everybody will be rich—and in which, presumably, the machine, freed from legislative and other human impertinences, will automatically tell us what to be and do. One's basic criticism of Mr. Wood is implied in the last clause. It would seem that he wholly ignores the metaphysical problem, which includes the problems of leadership, of government, and of human choice and self-determination. Furthermore, do his facts add up to the dizzy hope which he offers us? Industry, the machine, has been freed to a considerable degree. The Sherman and Clayton laws are only minor impediments in the speech of the machine, which tells us in the clear and definite language of statistics that the rich in this country are becoming very much richer, and no happier; that the poor are becoming a very little richer during the intermittent periods when the machine permits them to serve it—and no happier. Granted that Mr. Wood does not blink this problem of machine-made unemployment; he even guesses that it is connected with the crime wave, and is probably right. But for a solution he is obliged to turn not to the machine but to familiar liberal concepts of human good will and intelligence. Is Mr. Wood's doctrine anything but a new version of laissez-faire—a new rationalization of the machine, which is so much easier to rationalize than to govern. I wish I thought so. Yet Mr. Wood has contributed importantly to our understanding of the machine. Perhaps, indeed, the machine *is* God. But that doesn't relieve us of the job of reconciling the ways of God to man.

JAMES RORTY

Epic of the Banana

The Romance and Rise of the American Tropics. By Samuel Crowther. Doubleday, Doran and Company. $5.

THIS is the saga of the United Fruit Company, "one of the great civilizing forces of the century." Mr. Crowther, coauthor with Henry Ford of "My Life and Work" and "Today and Tomorrow," with A. B. Farquhar of "The First Million the Hardest," and with Harvey S. Firestone of "Men and Rubber," pays his smiling respects to the old conquistadores, gives a chapter to the great duel between William Walker and Commodore Vanderbilt, and summarizes the histories of the Central American republics and of Colombia; but he hits his stride only when he reaches Minor Keith, Victor Cutten, and the United Fruit. The formation of the United Fruit Company he ranks as more important than the enunciation of the Monroe Doctrine. He is quite right.

His conclusion is curiously like that of a very different book —Dr. Wilhelm Bitter's "Die Eroberung Mittelamerikas durch den Bananentrust." The two histories agree that without political and military intervention the great banana company has molded the life of whole nations and is reshaping their destinies as part of an economic unit centering in North America. But what a difference in approach! Dr. Bitter is a cynical German; Mr. Crowther a warm-hearted hundred per cent American. The fact that of the first 2,200 Americans whom Minor Keith imported to help him build a railroad in Costa Rica, 2,175 died of fever, would, had he known it, have disturbed Dr. Bitter; to Mr. Crowther it merely provides a setting for the heroic fact that in twenty-seven years in the tropics Minor Keith never needed a doctor. It would not be fair to stop with that, though it is indicative of Mr. Crowther's habit of mind; the saga of the United Fruit is the story of one of the great movements of history. The United Fruit and Minor Keith's other enterprises have turned malarial jungles into rich plantations, created an economic structure which may well become the basis of stable government in the Caribbean, and largely solved the sanitary problems of the region. The banana is as important a factor in Caribbean history as oil, and despite the occasional tone of a house organ, Mr. Crowther has assembled and correlated a mass of important material and made it readable.

LEWIS S. GANNETT

Chinese Portraits

Fièvre jaune. By Simone Téry. Paris: Flammarion. 12 francs.

"YELLOW FEVER" Simone Téry calls her book on China, which makes one wonder whether she would not like, retrospectively, to call her excellent book on Ireland "Green Sickness," for surely the Irish "trouble times" were the mere maidenly chlorotic ailments of a young nation compared with the violent scourge now raging in China.

Mademoiselle Téry begins her book with a backward glance at Ireland, and a sort of sight that all revolutions cannot be so devoted, comprehensible, and successful. But she faces the facts, and indeed nobody ever went more courageously in search of them. She spent a year in China, and of course she is well aware that the "facts" in that country are not politely yielded up to strangers with a year, or with many years. But she reports vividly what she saw and the result is a book which renders China less unfamiliar—no small thing that!

The way she does it is to go intrepidly in search of the personalities labeled Chiang Kai-shek and Wang Ching-wei and Kiang and Yang and Pei Chon-chi, and many others of the deciders of Chinese destinies. These she makes human. There is no nonsense about her. She wants to see a certain leader; she is told it is impossible, dangerous; she finds him, nevertheless, unearths an interpreter, and talks to him (or her, for there are "hers" too in the Chinese troubles); and once Mlle Téry has her eye fixed on the interviewee, she carries away a sense of that person which she conveys in strokes as simple, strong, and skilful as a Chinese brush-drawing.

Besides these there are landscapes in her book, endless plains dotted with cemeteries, cities in ruins and cities with an incredible multiplicity of human beings. There is the strange, sad little scene of her visit to the fifteenth concubine of a general who, for once, bears a familiar name—X. There are horrors of famine and flaying torture, and large anonymous mass executions. "If the Chinese weren't so afraid of dying," a Chinese woman said to her, "perhaps they wouldn't be killed so much." After seeing General Chiang Kai-shek, and noting his lack-luster patriotism, she exclaims: "I have heard other accents elsewhere. Arthur Griffith, Michael Collins, Erskine Childers, how differently your voices pleaded your cause!" But, as she admits, to be a Chinese patriot is a bit like asking a European to be a European patriot, to die for Europe.

SIGNE TOKSVIG

Psychology and Education

Difficulties in Child Development. By Mary Chadwick. The John Day Company. $4.

Psycho-Analysis and Education. By Barbara Low. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.25.

WHEN a fellow sets out to own and run a car, he has a number of safeguards against the emergencies of such an adventure. He has a guaranty as to how the car is going to pan out and three or four kinds of insurance against his own mishandling of the machine. He has in addition to this a little book that comes in the right-hand pocket to tell him what to do in case all kinds of unexpected crises occur. When a fellow sets out to be a parent and bring up a child, however, he is not nearly so well protected. He has no guaranty whatever as to how this strictly non-returnable offspring will turn out, and no insurance of any kind against his own blunders in management. His only hope perhaps lies in a little book to tell him what mistakes he is likely to make and how to mend them. Just such a little book is "Difficulties in Child Development" by Mary Chadwick. This is a practical handbook and if it discourages the reader by suggesting a great many things that may go wrong with children, it has also a good supply of antidotes to keep them from proving fatal. The author is by no means an alarmist but one who sees childhood realistically rather than sentimentally or theoretically. Her point of view about education is modern and—as follows almost axiomatically—her attitude toward parents critical. As between parent and child or teacher and child her sympathies are uniformly on the side of the child.

The chapter on Types of Those in Charge of Children is an interesting one. It describes the characteristics of adults that make for certain methods of mishandling of children. Among the undesirable parents which the chapter includes are the jealous, the over-conscientious, the sadistic, and the sentimental. We all know them among our friends.

Another chapter which makes a contribution to the subject in hand is the one on children's games and phantasies. In this is pointed out quite ingeniously and convincingly the relation between the games of children and the more or less universal

phantasies of which they are symbolic. The patterns of adult day dreams would seem to be woven on the same warp. It is evident that the author's acquaintance with psycho-analytic theory is not new. She has digested her Freud well and tested and retested, by application to everyday children, the ideas which often come to us raw and unrelated to real life situations.

Barbara Low's book on "Psycho-Analysis and Education," unlike that of Miss Chadwick, is a purely theoretical work. It shows the author's grasp of her subject, and makes a moderate though thoroughly conventional exposition of the Freudian psychology. It has the odor of a doctor's thesis and, remembering her former volume of a similar nature, one wonders what compulsion has driven her to write her dissertation a second time.

Her subject is clearly and logically developed but seems to be all bones and no meat. The volume bears the stamp of a typical disciple of Freud who, in order to be true to the master, dares not introduce an original idea nor propound even the most orthodox complex without quoting chapter and verse: "couched in Freud's lucid and terse style" is as automatic as "your majesty" or "your honor" in their required places.

ELISABETH IRWIN

Japanese Ideals

Nippon Shindo Ron or *The National Ideals of the Japanese People.* By Yutaka Hibino. Translated with an Introduction by A. P. McKenzie. Cambridge University Press. $3.

"NIPPON SHINDO RON" goes far to explain the type of mind the middle-school student of Japan exhibits on graduation. Through this book and others of a similar nature he has been taught that his race is a favored one; that the gods, of whom his Emperor is a direct descendant, have blessed the country and its people; that his country boasts the most fertile soil; that the generals, writers, artists, and statesmen of his country are the most able; and that his schools, institutions, and society are ideal. Isolated statements from chapters of this book will serve as examples:

> *On Aspirations of the Subject.* Subjects have no thought but to obey the will of the Emperor and serve the interests of the state with their might, seeking only to fulfill their high obligations.
>
> In time of danger we are ready to die at the Emperor's command. There is no greater honor for a subject than to offer his life for his country's cause.
>
> *On Loyalty.* Should worm-like foreign reptiles dare insult the dignity of the Emperor or pollute his virtuous name the spirit of heaven and earth cannot refrain from meting out punishment, nor can his subjects withhold their indignant ire.
>
> *On Connubial Accord.* As there is but one supreme authority there cannot be two Emperors in the land. It is equally self-evident that there cannot be two heads to a family.
>
> If husband and wife cannot live peacefully together the family is destroyed and the nation injured.
>
> That the husband should command and the wife submit, thus establishing the wholesome home and forming the healthy constituents of the nation, is the true teaching. . . .
>
> *On Mastery of a Profession.* It is absolutely essential to consider the bearing of this selection upon the general question of the prosperity of the nation.
>
> *On Development of Intellect.* By a careful cultivation of our intellectual faculties we shall be deemed worthy to unfurl the Banner of the Rising Sun freely and confidently among nations of the world.

The Japanese Department of Education has authorized the use of "Nippon Shindo Ron" as a textbook for all middle schools. The author, Mr. Yutaka Hibino, founder of the Ikuye Commercial College, Nagoya, formerly principal of the First Government Middle School, Aichi Prefecture, and member of Parliament, states in his preface to the third edition: "For twenty years I have endeavored to plant these conceptions firmly in the hearts and minds of the scholars intrusted to my care." It is significant that all recent editions of "Nippon Shindo Ron" include laudatory marginal notes made by General Maresuke Nogi, hero of the Russo-Japanese war.

WILLIAM L. NUNN

The Vanished Gaucho

Don Segundo Sombra. Por Ricardo Güiraldes. Buenos Aires: Libraria El Ateneo.

NOT since the epoch-making innovations of Rubén Darío's "Azul" and "Prosas Profanas," more than thirty years ago, has a more interesting work, from the technical standpoint, been produced in Spanish America than Ricardo Güiraldes's novel, "Don Segundo Sombra." It meets every requirement of the new "dehumanized" art; the action is slight, diffuse, devoid of climax, creating at times the sensation of a motion picture *al rallenti.* The subconscious psychological impressions and motives are sought after and insisted upon. The language is difficult, deliberately, and the syntax elliptical and arbitrary. The plot is so frankly romantic that it becomes the satire of a plot, the old cliche of the long-lost son and missing heir reduced ad absurdum, to show how unnecessary a plot is—a modern contention. And yet, remarkable though it might seem in a book of this type, it is not interesting alone as an example of the newest literary art; it possesses a vital and eternal significance for the Argentine nation. In what may often seem aimless pages Güiraldes has fixed for all time the enduring charactristics of the gaucho. The nameless hero of the book—Don Segundo Sombra is his mentor—exists by virtue of his one ambition: to become the embodiment of those qualities considered essential in a good gaucho, and the story is the account of this *werden.*

The gaucho has disappeared from the reality of the Argentine, engulfed in the flood of immigration and the economic development of the past sixty years. But he lives as a legend, an ideal, haloed by all his virtues and with most of his vices transmuted, cherished by every son of the Argentine. His songs, his dances, the history he has made, the very defects of his language have permeated the fiber of his country's civilization, and he has been and is being immortalized in every phase of its culture.

HARRIET V. WISHNIEFF

Books in Brief

Danger Zones of Europe: A Study of National Minorities. By John S. Stephens. London: Hogarth Press. $2.

This is a small, but highly important book. It is a study, as scholarly as it is frank and fearless, of the plight of the national minorities of Europe as an instance of international injustice and an occasion of future war. Against the background of "nationality in the nineteenth century" and the part it played in the Great War, Professor Stephens presents the disabilities and oppressions suffered by minorities at the hands of conquerors to whose rule they were committed by peace treaties whose every safeguard of mercy and of right is now being so wantonly violated. If one would know the difference between the Fascist and the Bolshevik dictatorships, let him read the story here set down of the South Tyrol. While the people of this unhappy region are enduring at the hands of

Mussolini iniquities unknown since the Middle Ages, in Russia "the claims of nationality are satisfied as in few other countries." There are solutions of the problem, clearly outlined by the author, but their acceptance by such nations as Italy, Poland, Rumania is altogether unlikely. Meanwhile the League of Nations, legally and morally responsible for what is going on, does nothing at the behest of the guilty Powers which control its Council. Professor Stephens is a trained historian, close bound to first-hand data. Just for this reason his survey of these "danger zones" is of great and terrible significance.

Life and Labor in the Old South. By Ulrich B. Phillips. Little, Brown and Company. $4.

This volume of social and economic history of the American South before the Civil War is based on years of research in original source material. Its scholarly character is notable; it is, besides, absorbing reading. Perhaps only one serious omission has been made by Professor Phillips. While the South was almost universally agricultural, the trend toward industry did make itself felt significantly, if slightly, before the War. A discussion of such phenomena as the enterprises of William Gregg, whose life was recently written by Broadus Mitchell, would have made this good book better still. The volume, incidentally, was awarded the Little, Brown and Company prize of $2,500.

The Era of the French Revolution. By Louis R. Gottschalk. Houghton Mifflin Company. $4.

Professor Gottschalk is a leader among American historians devoting themselves to the study of France. His compact and soberly written handbook of almost 500 pages, with its excellent bibliography and other apparatus, is as useful a volume on its subject as America has produced.

Adam, the Baby and the Man from Mars. By Irwin Edman. Houghton Mifflin Company. $2.50.

Mr. Edman's book, one is happy to say, is not so bad as it at first appears to be. The rather silly name, the two or three extremely commonplace essays that are placed first, and the use of several such titles as Religion for the Faithless, Reason for the Rapturous, and Sentiment for the Cynical, cannot help but prejudice the reader. Edman has, however, something to say. In guiding himself by the ideal he holds out for others—"the tough mind and the gentle heart"—he has laid perhaps a trifle too much emphasis on the latter quality, but he has not altogether forgotten the former. His goal is the preservation of the virtues of the past without any sacrifice of the virtues of the present, and in carrying on this mediatorial function he proceeds with marked discrimination and with an honesty that is rare in reconcilers. He is not trying to lure us into the surrender of what the modern spirit has gained, but he does warn us against giving up more than is necessary. On many points he is in agreement with Walter Lippmann; on others his urbane and sympathetic treatment of problems of belief and conduct supplements the more rigorously systematic approach of the "Preface to Morals."

Little Caesar. By W. R. Burnett. The Dial Press. $2.

"Little Caesar" tells rapidly and well, in a brisk, unemotional, reportorial style, the story of the rise and fall of Rico, Chicago racketeer. In essence it is an effective synthesis of the recent flood of gunman literature, adding little (because there is little enough to add) to the by this time conventional hard-boiled interpretation with which plays such as "The Racket" and "Broadway" have familiarized us. Aside from its casual realism and the fact that its characters possess no moral virtues, "Little Caesar" is not radically different from any good action-and-adventure story. The locale has shifted from the Wild West to the Chicago underworld, and the hero, instead of winning the girl, receives a bullet through the heart; but the main narrative lines are similar. The book makes excellent light reading, is cordially recommended as such; and has elicted the warmest and most serious tributes from the more literary critics.

Poor Women! By Nora Hoult. Harper and Brothers. $2.50.

These tales, which recount the emotional or practical defeat of five women, are excellently written, with sympathy and clarity; but many readers will feel, I think, that they but feebly illustrate the author's thesis. "Poor Women!" though it stresses no note of propaganda is, in a sort, a feminist document. Miss Hoult would wish to show that her heroines' failures are due to their tragic dependence on men and on their anomalous positions in a man-made world. Actually her poor women are not so much enslaved by man-made conventions as by the weakness of their own intelligences. They are indecisive, priggish, cowardly, stupid; and their male counterparts, hampered by the same intellectual handicaps, would probably encounter analogous defeats. The perception of the fact does not lessen the reader's admiration for Miss Hoult's talent, which is real; it merely changes the object of his sympathy from "poor women" to "poor creatures"—which would have been a better title for the book.

The Lady is Cold. By E. B. White. Harper and Brothers. $2.

Mr. White—known to the readers of the Conning Tower and the *New Yorker* as E. B. W.—in addition to being a skilful versifier with a rare sensitiveness for words, shows in this book flashes of poetic distinction. He possesses much of the bite and sting of Dorothy Parker with none of her sardonic bitterness, and his lighter verses have all of the fantastic whimsicality and none of the mawkishness of A. A. Milne. He is a poet who will bear watching.

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ANNOUNCEMENT

NEXT WEEK

The Nation will issue a special

SACCO-VANZETTI NUMBER

International Relations Section

Color in the Caribbean

By ARNOLD ROLLER

FORMS of human society belonging to different epochs, and races whose original habitats were separated from each other by many thousands of miles are set side by side as in an ethnological museum, in the islands and territories of the Caribbean.

Around the great American lake bordered by the Antilles, Central America, Colombia, and Venezuela, skins of nearly every color can be found: "pure" whites of exclusive Spanish ancestry with a slight infusion of Jewish blood from the *Maranos* who fled to Spain's colonies from the Inquisition in the mother country; full-blooded Haitian Negroes, reddish Indians, swarthy Hindus, light and dark Chinese, ashgray, yellow, golden, brown, and bronze mulattoes, *mestizos* and *zambos* in all their subtle shades. And in general each color and shade represents a different social class—the lighter the higher—in each of these countries, which otherwise differ remarkably in their social structure.

The population of Cuba is 70 per cent white and near-white, the remaining 30 per cent consisting mainly of Negroes and dark mulattoes, with a sprinkling of Chinese peddlers and merchants in the cities and, in the country, almost black Chinese mulatto peasants (half-breeds of Chinese and Negroes, called *chinos del pais*). Sociologically, Cuba is a combination of modern capitalism and agricultural feudalism. Enormous sugar plantations with modern American-owned sugar mills run by Negro peon labor, in the interior, contrast strangely with the ultra-modern wharves, warehouses, hotels, department stores, and factories, a large middle class, and a vigorous labor movement to be found in the capital and large cities.

A short airplane trip brings one to Haiti, where a social and economic structure which disappeared long ago in less isolated countries still survives. Here a pre-bourgeois society is engaged chiefly in agriculture by primitive methods. The upper strata, less than a tenth of the population, are mulattoes of varying degree; the remaining nine-tenths are illiterate, full-blooded Negroes who carry on their agriculture within a system of semi-patriarchal family communism of African derivation, to which they returned after the expulsion of their French masters.

These "families" often include three or more generations and their kin, numbering sometimes as many as two hundred members in all. When a young man finds a wife and builds a house he is allotted a plot by the head of the "family" for cultivation. These parcels cannot be sold and revert to the family in case of death, emigration or neglect. The per capita ownership is less than one acre. About half of the total area cultivated in this manner is state property, and comparatively few peasants have titles. From the legal point of view most of them are squatters—sometimes for hundreds of years—but nevertheless squatters who can be driven from the land because, according to Haitian law, occupation and possession of state lands does not create ownership.

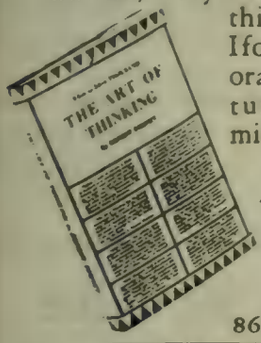
In view of the efficient system of land titles which it is expected will soon be established under American administration, loss of their land seems imminent to a large proportion of the Haitian peasantry. The state has power to fix a rental of six per cent of the sale value of the land, which is also established by the state. If a high price is offered, the six per cent is prohibitive to the peasant. Since he can offer no legal title of ownership, and since the peasant seldom has any cash, it is very simple to expropriate him whenever his land may be considered useful for large concessions to be granted by the state. The expropriated peasant becomes a laborer, for twenty cents a day, on the newly created plantation, or emigrates to find work elsewhere in the Caribbean.

The upper class of highly educated mulattoes in Haiti consists of landowners, government officials, doctors, and lawyers. This aristocracy speaks the pure French of educated Paris. The peasants who speak "Creole"—an Africanized French patois mixed with Spanish—do not understand the language of their masters. There is no middle class, no industry, no crafts, and the few stores in the capital and the larger towns are almost all owned by Syrians who are ostracized by rich and poor alike. "Syrian" is as much an insult in Haiti as "Dirty Jew" in Poland or Rumania. For this reason the Haitian Syrians call themselves "Christians from Palestine." Peasants and aristocracy have practically nothing in common, and their respective residences contrast picturesquely. Port-au-Prince with its many wooden houses on stilts, looks as if it were in the middle of a jungle or a lake infested with snakes.

Draw an imaginary line through the island and go ten hours by motor or much less by airplane to the Dominican Republic, on the western side of the island. It might be said that the strata of human society missing in Haiti have settled in Santo Domingo. Here the population is largely of the lower middle class, living in small towns of Spanish type, and supported by moderately wealthy peasants and landowners. The capital, with its stone houses and grated windows, its parks, and its old, massive public buildings might be a provincial capital in Spain. Education is much more general and the national language, Spanish, is spoken by peasant and bourgeois with equal correctness. Though the upper levels are usually lighter, all shades of color are represented among city dwellers and peasantry alike. While Haiti is overpopulated, the Dominican Republic, which has twice as much territory, has only one-third as many inhabitants. The peasants have much more land than the Haitians and their larger purchasing ability is the basis of the moderate prosperity of the middle classes. The peasants here wear shoes. They do not carry their bundles and parcels on their heads, as do the Haitians. They are neither black nor white, nor, indeed, are they the color of mulattoes in the United States. They are bronze brown, and represent a new race formed by the amalgamation of Spanish-Indian *mestizos* with Spanish-Negro mulattoes and quadroons. Most Dominicans have Spanish features, brown complexion, and straight or wavy but not kinky hair. They consider themselves white, since they have no outstanding Negro features. For this reason, although they desire immigrants, they want Spanish migrants, and are hostile to black newcomers.

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But foreign capital is arriving in Santo Domingo. With it, inevitably, will come the establishment of large concessions for agricultural plantations on a large scale, followed by imported immigrant labor. This labor will be black, for Negro labor is cheaper and more plentiful. The process of Africanization with its attendant race friction to be observed in Cuba, where the sugar companies import every year tens of thousands of Jamaican or Haitian Negroes, will be duplicated in Santo Domingo.

In the American-owned island of Porto Rico, the population is more than 70 per cent white, 23 per cent mulatto, and about 4 per cent pure black. The whole island is one immense American plantation. While Haitian peasants lead an incredibly miserable life according to our standards, yet they live in their own way and satisfy their modest wants. Porto Ricans earn more but peasant proprietorship, which prevailed in the island before its annexation by the United States, has practically disappeared. The hustling, busy cities boast of modern industries, labor organizations and a large foreign population. The port of San Juan is very lively.

But only 15 per cent of Porto Rico's wealth is in Porto Rican hands. The island is overpopulated, yet almost all the land belongs to American companies. An unbelievable proportion of the population is reported unemployed most of the time. Of the 1,300,000 inhabitants one-fourth or 300,000 go barefoot, and are continuously on the verge of starvation. Many Porto Ricans see their only salvation in migration, and there are probably 100,000 in New York City alone. The Dominican government invites the white Porto Ricans, but the more numerous and prolific blacks and dark mulattoes migrate more often. They go wherever industry and agriculture call for labor.

To the south of Cuba and Haiti lies the British colony of Jamaica with its English-speaking Negroes of a cultural level not much higher than that of the Haitians. Jamaica, also very densely populated, is a great source of labor for the large American sugar and fruit plantations in and around the Caribbean. Jamaicans are imported not only to countries where labor is scarce, but even to overpopulated Haiti with its many thousands of landed peasants and unemployed workers. Many sugar-mill and plantation owners find that it is easier to deal with Jamaicans who speak English, than with Haitians, who know only Creole. Furthermore they can be used against the natives whenever these show signs of dissatisfaction. Last year's bloodily repressed strike in the banana district of Colombia, which is about 65 per cent white, caused the United Fruit Company to replace unruly Colombians with imported blacks from Haiti and Jamaica, and the company applied recently to the Colombian government for permission to import ten thousand Negro laborers.

Fears for the future of Costa Rica, the "whitest" of Central American nations, are expressed in a late issue of the well-known Costa Rica magazine, *Repertorio Americano*. The forthcoming construction of the Nicaragua Canal, part of which will run along the San José river, which is on the frontier between Nicaragua and Costa Rica, will bring thousands of foreign workers and sudden prosperity to Costa Rica. The workers who will be required on the Costa Rican side of the canal, for erection of buildings and fortifications, will most probably be Negroes brought from the Antilles. The lands around and near the canal district will be bought up at good prices. More and more land will be bought by American sugar and fruit companies and finally the country, which at present with its 600,000 inhabitants counts 125,000 landowners, will be changed into a nation of landless proletarians of no definable race or nationality, not even with a language in common. They will be mixed with the thousands of Negroes, Chinese, and mulattoes who will immigrate in the wake of the new and temporary prosperity. A small nation of 600,000 may easily be denationalized and absorbed thus into the one great Caribbean colony.

In Panama, where, before the construction of the canal, only Spanish could be heard, as much English is spoken now as Spanish, and these English-speaking inhabitants who form a large part of the population are Negroes from the West Indies who necessarily are making an imprint on the social and racial structure of this heretofore Latin American republic. Negro laborers in Panama are paid as many Panamanian silver dollars, worth half the gold dollar, as the whites receive in American gold, for the same work.

This shifting of races and language groups in the Caribbean will have far reaching results. The Caribbean republics will tend to be de-nationalized. The Negro strain, inherited from Spanish colonial slave days, of which these countries hoped to free themselves by the absorption of white immigrants, will be strengthened.

Differences will be wiped out and the Caribbean countries may become, in effect, a series of large-scale plantations, the darker inhabitants forming a semi-slave or peon labor class.

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MR. SNOWDEN'S OUTSPOKEN ATTACK upon the Young plan, in the conference at The Hague, was both unexpected and disconcerting, the more so because he spoke with the full approval of the MacDonald Government. Unfortunately, the complete text of Mr. Snowden's speech on August 6 was not cabled to this country, and the public could not know fully upon what facts or claims he based his severe criticism of the plan. Nor have we as yet the correspondence that was exchanged between the governments when the Young committee was appointed, and so cannot tell whether, as Mr. Snowden is reported to have alleged, the committee was debarred from changing the percentages agreed upon at Spa in July, 1920, for distributing reparation payments, or was subjected to any other restrictions. The New York *World* remarked the other day that if France had been the one to raise objections it would probably have been taken as a matter of course, but that a vigorous dissent voiced by Great Britain was promptly greeted as something surprising. As this issue of *The Nation* went to press the situation seemed to be one calling for a suspension of judgment until all the facts were known. It might at least have occurred to the correspondents who filled their dispatches with hostile criticism of Great Britain that the MacDonald Government was not likely to kick the Young scheme to one side and condemn Germany and Europe to an indefinite continuance of the Dawes plan without reasons. At the same time the correspondents only expressed the general feeling of disappointment, shared by *The Nation,* at the possibility of the wreck of the Young plan, a scheme which had been accepted by representatives of all the nations concerned and embodied a definite settlement of the ten-year dispute over the war debts and reparations.

SEVEN YEARS AGO the British proclaimed Egypt "an independent sovereign state," but they simultaneously informed the Powers that nothing was changed by this form of words, that they would continue the "special relations" with Egypt "long recognized by other governments" and, in particular, would continue to police Egypt and to protect foreign interests there. In other words, Egypt was sovereign and independent except as concerned her internal and external affairs. Since that declaration British troops have on sundry occasions seized the Egyptian customs, marched up to the parliament house, taken over control of the Sudan, and forced dissolution of Parliament. These facts are important to recall as the background of the new Anglo-Egyptian proposals. The new agreement begins with another fine phrase: "The military occupation of Egypt by forces of His Britannic Majesty is terminated." It continues by explaining that this does not apply to the shores of the Red Sea and the banks of the Suez Canal, that Egypt must be Britain's ally in peace and in war, and in the event of war *or the menace of war* must furnish England all assistance and facilities within its power. It makes a definite change in entrusting the protection of foreigners in Egypt to Egypt; and it appears to restore the Sudan to its legal status as before the British ultimatum of November 22, 1924. These are real concessions by the British, but they are far from what the Nationalist Party has long demanded; and the Egyptian premier who signed them is a puppet representing a party which has never been able to control more than a third of the Egyptian Parliament. Hitherto he has been maintained in power by the very British troops which dissolved the Parliament. It remains to be seen whether with these concessions, and with control of the governmental machinery, he can elect a parliament which will ratify the agreement.

WHILE THE NEGOTIATIONS for the settlement of the Russo-Chinese quarrel over the Chinese Eastern Railway were deadlocked at Manchuli, Moscow was thrown into an anti-imperialist frenzy by a report from the Tass (Russian) news agency that Secretary Stimson had made "a confidential proposal to Britain, France, Japan, Germany, and Italy that they, with the United States, should institute a six-power control over the railroad and nominate a foreign manager with full authority, who should be a national of a country not directly interested in the railroad." Later dispatches declared that all the Powers ignored or repudiated the suggestion. Whatever may be the truth of the report, there is no prospect of such a project

being carried through. We have learned by past experience that the intervention of Western Powers is not welcomed in Manchuria, even if it is designed to prevent a war. Philander C. Knox proposed in 1909 that international bankers should advance the money to China for redeeming the Manchurian railways, but Russia and Japan blocked the plan, and they are likely to block any similar plan in the future. Japan insists upon maintaining her dominant economic position in Manchuria, and Russia refuses to trust her interests to any coalition of Powers that are hostile to her fundamental purposes. Since there is no international body impartial enough to satisfy both China and Russia, the hope of peace seems to rest entirely in the good sense and reasonableness of the negotiators of these two nations.

ACTING ON THE ADVICE of a majority of his committee, Senator Smoot has withdrawn his plan for a sliding scale of sugar duties, whereby the duty would increase as the world price of refined sugar fell. The storm of protests stirred up by the increase of sugar rates in the House bill gave the Utah Senator a good chance to put forward his scheme, which was designed, we were told, to stabilize the price of sugar (needless to say, at a high point). Both theory and experience indicate clearly enough that the prices of agricultural products cannot be stabilized by any such device, but that made no difference. The producers who were to be benefited by the plan would have none of it, however, so it was sorrowfully abandoned, and Senator Smoot appeared once more in his familiar role of advocate of flat duties on sugar, though up to the time of going to press he had not stated what they were to be. Nobody, in Congress or out of it, is giving much attention, apparently, to the really important question, namely, is it worth while to shove up the price of sugar and thus encourage the development here of an uneconomical beet industry to the point where it will supply most of our consumption at high prices, or do we prefer to take advantage of the warm sunshine of the tropics and have cheap sugar? One might think that those arch opponents of sweets, the cigarette manufacturers, were directing our sugar-tariff policy.

VIRGINIA, the mother of Presidents and sugar-cured ham, will achieve another distinction next November in holding an election for governor which will be an actual contest. Heretofore the Democratic primary has been the real election and the voting in November a mere ratification. But the fight of Bishop Cannon of the Methodist Episcopal Church South against Al Smith and Raskobism in the Democratic Party has upset the old tradition. Bishop Cannon some time ago induced the anti-Raskob Democrats and the Republicans to nominate a single candidate for governor in William Moseley Brown, professor of education and psychology at Washington and Lee University. The regular Democrats have now nominated John Garland Pollard, dean of the school of government and citizenship at William and Mary College. Had the primary vote reached 175,000, the figure four years ago, the election in November would have been conceded to Mr. Pollard, but only about 150,000 ballots were cast, which in the opinion of the experts means a real fight at the polls next autumn. "Who's Who" says that Mr. Brown is a Democrat, a Presbyterian, and a Mason, while his opponent is a Democrat, a Baptist, and a Mason. It might have added that they are both Drys. So whatever happens the next governor of the Old Dominion will be a Democrat, a Protestant, a Mason, a Dry, and a college professor—which is a good deal. And doubtless Virginia will continue to supply us with sugar-cured ham—which is more.

SIGNS CONTINUE TO MULTIPLY that the South is at last awake to the social disgrace of labor conditions in its cotton mills. All the chief mill owners of Gaston County, North Carolina, made famous by the Communist-led strike, have recently reduced their hours from sixty to fifty-five a week without a proportionate reduction in wages. The eleven-hour day will continue in the mills, but workers will have two days of rest each week. This is an indirect victory for the strikers, who, even in defeat, advertised their grievances so well that public opinion brought pressure upon the mill owners. That new public opinion was evident at the Institute of Public Affairs at the University of Virginia, where Southern speakers led the attack upon Southern labor standards. Bruce Crawford, editor of *Crawford's Weekly* of Norton, Virginia, declared:

> The Elizabethton disorders revealed that the paramount issue in the South is recognition of the right to organize. The mill owners will grant appreciable wage increases and make certain improvements in working conditions, but they stubbornly refuse to recognize labor unions. In a day when everybody from the manufacturer to the bootlegger belongs to an organization, how gullible the workers would be to repudiate their leaders, the detested organizers, and undertake to fight their battles alone!

WE NOTE WITH PLEASURE the presidential address delivered on July 31 by Sir Thomas Holland, rector of the Imperial College of Science in London, before the British Association for the Advancement of Science in session at Johannesburg, South Africa. Sir Thomas calls attention to the striking fact that the British Empire and the United States between them produce more than two-thirds of the minerals annually consumed by the world, and goes on to suggest an agreement between these two countries not to export mineral products to any nation violating the Kellogg pact. Under these conditions, he suggests, no war could last long. It is not the proposed extension of the Capper resolution, interesting and suggestive though it is, that we wish to commend, but the attitude of responsibility toward public affairs disclosed in Sir Thomas's suggestion. Natural scientists in recent years have been too prone to assume that they have no particular concern as to what is done with their discoveries. Our chemists, for example, devise more and more deadly poison gases and turn them over to governments, apparently with a clear conscience. The scientist as pure scientist perhaps is not concerned with the application of his findings, but the scientist, like the rest of us, is a citizen and a member of the state, and he has no more business than anyone else to help his state do wrong or to shirk responsibility for helping it do right. Natural scientists have more than once gone sadly astray in their excursions into economics and politics, but it is a wholesome sign when they accept their full responsibility and do not attempt to shirk their duty as citizens by pleading their immunity as scientists.

A CENTURY AGO the first steam locomotive to be put into actual service in this country went puffing and snorting out of Honesdale, Pennsylvania, over the sixteen-mile railway of the Delaware and Hudson Canal Company to Carbondale. It was the Stourbridge Lion, imported from England. The steam locomotive has been the greatest single factor in the industrial evolution of the United States, and it has been more important to us than to any other nation in history. It arrived just at the moment when we had subdued the Atlantic seaboard and were looking for means to press westward over a stretch of 3,000 miles traversed by only one east and west river of any consequence—the Ohio. Yet progress has been so amazingly swift in transportation that three new kinds—of major importance—have come to us since the steam locomotive: the electric car, the gasoline automobile, and the airplane. And the centenary of our first steam locomotive finds us occupied not with it but with the fact that every family in the United States—statistically regarded—has an automobile and is hoping one day to have an airplane. Yet the railroad is far from demoded. Beside it the airplane is still only groping after passenger traffic and makes no pretense of handling freight. The motor bus, the privately-owned automobile, and the truck have cut deeply into the short-haul passenger business, and to a lesser degree into freight traffic, but for long distances and large shipments the railroad seems likely to hold its own for an indefinite time. Not so much can be said for the steam locomotive. Electrification of our railroads is one of the strong probabilities of the power age which we are entering. The second centenary of the steam locomotive may find it only in museums.

TRAGEDY AT SEA comes in many ways, but the way which is the most awful (in the word's original sense of inspiring awe), and at the same time the most agonizing to those who have loved ones on board, is that which receives the least attention in the press and therefore makes the smallest ripple on the surface of the world's emotions. We are thinking of the ship which simply disappears. The newspapers write nothing of her because there is nothing to write. There is no fire, no wreck, no collision to chronicle. The ship leaves port, is spoken once or twice, perhaps, and then . . . After a while she is reported as overdue and friends of those aboard become anxious. Then anxiety turns to fear, and finally to despair. There is little or no newspaper comment because there is no crisis, no event to record. A day comes finally when the ship is posted as missing, but long before that, hope has faded and even memory has begun to blur. Who in this country, for instance, knows that the Danish training ship Köbenhavn, the world's largest sailing vessel, cleared from Buenos Aires last December, was spoken a week later, and then disappeared from human ken with her company of sixty-seven men and boys. Had we had news of the loss in some definite way it would have gone on the first pages of the newspapers all over the world. As it was, the tragedy just slipped by unnoticed. The last news we saw was an inconspicuous dispatch on June 26 saying that a searching vessel had visited the island of Tristan da Cunha, had shown the inhabitants photographs of the Köbenhavn, and had been told that the ship had been seen drifting by, deep in the water and apparently abandoned. Probably there will never be anything else to tell.

HERE IS SOMETHING NEW in sales resistance. In looking over the August issue of the magazine *Chile,* which has just come to our desk, we chance upon the following significant information:

> The Government of Chile is not looking with favor on proposals of American companies to introduce the use of chewing gum on a wide scale into Chile. The Government's views have found support in the press, which recently has published articles attacking the chewing-gum vice. It is also known that higher duties on the article are contemplated to offset any efforts of manufacturers to popularize the use of gum through advertising campaigns. In the opinion of Chileans not every American custom is a desirable one to imitate, and Chileans prefer to continue a moderate indulgence in their famous wines and abstain from chewing gum than to become dry and chew gum.

In the name of an imperiled chewing-gum industry, what does all this mean? We have already sent the Federal Trade Commission a complaint against the Chilean Government, asking the issuance of a "cease and desist" order. If this move is unsuccessful, we shall next apply to the Prohibition Unit for a padlock order. It is not merely the business aspects of this affair, however, bad as they are, that exercise us, but the lack of Pan-American cultural unity. "In the opinion of Chileans, not every American custom is a desirable one to imitate." And pray why not? Time will bring them to reason, however. They are dealing with a $60,000,000 industry which without thought of selfish gain has already set every American jaw in motion. It now seeks to extend its service even to the remotest lands, and we would remind recalcitrant Chileans that Holy Writ itself predicts the trade's ultimate triumph; for in the outer darkness where the stiff-necked will finally reside "there shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth."

VICTOR L. BERGER, dead at the age of sixty-nine in consequence of injuries sustained when a street car ran into him several weeks ago, was an eminently useful and high-minded citizen whose loss *The Nation* keenly regrets. He was so integral a part of the German-American Socialist movement centering in Milwaukee that it is difficult to conceive of it apart from him. Born in the old Austro-Hungarian Empire, he came to this country at the age of eighteen and earned his living in a variety of ways until 1892, when he became the editor of a German-language weekly in Milwaukee. In 1911 he started the Milwaukee *Leader* as a daily, and continued as its editor up to the time of his death. It is the only Socialist and labor daily newspaper now printed in English in the United States. Mr. Berger was elected to the House of Representatives in 1910—the first Socialist to go to Washington. He was reelected in 1918, but before he could take his seat he was convicted under the espionage law for opposing the war, and when the House met in the autumn of 1919 he was ousted. In 1921 the United States Supreme Court reversed the verdict against him, so he never actually went to jail. Mr. Berger will be remembered rather as an able expounder and defender of accepted Socialist doctrine than as a creator of it. He was a good-natured and humorous fighter, but uncompromising in his principles when a serious issue was at stake. He will be missed among those who are working for a better America.

The Decline of Massachusetts

WHAT has happened to Massachusetts since the execution of Sacco and Vanzetti on August 23, 1927? Has retribution been visited upon the State more swiftly and surely than any one would have predicted? Is the fear of the last two years, the mental and moral bankruptcy of her leadership, the result of the shocking injustice which she perpetrated in the face of enlightened world opinion? Or was it the previous existence of this decay that made the tragedy possible?

As usual it is difficult to disentangle cause and effect. No doubt there is a mixture, and while we may not be able to separate it we can take note of it. For it is a striking phenomenon. Since 1927, at least, observers cannot have failed to notice the flabby mental and moral fiber of a State which was once the great source of much that was most vital in American thought and action. Massachusetts, there she stands! Stands for what? Once she stood for liberty, enlightenment, humanity. Today—obsessed with timidity, incapacity, and obscurantism—she stands for a censorship of books and plays which has made her a joke in the rest of the United States; for restrictions upon freedom of speech and assemblage which would have turned the Minute Men against her; for opposition to progressive movements within her borders while at the same time she complains of the palsy that has attacked her industrial life.

Whatever may have been the decadence of Massachusetts in 1927, it had not been much observed or commented upon. If the State has not been in the process of spectacular deterioration in the last two years, it has at least acted so as to reveal its weakness to the world in an unprecedentedly open and rapid fashion. In an article elsewhere in this issue Waldo L. Cook relates some of the fumbling and fatuous attempts within the space of a year to seal up and cause to be forgotten the tragedy of Sacco and Vanzetti. It was part of a deliberate campaign decreed immediately after the executions. At that time the Boston *Herald* wrote editorially:

> The chapter is closed. The die is cast. The arrow has flown. Now let us go forward to the duties and responsibilities of the common day with a renewed determination to maintain our present system of government and our existing social order.

In other words the attitude of Massachusetts was that right or wrong she would not reexamine or repent. She adopted the policy of the Closed Mind. And having closed her mind in one direction she began naturally to close it in others, denying herself the vitalizing aid of progressive ideas of other sorts. It is not merely of Sacco and Vanzetti that Massachusetts has refused to hear in the last two years. The ridiculous Watch and Ward Society of Boston has returned to activity after a long period of comparative quiet, and the list of books which it has been able to ban from public sale has been a cause of wonder and mirth in more civilized parts of the globe. A praiseworthy effort was made in the Massachusetts legislature last winter by a group of intelligent editors and other persons to change the law whereby a book may be barred as obscene because of a single word apart from its context. The effort failed. The absurd law still stands which makes it impossible to plead the general tone or purpose of a book in its behalf—the statute which brought about the suppression of so important a work as Theodore Dreiser's "An American Tragedy."

We told last year something of the difficulties of the committee in Boston which set out to get a hall for a Sacco-Vanzetti memorial meeting. The owners of halls generally were unwilling or afraid to hire their facilities to the committee, but after many fruitless efforts Mr. Furash finally opened his Scenic Auditorium for the meeting, and it was held without interference, although later there was a threat —never put into effect—to prosecute Professor Horace M. Kallen for blasphemy because of certain of his remarks. This year the committee again engaged the Scenic Auditorium, but it was so damaged by fire recently as to make a change of plan necessary. The committee has applied to all the halls, theaters, and hotels in Boston, capable of seating 1,000 persons—more than thirty-five in all—and its applications have either been denied or ignored. Faneuil Hall and the Old South Meeting House—the latter supposedly a sanctuary of free speech—have both been refused. Advertisements have been placed—after difficulties in obtaining their insertion—in several Boston newspapers, all without result. The committee has decided, therefore, to shift the meeting to New York City, and it will take place at the Town Hall at 8.30 p. m. on August 23. We urge our readers to give the meeting their fullest support.

William Sloane Kennedy, a stalwart Massachusetts liberal and the author of a long shelf of books, who was drowned on August 4 when in his seventy-ninth year, wrote an article for the *Lantern* just before his death from which we quote the following:

> The legal murder of these poor gentle-souled Italians, against whom all kinds of trumpery and ridiculous evidence was admitted to court, was like an earthquake leaving a deep zig-zag crevice running through society. On which side of the new line do you now belong? That is the important question for every soul in the world. I shouldn't wonder if this lurid beacon fire, this auto-da-fè on Beacon Hill, should be the rallying banner, the pistol shots of Boston policemen the detonator to initiate eventually a world-wide revolution. These poor trembling cowards of tyrannical Brahmins, the broadcloth mobs, may find they have set the world afire; in their folly thrown their match into an infinite mass of inflammable material.

Massachusetts as yet shows no realization of the crime she has committed against humanity. But retribution is at work nevertheless. Massachusetts is not what she once was. Her greatness is on the decline, but her only defensive action so far is to stop up her eyes, ears, and mind against her fate. It is a pitiable spectacle, but we can see only one way to escape further decadence and disaster. If there is still enough intelligent leadership in the State to count, it must attack the cowardly and hopeless policy of the Closed Mind. Massachusetts must again begin to listen to truth—even when it hurts. That is the only way to check her decline and to prevent the necessity of chronicling some day her fall.

Baby Motor Cars

THE announcement in the New York *Times* of the invention of a new baby motor car that will retail for $200 has aroused much interest and some horror. Into the troubled sleep of traffic officers such an invention will bring nightmares reminiscent of the plague of locusts; and city planners who have dreamed of ridding our streets of congestion during this generation will throw up their hands in despair. But if the car fulfills its introductory promises, America will buy it and let the consequences take care of themselves.

Psychologically the coming of a $200 motor car to the American market may be a good thing for us; it may be a healthful antidote to our expensive habits of emulation. As a people we have been oversold on costly cars in recent years until the automobile has become as much a means of economic display as a vehicle to transport human beings. In fact, conventional attitudes toward the automobile have gone through a complete cycle until in a sense we are back where we started from in the early years of this century. In those days, when the first cars were being marketed, common folks leaned out their front windows and stared with undisguised envy at the socially elite as they chugged by in high horseless carriages, dusters, and goggles. For a long time it was distinctly dangerous for any politician who sought labor votes to own a limousine. Then, when motor cars became relatively cheap, snobbishness and conspicuous waste declined, and for a time it was entirely honorable to own a Ford.

But the automobile ad writers were not content. They made raids upon our vanity and told us how desirable it was to keep up with the Joneses. "Own a car worthy of yourself and your position in life," ran the legend. The vaudeville wise-crack, "That isn't a car, that's a Ford," did its deadly work by a million repetitions. When Henry Ford changed his old model he surrendered to the new urge toward luxury by making better cars for more money instead of equally good cars for less money. Now we have reached the point where literally millions of Americans scorn all the cheap models and buy "real cars" on the instalment plan when they have no financial reserve for sickness and old age, and often no funds for good books, good music, and vacations.

Perhaps a $200 car will bring us back to saner standards of expenditure. The new baby car, which is the invention of James V. Martin, has several features which may revolutionize automobile manufacture and eventually force down the price of larger cars. It has no chassis and no chassis frame. Each wheel is suspended separately in such a way that it can absorb the shock of rough jolting without affecting the other wheels. With a wheelbase only slightly longer than half that of the smallest Ford, this car, if present plans are carried through, can be shipped from mail-order houses to customers in a packing case, and housed permanently in the case as a garage. Any burly male can lift a corner of it and insert the jack. Its capacity to travel fifty miles an hour over rough roads without discomfort to the passengers is vouched for by the automobile editor of the New York *Times*.

Whatever may be the effect upon the American market of the perfection of such an automobile, there can be no doubt that the advent of the tiny underslung car is long overdue in this country. American travellers in Europe have noted the awkwardness of the high-built American machines when compared with the graceful, beetle-like cars which run about the British and Continental countryside. The essential reason for the difference in design no longer exists. The height of our cars was originally determined by the depth of mud-holes in Arkansas and the size of obstructing boulders in Arizona, but with the advent of a network of hard-surfaced roads such hazards are now so rare that designers can well afford to ignore them. Already, in fact, a tiny British car, the Austin, with a wheelbase considerably smaller than the smallest Ford, is scheduled to invade the American market.

In the present stage of traffic development cheap motor cars are much more important for Europe, South America, and the Orient than for the United States. Americans can and will continue to buy high-priced automobiles, but in most foreign nations the level of income will not permit the common citizens to buy even our cheapest models. A Chinese farmer could scarcely buy a Ford roadster with the cash income of a lifetime. Russia has only one automobile to every 6,980 people; Great Britain's ratio is one to thirty-two, and ours is one to five. The difference is largely due to differences in wealth. A $200 motor car, by touching the common man's pocketbook, may bring to foreign countries that revolution in road building and community living for which the Model-T Ford was largely responsible in this country. If this revolution comes to foreign countries, it is to be hoped that they will teach us how to keep motorists from living together in big cities and all going downtown at the rush hour by the same route.

The Muzzle in China

THE treaty-port press of the Far East is a phenomenon unique in the history of journalism, and the foreign correspondents in China today occupy a position utterly unlike that of their colleagues in Western Europe. These newspapers and these correspondents are not subject to the ordinary domestic laws of China. Because the outworn system of extraterritoriality persists, they are subject only to the laws of foreign countries. Indeed, many Chinese newspapers have in the past taken advantage of this anachronism, reorganized themselves under dummy foreign corporations, and in political crises have claimed the foreign protection accorded to foreign business. That system was so flagrantly unjust that it no longer works, but the vice of extraterritoriality persists. Up and down the coast of Asia these citadels of foreign pride continue to flout native sensibilities.

The *North China Daily News*, for instance, the leading British newspaper in China, is published on the Bund in the International Settlement of Shanghai. Its editor is a cultured Englishman who lived twenty years in China before he began to cultivate social relations even with the most distinguished members of what he regarded as a decadent and inferior race. On the day after the Shanghai shootings

of May 30, 1925, he had the audacity to demand—from the Chinese, who had been shot down by British police!—"Unconditional Surrender." He belittled the Nationalist movement as long as possible, and called for British troops to invade China to stop it when it became formidable. It is utterly inconceivable that the Paris editions of the New York *Herald,* the Chicago *Tribune,* or the London *Daily Mail* should criticize the French Government with such persistence or acidity, and it is doubtful whether a foreign-language newspaper in America which printed such criticism would be permitted to pass through the mails.

Recently the Chinese Government ordered the Post Office to refuse to accept copies of the *North China Daily News* and of its weekly edition, the *North China Herald,* and instructed the customs service to prevent copies from leaving Shanghai on ships of all nationalities. The *North China,* thereupon, set up a loud shout for the freedom of the press and circulated throughout the world what it called "An Account of the Endeavors of Nanking to Suppress the Truth About Affairs in China." In the end, apparently, it promised to be good and was restored to the mails.

The Peking *Leader,* an American-owned and edited paper, is in a somewhat different position. Its editor, Grover Clark, has aspired to be a sort of foreign conscience for China. He has sympathized, in general, with the Nationalist movement; he has at times trenchantly criticized his own Government; he has also criticized the Nationalists. For that, apparently, he is to be punished. It is reported that a censor has been planted in the *Leader's* office. That seems to us silly; but we cannot share the passionate indignation of those who feel it a peculiar insult to subject an American newspaper in China to a measure of the rigid control exercised over all its Chinese colleagues.

The Chinese Government has attacked along another line, asking the American Minister to deport four American newspapermen whom it regards as persistently and unfairly unfriendly. One of these is Hallett Abend of the New York *Times,* whose acumen in analyzing Chinese politics has been blunted by a pathological hate of the Nationalists which has repeatedly led him into mistaken dismal prophecies. Another is Charles Dailey of the Chicago *Tribune;* a third is Rodney Gilbert, dispenser of gloom to various British papers. These three men all write from Peking; and it is difficult for any newspaperman, visiting daily the legations in the lovely abandoned capital, to have anything but a distorted and jaundiced view of China. The fourth of the "unfriendly" correspondents, the versatile George Sokolsky, is a familiar figure in Shanghai, editor of the *Far Eastern Review*—which in its advertising and in its editorial columns seems to reflect Japanese rather than Chinese interests—and author of vitriolically illuminating articles in the *North China* upon the Chinese politics in which he dabbles.

None of these men, of course, was or will be deported. The American minister, much as he may sometimes have wished to do so, has no power to order Americans out of China. And the Chinese Government, under the extraterritorial laws, is also powerless to deport them, or even to punish them should they openly violate China's laws. Italy, Spain, France, Russia, Mexico, and Rumania can deport, and in recent years have deported, American newspapermen. In China alone foreign newspapers and newspapermen retain a privileged status, superior to the Chinese themselves.

Enter Cupid

LOVE, we hear, can conquer even a Japanese *nako-odo*—love and a flood of Hollywood motion pictures. Once the *nako-odo* was the most dignified functionary of the Japanese marriage system, the man who brought together the family with a surplus maiden and the family with a surplus male and ultimately sealed the bargain. Now he is suffering from technological unemployment. Who wants a *nako-odo* when he (she) can do the job himself (herself)?

The decay of the *nako-odo* has been gradual. In the orthodox book of Japanese marriage it was written: "In choosing your *nako-odo* you must be as careful as you are in choosing your wife or husband; he must be a person of respected social standing whom you may treat all your life as your counsellor, guide, superior, and friend." That is what the book said. In real life the picture was a trifle more shabby; the taint of high-pressure salesmanship crept in. A correspondent who writes under the name of Santoro in the Tokyo *Trans-Pacific* describes the decline of the *nako-odo* as follows:

> There are many things in life of which we should beware; the hands of a pickpocket, the horns of a bull, the hind legs of a horse, the eyes of a widow, the promises of a statesman, and many others. Not the least ticklish thing about them is the lying tongue of the *nako-odo,* or the match-maker in marriage. The office of the *nako-odo,* once held in great respect, is somewhat at a discount in these days of increasing love marriages. Time was once when marriage without *nako-odo* was regarded as disreputable as fornication, and when it was thought that every person, to be a full-fledged respectable unit of the nation, must perform the office of *nako-odo* at least three times in his life.

Sometimes the work of the *nako-odo* was arduous. Proverbially, says Mr. Santoro, he wears out a thousand sandals "walking to and fro between the homes of the bride-to-be and the groom-to-be, telling ten thousand little lies to make the two parties glad of the coming event." And then, if they are not glad of the event and the marriage ends in disaster, the poor, harassed *nako-odo* is dragged into the family quarrel as arbiter, and in case of failure reproached as villain. Occasionally through *shinju* (double suicide) a young couple repudiate the marriage-maker so directly as to bring lasting shame upon him.

Now the waves of our aphrodisiacal culture have beaten upon Japan for a generation. Clara Bow and Greta Garbo have illustrated what the Western missionaries have ceremonially sanctified; sex attraction is out in the open and marriage by personal choice is known to be the established system in the most "advanced" nations of the earth. Perhaps, says the younger generation of Japan, this thing called love isn't all mutual hypnotism; perhaps it is as sound a basis of satisfactory marriage as the studied wisdom of the family.

So Japan is in for an era when she will sample love as a social value. In the dim distance one can see the Japo-Victorians, the Nagasaki Cabells, and the Tokyo Neo-Freudians. Can it be that the Japanese in the days of their troubled liberty will look back longingly to the golden era of the *nako-odo?*

It Seems to Heywood Broun

MABEL WALKER WILLEBRANDT has contributed some interesting factual information upon the subject of prohibition, but when she ventures into surmise and interpretation her findings seem to me less sound. For instance, Mrs. Willebrandt has picked up one favorite belief of the reformers without stopping to weigh its validity. I refer to her assertion in a recent article that most violators of the Volstead Act are inspired largely by a desire to show off. This we have heard before. It is a favorite cry of the crusaders against the cigarette and more particularly of those propagandists who would discourage women smokers. Again and again the country has been assured that women puffed and blew rings for no reason save a desire to attract attention to themselves.

By now this argument should have lost all force. Surely it is no longer news if a woman smokes a cigarette. In the New York community, at any rate, such a performance has completely lost all shock value. I am willing to waive the question of whether the habit is good or bad. My insistence at the moment centers merely upon the assertion that by now woman has definitely proved that she smokes from precisely the same impulse which animates the male—she happens to like it.

It must be that reformers grow restive under the accusation that they are prone to fly at all things which are pleasant. They meet that charge by insisting that the joys supposedly associated with the minor vices are wholly spurious. Here, for instance, is Mrs. Willebrandt trying to convince me and others that the friendly cocktail is merely a device for the propagation of exhibitionism.

People who see the drink habit so insecurely rooted live, I believe, in a fool's paradise. Perhaps there was some extra added kick once upon a time in the fact that the stuff was contraband. I will not deny that I thrilled eight or ten years ago at such times as I stood before some fast-barred door and knocked to say, "It's all right, let me in, I'm a friend of Bob Beasley's." Possibly each drinker, then, did have a sense of being devilish and daring. But, Lord bless you, Mabel, that psychology went out these many years ago. Illicit drinking is by now more than ten years old. Such of us as have known prohibition man and boy for a decade cannot be expected to feel romantic about things which have become so utterly familiar.

Nor do I believe at all that cocktails are merely a fashion established by the idle rich. There is hardly a home in all the land so humble that it will not afford synthetic gin when guests arrive. From the dry point of view the tragic thing about prohibition enforcement is not so much the fact that an articulate minority is in revolt against the law as that very many millions have managed to forget that it exists at all. It is my guess that America is politically dry. The Anti-Saloon Leaguers are probably correct in declaring that no wet can be elected president of the United States. One takes a risk in making this prediction for all time but it seems a good bet for the immediate future at least. But many false generalizations can be reared upon this apparent condition. Mr. Hoover's vast majorities cannot justly be attributed to the sincere and sweeping desire of the American public for a bone-dry nation. Al Smith was in a most unfortunate position. He could hardly lead a political revolution against aridity since no such thing existed. Millions of voters calmly endorsed the advocate of the experiment noble in purpose because they had complete confidence that nothing which Mr. Hoover had to say about liquor would have any actual effect upon prevalent conditions. Indeed, the attitude of wet Republicans was not wholly without logic and even sportsmanship. It seemed to them that there was no particular point in kicking a law when it was down.

It is foolish to call the Volstead Act oppressive when it touches the lives of most of us with such exceeding dimness. The man who sits in a comfortable speakeasy and slowly drinks his Tom Collins can hardly be expected to rush out and man a barricade in the cause of personal liberty. It is naturally difficult to convince him that he has lost any inalienable right. To be sure, gin costs more than in the days before the country went dry. Mr. Wickersham's Commission can save itself a great deal of time and trouble by taking the current price of this liquor as an index of the efficiency of enforcement. In communities where gin is high it is fair to admit that the agents are actually on the job. When the price falls prohibition is not working. As the result of some self-sacrificing researches of my own I am prepared to state that post-prohibition gin costs just a shade more than double the pre-Volsteadian beverage. This is not a very important rise in a country where the standard of living is constantly on the upgrade. Wages have practically kept pace with gin, so the suffering is not acute.

Of course, the quality of the fluid has fallen off, but it is nonsense to assume that nothing but the finest was served in the days before the government stepped in to poison the wells. There is not much to choose between the cocktail of today and that which our fathers knew. Beer, however, is in rather a bad way. To this extent Volstead and his followers have succeeded almost up to their hopes. Indeed, the act might well have been labeled, "A bill to discourage the drinking of good beer in favor of indifferent gin."

Nevertheless, I quite agree with the boast of the prohibitionists that the country is better off. The saloon was generally a dull and humdrum place. And its facilities for coeducation were limited. The modern speakeasy is brighter, gayer, and far more stimulating. Who, I should like to know, wants to put his foot on a brass rail when it is his present privilege to sit in a wide chair before a spotless table? Mrs. Willebrandt lacks sufficient personal contacts. A well-wisher would much enjoy escorting her to some of the better places in New York. If she still insists at the end of such a tour that all the smiling people round about are only trying to be smart I will agree to eat the entire edition of the newspaper in which her article appeared. That is if I may be permitted to remove the comic section.

HEYWOOD BROUN

Forgetting Sacco and Vanzetti

By WALDO L. COOK

THE desire to forget Sacco and Vanzetti, after their execution two years ago this month, gripped Massachusetts. The men were dead. Nothing that could be spoken or written or done would make them live again, even if, as a minority firmly believed, they had been victims of an appalling misadventure in our criminal courts.

But events have not permitted us to forget.

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The extreme sensitiveness of the Boston authorities concerning the "good shoemaker and poor fish peddler" has been betrayed more than once within a year. In view of the general desire to forget, it was surprising to read one August morning a year ago that the police had initiated a prosecution of Dr. Horace M. Kallen of New York City for blasphemy, or some such crime, in his address the previous evening at the Sacco-Vanzetti memorial meeting. That gentle philosopher, who would gladly have faced his accusers, was quickly absolved at police headquarters, and the prosecution was dropped. Yet Police Superintendent Crowley's literary censorship of the Boston book and magazine trade has seldom served us with a more appetizing sensation.

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When autumn had followed summer, the literary consequences of the deaths of Sacco and Vanzetti were more than ever in evidence.[1] Nothing could prevent the authorities from taking action calculated to bring some of these works to the attention of the Massachusetts public. When a copy of the "Letters of Sacco and Vanzetti" was unexpectedly presented without ceremony to Governor Fuller in front of the State House, immediately after the inauguration of his successor in office, he angrily threw the volume to the sidewalk; and none of us could help reading about so dramatic an incident in the newspapers. Upton Sinclair must have suffered the keenest disappointment of his life in the failure of Superintendent Crowley to ban the sale of his novel. For already "Gods of the Lightning," which ran for weeks at the Little Theatre in New York, without being stopped or even noticed by the New York authorities, had been condemned by the corporation counsel as unfit for presentation on any Boston stage.. Why this discrimination?

In view of the special sensitiveness of South Boston as well as Back Bay Boston, of the Boston of Mr. Curley and Mr. Fitzgerald as well as the Boston of the Harvard and Union clubs, of Suffolk county as well as Norfolk county, to the least provocation in this matter, Mr. Deland's condemnation would have had some justification in the danger of rioting on account of the play's volcanic emotional appeal. "Gods" gives no standing room to a coldly detached neutrality. But the reasons advanced and elaborated by the corporation counsel were mere pretexts for the play's suppression. Boston, unlike New York, was not equal to the strain of the play's presentation, and liberty was sacrificed.

So we have been forgetting Sacco and Vanzetti by having "Gods" barred from our State capital while Mr. Sinclair's novel, an onslaught on the Commonwealth no less savage, if not so wild, and surely much more direct, can be freely bought at our bookstores and taken for a cent a day from at least some of our public libraries.

* * * * *

Harry J. Canter of East Boston was the candidate of the Workers' Party for secretary of state. On November 3, 1928, just before the elections, the Boston branch of the party staged a street demonstration. Canter himself carried a conspicuous placard bearing the defiant words: "FULLER —MURDERER OF SACCO AND VANZETTI." Twenty-four paraders walked back and forth several times in front of the State House after a policeman had ordered them to "beat it," whereupon they were arrested for sauntering and loitering. Six weeks later the twenty-four were fined $20 each for that violation of the statutes.

But Canter was held on the charge of criminal libel for carrying the placard. It was not a civil prosecution for damages brought by the man libeled. The Commonwealth was the accuser on the assumption that Canter was not exercising legitimate political rights but was focussing his activities on the commission of a crime. The Canter trial came in May of this year before a Boston jury. He was convicted and sentenced to serve one year in jail.

It was impossible to feel any rush of sympathy for Canter. Sympathy for persons who abuse others, even in politics, has never seemed to be required according to a reasonable interpretation of the principle of free speech. To placard Governer Fuller as a murderer was excessive abuse. Yet why the police arrested these paraders was a puzzle, if our Massachusetts people were ever to forget the Sacco-Vanzetti case.

It became necessary to follow Canter's fortunes for six solid months. We read in the papers early in November about the arrest of the paraders. In December we read about the fining of them $20 each. At intervals we were reminded of the coming Canter trial by the postponements of it until Governor Fuller's return from Europe. In May, finally, we read the headlines and the reports of the jury trial, covering a period of at least three days; while, at the very end in imposing punishment, the Boston judge delivered a speech. For that six months of public advertising of Sacco and Vanzetti we could thank the Boston police and the district attorney of Suffolk county.

Canter's attorneys at the trial were unable, under the court's ruling, to introduce the record of the Sacco-Vanzetti case. Thereupon, the defense was concentrated upon the contention that he did not mean literally that

[1] "America Arraigned," an anthology of 61 poems, edited by Ralph Cheyney and Lucia Trent.
"Letters of Sacco and Vanzetti," edited by Marion Denman Frankfurter and Gardner Jackson.
"Thirteen Days," by Jeannette Marks, an account of the last days of Sacco and Vanzetti.
"Gods of the Lightning," a play by Maxwell Anderson and Harold Hickerson.
"Boston," a two-volume novel by Upton Sinclair.
A section in Edna St. Vincent Millay's "Buck in the Snow."
Several poems in Kathleen Millay's "Hermit Thrush."

Governor Fuller was a murderer. He had meant simply that the Governor was "morally responsible" for the executions. In a sense, the Governor was responsible, but the executive council shared the responsibility; for together the Governor and council could have prevented the execution by commuting the death sentences to life imprisonment. But the court would make no allowances in Canter's case for political license in campaigning for a radical party.

Are we to have in Massachusetts a severer curb on political violence because Canter is in jail? It is too much to expect. There will be no general softening of epithets, in Boston at least, because of this episode.

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As the months passed in this second year since the executions, the effort to forget was again and again frustrated. When "Gods" was making its New York audience cry "Shame," the *Outlook* magazine published a paid-for confession by Frank Silva that he was one of the bandit gang who staged the unsuccessful Bridgewater holdup on December 24, 1919, for which Vanzetti was tried and sentenced to 15 years' imprisonment. Silva's story exonerated Vanzetti of the least participation in that vicious crime. Massachusetts was not impressed by the *Outlook* articles—"impressed" being the word used in official circles at the State House. As for the public that had accepted without reservations the report of the Lowell committee, it seemed almost sacrilegious to heed the confession of a bandit as against the assurances of Vanzetti's guilt from the Lowell committee. Still there were some who could not help observing that even a crook might for once tell the truth, but that a searching check-up of his story for purposes of independent verification was essential before it could be accepted in whole or in part.

Out of the Silva confession came a little complication to keep one's interest alive. Silva had said that one of the Bridgewater bandits was Joseph San Marco, now a "lifer" at the State prison in Charlestown. San Marco denied Silva's accusation in a letter, signed by himself, sent to the State commissioner of correction and then forwarded to Governor Fuller. To support his denial of participation in the Bridgewater holdup, San Marco declared that on the day of the holdup he was working "up to 12 o'clock noon for one of the largest firms in Boston, whose books will show this to be true." But the name of that firm was not given in the letter.

Silva was a liar if San Marco told the truth. If one were interested in establishing the truth beyond dispute, the next step was to learn the name of San Marco's employer and test the claim that San Marco had worked up to 12 o'clock noon on December 24, 1919. But no one in authority moved; no one in authority was interested. So far as this Commonwealth is officially concerned, there is no longer a Sacco-Vanzetti case.

It was eventually learned that San Marco claimed to have worked on December 24, 1919, for a Boston concern that, unfortunately for this story, went out of business some time ago, and, in going out of business, destroyed all its books, payrolls, and shop records. Under these circumstances, it would be rash to say that a convincing test of San Marco's denial of Silva's confession would ever be possible. Yet this mystery has a place in the year's record.

* * * * *

In the spring came Henry Holt and Company's publication of the official transcript of the trial of Sacco and Vanzetti and the subsequent proceedings.* This massive publication of 6,000 pages contained some important new material concerning President Lowell's undercover treatment of Bosco and Guadagni, alibi witnesses for Sacco. It soon developed that President Lowell had been stirred out of his ordinary reticence and calm. Efforts to forget Sacco and Vanzetti were again neutralized about May Day by the letter which the head of Harvard wrote to Mr. Cohen, a student and the editor of the *Harvard Progressive,* published fortnightly by the Harvard Socialist Club.

Mr. Cohen had printed severely critical articles on President Lowell's handling of the Bosco and Guadagni affair, and had invited the president to reply in the columns of the *Harvard Progressive.* It was a notable journalistic achievement for Mr. Cohen to elicit a letter containing Mr. Lowell's first public expression on the celebrated case since the executions. Especially challenging, one might say revealing, is the last word in the second sentence (the remainder of the letter being irrelevant): "Dear Mr. Cohen: I do not care to enter into any public controversy on the subject of Sacco and Vanzetti. I have done my duty as a citizen with honesty and courage."

* * * * *

The legislature of Massachusetts meets annually, just after New Year's. There is a judicial council, a competent official board of jurists appointed to study the State's system of jurisprudence and to make recommendations to the legislature of desirable changes in the laws. In this eminent body's first report, after the executions of Sacco and Vanzetti, it recommended that power be vested in the supreme judicial court to review the evidence as well as the law points in appeals from the superior courts for new trials in murder cases. The legislature of 1928 ignored the recommendation. In its second report last winter the council returned to the subject, the nation-wide discussion of which had brought upon the Commonwealth much disagreeable criticism because of the grave doubts raised as to Judge Webster Thayer's impartiality:

> The council renews, with emphasis, its recommendation of last year that the scope of the appellate jurisdiction of the supreme judicial court in murder cases be extended to include the unrestricted consideration of every judicial act of the trial judge. This was a recommendation that followed the Sacco-Vanzetti case.

The recommendation was supported by the attorney general of the State and by the Massachusetts Bar Association. The joint judiciary committee of the legislature gave a public hearing on the bill proposed, in February. That was the last heard of it.

The legislature's evasive conduct is not mysterious. Friends of Judge Thayer would bitterly oppose such legislation on the ground that it reflected on his record in the Sacco-Vanzetti case. Others would denounce it as a surrender to the detested Sacco-Vanzetti "cult" and the anarchists. Still others honestly think that the present limitation on the supreme court's jurisdiction is desirable in order to shorten "the law's delays," regardless of deplorable consequences in a particular case. So, in order to avoid an

* Reviewed by the writer in the August number of the *Survey Graphic.*

embittered legislative conflict tearing open the whole Sacco-Vanzetti case, for which most of the honorable members have no stomach, the legislature does nothing. Yet the judicial council may renew its wise recommendation.

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One day in mid-spring the newspapers reported Governor Allen's curt refusal to hear argument from the lawyer of the murderer Knowlton in favor of the appointment of an advisory committee of eminent citizens to conduct an independent inquiry into his client's trial, conviction, and sentence to death. In an annoying way that memorable precedent had come home to roost.

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Then, on another day in the springtime, came news that two new ships of the Russian government had been christened, respectively, the Sacco and the Vanzetti.

One laughed.

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Even now, so the newspapers tell us, the respectable, law-abiding promoters of a Sacco and Vanzetti memorial meeting, for August 23, find every hall in Boston closed, following the arbitrary refusal of the city authorities to open Faneuil hall to them.

For none of us, from the greatest to the humblest, has forgetting Sacco and Vanzetti become easy.

The Power of Two Ghosts

By GARDNER JACKSON

IF ever there was a man subjected to unbelievably trying and torturing handicaps while doing what he conceived to be his duty, that man was William G. Thompson, senior counsel for Sacco and Vanzetti, in the summer of 1927. Now for the first time there is a public document available setting forth in considerable detail the indignities and denials of common fairness which Mr. Thompson and his associate, Herbert B. Ehrmann, had to face during the investigation of the Sacco-Vanzetti case by ex-Governor Fuller of Massachusetts and the advisory committee headed by President Lowell of Harvard.

That document is the court record of the trial and conviction of Harry Canter on the charge of criminally libeling ex-Governor Fuller by reason of carrying a placard in front of the State House last October bearing the words, "Fuller—Murderer of Sacco and Vanzetti." Canter was found guilty by a Boston jury in the Superior Court May 25. The jury was charged by the late Judge Robert F. Raymond in such a manner that it could do nothing else but find Canter guilty. Judge Raymond sentenced him to a year's incarceration at the penal institution on Deer Island and refused to stay the sentence pending appeal to the Supreme Court of the State.

Mr. Thompson was summoned as chief witness for the defense and was on the stand under examination by Attorney Arthur Garfield Hays for more than two hours. He told of his unavailing attempts to induce ex-Governor Fuller to uphold the basic principle of the Anglo-Saxon theory of justice—namely, that no man shall be accused without an opportunity of hearing and answering his accusers.

Unsuccessful in his effort during his first interview with ex-Governor Fuller to make the latter see the primary importance of investigating first the question of the fairness of the Dedham trial of Sacco and Vanzetti and of Judge Webster Thayer's attitude then and during the subsequent seven motions for a new trial, Mr. Thompson testified that he "turned the discussion into an entirely different channel."

> I said [he testified]: "If you are determined to act here as a judge and jury and determine the entire question of innocence or guilt then I take it for granted that you will permit Mr. Ehrmann and myself to be present to hear the evidence against our clients, to cross-examine the witnesses, and if we see fit to do so, and are able to do so, to introduce evidence in contradiction of anything that may be said against them." To which he replied: "I will not," and Mr. Wiggin [the ex-Governor's counsel who sat with him throughout the investigation] said: "That would be to make a bear garden out of the hearing."
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> I asked him what he meant by that and he said that he meant that it would create confusion or an undesirable situation at the State House. I said in reply to that: "If you mean to imply that I am incapable of conducting a proceeding of this kind with a reasonable amount of dignity you are mistaken and Mr. Wiggin knows you are mistaken. You have at your command a force of State police and various other functionaries who are perfectly able to keep order at any proceeding that may be conducted by you at the State House." I said: "Is that your real reason?" To which he said: "Well, there is another reason." I said: "I would be very glad if Your Excellency would tell me what it is." He said: "I am afraid if I should tell you or permit you to know the names of the people who come up here and testify against your clients some harm might come to them."
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> I said: "Well, no harm has yet come to those who testified against them in Dedham [seven years previous]." I said: "That apprehension is absolutely without foundation." . . . I said to him: "Governor, even if it were true that there is danger that the sympathizers might do some harm, yet, nevertheless, you should not break down the tradition of a thousand years. You are undertaking to pass upon the question of the guilt or innocence of two men, and upon your decision depend two lives. Now, the thing that I am speaking of was not because of something that happened in court, but rather something that goes to the very foundation of judgment and of laws, the idea that no man should be condemned without hearing what is said against him and having an opportunity to meet it." I said: "It was true in Roman times and it has been true in Anglo-Saxon times since and it is true now." I said: "If you undertake to pass upon that general question and do it in secret, you can never do justice and you never can satisfy the conscience of mankind with that sort of proceeding."
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> He said he did not agree with me, that he found that if people came to him privately and quietly, he as a business man was able to get the truth out of them a great deal more effectively than it could be got publicly or in court. I said: "That is an illusion characteristic of a certain type of business man, but it is a dangerous illusion, and it is an extremely bad precedent for you to introduce into the judicial history of Massachusetts."

And I said to him: "I want you to understand that if you take testimony against my clients secretly, behind closed doors, and do not let me know what is said, and you are going to reach a conclusion upon that basis, my protest must be recorded now and it will be repeated as often as I have an opportunity to do so."

But protest as he would, Mr. Thompson could not budge the Governor. It was literally true that Mr. Thompson had no way of knowing what witnesses went before the Governor except those defense witnesses who went at Mr. Thompson's suggestion. It was a thorough-going inquisitional procedure.

After elaborating at great length on the evidence he presented to the Governor, Mr. Thompson turned to the question of Judge Thayer.

I said to him [the Governor]: "How are you going in the future to justify letting these men go to their death when you have got affidavits from George Crocker and Professor Richardson of Dartmouth College, perfectly reputable men, men of high standing, without the slightest taint of radicalism, substantial citizens, when you have got a man holding the position of judge in this State asking one of those men whether he does not think the charge which he intends to give the next morning will hold the defendants, tells how the community is in great danger of radicalism and all that sort of thing, and when Professor Richardson writes a letter to the Governor and says that on the football field at Dartmouth College in the presence of a large number of men, some students and some instructors, this man voluntarily steps up to them and says, 'Did you see what I did to those anarchistic bastards yesterday?' "

I said: "Do you think, Governor, when that thing comes to be appreciated that that has been said by a judge of the Superior Court about two men on trial for their lives, one of them a married man with two little children, do you think you will get away with it, when you do not even tell me whether Judge Thayer admitted or denied saying that and when your own Advisory Committee refused to say whether Judge Thayer admitted or denied that, and when I do not know how to argue it, and I said so to President Lowell and President Lowell said to me: 'You may argue on the theory that he admitted it and then you may argue on the assumption that he denied it.'?"

I said: "If this matter was not so serious it would be a farce." I said: "You will bring a disgrace on this Commonwealth that will not be overcome in a century." I said: "Do not imagine that you will be protected when this thing is all printed and when disinterested, scholarly men get hold of it, do not think you can shield yourself under t[illegible] of Mr. Lowell or anybody else. You will stand stark alone for having permitted a disgrace to be perpetrated in this Commonwealth of Massachusetts, because at the moment a great mass of public opinion, not knowing the danger of it, is urging you to do it, and is filling the papers and public places with denunciation of Sacco and Vanzetti and everybody connected with it."

I said: "I have lost about twenty-five thousand dollars in this case through my activities, in office salaries, business falling off, and one thing and another. I thought when I started off that these men were guilty, and I took it for granted, like everybody else, that a radical must be guilty. But I came to know these men, and when I came to know these men—I have been at it for seven years—I find that the public has a total misconception of what these men are. If Vanzetti had an education he would have been a professor in Harvard College. He is one of the most gifted men that I know of. I have heard him give a most enlightening talk on Ralph Waldo Emerson, he has discussed Shelley's poems with me and I have heard him use words that I have had to go home and look in the Century Dictionary to find the meaning of. He is a dreamer and an idealist.

"He is as incapable of going out and committing murder for profit or gain as Phillips Brooks was. All this talk that you are dealing with a bomb thrower and a violent, dangerous criminal, is all nonsense. A horrible blunder is being made, and all this hue and cry that this man is a murderer is simply due to the slowness of the general public to catch on to something out of the ordinary course. I am here trying to protect the general community from making a most horrible mistake, and there is a most horrible mistake being made. I do not care anything about Vanzetti's beliefs. He knows I do not believe in them at all. You are making ten radicals for every one that there is now. You are hurting the people of this Commonwealth by letting this thing go through."

Of all the illuminating material Mr. Thompson gave on the stand, none is perhaps more indicative of ex-Governor Fuller's attitude of mind during the investigation than this bit relating to Mr. Fuller's interview with Madeiros who while under sentence for another killing confessed to being in the murder car.

Madeiros said [Mr. Thompson testified] that the Governor had come down to see him and that the Governor began the interview by saying that he understood that Madeiros said that he thought he had been given—I think the expression was "a raw deal," or something indicating double dealing or improper dealing by the government, and that Madeiros said that Officer Ferrari of the State police had given him promise of second-degree murder if he confessed the murder (a Wrentham bank murder), and that was given to Mr. Brooks at the State House who had a good deal to do with criminal cases (on the parole board). The Governor said if he was satisfied that any such promise had been made he would do something for Madeiros. The Governor then said, before waiting for any reply from Madeiros, according to Madeiros's statement to me: "You do not know anything about the Sacco-Vanzetti case, do you?" And Madeiros said he did and the Governor asked him if he was in the car with the other men who committed the murder in South Braintree, the South Braintree murder, and Madeiros said he was, and the Governor then said, "So you are a double murderer: I will do nothing for you."

Mr. Thompson's testimony, which was submitted as offer of proof for the Canter defense with the jury excused, was supplemented by significant testimony from John F. Moors, Boston banker, who testified that during one of his interviews with the Governor on the case the latter clearly showed that he did not even know that the Pinkerton detective reports exonerating Vanzetti had been submitted to him by Mr. Thompson. When Mr. Moors asked the Governor about them, the Governor turned to his secretary and said: "Do you know anything about some Pinkerton reports?" And this was far along in the investigation.

All in all the Canter trial record is a rich mine of material for the student of the Sacco-Vanzetti case. The record may get a wider airing if a Canter appeal is pushed in the Supreme Court in the fall. In any event the record will stand to plague Massachusetts for years to come.

A Great Editor

By JOHN A. HOBSON

THE retirement of Mr. C. P. Scott from the editorship of his paper, the Manchester *Guardian,* has been the occasion of a testimonial of regret, admiration, and good-will, from the press of his own and other countries, that is unique in the history of journalism. When he entered upon the editorship in 1872 it was a newspaper of the second rank in a large provincial English city. Today an impartial panel of international journalists would probably pronounce it the best newspaper in the world. By such a verdict they would not signify that its direct influence upon politics and trade, or in the sphere of intellectual culture, exceeds that of several other journals in its own and other lands. Indeed, it is no longer true today that Lancashire holds the place it did a century ago, either in commerce or in political initiative, when it could be said that "what Lancashire thinks today, England will think tomorrow." Though the steady strength of the Manchester *Guardian* is still drawn from the keen-minded, sober, energetic character of the most thickly peopled area of industrial England, its wider reputation must be imputed to the wisdom, courage, and ceaseless energy of its great editor. The central skill of his achievement lay in utilizing the needs and opportunities of the population and trade of Lancashire as the business basis of an organ of general human culture. Steadily he kept in mind his duty to his provincial readers, but he strove unceasingly to make them less provincial, widening their horizon, stimulating their minds with information and interpretations of significant events in the larger world. Perhaps his chief wisdom was seen in the selection and training of an editorial staff of able young men capable of entering into this tradition. Many of the most famous men in our journalism and letters have at one time or another served upon this staff. In earlier days we may mention Sir Arthur Evans and Mr. W. T. Arnold, among recent writers the brilliant novelist and essayist Mr. C. E. Montague and the great sociologist Professor L. T. Hobhouse, whose untimely death we are now deploring. Mr. Scott succeeded in the difficult task of reconciling personal liberty of thought in his writers with a common purpose, to a quite unusual extent. He recognized always that the former was as essential to the character of his paper as the latter. At a time when journalism was steadily drifting from a profession into a trade or business, he took a firm stand for the higher calling. Not merely to print "what the public wants," but to mold the public mind and supply its real needs, was the task he undertook. It is sometimes said that the continued performance of this task is impracticable, seeing that no newspaper can live without a large advertisement income, that advertising depends on circulation, and people will not buy a paper to have their minds improved. Perhaps the chief service of the Manchester *Guardian* is its practical refutation of this cynical judgment. Though its regular readers may be what Matthew Arnold called "the remnant," the size and influence of that remnant are sufficient. Supported also by a wider outer circle of readers intelligent enough to prefer reliable to highly spiced news, the *Guardian* has for over a century had a substantial, though not a highly lucrative, business career.

This has not been achieved without incurring risks and sacrifices impossible for a "grocery press." Mr. Scott has been almost the only survivor of the old tradition of owner-editor, who himself lives by the living word he writes and sells. While this position has its dangers, where ownership comes first, and there are personal axes to grind or interests to serve, it has the inestimable advantage of securing absolute freedom for the current conduct of the paper, and a continuity of policy deriving from the personality of its responsible head. This is of peculiar importance in the case of a journal which has always taken for its foremost duty the direction of political thought along the highroad of principle, without that constant deference to passing opportunity which the lighter-minded journals cultivate. For there are occasions when such an editor will espouse a policy which may be so unpopular as to inflict a serious damage on his paper as a property, even to threaten its very existence. No hired journalist can undertake such risks. He must either yield to the fears and remonstrances of the owner, or he must quit. Several instances in the recent history of English journalism serve to illustrate the perils of this vacillation and unfreedom. The Manchester *Guardian* under its great editor has never felt the necessity of walking delicately when a firm step was required. It has been strong enough to challenge a popular misjudgment, and by patient reasoning to convert public opinion. Its attitude of persistent opposition to the Boer War was a most striking example of the courage and success of this conduct. Though the jingo boycott, to which the paper was subjected in the passionate heat of that conflict, threatened it with ruin, it emerged with a heightened respect and confidence due, partly, to a sense of sportsmanship in its Lancashire public, partly, to the dawning recognition that the *Guardian* had been right in denouncing the South African war as a disastrous and costly blunder. Thus it has come to pass that the courage and integrity of this great newspaper have gained wide recognition outside the ranks of its political adherents. This was demonstrated most impressively a few years ago, when the Conservative Lord Derby presided at a great banquet to celebrate Mr. Scott's jubilee as editor.

The great political service rendered by Mr. Scott has been what may be termed the making of a new liberalism in Manchester, the Mecca of the old. For half a century, while steadily adhering to the Victorian principles of peace, economy, and electoral reform, the editorial policy of the *Guardian* has steadily moved on from a laissez-faire conception of the duties of the state to a large constructive conception of the part which government must play in securing and developing economic and personal liberties. It is no mere coincidence that a large part of the initiative in the recent Liberal Yellow Book, the gospel of new Liberalism, should have come from a little group of politicians, publicists, and business men in Lancashire. To Mr. Scott and his fellow-workers political liberty was never a merely, or

mainly, negative conception. While freedom of trade and of business enterprise continued to be fundamental conditions of a sound society, while pacific internationalism and economy of defense were objects of vital importance, there was a growing sense that these foundations of policy existed to be built upon, and that a positive edifice of liberty involved a new conception of government and the part it must take in the cooperative processes of social progress. Thus stated, this may sound a vague generalization. But, in point of fact, our political life has been absorbing more and more of this conscious policy of political institutions for the support of life whose freedom consists in opportunities for the larger and more various realization of human personality. In recent years rapid economic evolution has gone far to dispel the illusions of absolute self-reliance and competing private enterprise in the economic sphere. Combination, cooperation, rationalization, terms pressing the business world, are visibly changing the functions of government. Politics and economics are meeting and even merging at many points. Not only national, but especially international, high politics are seen to be suffused with business considerations. Thus governments are compelled to undertake new functions of industrial control, of finance, of labor legislation, and of international cooperation, which are transforming the art of politics. In the liberal press of Europe no paper has been so active in the conscious formation of this new social-economic policy as the Manchester *Guardian,* and the recent rapprochement between Liberalism and Labor, which in spite of difficulties, party and personal, is steadily advancing, is in no small measure due to this more liberal interpretation of Liberalism in a party which, left to the obsolescent policies of the Gladstonian or Asquithian schools, was doomed to early extinction. The actual fate of the Liberal Party and its press is an interesting topic for speculation. But it is no rash prophecy to state that the English Liberalism of the future can survive only by an effective cooperation with Labor, helping, as it would, to moderate and rationalize the socialism which modern life requires and to which all progressive sections of our political parties are virtually committed. To have been a pioneer in this great political work will be a legitimate source of pride to the great editor in his well-earned retirement.

American or Foreigner?

By J. MARK JACOBSON

I

A FEW days ago the police of Budapest prevented a nineteen-year-old shoemaker from jumping off the Elizabeth bridge into the Danube. This hapless young man, born of a Polish father and a Hungarian mother in the town of Munkach, which is now in Czecho-Slovakia, had been deported by the Hungarian authorities to Czecho-Slovakia, only to be sent on to Poland as a Pole, and by the Poles deported back to Hungary. Three times he made this round, and then, unable, in consequence of the conflict of laws, to find any foothold in this world, wearily determined to try his chances in the next.

Americans of American origin have been unaware of the perplexing problem of nationality confronting the newer American—and utterly indifferent to it; but a World War followed by a quota immigration act has forcibly impressed on thousands of our first and second-generation Americans the disastrous clash of varying nationality laws, which deny to some men all nationality and burden others with double citizenship. This conflict of laws arises from the clash of two diametrically opposite rules of nationality, *ius sanguinis* (law of blood) and *ius soli* (law of the soil). Italy, for example, holding to the first of these principles, claims jurisdiction over the children of Italian parents no matter if they are born in New Zealand or Kamchatka. Other nations, on the other hand, claim as their own citizens all who are born within their territory, regardless of the nationality of their parents.

The United States holds to both the law of the soil and the law of the blood, and mixes with these the principle of naturalization; the result is unparalleled complexity and confusion. Fundamentally, we approach the problem of nationality from the English common-law viewpoint, attaching nationality to the soil; but gradually we have approached the law of the blood and have also permitted the naturalization of nationals of other states, while continental European countries, starting from the law of the blood, have incorporated certain aspects of the law of the soil. The nationality laws of the United States may accordingly be classified into three groups, based upon the law of the soil, the law of the blood, and the naturalization of aliens. In examining our nationality laws, we must bear in mind that wherever we hold to the law of the blood some other state may have adopted the law of the soil, that where we adopt the latter principle Romance nations usually employ the law of the blood, and that while we permit the naturalization of aliens many countries refuse to recognize American naturalization of their nationals.

II

The Fourteenth Amendment to the Federal Constitution clearly establishes the law of the soil as the basic principle for the determination of American nationality. It provides that "All persons born in the United States, and subject to the jurisdiction thereof, are citizens of the United States and of the State wherein they reside."

This simple rule of nationality, however, fails to solve the problem for the millions of American-born children and grandchildren of immigrants. Although the Fourteenth Amendment makes them all American citizens, under the nationality laws of some Romance and eastern European nations they belong to the countries from which their fathers or grandfathers had emigrated. Several countries, notably Italy, Greece, and Turkey, believe in an indelible, perpetual allegiance. Italy claims as her own the children of Italians born in any corner of the world, not merely the children of recent emigrants, but even the children of seventh-generation emigrants.

The Ghiloni case illustrates the sort of controversy that arises in consequence. Ghiloni was born in the United States in 1885 while his father, an Italian immigrant, was not yet naturalized. At the outbreak of the war Ghiloni was visiting in Italy. Under the Fourteenth Amendment he was a native-born American citizen; under the Italian code, however, he was an Italian subject, and despite the protests of our State Department, he was forced into the Italian army. The Da Prato case went even further. Though Da Prato's father, a naturalized American, had taken out his papers before his son was born, the young man, who had been studying architecture in Italy for two years, was seized for military service at the oubreak of the war.

III

Though we protest against the application of the law of the blood by foreign states to individuals born on American soil, yet we enforce this same law of the blood in our own nationality rules. According to our law, children born "out of the limits and jurisdiction of the United States, whose fathers were or may be at the time of their birth, citizens thereof" are American citizens. Such a child continuing to reside outside of the United States, may at the age of eighteen record at an American consulate his intention of remaining a citizen of the United States and of becoming a resident of this country. Upon attaining his majority he must confirm his affirmation by taking an oath of allegiance to the United States.

Contrast with this arrangement Section 2172 of our Revised Statutes, under which foreign-born minor children living in the United States at the time their father is naturalized automatically become American citizens. In fact, a foreign-born child, though still living in his native land when his parent is naturalized, becomes a citizen of the United States if, while still a minor, he begins to reside permanently in the United States.

Not all children, however, acquire citizenship through the naturalization of their fathers. Foreign-born children of naturalized American citizens who do not come to this country to live until they are twenty-one or more years of age, and foreign-born children who are no longer minors at the time their fathers become American citizens remain foreigners. In addition, the status of step-children and adopted children is not affected by the citizenship of their new fathers.

IV

The American rules of nationality were sufficiently complex before 1922. Prior to that year we had accepted the common-law, unilateral system of nationality; the nationality of a wife and her children followed that of her husband, and the family was thus treated as a unit. But the insistence of twentieth-century American feminists resulted in the passage of the Cable Act of September 22, 1922. This legislation substituted a bilateral system of nationality for the previous unilateral system, and destroyed the family as a unit in the naturalization process.

The important provisions of this act are four in number. First, the naturalization of a husband does not *ipso facto* give his wife American citizenship; she herself must now go through the naturalization process. Second, the marriage of an alien woman to an American citizen does not secure for her American nationality; she must be naturalized the same as any other foreign-born woman. Third, an American woman upon marriage to an alien may elect to retain her American nationality. And fourth, a woman who has lost her American nationality through marriage to an alien may, upon the dissolution of the marriage, elect to reacquire her American citizenship.

The Cable Act has thrown the nationality status of married women into chaos, and has resulted in denying to many women all nationality, either American or foreign. For example, an official in the United States consular service stationed abroad was in 1922 married in England to a British woman, and they afterwards sought to come to the United States. The wife was discovered to be ineligible to an American passport, since under the Cable Act she had not by her marriage acquired American nationality. On the other hand, under the British Act of 1914 she had lost her British nationality on her marriage to a non-British subject, so she was denied a British passport. Under section 2 of the Cable Act she could have been naturalized after only one year's residence in the United States, if she came to this country; but she could not get a passport to come.

Yet again, an American woman marries an Italian; she goes with her husband to live in Italy and gives up her American citizenship. Her husband dies or divorces her, and she decides to reacquire her surrendered American nationality. Under the laws both of the United States and of Italy, her children, no matter how young, remain subjects of Italy. She can return to the United States, but must leave her children behind to await their turn under the overcrowded Italian quota.

To summarize the situation, while a foreign woman marrying an American citizen does not in any case acquire American nationality, she does lose her original nationality in twenty countries,* under the rule that the nationality of a wife follows that of her husband. Twenty-seven countries,† however, make exceptions to this rule, and permit a wife under varying conditions and restrictions to retain her original nationality in case her husband's country refuses to let her assume his citizenship. In Sweden, for example, a woman who marries a foreigner may retain her Swedish nationality unless she leaves Sweden permanently. In Denmark she may remain a Dane only if she continues to live in Denmark. In Belgium she has six months after her marriage in which to ask to keep her nationality; otherwise she loses it. In Esthonia the period of grace is only two weeks. In only six countries—Argentina, Chile, Panama, Russia, Uruguay, and the United States—may a woman by her own right keep her own nationality upon her marriage to an alien.

V

The Fourteenth Amendment, in addition to establishing the law of the soil as the test for American nationality, provides for the acquisition of American citizenship by naturalization. After a residence of five years in this country, nationals of foreign states are permitted to abandon their former allegiance and to become citizens of the United

* Afghanistan, Albania, Australia, Bolivia, British India, Canada, Cuba, Czecho-Slovakia, Germany, Great Britain, Hungary, Latvia, Haiti, the Netherlands, Palestine, Persia, Spain, Switzerland, Venezuela, Iraq.

† Austria, Belgium, Bulgaria, China, Esthonia, France, Italy, Japan, Mexico, Monaco, Portugal, Rumania, Sweden, Costa Rica, Egypt, Salvador, Jugoslavia, Danzig, Dominican Republic, Finland, Greece, Guatemala, Latvia, Nicaragua, Poland, Syria, Iceland.

States. Immediately, the problem of dual allegiance arises. Up to sixty years ago European nations refused to recognize our right to naturalize their subjects, and they endeavored to hold naturalized American citizens as nationals of their home countries. Some few foreign states, notably Italy, Greece, and Turkey, believing, as previously stated, in an indelible, perpetual allegiance, still refuse to recognize American naturalization; while most European countries permit only a limited naturalization of their nationals.

The problem of dual nationality, accordingly, has always been a troublesome one in our diplomatic history. It was one of the many grievances that led to the War of 1812 against England. Ever since 1845, when Buchanan as Secretary of State first enunciated our general policy, we have considered the right of nationals to change their allegiance as natural and inalienable. Congress in 1868 instructed the executive to extend the same protection abroad to naturalized as to native-born citizens. The Bancroft-Bismarck treaty of that same year with the North German Confederation marks the first international agreement permitting even a limited expatriation. Since then we have succeeded in concluding such treaties with several nations: England, Belgium, Sweden, Norway, Austria-Hungary, Ecuador, Denmark, and Haiti.

While we have thus made progress in securing recognition of American naturalization, nevertheless a number of states have nationality laws which raise the question of dual nationality for hundreds of thousands of naturalized and even native-born American citizens. Twelve countries —Austria, Ecuador, Monaco, Norway, Persia, Portugal, Rumania, Spain, Sweden, Japan, Belgium-Congo, and Danzig—permit the naturalization of their nationals only if the persons desiring naturalization have first secured the consent of their home governments. Twelve other states—Bulgaria, China, Esthonia, Finland, France, Greece, Hungary, Madagascar, Persia, Poland, Jugoslavia, and Turkey —permit the expatriation of their nationals only after they have performed their required military training. A national of one of these states acquires American citizenship by naturalization, but is denied by his own home country release from his original allegiance; he is thus burdened with a dual nationality.

VI

The clash of nationality results in double taxation, loss of diplomatic protection, and liability to military service. In consequence, as Frances Kellor points out in her book, "Immigration and the Future":

> Aliens in America see very little advantage in acquiring a citizenship which makes them and their sons born in America liable to foreign military service; and naturalized citizens point out that in some countries little respect is paid to American citizenship. The native-born American has been indifferent and has allowed this matter to drift, largely because he has never realized its tremendous importance to foreign-born people in America and to their standing abroad.

Since the problem of nationality is both international and domestic, a satisfactory solution demands international as well as national consideration. The League of Nations through its Committee of Experts for the Progressive Codification of International Law in January, 1926, drew up a preliminary draft convention that embodied practical answers to a few of the many questions involved. The failure of our government to cooperate with this committee prevented the ripening of this fruitful movement. This question is now being studied by a group of experts at the Harvard Law School in preparation for the coming Hague Convention for the codification of international law.

Commissioner of Naturalization Raymond F. Crist, in his 1926 report to Congress, said:

> The elimination of all methods of conferring citizenship upon persons of foreign birth except the one of direct petition for naturalization would go far toward paving the way for a uniform recognition of citizenship by nations throughout the world. . . . It is recommended that citizenship be recognized as acquired only by birth within the United States, or, in all future naturalizations, by direct petition for naturalization in cases of birth outside the United States.

Should legislation of this nature be adopted, it would be necessary to repeal our laws granting American citizenship to minor children born abroad, whether now resident in the United States or abroad, upon the naturalization of their fathers.

However, the major problems of the conflict of nationality result from the duality of nationality through naturalization, from the nationality laws for women, and from the clash of the diametrically opposed law of the soil and law of the blood. Such basic conflicts can be eliminated only through international conference and action that harmonizes the rules of the several countries. It is an international, not a purely national, task.

In the Driftway

CLARENCE K. STREIT typewrites from Geneva (Switzerland, not New York) to cast doubt upon the theory which the Drifter advanced in the issue of July 10 that the Young Men's Christian Association gave the cigarette its greatest boost toward respectability and popularity. The Drifter said (as his readers will not recall) that by tacitly removing its ban from cigarette smoking during the World War the Y. M. C. A. made "coffin nails" respectable for men, a necessary preliminary to becoming respectable among women. Characterizing this idea as a "theory in fact's clothing," Mr. Streit endeavors to deflate it as follows:

> My own driftings once washed me ashore at Samsoun, Turkey. There I found three veteran American tobacco buyers engaged in the philanthropic task of selecting the best of the gorgeous leaf that honors that region for export to America. I learned about cigarettes from them.
>
> Loath as all ex-soldiers of my acquaintance are to remove any wreath—be it even a wreath of cigarette smoke —from the brow of the Y. M. C. A., I must inform you that the reasons these men who had grown up in the trade gave for the cigarette's rise in popularity did not include a faint allusion to the Y. They told me that the greatest boost the American cigarette ever got came when some anonymous tobacco man hit upon the idea of blending with the American leaf the more aromatic and easier burning one of Turkey. They showed me with figures how our importations of Turkish tobacco had grown from year to

year since then, and how cigarette sales had followed the same upward curve.

They reminded me that all the popular American cigarette brands contained some Turkish leaf. They would take such cigarettes, break them open, roll the contents in their hands and, after a quick eye-open test which I fear none of the makers for whom they buy would advertise, they would tell me all that was in them and would contemptuously toss them away.

"If you want a real smoke," they told me, "try one of these." And they gave me a box of a thousand of the cigarettes that they have made for their own enjoyment. They were made of the pure Samsoun leaf. Don't blow that smoke away!

Honest-to-godly,

CLARENCE K. STREIT

* * * * *

THE Drifter has no desire to "blow that smoke away." On the contrary, he wishes some of it might blow his way. But all aroma aside, and with that denseness that is always so useful in an argument, he doesn't see how Mr. Streit's delightful experience demolishes the theory of the benefit of clergy derived by the cigarette from the Y. M. C. A. Doubtless it is true that the blending of native tobacco with Turkish was a long step in the progress of the cigarette. At the same time the cigarette has become enormously popular in England, although the most favored brands there have had no admixture of Turkish leaf. It might be observed in rebuttal that neither have they had any admixture of Y. M. C. A. But the Drifter has a further argument in reserve. The blending of native tobacco with Turkish in the making of cigarettes was common in this country more than a quarter of a century ago. In fact the Drifter cannot recall definitely from the mists of time the pre-Turkish era. He believes that the first cigarettes he knew were Sweet Caporals, made entirely of native tobacco. But he never smoked them. That was before his fair, young lips had been stained by the weed. The first cigarettes which the Drifter recalls through smoking them contained an admixture of Turkish tobacco. Turkish Trophies and Egyptian Deities were well-known brands in the early years of this century. The Drifter recalls Trophies better than Deities; they were cheaper.

* * * * *

BUT though the blending of native tobacco with Turkish in the making of cigarettes in America goes back at least to the early years of this century, the product was still dubbed "coffin nails" for a long time after. The popularity of the cigarette grew steadily (and perhaps Turkish tobacco had much to do with its rise), but right up to the World War it was still frowned upon as noxious by large numbers of Americans (including most mothers), and the Y. M. C. A. forbade smoking in its buildings. Its change of heart during the war, and its transmission of thousands of cigarettes to our troops overseas, took the curse off the "coffin nail" and would seem to be the great boost which put it over the top as our most popular kind of smoke—a permissible pastime for men, and soon after for women.

* * * * *

ANYHOW Mr. Streit's theory was made in Switzerland. It is a product of the pauper labor of Europe and should not be admitted to this country.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Einstein and Science

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I do not recollect ever having read anything touching on a scientific or engineering subject in a popular daily or weekly or monthly, which did not contain some absolute nonsense. "Einstein is right" and "Einstein is wrong" have become nauseating headlines, and the number of other sensational statements in connection with the Einstein theories is legion. "Walking on Air," "Light is Curved," "The End of Universe," "Split Atoms Can Destroy the World," etc., recur now and then even in papers and magazines that do not otherwise cater to the sensational. This is not altogether the fault of the editors or the poor reporters who are forced by the nature of their profession to do a great amount of uninformed writing on more subjects than it is possible for any human being to master. They have to take the words of "experts" for granted, and since it is very difficult for them to reach the real experts, the modest scientists who are not very anxious to see their names in newspaper headlines, they have to depend on the pseudo-experts who are every ready to take advantage of the work of other men to get their own names in front of the public.

Is it possible that *The Nation* has joined the ranks of the "science baiters"? I refer to your editorial article, Science and Certitude. Every scientific theory, in the course of its development, calls for some corrections and modifications, principally through the serious efforts and investigations of other scientists. Is this a sufficient reason for you to give your readers the impression that scientists don't know what they are talking about? Your remark about the "validity of purely mathematical inferences" is quite nonsensical. Don't you know that mathematics is an empirical science, that it is only used for the purpose of simplifying human reasoning, as a mechanic uses his tools to simplify and speed up his work? The use of higher mathematics in physics is no more "purely mathematical inference" than is your own use of simple arithmetic, instead of taking off your shoes to allow you to add up to twenty with the aid of your toes. If there is one thing which can be checked and found either right or wrong it is a mathematical formula. A purely mathematical inference once checked is never wrong. What is often found to require a correction is a physical constant or variable, which is obtained purely by observation. The whole progress of science is made up of just such corrections.

New York, July 23 M. M. SAMUELS

[The author of this letter can hardly accuse us of having asserted either that "Einstein is right" or that "Einstein is wrong." Our attitude was simply one of complete skepticism, and we implied a belief that neither the proponents nor the opponents of the Einstein theory had any conclusive evidence to support their side of the argument. We wholly agree with Mr. Samuels that the physical scientist should use mathematics "as a mechanic uses his tools to simplify and speed up his work." But we contended that Einstein's Field Theory appeared to be the result of a piece of pure mathematical reasoning which has as yet little or no empirical evidence in its favor. As to the statement that "mathematics is an empirical science," we are surprised to hear it made and we must confess that we are not yet able to understand the statement that it is. Surely Mr. Samuels's assertion is quite unorthodox and not likely to be accepted by the many mathematicians who regard their science as being, on the contrary, the highest possible development of pure logic and as such quite independent of experience.—EDITOR THE NATION.]

The Marion Strike

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The strike at Marion, N. C., ought to interest your readers. Seven hundred men and women on July 11 left their places in a cotton mill when R. W. Baldwin, president of the Marion Manufacturing Company, who has boasted throughout the country of his "garden" mill village, refused to decrease their hours from 12 hours and 20 minutes to 10 hours a day, and refused to reinstate twenty-two workers discharged for joining the United Textile Workers of America.

I am happy to say that the leadership in the strike has been of high calibre. Alfred Hoffman, graduate of Brookwood, and active in the early stages of the Elizabethton strike, has been an intelligent leader; Tom Tippett has been working and talking untiringly; A. J. Muste, dean of Brookwood, delivered a series of inspiring talks to the strikers; and William Ross of Baltimore Labor College has started regular workers' classes.

The men and women of Marion are devoted, sef-sacrificing, and in spite of injunctions, their picket line is as strong as steel. They are fighting in this strike for modest demands and they are determined to get them. In the meantime, they and fifteen hundred dependents, the sick, the young, and the old, must be fed. The Emergency Committee for Strikers' Relief, Norman Thomas, chairman, has been the great sustaining force. We hope that your readers will send what they can to the new office of the committee at 112 East 19th Street, New York City.

New York, August 1 Jack Herling

Denmark's National Anthem

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: It is not quite correct, as Katharine Arthur states in the July 10 issue of *The Nation,* that the former Minister of Education in Denmark, Madame Nina Bang, had a law passed "forbidding audiences to rise during the national anthem as not good for the common people." No such law was passed, but the Socialist Cabinet of which Nina Bang was a member refused to pay its respects to the national anthem, "King Christian stood by the lofty mast . . . " because of its warlike contents. I would like to inform the readers of *The Nation* that the present Socialist Government in Denmark has substituted a more peaceful national hymn for the bombastic "King Christian" as the closing song of the State Radio Broadcasting programs, and that less blood-dripping songs are now being used at patriotic gatherings in Denmark.

Berkeley, California, July 10 Peter Guldbrandsen

Our Successor?

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Recently out of college, I am now looking for a job on your magazine. I am twenty, presentable, considerably above average in intelligence, and particularly interested in magazine work. I can write. I have written largely for school and college publications, have done a little newspaper work, and have earned my living through college thus far in most part by doing research work and writing. For this reason I have had little time until the present to concern myself with magazine work. Now, however, I am in quest of a permanent position.

I am not precocious merely: permit me to assure you that I am confident of being entirely capable of carrying through satisfactorily anything you may have to offer me. I can do anything from editing your magazine to hauling a load of copies down Fifth Avenue in a wheelbarrow—and I can be hired to do it. In case there is at the moment no one in your offices dead or dying, if you will give me any other kind of assistance, I will be very highly gratified.

New York, August 2 C. H.

For Debs's Biography

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: McAlister Coleman is completing a full-length biography of the late Eugene V. Debs which Greenberg: Publisher will issue early in the spring. Mr. Coleman will welcome any letters from or to Debs, authoritative anecdotes, and any other interesting information concerning the great labor leader. He will copy and return promptly all material sent to him at 103 East 10th Street, New York City.

New York, August 6 Greenberg: Publisher

Sacco-Vanzetti Meeting

The Sacco-Vanzetti Memorial Committee, unable to obtain a hall in Boston, will hold its Second Anniversary Meeting in the Town Hall, 113 West 43rd Street, New York City, on Friday, August 23, at 8.30 P. M.

The *Nation* Radio Hour—Every Monday at 8 P. M.
526M.—WMCA—570 K.
August 19—Mr. Warner
August 26—Mr. Mussey

Contributors to This Issue

Waldo L. Cook, editor of the Springfield *Republican,* has been a careful student of the Sacco-Vanzetti case.

Gardner Jackson was a leading member of the Sacco-Vanzetti Defense Committee.

John A. Hobson is a foremost British economist and a contributing editor of *The Nation.*

J. Mark Jacobson is instructor in political science at the University of Wisconsin.

Robert P. Tristram Coffin is professor of English at Wells College.

Robert Livingston Schuyler is professor of history at Columbia University.

Dudley Nichols is on the staff of the New York *World.*

Clarence Britten contributed the essay "School and College Life" to the volume "Civilization in the United States."

Morton Dauwen Zabel is professor of English literature at Loyola University and one of the editors of *Poetry: a Magazine of Verse.*

William MacDonald is a regular contributor to *The Nation.*

Alexander Bakshy, author of several books on the theater, writes frequently on motion pictures for *The Nation.*

Books and Films

There Yet Survived a God

By ROBERT P. TRISTRAM COFFIN

They lived together in a house
Too big for women growing old;
One after one, they closed the doors
On rooms surrendered to the cold.

They had too many things to keep
Against the stealthy moth and sun,
Too many keepsakes to protect
Ever to think of using one.

Their lives contracted till at last
Their orbit was the kitchen fire;
They sat to think where they had cooked,
Empty of comment and desire.

Keen ways they learned to keep their souls
From filling one another's need;
They found each other's tender spots
And knew best how to make them bleed.

The sparrows and the robins made
Their love each year around their gate;
Inside the house two women aged
And sat together in their hate.

Heaven lit the appletrees
Beyond the kerbing of their well;
Inside four walls, in one small room,
There was room enough for hell.

Yet there was something holy, too,
In their fine art of giving pain;
They moved like ancient tragedy,
Single as martyrs in old Spain.

In these years of aimlessness,
Among our lives without design,
It was as if there yet survived
A god to offer poisoned wine.

Beginnings of Empire

The Cambridge History of the British Empire. General Editors: J. Holland Rose, A. P. Newton, and E. A. Benians. Vol. I: *The Old Empire from the Beginnings to 1783.* The Macmillan Company. $9.50.

THE Cambridge History of the British Empire, of which the long-awaited first volume has at length appeared, promises to be true to type. Like the other monumental histories which bear the name of Cambridge it is to be a comprehensive and voluminous work of cooperative scholarship, consisting of contributions by many specialists, intended for the use of students and for reference rather than for the general reader. It has been planned, the editors tell us, upon the lines of the Cambridge Modern History. Of the eight volumes which it is to include the first three will relate to British expansion and imperial policy from the sixteenth to the early twentieth century; the next two, specially edited by Professor H. H. Dodwell, will deal with the history of British India; and the last three, the Dominion volumes, will be concerned respectively with Canada and Newfoundland, Australia and New Zealand, and South Africa. The history of the most recent of the Dominions, the Irish Free State, falls outside the scope of the enterprise, of which the *terminus ad quem* is the year 1921. The fortunes of the crown colonies and other parts of the dependent empire are to receive consideration in the first three volumes in connection with the general history of imperial development. It is the hope of the editors that the work as a whole "will exhibit the present state of knowledge of the subject and lay a foundation on which future generations of students may build." There can be little doubt that it will take its place as the most authoritative, as it will certainly be the most complete, general history of the British Empire.

The first volume, consisting of twenty-six chapters, an elaborate bibliography, and an index, runs to well over nine hundred large and closely printed pages. It brings the history of the empire from its beginnings to the close of the American Revolution, and nowhere else within the covers of a single volume can so adequate and scholarly a treatment of the subject be found. Though the local history of the English colonies in North America and the West Indies is not wholly neglected, the general point of view is imperial, not colonial, British, not American. To emphasize the course of imperial development was the main object of the editors in planning the volume. With the exception of Professor Andrews of Yale all of the fifteen contributors are British, the list including such competent and well-known scholars as Sir Charles Lucas, J. Holland Rose, J. A. Williamson, A. P. Newton, W. F. Reddaway, Cecil Headlam, H. W. Temperley, A. Pearce Higgins, and the late H. E. Egerton. The work is thus prevailingly British in authorship, but the note of British patriotism is rarely sounded. The tone is scientific and the treatment objective. The chapters on the American Revolution would not pass muster with Mayor Thompson and the D. A. R., but informed persons will find in them no evidence of anti-American bias. Patriotic American myths are not, of course, accepted, but there is no disposition to minimize or palliate blunders of British imperial statesmanship.

Some literary historian—Mr. Philip Guedalla, I think—has asserted that histories of the Cambridge type are unreadable. This is an exaggeration, but it is not to be expected that a work of the scope and character of this volume will be read from cover to cover by very many people. Even by historical students it will be read *in* rather than *through*. It is fortunate, therefore, that in addition to the chronologically articulated chapters there are several which are self-contained essays. Such are the excellent discussion of Mercantilism and the Colonies by Professor Rees of the University of Birmingham, the thoughtful study of The Constitution and the Empire by Professor Ewing of Rhodes University College, South Africa, and the interesting appraisal of The Literature and Social Life of the Old Empire by the late Professor Egerton.

The bibliography, which is based upon materials furnished by contributors and edited by Miss Lillian Penson, deserves special mention and commendation. It contains a general bibliography, in which all the more important documentary sources, printed and unprinted, official and non-official, are listed, with select special bibliographies on exploration and sea power, colonial policy, the history of the colonies, and the American Revolution. The former should prove of service to research students, and the latter to any readers who may desire further information on subjects dealt with in the text.

ROBERT LIVINGSTON SCHUYLER

Underworld

In the Reign of Rothstein. By Donald Henderson Clarke. Vanguard Press. $2.50.

DONALD HENDERSON CLARKE knew Rothstein. I did not know him, but once I saw him. The telephone had called me out of bed and presently the closed car stopped below my window in Charles Street and, muffled into my overcoat, I joined the two men on the rear seat. We went to Lindy's and it was 2 a. m. . . . The business in hand is not pertinent here, but while we sat and discussed a story which was later to break in the newspaper I was working for, my eyes went round the room, only my eyes let it be noted, for one did not turn one's head in Lindy's at 2 a. m. People had an admirable habit of attending their own affairs, ostensibly. Over the shoulder of the man who was talking to me I perceived Little Augie who had just succeeded to leadership of the Kid Dropper gang, an undersized, quiet youth who appeared about as dangerous as a rabbit in a coop until you saw his eyes, with which he seemed not to be looking at all but listening everywhere, contemptuously. Here were the night-hawks of Broadway, race-track men, pickpockets, confidence men, book-makers, gangsters, gamblers, and the respectable sports, so my two habitues told them off.

All at once the eyes of the man who was speaking to me shifted by the breadth of a hair and without changing tone or inserting a comma he said: "There's A R coming in the door don't turn your head for Christ's sake but take a look to your left easy-like after a while the good-looking fellow who shows his teeth as he smiles now as I was saying about this here." . . . And business went on as usual.

After a while I saw Arnold Rothstein. A handsome man of middle height, so I guessed, whose Fifth Avenue clothing set off a lithe, muscular figure beginning to take on weight but keeping a panther-like grace for all that. He had the balance and quick shifting grace of a welterweight prize-fighter, white skilful hands, black hair, and a pale, smooth, mobile face distinguished by beautiful gleaming teeth and amazingly vital, sparkling, brown eyes which hardly moved yet incessantly raked the restaurant from end to end, so that I knew that he was even aware of my unimportant but unaccustomed presence.

Beyond question this was an unusual man, an extraordinary man, handsome and debonair, with a humming brain under it all. You liked him. One gathers that Mr. Clarke, who tells us those beautiful teeth were artificial, liked him.

Here was Broadway's biggest big-money gambler. The type awakened a mingled sense of glamor and disgust, the latter very likely because of some unacknowledged identity in oneself. He pitted himself against all owning males and the weapon was the ringing, clinking one all men could wield, the blade more insidiously sharp at the hilt than at the point. The big-money gambler keeps close to his love; not even the one remove of the stock market will satisfy him, even though as a man of sense he must realize that money, like electric voltage, needs to be handled at a distance if great values are to be attained. He burns for the sweaty touch and clinch. The body of his love must be next to him always, a great roll of crisp, papery flesh secreted against his breast. Like a debased counterpart of the tragic saint in O'Neill's "Dynamo," who adores the vast, blind, godlike, dynamic power of the universe, he worships the vast static power of money which can buy of men and women everything except that which can only be given; and there is the dismal joke. For he does not die tragically in the arms of any dynamo, but meanly, insignificantly, untragically, with a bullet in his bowels. He is only removed.

Not that one means to say the joker is only dealt around in the underworld. How different is the dried-up, heaven-bent old man who hands out dimes to every stranger as a reminder to them and a reassurance to himself of the reality of his power over life? . . . But we shall not wander out of the underworld here, for Mr. Clarke's book is of that underworld, a New York newspaperman's passing knowledge of Broadway. Rothstein showed where he stood at the last, when detectives bent over the hospital bed to ask who shot him and he laid an index-finger against his dying lips. His business was cheating cheaters, but there was one partner he would not have. Mr. Clarke may well hazard that nobody will ever burn for the gambler's murder.

A R has been removed. Little Augie has met his bullet and been removed. The line is always forming on the wrong. . . . Mr. Clarke's book is rather a wax gallery of the Broadway he knows than a study of Arnold Rothstein, and character is only incidentally revealed through brief and unarticulated actions in the same way as it is now and then made clear in newspaper accounts. However, it will supplement the memories of New York newspapermen and give to outsiders a remarkable surface-cinema of a strange group of the type which constantly flares across Broadway and the tabloids.

DUDLEY NICHOLS

Meddling Through

The Mighty Medicine. By Franklin Henry Giddings. The Macmillan Company. $2.

Beyond Agnosticism. By Bernard Iddings Bell. Harper and Brothers. $2.

A Social Interpretation of Education. By Joseph Kinmont Hart. Henry Holt and Company. $4.50.

AS the religion of our time, our panacea for ills social and political, education has become about as difficult to define as liberty, which preceded it as mankind's hope of salvation. Here are three attempts at definition—by the Columbia sociologist, by the warden of St. Stephen's College, and by the expert who is a professor of the subject at Wisconsin. Each is dismayed by an alleged complacency with the educational establishment, though the simultaneous appearance of three such criticisms is an index to our actual discontent.

For Professor Giddings, speculative thought, which is a single-entry accounting of reality, is the way of belief; the way of knowledge is the double-entry accountancy of science, in which ideas are checked against sense data through the trial balance of repeated experiment. The one way is traditional and authoritarian, deriving from magic and fiatism as transmitted by an occult succession of medicine men for whom teaching is still largely a matter of incantation and of "imparting" an immaterial culture. This absolutist education fails in the application of intelligence and knowledge to the improvement of life; its fruits are passive sophistication or downright superstition, dogmatic environmentalism or the obscurantism of the "anti-evolution" laws.

It is not to weaken, rather to strengthen, this pithy putting of the liberal case against the schools that I interpolate a caution. The very ardor of the champion exhales an aroma of counter-obscurantism. "The solid realism of material culture" is of course indispensable, but must ordinary education therefore dispense with the immaterial culture bequeathed by introspection? And if it must, how shall it teach our literature, upon which the critic equally insists? Moreover, we had better avoid even the appearance of counter-dogmatism, at least until such time as science can develop a consolidated audit for her conflicting balance-sheets.

At four years, says Professor Giddings, children betray their inferior and imitative and conformist, or else their superior

and initiative and creative, inheritance. For the former, efficiency. Among the latter we must distinguish between those who win their selfish way by cajolery or coercion and those who "lead" by virtue of their native vitality, mental energy, and character. College, finally, must bar out the unfit by an "infallible test," that of the self-important inferiority which would reach heaven by a single bound. In other words, the self-regarding inferiority complex of genius will no longer fare badly in our routinized college: it will not have got in! Yet if we are not to educate our artists, whom under heaven shall we educate? And this simple, two-block division and subdivision of natural endowments, isn't it quite as superstitious as the old two-block notion of insanity? Does inferiority invariably follow, superiority invariably lead? Or are men complicated bundles of inferiorities and superiorities, for whom education should provide the opportunity to discover their proper capacities?

Warden Bell walks in the way of belief. Not that he does not know and accept the material universe portrayed by science. Yet who, he asks, "would live in a world so petty as to be understandable by the human mind?" Well, as the heckler said to Lady Astor, who wouldn't? Having declined to sacrifice to scientific instruction the introspective heritage of the ages, shall we now sacrifice common sense to religious instruction? Especially when we discover its exponent recognizing the same two-block theory of the educable: "it is only the few with brains who justify keeping school." We really keep school, do we not, to *discover* the few with brains? Whereas Warden Bell would keep school because in it "the thought of the future is being powerfully influenced by the thought of the present." For leadership, that is.

Professor Hart's book is a competent, thorough if repetitious, technical yet humane social criticism of schools past, present, and future. There was a time when education met the needs of the community so closely that the pupil was unconscious of any distinction between schooling and living: his initiation was less a graduation or commencement than a change of pattern in the seamless garment of life. The fundamental trouble with all our present attempts to train the youth for life is that what actually trains for life is living itself. Somehow the schools of the future must "provide those factors of experience which are not already provided by the community," so that education shall be again an integration of living into experience, an interpretation of all of life, instead of a curriculum of historic integrations (the humanities) taught as programs for contemporary living.

I wonder whether this utopianly broad definition has after all accomplished much more than a new name, integration, for an old thing, wisdom—which only fools expect education to communicate. And whether the historic integrations are not perhaps the only important factors of experience not provided by the modern community, as well as the most important things education can present—although that fact in no way justifies their presentation as contemporary programs. The schools, Professor Hart concludes, are themselves helpless, being the political expression of an economic order which prefers arresting development at the 100 per cent American point to producing integrated persons to direct the "community drift." Consequently we lack even educational leadership.

No doubt! Of all the myths of our magic-mindedness this myth of leadership is the most widespread—and (let us be candid) more widespread among liberals than among others. Perhaps no people has ever made such an uncritical din about leaders as the very people who, by the unanimous verdict of these three critics, lack and need them most. Mr. Ayres in his "Holier Than Thou" has, indeed, raised amid the hubbub an almost solo voice to inquire whether leaders really start the waves they ride, but none of these authors has paused to examine the relation between the alleged leader and the led. And if they are unanimous in demanding of education what may be no more than an illusion, that fact betrays their essential unanimity in what must be, for any freedom-loving democracy, an anachronistic hankering after control. The sociologist wants leaders to exorcize superstition. The mystic wants leaders to mysticize the future. The expert wants leaders to meddle with the community drift.

If meddling is not to be the end set education, what is? Well, it seems to me that these critics rather overdo the stressing of ends and the slighting of mere means. Not, of course, that we can do without ends, or ever will. But how much of all that is fine, disinterested, and jolly in the world is a matter of means for their own sake! Indeed, it is almost by definition that a community drifts. There are the myriad ends of its members, and when enough of these lie close together it has a direction. But its one end is continued existence, and its heart beats in the means to that end. The good member will know his own end, appraise his own freedom, and finally by trial and error arrive at his own values. That is what it is to be free. Education should expose him, in the degree of his capacity, to what is thought to be known and, without suppression or distortion by meddlers, to what has been recorded as knowledge.

Professor Hart says children have no thirst for knowledge, but every parent knows that all of them thirst after some of it—and a few seem to thirst after all of it. That is how we discover "the few with brains." Any good school will turn the others out as soon as they are no longer learning their way. At another point he says, rather inconsistently, that the best thing about our bad schools is that curiosity survives their habit of answering questions not asked, which usually means answering at the wrong time. Curiosity suffereth long, but survives. It was ever the beginning of wisdom. And as yet we have no good substitute for unfettered knowledge as a path to wisdom.

CLARENCE BRITTEN

The Poems of Malcolm Cowley

Blue Juniata. By Malcolm Cowley. Jonathan Cape and Harrison Smith. $2.

LITERARY generations rise and pass rapidly. To each we allocate as an average lifetime ten or fifteen years. The post-war generation, consequently, is now finishing its course, and critics are already regarding most of the writers whose fame has appeared since 1918 with that mixture of the casual and the respectful which signifies establishment. It would be difficult to find a single book of poems more symptomatic of the experiences of the post-war writers of America than Malcolm Cowley's. In his first collection of verse he has given us a diagram of the sensations and disillusioning conflicts through which the second file of twentieth-century young intellectuals passed. "Blue Juniata" is important not only because it gives us the assembled verse of a new and definitely interesting poet, but because it sets itself up as a self-confessed logbook of literary youth in America during the ten years which followed the war and which came just after the first fruits of our modern literary revival had been harvested. Until a representative of this literary generation produces a book as the sequel to Alfred Kreymborg's record in "Troubadour," this sizable volume will serve as a guidebook to an exciting interval of intellectual and aesthetic adventure.

The poetry in which Mr. Cowley has written this "testament de sa jeunesse" has its ups and downs. It reveals all the variety and unexpectedness of experiment. The inconstancy of its various inspirations is patent on every page. The record of

his childhood carries references to Masters (in The Hill Above the Mine), Sandburg (in Blue Juniata), and the other men who first defined those factors in American experience which revealed to younger poets the forces governing their own development. The European episodes are done now in the manner of German movie expressionism, now in the elliptical style of the *transition* school. The mark of Dos Passos and Lawson is on the later American episodes, while Tumbling Mustard and Memphis Johnny recreate with much commemorative charm the tawdry ballad sentiment of old barn-storming days. But Mr. Cowley is not always writing in reminiscent or satirical mood. He has kept his own voice among the discordant chorus of voices in which the lyric ambitions of so many youthful poets have been drowned. Laurel Mountain and Day Coach are trenchant with a penetrating and original insight. Mediterranean Beach and Two Swans are as clean-cut and alive as anything MacLeish has done, even though they do not depend on his particular devices. The melodies have a lucid beauty which rises out of their cluttered and ruinous impressions, and in one magnificent sonnet, Towers of Song, the volume reaches its climax and gives us one of the finest poems that has been written on New York.

Unlike many poets who at the present moment are being read and quoted with high favor, Mr. Cowley is not devising his tunes with gymnastic agility on a single string. He has obviously submitted to the charms of many influences, and he has managed to go through a period of high excitement in our cultural experience and yet realized a significance in the manifold distractions and vogues that crowded it. He artfully divides his book into six sections, providing them with dates and notes which reveal—along with certain traits of self-consciousness in the poems themselves—a sharp awareness of the characteristic quality of his experiences. A quarter-century of national life is pretty well preserved here: the transition from country to town, war fever, jazz-age, trans-Atlantic wanderlust, rediscovery of the American spirit.

Upon this rich substance we may expect him to draw in his future work. His stature as a poet—observant, alive, and sharply sensitive—is already revealed. He will undoubtedly make use of his equipment by writing somewhat more independently of his generation's peculiar ordeal (not, we hope, by losing his enthusiasm and engaging candor), and so become a poet eloquent and strong enough to succeed our present declining worthies.

MORTON DAUWEN ZABEL

Labor and Internationalism

Labor and Internationalism. By Lewis L. Lorwin. The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

THIS is one of the most valuable books produced by the Institute of Economics. Dr. Lorwin has put into it immense knowledge and great skill of exposition. Most laborers are still local in their personal attachments. Nationalism means little to them, internationalism less. But in the more advanced industrial nations a common consciousness has been slowly emerging during the past century which has taken shape in various fumbling contacts. Until comparatively recent times this consciousness was little more than a dim ideal in the souls of small groups of men, mostly in the great cities of Western Europe. The councils and congresses of the First International and their political-economic activities were almost negligible as judged from the standpoint of achievement. The close study Dr. Lorwin gives to this period is chiefly serviceable in showing the rifts in the trade unionist, syndicalist, socialist, communist, anarchist contributions to a workers' conscious will to power. The attempts to weld these diverse forces into effective solidarity are described in considerable detail, making the history difficult to follow from its sheer complexity. Splits, adjustments, alliances, "united fronts" are numerous, and Dr. Lorwin's minute studies will chiefly be of use for purposes of consultation by specialists in this historical field.

It is quite otherwise with the latter half of his volume. While still intricate and fluid, the internationalism of labor assumes both a clearer consciousness and a stronger reality. Though the immediate sequel of the Great War was a closer, keener nationalism, with tariff barriers and obstructions to migration of workers, internationalism has been greatly enhanced as a practical goal of world-progress both in politics and economics, while the union of political and industrial movements in this direction has made notable advances. Dr. Lorwin in his later chapters gives exceedingly valuable accounts of the relations between "Amsterdam" and the labor institutions of Geneva, on the one hand, Russian Communism upon the other. His analysis of what is termed Marx-Leninism is an exceedingly fine performance. The general result is to show the enormous difficulties in the way of any common, consistent, energetic cooperation on a world-scale. Even in Britain, trade and local sectionalism usually cripples national solidarity. In the United States close nationalism is fortified by a rooted distrust of European revolutionary notions, and an unwillingness to attempt to utilize the state and its political machinery for economic ends. Race, religion, class, and industrial cleavages of aim and interest in each country still consume so much of the energy of working-class movements that, except for brief emergencies, international cooperation still remains a feeble force for the achievement of a great world society.

J. A. HOBSON

A Boswell to Foch

Foch Speaks. By Major Charles Bugnet. Lincoln MacVeagh. The Dial Press. $3.

MAJOR BUGNET became aide-de-camp to Foch in 1921, after the World War, and remained in that capacity until Foch's death. From the time when his personal association with the Marshal began, he seems to have made himself a kind of Boswell to his chief, extracting from Foch, by discreet questioning or suggestion, whatever Foch was willing to divulge about his military training, his theories of warfare, his opinions about the great war and those who took part in it, and his general philosophy of life. Eventually, if not at first, Foch come to know what was going on, and there is abundant indication that he consciously aided in the undertaking, but he refused to allow any part of what was set down to be published during his lifetime, "to avoid the possible suggestion that it had been dictated."

The material which Major Bugnet offers falls roughly into three parts. The first and longest comprises Foch's remarks about the theory or practice of war and the intellectual or moral principles of life to which he had endeavored to adhere. Such headings as "one must see things as they are," "whatever you do, you must do well, no matter how unimportant it is," "it is not I, but necessity, that commands," "when one knows what one wills, everything becomes easy," "one's value consists only in what one does," indicate pretty well the character of the man. Foch, to use the popular phrase, was as hard as nails. He won his way to supreme command solely by merit. "What distinguished him were his long preparation, his dogged labor, his coolness and his judgment, his 'active tenacity,' his unprejudiced and flexible intelligence, his mastery of himself, his practice of simplification and his wide view of a situation as a whole, the application of method by energy, and, above all, his deter-

mination to achieve his aims, which was stronger than all the thousands of wills opposed to his own."

The second part of the book offers a brief sketch of Foch's career previous to the World War, while in the third the author takes him on an imaginary tour of the war area as a device for recording his comments upon campaigns and leaders and his general conclusions about the great struggle. The most interesting parts of this latter section are those in which Foch explains the circumstances which led to his selection for the supreme command, and the references to his intimate friendship with General Weygand. The work of translation, by Russell Green, has been admirably done.

WILLIAM MACDONALD

Books in Brief

What Is Socialism? By Jessie Wallace Hughan. Vanguard Press. 50 cents.

We commend this little book to Herbert Hoover and to all others who ought to know what socialism is but don't. Dr. Hughan has summarized in lucid fashion the Socialist case against capitalism and the remedies which the Socialists propose. She defines socialism as "the political movement of the working class which aims to abolish exploitation by means of the collective ownership and democratic management of the basic instruments of production and distribution." Then she proceeds to sketch in detail just how the American Socialist Party would accomplish its purpose, beginning with the revision of the Constitution and ending with the socialization of basic industries. While her treatment is not so brilliant as the Webbs's "Constitution for the Socialist Commonwealth of Great Britain" it should be equally useful for Americans because of its American approach. An interesting chapter is included which sketches the recent history of the Socialist movement in European countries.

Die Kunst des 20. Jahrhunderts. Von Dr. Carl Einstein. Berlin. Propyläen-Verlag. 48 R. M.

This Propyläen-Kunstgeschichte series, to be complete in sixteen volumes of which eleven are now ready, is probably the finest thing of the sort ever published. The first volume contained the pictorial records of prehistoric man. The present volume, covering the quarter-century just past, carries more than four hundred reproductions, of which forty are colored inserts. Dr. Einstein's introduction, which would make a bulky volume in itself, is a praiseworthy effort to make clear even to the lay intelligence the whence, why, and whither of the modern artistic experiments which began with impressionism. Dr. Einstein is extremely cautious in his judgments, and assumes that his function is for the most part only that of a cicerone. An admirable guide he is, and the book will prove uniquely useful.

Mortal Men. By Burnham Carter. Albert and Charles Boni. $2.50.

This book is typical of the pleasant inconsequential entertainment that is offered by the general run of contemporary American novels. Wise, witty, and modern-minded, Mr. Carter's fictional excursus on the sons of the wealthy seldom rises above readability. He manages his characters with professional skill. His attitude is wholesome, constructive, and always intelligent. Through the cultured, if somewhat bored, eyes of Allan Levering the spirit of the plutocrat is reflected. His father, the most detestable person in the novel, is the only one who achieves the dimension of artistic reality. The others are pompous and stiff.

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Films

There *Are* Silent Pictures

THE sense of physical discomfort—the jarring of rasping sounds on one's ear—is still one of the things we have to put up with in witnessing the slow progress of the talking picture. In this respect the silent picture can proudly point to its freedom of anything that "hurts the eyes"—a freedom of not more than ten years' standing, but today absolute and taken for granted. And yet, in spite of this great advantage over the talking picture, it is enough to see a few silent specimens of Hollywood's most ambitious efforts to understand the failure of the silent picture to stem the advancing tide of its noisy rival.

There are on Broadway at present three silent "specials" of Hollywood manufacture: "Four Feathers," "Evangeline," and "The Single Standard." Conventional and stereotyped as they are, they have the quality of their defect—the characteristic Hollywood workmanship which reveals itself in smoothness of action, skilful casting of character parts, and splendid photography. The defect itself, however, is too fundamental to be neutralized or even disguised by its superficial attractions. The standardization of form and the resulting moronization of content rob the Hollywood picture of that flexibility of treatment which is essential to effective dramatic statement. Just at the moment when the situation would seem to call for some striking, directly impressive effect, the Hollywood producer, chained to his conventions, calls in the orchestra and the sound machine and thinks he has done his duty. The three pictures mentioned above are no exception to this rule. Not only do they expound stories which are puerile (the heroics of "Four Feathers" are simply inept) but they fail to produce even the crude thrill of a dramatic climax. "Evangeline," though a little more advanced in its technique, is dramatically the least convincing of the three. "Four Feathers" has a few minor thrills supplied by scenes of wild animal life in Africa; but they are rather artificially connected with the main theme of the story and contribute but very little to its dramatic development. As for "The Single Standard," it is largely Miss Greta Garbo—take it or leave it. For our part we are inclined to leave it.

But Hollywood does not hold a monopoly on cinematic ineffectiveness as we are reminded by frequent foreign importations which find refuge in the so-called little cinema theaters. There is "Nana," for instance, which, we are informed, was "produced in France by Jean Renoir, son of the distinguished French impressionist painter, with the cooperation of members of Emile Zola's family." Shades of Renoir père and Emile Zola! Are they to be held responsible for this talentless concoction undistinguished by a single cinematic quality and marred by terrible overacting in the part of Nana, who is made not merely vulgar, as well she should be, but singularly unattractive to boot?

As a specimen of the cinematic sterility of English producers there was recently "The Constant Nymph"—acclaimed as a masterpiece in England but more accurately described as a Hollywood average of ten years ago—insensitive, flat, and amateurish. It was a relief after this to see "Piccadilly," another picture made in England though directed by A. E. Dupont, the famous German director of "Variety." Here was genuine workmanship and unmistakable sense of cinematic values. Dupont's tempo is sometimes too slow, he lingers too fondly over details of small dramatic significance, but he does produce a flow of images which merge imperceptibly into one another—a dynamic quality best illustrated in Eisenstein's "Potemkin"—

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and he does convey the sense of cinematic unity and balance. Unfortunately the cheap "mystery" ending of the story utterly spoils the dramatic movement of the film, coming almost as an anti-climax. The acting in "Piccadilly" is also above the average English standard, particularly that of King Ho-Chang, who plays "Jim," and of Anna May Wong, impersonating the Chinese dancer.

Of other current silent pictures "The Fight for Matterhorn," at the Little Carnegie Playhouse, deserves notice for striking photography and interesting natural scenery. Its drama does not come to much, but at any rate it is unobjectionable.

The most interesting silent picture, however, that has reached Broadway for some time is "In Old Siberia," at the Cameo. It is a strange film with many obvious faults. The contrast between the brutal tyrannies of prison officials toward their prisoners and the petty diversions of these prison officials against the background of provincial society—an excellent idea in itself—somehow is never translated into dramatic unity; the two themes remain separate. The characters are exaggeratedly grotesque types and their make-up is frequently crude. But in spite of these deficiencies, "In Old Siberia" is a fresh and stimulating picture. It has remarkable atmospheric effects secured with a moving camera (considerably cut, apparently, in the present version) and it shows originality in dramatic treatment. As the first work of a young director, Reisman, it is distinctly promising.

It is rather curious that the defects and qualities of this film should be completely reversed in another remarkable Russian picture not previously noticed here. "The Village of Sin" is the work of a young woman director, Preobrazhenskaya. Compared with Reisman's picture, it shows a rather conventional choice of characters, but unlike the other it succeeds in welding its material into a dramatic unity by means of a treatment which has the quality of sober and somewhat detached factuality, resembling the natural flow of the modern *vèrs libre*. "The Village of Sin" is also distinguished by the remarkable pictorial beauty of some of its scenes, notably of a wind-swept wheat-field.

This occasion is as good as any for referring to a film which, though shown a few months ago, is still eagerly discussed among the movie enthusiasts. There is no denying the fact that "The Passion of Joan of Arc," directed by Carl Dreier and produced in France, is a picture of outstanding originality. Dreier's emphasis on the facial expressions of his characters, who are shown mostly in monumentally sculpturesque close-ups, represents a technique which is decidedly fresh and unconventional, as is his use of the camera, which is made to follow the characters as if it were the eyes of a seated spectator watching the trial. Thus the whole drama is unfolded before us as if we were actually present in the court. The result of this peculiar use of the camera can hardly be described as cinematically, as well as dramatically, successful. The restricted camera movement retards the action and gives the picture a decided static quality. The method of conveying dramatic development by means of changes in facial expression lends further emphasis to this static quality. Thus, instead of finding an adequate cinematic form in which to show the mental tortures of Joan and the reactions of her prosecutors, Dreier has reduced the drama of the situation to rather obvious facial mimics illustrating the dialogue titles which are thus made to bear the whole burden of dramatic movement. Clearly, the picture should have been made as a talkie. Dreier deserves, however, all credit for his extraordinary photography and must be complimented on the daring with which he has flouted the Holywood formulas. Few producers seem to have the courage and originality to do so.

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International Relations Section

Reparations: The Young and Dawes Plans

By WILLIAM MacDONALD

THE controversy which has developed in the international conference at The Hague over the so-called Young plan of reparations settlement makes opportune a summary review of the reparations issue, and in particular a comparison of the provisions of the Young plan and those of the Dawes plan which it would supersede.

Until the Young plan was drawn up, no agreement had been reached by representatives of the Allied Powers and Germany regarding the total amount of reparations which Germany should pay. The treaty of Versailles directed the Reparations Commission to accept from Germany, in acknowledgment of Germany's obligations and as security for their discharge, three issues of bonds: one of 20,000,000,000 gold marks, payable without interest not later than May, 1921; a second of 40,000,000,000 gold marks, bearing interest at 2½ per cent from 1921 to 1926, and thereafter at 5 per cent, and a third of 40,000,000,000 gold marks to be issued whenever the Commission was satisfied that the interest and sinking-fund payments could be met. Further issues might also be provided for, in the discretion of the Commission, in accordance with the amount of damages to be made good and the ability of Germany to pay.

In April, 1921, the Commission made public what is known as the London schedule, providing for the issuance, subject to interest and sinking-fund requirements, of 12,000,000,000 gold marks of "A" bonds, 38,000,000,000 gold marks of "B" bonds, and 82,000,000,000 gold marks of "C" bonds; the "C" bonds, however, to be issued only when the Commission should be satisfied that the interest and sinking-fund requirements could be met. Annual payments of 2,000,000,000 gold marks, together with 26 per cent of the value of German exports, were required. It was not the intention of the Commission that the three bond issues should represent the total of reparations to be exacted from Germany, but there is still a general impression that the total had been fixed at 132,000,000,000 gold marks.

In the meantime the Allies, at the Spa conference in July, 1920, had agreed that France should receive 52 per cent of the receipts from reparations, Great Britain 22 per cent, Italy 10 per cent, Belgium 8 per cent, Greece, Yugoslavia, and Rumania together 6½ per cent, and Portugal and Japan each ¾ of one per cent. The total of 132,000,000,000 gold marks set out in the London schedule was promptly rejected by Germany as impossible, and was generally so regarded elsewhere, but a voluminous exchange of notes among the governments concerned failed to bring agreement upon any other figure.

On November 30, 1923, the Reparations Commission decided to appoint two commissions of experts, one to consider the means of balancing the German budget and stabilizing the currency, the other to consider "the means of estimating the amount of exported capital and of bringing it back to Germany." The underlying purpose of the inquiries was to enable the Commission to gauge the resources of Germany and its capacity to pay. The outcome of the deliberations of these commissions was the Dawes report, submitted to the Reparations Commission on April 9, 1924, accepted by all the interested governments at the London Conference on August 16, and put into effect on September 1.

The Dawes plan did not undertake to determine the total of reparations that Germany should pay, and expressly avoided any consideration of political interests or factors. Instead, the Commission confined itself to estimating, on the basis of a detailed study of the German economic situation, the maximum annuities that Germany could fairly be expected to pay over a series of years, indicating the sources of revenue from which the annuities should be drawn, drafting plans for stabilizing the currency and balancing the budget, and providing an organization for the administration of the plan.

Under the Dawes plan, three sources of revenue were levied upon for the payment of reparations. The ordinary budget, supplied from the usual sources of taxation, was to furnish after the first year (1924-25) various sums, the contribution from this source in the fifth or normal year (1928-29) being fixed at 1,250,000,000 gold marks. This amount was regarded as a "standard payment," to be increased in subsequent years in accordance with an "index of prosperity" which the plan provided. The German railways were to be reorganized and 11,000,000,000 gold marks of first-mortgage railway bonds were to be issued for reparations purposes, the interest, which was fixed at 5 per cent with one per cent for amortization, rising from 330,000,000 gold marks in 1924-25 to 660,000,000 gold marks in 1927-28 and thereafter. A transport tax of 290,000,000 gold marks, partly for reparations and partly for the German government, was to be paid after 1925-26. The third source of revenue was industrial debentures, to be issued to the amount of 5,000,000,000 gold marks, and bearing interest in the fourth and subsequent years to the amount of 300,000,000 gold marks. To aid in stabilizing the currency and balancing the budget, a foreign loan of $200,000,000, to become available in the first year of the plan, was also provided.

The total annual payments under the Dawes plan began with 1,000,000,000 gold marks in the first year, rose to 2,500,000,000 gold marks in the fifth or normal year, and were to continue at that figure, plus a supplement computed on the index of prosperity, indefinitely thereafter. A transfer committee to supervise the transfer of payments from Germany to the creditor countries, a trustee for railway and industrial bonds, commissioners for the railways, for the reorganized bank, and for the "controlled revenues" specially pledged as collateral security for budget contributions and other payments, and an agent for reparation payments in general charge of the operation of the plan, were also created.

The fifth or normal year of the Dawes plan will end next September. In the five years that have elapsed since the plan was put into operation, the payments called for have been fully and punctually met by Germany, and the machinery of the plan has, in general, worked smoothly. On

the other hand, the insistence of the German Government that the maximum annuity of 2,500,000,000 gold marks was greater than Germany could continue to pay, together with resentment at the prospect of paying that sum or any other for an indefinite number of years while the aggregate amount of the annuities remained undetermined, turned the attention of the creditor governments increasingly towards the necessity of re-examining the Dawes plan and agreeing with Germany upon a reparations total.

On September 16, 1928, accordingly, the British, French, Belgian, Italian, German, and Japanese Governments agreed at Geneva to intrust to "a committee of independent financial experts" the "task of drawing up proposals for complete and final settlement of the reparation problem," the proposals to include "settlement of the obligations resulting from existing treaties and agreements between Germany and the creditor Powers." The committee as finally constituted consisted of fourteen members (a delegate and an alternate from each country), the representatives of Great Britain, France, Belgium, Italy, and Japan being appointed by the Reparations Commission on the nomination of their respective governments, those of Germany by the German Government, and those of the United States by the Reparations Commission and the German Government jointly. The committee met at Paris on February 11, 1929, and chose the American delegate, Owen D. Young, a member of the former Dawes committee, as chairman. The committee completed its labors on June 7.

The Young plan bears something of the same resemblance to the Dawes plan that the Constitution of the United States bears to the older Articles of Confederation. The Dawes plan has been, in a sense, revised, but the revision embodies new principles and important changes in details. The cardinal feature of the Young plan is the replacement of the administrative and controlling machinery of the Dawes plan by a Bank for International Settlements, with powers so comprehensive as to make it not merely an elaborately organized agency for handling reparations, but also, in its potential operations at least, a super-bank. In addition to the usual banking functions (except, apparently, that of doing business with private depositors), and those connected with the receipt, accounting, and transfer of reparation payments, the management of bond issues for the commercialization of a part of the payments, and similar matters, the expectation of the experts' committee is that "in the natural course of development" the bank "will, in time, become an organization not simply or even predominantly concerned with the handling of reparations, but also with furnishing to the world of international commerce and finance important facilities hitherto lacking." To this end the bank, whose directors are to be designated by the central banks of issue of the countries represented on the committee, or by other banks if the central banks cannot or do not act, is authorized to buy and sell gold, conduct intermediate credit operations "in the interest of world trade to the extent that the directors of the bank approve," and be prepared, in so far as the transfer of reparation payments into foreign currencies involves either a restriction of imports or an extension of the German export trade, "to promote the increase of world trade by financing projects, particularly in undeveloped countries, which might otherwise not be attempted through the ordinary existing channels."

The Young plan calls for the payment by Germany, for the thirty-seven years ending March 31, 1966, of annuities aggregating 79,483,300,000 marks. The lowest annuity after March 31, 1930, is 1,685,000,000 marks; the highest and last is 2,428,800,000 marks; the average, inclusive of the service of the Dawes loan, is 2,050,800,000 marks, or 449,200,000 marks less than the present "normal" annuity under the Dawes plan. After 1966, and for the twenty-two years ending March 31, 1988, the annuities correspond to the Allied outpayments on their war debts to the United States, the aggregate of these annuities being 34,422,100,000 marks. The grand total of the annuities is 113,905,400,000 marks, representing an estimated "present value," computing interest at 5½ per cent, of 36,996,000,000 marks.

Of the annuities for the first thirty-seven years, 660,000,000 marks are to be paid unconditionally, without the privilege of postponement, and of this amount 500,000,000 marks is allocated, under certain conditions, to France. The unconditional payments, accordingly, represent the part of the annuities that may be "mobilized" or commercialized by the issuance of bonds. The unconditional part of the annuities is to be secured by a tax on the German railways of 660,000,000 marks, the balance of payments being derived from the German budget. With the approval of an advisory committee of the Bank for International Settlements, payment of the conditional annuities may be postponed for not exceeding two years. The annuities of the last twenty-two years are to be met from a sinking fund created by allocating to the fund 80 per cent of the profits of the bank. In a special memorandum attached to the report, but not forming a part of it, the experts of "the four chief creditor countries and of Germany" recommend an agreement by which, in case the war-debt requirements are reduced, two-thirds of the relief shall be credited to Germany and one-third to the creditor countries.

Deliveries in kind are to continue for ten years, but with a progressive reduction from 750,000,000 marks in the first year to 300,000,000 marks in the tenth, the committee having recognized "the necessity for maintaining a transitional period so that all shock to existing economic conditions in Germany should be avoided." The proceeds of reparation recovery acts, under which special duties have been imposed upon imports from Germany, or of any systems that have been substituted for the acts by agreement with Germany, are to be reckoned as deliveries in kind.

Upon the approval and inauguration of the Young plan the machinery of the Dawes plan will cease to operate. The "index of prosperity" will disappear, the duties of the Reparations Commission, the Agent for Reparation Payments, and all other foreign officials engaged in administering the Dawes plan will end, and all foreign control of the economic life of Germany will be withdrawn. The committee recommend that a general liquidation of all financial questions raised by the war be undertaken by the creditor governments and Germany "in a broad spirit of mutual concession," that no further seizure, retention, or liquidation of German property be made, and that the creditor Powers "abstain from recovering the credits of Germany against her former allies referred to in Article 261 of the Treaty of Versailles, Germany for her part renouncing any net balance which might be due to her as a result of these credits."

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WITH THE REASSEMBLING of the Senate and the publication of the rates of the tariff bill as made over by the Republican majority of the Senate Committee on Finance, the fight enters a new phase. The Senate will take three-day recesses until September 4, when the bill is expected to be laid formally before it. Friends of the measure are reported to be in no too hopeful frame of mind. The action of the Senate committee in boosting the effective rate on sugar from the 1.76 cents of the present law to 2.20 cents has satisfied nobody, even though the rate is less extreme than that carried by the House bill. In addition to the usual dissatisfaction with particular schedules and a rather unusual amount of objection from foreign countries, there is bitter hostility to the proposed administrative provisions, which would make of a protectionist President a little high-tariff czar. What the protectionists fear is a combination of Democrats and progressive Republicans against the measure, and Mark Sullivan in a dispatch to the New York *Herald Tribune* says that the bill is gravitating downward and backward toward a mostly agricultural measure. It is agreed that there will be a long fight on the Senate floor and that the special session is likely to run over into the regular one in December. An active and determined minority could probably defeat the measure in anything like its present form, but the Democrats hunger for loaves and fishes for their constituents no less than the Republicans. Senator Trammell of Florida, for example, has agreed to support the whole bill if Florida products get protection. And Senator Fletcher is reported to be practically in the same boat. It is an old story. Meanwhile the Senate leaders are anxious not to have their program upset by extraneous matters like the Vare case, which Senator King threatens to bring forward.

TARIFF MAKING took a delightful turn recently when the Senate Committee on Finance put manganese ores on the free list. The Fordney-McCumber Act carried a duty of a cent a pound on the manganese content of such ores, provided they contained at least 30 per cent manganese. The House bill let this duty stand, and the Republicans of the Senate committee decided, 7 to 4, to extend this rate even to lean ores containing but 10 per cent of manganese, thus making a slight concession to our producers, who had asked for a rate of a cent and a half a pound because they were being injured by the cheap labor of Russia. On a Monday the Russian Government announced that the United States Steel Corporation had signed a contract with the Georgian manganese trust to buy from 80,000 to 150,000 tons of manganese annually for five years. On Wednesday the Republicans of the committee put manganese ore on the free list. On Thursday, according to a dispatch to the New York *World,* Senator Bingham, one of the committee acrobats, said he had changed his vote because the White House advised it. How we all do love American labor, and with what tender care we protect it! Manganese ores ought to be free—so ought some 1,557 other items in the bill, but we doubt whether many of them will have the good luck of manganese.

REFUSING TO SURRENDER our extraterritorial rights in China, the Administration has returned to the sweeping demands of the ill-fated Extraterritoriality Commission of 1926, which asked China to revise her judicial practice before the Powers gave up their privileged position. In spite of China's troubled state we think that Secretary Stimson's flat refusal of Nanking's request to abolish extraterritoriality was unjustified. Surely a little compromise and negotiation would result in a plan for the protection of Americans in China without extraterritorial rights. Nanking would be delighted to make protective concessions to us; it is the principle of the thing that concerns Chinese pride most. If the Nationalists carry out their threat to abolish extraterritoriality on January 1 regardless of the Powers, we shall be forced to accept with bad grace an action which could be brought about with more good-will and more satisfaction to our interests by voluntary cooperation. It should be said in behalf of Secretary Stimson's refusal that the Nanking Government has done little in recent months to justify the faith of its friends or the belief that its powers should be extended.

One by one many of its best leaders have dropped away, leaving Chiang Kai-shek and his military coterie in complete control. T. V. Soong, discouraged, resigned as Finance Minister but was persuaded to return to his post for a time. Hu Shih, leading intellectual of the Nationalist movement, is attacking Chiang Kai-shek for jailing his political opponents. All things considered, these are dark days for the idealists who sought to build a new China through the Kuomintang.

THE CHINESE MILITARY SITUATION is undoubtedly grave, notwithstanding the reported insistence of the Nationalist Government that the mobilization of troops in Manchuria is not an act of war but only a proper and necessary measure of national defense. Diplomatically, of course, it makes a difference whether war has or has not been formally proclaimed, but airplane reconnoisances, Russian forays across the border, skirmishes on land and light bombardments by sea, and the movement of troops in large numbers are the inflammable stuff of which war is made. In notifying the signatories of the Briand-Kellogg anti-war pact, as the Chinese Minister at Washington was reported on August 16 to have been directed to do, that Russia had invaded Chinese territory in Manchuria, the Nationalist Government merely followed precedent in trying to put the blame on the other side, and its appeal to the world is one which the other Powers will probably scrutinize with care. C. T. Wang, the Nationalist Foreign Minister, issued a statement on August 19 which suggested that he was still chasing the communist bogey. "The Government is compelled to take a firm stand," he said, "lest communism again play havoc in China." The peril of the situation, as we see it, is not that China may fall a prey to communism, but that the factional disorders of its government and a restless ambition to test its strength may provoke Russian retaliation on a larger scale.

ONE PIECE OF GOOD NEWS has come from The Hague in the announcement on August 19 that British troops will begin evacuating the Rhineland on September 1. For this the whole world as well as Germany ought to be grateful. Progress with the Young plan has been less gratifying. Mr. Snowden, after serving notice on the representatives of the other principal Powers that the British ultimatum still stood, and that proposed compromises under which Great Britain would have received smaller sums than it demanded were not acceptable, nevertheless agreed that a special committee of experts should examine the suggestions to see just how they would work. It is already clear, however, that the Young plan, with whatever modifications it may be approved, cannot go into effect on September 1, when the fifth or normal year of the Dawes plan expires. The British objections to the Bank for International Settlements, which Mr. Snowden has declared are weighty, have not yet been brought forward in detail, and the committee of organization which is to arrange for putting the bank and the rest of the plan in operation has not yet been appointed. Under the best of conditions, accordingly, the new scheme can hardly be set going until well into the autumn. The intimations that Germany will refuse to go on with the Dawes plan in case the Young plan fails are not to be taken too seriously. It is more probable that Germany will continue to make regular payments on reparations account, as it has been doing for the past five years, but on the reduced scale of the Young plan instead of the more burdensome scale of the Dawes plan.

A DISPATCH from Washington gives notice that the Union of South Africa is expected soon to announce the establishment of a legation in our capital and the appointment as its minister of Eric H. Louw, who has served the Union as trade commissioner both in New York and in London. In following the lead of Canada, which in 1926 established independent representation by sending Vincent Massey to Washington as its first minister, the Union of South Africa takes another step in that interesting process of devolution by which the self-governing British Dominions are gradually taking over increasing control of their foreign relations. It is doubtful whether any foreign office in the modern world ever faced just the problem that Downing Street continually has to solve, that of directing the foreign policy of an empire whose constituent members have the power to control so largely their own affairs. The situation appears almost as anomalous in constitutional theory as it looks unworkable in actual practice. Yet life has a strange way of doing impossible things. Not only does the arrangement seem to work, but the empire thrives under it, and Canada today is in some ways more British than Great Britain. At the same time, India, held in a regular and constitutionally respectable way by armed force, holds a sword of Damocles forever suspended over the empire. Can it be, after all, that voluntary choice is a stronger cement of empire than the force of arms? As far as the British commonwealth of nations really deserves its title, it seems to be teaching us new and useful lessons concerning the relations that should subsist among independent states.

OUR READERS ALREADY KNOW something of the attempt of Josephine Roche to introduce more humane and at the same time more business-like conditions in the mining industry of Colorado through the recognition of union labor, and friendly cooperation with it, in the Rocky Mountain Fuel Company. They will be glad, therefore, to learn of the progress made during the first six months of this year as set forth in a report to the Industrial Commission of the State by the president and general manager of the company, M. D. Vincent. Mr. Vincent says:

> Our sales tonnage increased 16 per cent over the first half of last year. The tonnage production shows an increase of 1.02 tons per man per day for the first six months of this year over the first six months of 1928. This represents an 18 per cent increase in production per man per day. In computing this increased production per man per day we included all outside and inside men.
>
> The men employed in and around the mines of the Rocky Mountain Fuel Company, including outside and inside men, received an average wage of $7.95 per day during the first quarter of 1929. While the wage contract increased the earnings of the men, as we desired it should, it has not resulted in increased production costs because of the cooperation and increased efficiency which have characterized the new relationship.
>
> The effective working of the contract is further shown by the fact that the pit committees and mine superintendents are satisfactorily settling complaints. Only two cases in

eleven months have been appealed from the decisions of the pit committees and superintendents.

In the face of the bitter warfare in other mines of Colorado, and the nationally demoralized condition of the coal industry, this report is indeed encouraging.

FREIGHT DELIVERY by combined railroad and truck in the New York metropolitan area received a setback, although perhaps only a temporary one, in a recent decision of the Interstate Commerce Commission declaring itself without authority to approve the method by which such deliveries have been made by the New York Central and other railway companies. The decision, flanked as it is with concurring and dissenting opinions, is complicated, but the gist of it is that while the purpose of the railway companies in arranging for the delivery of freight from terminals to the doors of consignees was laudable, the plan that had been followed ran counter to the interstate commerce law because it discriminated among shippers and consignees and between different parts of the area served. In other words, truck delivery is a good thing and should be encouraged, but the service must be equitable and, apparently, universal. As far as the law of the matter goes the commission, which is a highly technical body, is doubtless right, but the decision does not settle the question. An investigation would probably show that New York City is not alone in the inordinately high charges which are made for truck delivery of freight, and from that burden commerce ought to be relieved. Door delivery and collection, on the other hand, are natural and proper developments of the use of motor trucks, and if the railways, which are ready to add trucks to their equipment, cannot devise a way of doing so without violating the interstate commerce acts, the acts ought to be shorn of their antiquity and receive the benefit of modern dress.

WORLDWIDE PROTECTION for intellectual property, irrespective of the country in which the property has been created, is not yet recognized by the United States, but it may be if the United States will join the International Copyright Union by July 1, 1931. At the present time, thanks to an absurd protective policy for which organized labor has been largely responsible, books by foreign authors, if they are written in English, must have the type set in this country and the other processes of manufacture carried out here if the book is to enjoy the privilege of American copyright. The illustrations also, if they happen to be lithographs or photo-engravings, must be reproduced by "a process wholly performed within the limits of the United States." As long as the American copyright continues, no copies of the foreign edition may be imported except single copies "for individual use and not for sale," or copies brought in for the use of certain societies, colleges, libraries, or similar institutions. This is a veritable tax on knowledge as well as an obstacle to its spread, unjust to authors, artists, and all producers of intellectual work, useless as a protection to American writers and scholars, and a negation of the international comity of which one hears so much nowadays. Thorvald Solberg, Register of Copyrights in the Library of Congress, who has long labored faithfully to bring about the adherence of the United States to the Copyright Union, has set forth the facts of the situation convincingly in one of the essays that were offered to Dr. Herbert Putnam last April on the thirtieth anniversary of his appointment as Librarian of Congress. Mr. Solberg's plea should be actively and earnestly supported by everybody in this country who cares for intellectual things.

OUR NEWSPAPERS are subjected to criticism for the inadequacy and inaccuracy of their foreign news. We are glad, therefore, to record the impressions of Otto H. Kahn, who said the other day, on returning after four months in Europe:

> I am glad to be back and have American newspapers again. I find that, when I leave America for Europe, I am better posted on what is happening in Europe than I am after I get there and have to depend on the European press. The diversity, accuracy, and multiplicity of the European items in the American papers, when you compare them with the European papers, is amazing. It is a real fact that I am better posted on European affairs by reading the newspapers in America than by going to Europe.

Without question there has been in recent years a distinct improvement in both the amount and the quality of the foreign news carried in both newspapers and magazines. When *The Nation* established its International Relations Section in 1918 there was practically no publication of important foreign documents in this country; now they are printed by a dozen different periodicals. If anything striking is happening in almost any part of the world, the careful reader is able to get a fairly good notion of it by following any one of a number of our best dailies. To be sure, our press has not yet attained to the breadth of knowledge shown by the best British newspapers in their interpretation of such events, and it is not always the most significant happenings that are are reported at greatest length. Yet the distinct gain that has been made is deserving of note.

ACCORDING TO an Associated Press report, the Department of Agriculture has enlisted the aid of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company in its war on the Mediterranean fruit fly. It occurred to some of the bright entomologists of the department that the larvae of this pestiferous creature must make some noise when they ate, and that by listening in on citrus fruits before shipment it might be possible to tell whether or not they were infected. So the telephone company's experimental laboratory was called in and devised an instrument, which is described as "a conglomeration of batteries, microphones, vacuum tube amplifiers, wires, and telephone receivers," for listening to the pesky beasts. In a subsequent test it is reported that "noisy" grapefruit were found to harbor the undesirable inhabitants while "silent" ones were discovered to be free of the pests. This may be scientifically all right, but we object to it on at least three grounds. Morally, notwithstanding the Supreme Court's decision in the prohibition case, we object to wire-tapping, even on a Mediterranean fruit fly. Religiously, we do not want the music of the spheres interfered with. Aesthetically, what we want is an instrument not to make it possible for us to hear more, but, on the other hand, to enable us not to hear most of the sounds that reach us now, especially the voice of Senator Smoot defending the new tariff bill, sweetened though it may be with the best beet sugar in Utah.

Posts and Profits

THE newspapers have been making something of a furore over the discovery that the deficit of the Post Office Department for the year ending with last June is estimated at $137,000,000. This is not the highest loss in its history. The peak was reached in 1921 when the loss for operating the postal service was recorded as $157,000,000, though we do not recall that the fact occasioned any stir in the press.

The high loss that year was attributed to special reasons—increased rates to the railways and higher pay for postal employees. Last year, also, the unusual deficit was partly due to a special cause, as the sum included $42,000,000 paid to railroads in back claims. But subtracting this from the total operating loss still leaves $95,000,000, which is more than three times as much as the deficit has been running in recent years. In 1927, for instance, it was $27,000,000 and in 1928 it was $32,000,000.

Just the same it is unlikely that the newspapers would have had anything to say about the postal deficit if Mr. Hoover had not stamped it as first-page news by making an issue of it. Doubtless Mr. Hoover's passion for efficiency is one reason for his expressed wish that the system as a whole shall pay its way. But it is hardly the only reason. We imagine there is some politics in the concern which the President has suddenly developed over postal losses, and there has been a great deal of propaganda in the way the newspapers have handled the situation. The Democrats are agitating for a cut in federal taxes. Mr. Hoover, probably wisely, isn't keen about it, and the unusual deficit in the Post Office Department—with a prospect of continuance—is a good argument for his position. Besides, Mr. Hoover is no friend of government operation of industry, and perhaps he is not displeased to throw a stone at what has long been considered our most important success in that field. Certainly a large number of newspapers have been only too eager to indulge in a general fusillade upon the postal system in response to Mr. Hoover's initiative. Not that they expect or want to upset federal operation of our posts, but any unfavorable happenings in the service make good propaganda against the demand that the government keep in its hands the development of water-power in the United States, particularly its manufacture and distribution at Muscle Shoals and Boulder Dam.

The first thing we want to say in answer to those who are suddenly so concerned about the deficit of the Post Office is that nobody should start with the assumption, as Mr. Hoover seems to have done, that the service ought to pay its way. Whether any specific government service ought to pay its way, or be carried partly or wholly by taxation, is a question to be decided in each case by the social value and character of the work performed. One of the great advantages of government control lies precisely there. By common consent public education in the United States is financed almost wholly through taxation rather than by assessments against the particular persons who make use of it. The same is true of the upkeep of the lighthouse service and the Coast Guard, the work of the departments of Agriculture and Commerce. Nor have we ever heard it insisted that the army and navy should earn enough to be self-supporting.

We do not believe that the Post Office was expected to pay its way when it was organized in this country. That eventually it came to do so, even with low postal rates, is a testimonial to its generally efficient administration. For about twenty years, however, it has been operating at something of a loss, due probably to the rapid expansion of the second-class and the parcel-post services and the introduction of the air mail. Officials of the Post Office Department apparently do not know exactly where or how last year's unusual deficit occurred. Certain newspapers have been quick to assume that a chief cause was higher salaries and allowances to employees, but as no major changes in this direction have been made since 1925 the argument seems a little tenuous. In any event, postal employees are still generally undercompensated rather than overpaid, and there would be instant condemnation of any attempt to reduce postal expenses through trimming the earnings of employees.

Mr. Hoover is certainly right in his demand for a system of accounting which will show in detail where and how the postal system is running behind. It will then be time to consider the kind of work performed by each service that is losing money and to decide whether it ought to be self-supporting or maintained in part out of other postal revenues or through taxation. It happens that the first-class mail—probably the most democratically used and socially useful function of the Post Office, and hence the one most surely entitled to be maintained by taxation—is believed to be amply self-supporting. The air mail is admittedly losing money, but Mr. Hoover is said to feel that as it is still in an experimental stage it ought not to be compelled to pay its way. We think there was more in this argument a few years ago than today. It was justifiable once for the Post Office to subsidize flying, but aviation has now become a commercial enterprise. Users of the air mail today could and should pay more nearly the cost of such transportation. The parcel post, introduced especially to benefit farmers, is losing money too, but an upward revision of rates there is more questionable. The greatest and least justifiable postal loss—said to be $90,000,000 a year—arises from the low second-class rates granted to newspapers and magazines. This was originally justified on the ground that such periodicals served the cause of public education and were not primarily commercial enterprises. We should hesitate to deny an educational aura to them still, but nine out of ten are now as frankly commercial as any drug store or power plant. Every time in recent years that an attempt has been made to make periodicals pay higher rates a powerful protest from them has defeated it.

We should like to have President Hoover attack this problem courageously and to see a few of the newspapers and magazines sufficiently fair-minded to support him.

Unionism in Filmland

THE Actors' Equity Association called off its ten weeks' strike to unionize the Hollywood movie studios on August 17. In announcing that Equity members might return to work, Frank Gillmore, the organization's head, laid the chief blame for the failure of his effort upon Ethel Barrymore, a member of the committee which carried on negotiations with the producers. Miss Barrymore contended that the producers had offered as much as was obtainable when they agreed to allow their workers to join Equity if they chose, although refusing to employ only members of the association. Her argument to that effect weakened the morale of the strikers, Mr. Gillmore said, and compelled him to abandon the strike for the present, but he promises another attempt at unionization later, when he hopes to have more support from organized labor.

The actors began by asking for a completely closed shop. No member of Equity was to sign any new contract except a standard one and no member was to form part of a cast containing any players who refused to join the organization. A little later, however, a compromise similar to that accepted by theatrical producers in 1919 was offered, and Equity expressed itself willing to enter into an arrangement which would permit 20 per cent each of the principals, small-part actors, and extras in any cast to be non-union. This proposal also was definitely rejected, and the producers would agree to nothing beyond a vague recognition of the right of Equity members to remain such. They offered no specific objections to any of the terms in the standard contract but simply refused to give up their privilege of hiring actors under whatever terms they can make the latter accept. And there for the moment the matter rests. Equity has gained many new members but it has, on the other hand, been compelled to suspend others—some quite prominent in their profession—who have signed contracts offered them either because they were distinguished enough to get all they wanted for themselves or obscure enough to feel the weight of economic pressure.

The motion-picture industry is almost completely dominated by a few powerful organizations. It has almost unlimited resources, and the supply of minor actors is so much greater than the demand that unionization is extremely difficult. But no one familiar with the abuses which Equity reformed when it established itself in the field of the legitimate stage can doubt for a moment that it ought eventually to win its motion-picture fight. None but the oldest and most threadbare arguments are used against it. Actors are again urged not to put themselves in the class with bricklayers and plumbers, and the Los Angeles *Times* expresses editorially its fear that their organization threatens the "industrial freedom of the greatest open-shop city in America." But "industrial freedom" in the motion-picture industry means about the same thing that it meant in the old days of the theatrical business, when needy actors could be rehearsed three or four weeks without pay and then dismissed because they were "not the type." Specifically it means, for example, that a minor actor can be hired at so much "for the part" and then held indefinitely for rehearsals and re-takes.

Equity will certainly win some day, but it is impossible to predict when. Obviously the obscurer players are not strong enough to fight their battle alone because the majority of them can easily be replaced, and, since open-shop conditions prevail in the technical departments of most studios, there is considerable doubt as to the effectiveness of a sympathetic strike of electricians and scene shifters, even if one should be called. Hence the real hope for victory rests largely upon the loyalty of the more successful and distinguished actors. The producers cannot get along without them, and if they will unite to demand for their humbler fellows the fair play which they can get without difficulty for themselves, then they can speedily obtain it.

This is exactly what they did when Equity won its definitive and lasting triumph in New York. The stars had comparatively little to gain and, temporarily at least, quite a little to lose. Yet they not only joined Equity but steadfastly refused to work in casts not at least 80 per cent unionized, with the result that they have been, for some years now, in a position to insist upon decent treatment for everybody. Unfortunately, however, the motion-picture world is newer, looser, and more extravagant. There must be at least ten times as many people to deal with as there were in New York, and the gap between the floating "extra" and the pampered favorite is wider than it was between the humblest professional of the old school and the greatest star.

Book-Conscious

THE publishers, the book clubs, and the booksellers, like the Chinese and the Russians, have been holding conferences, and while they are almost as secretive as the Orientals, some hints of their compromise proposals have leaked out.

The booksellers had complained that the book clubs were stealing their business, which is probably true, and that these vast organizations, buying books by the scores of thousands, had forced the publishers to grant them bigger discounts than were given the lowly bookstores—which is indubitably true. The ordinary bookstore gets a 30 to 40 per cent discount from the retail price of a book, while the Book-of-the-Month Club gets a reduction of 70 per cent. Futhermore, the publishers and the public alike complained that the book-club choices tended to concentrate attention upon a few books which might be excellent but certainly were not so much better than others as the difference in sales would indicate. As a result of these differences we had the much-advertised "book war" of last spring.

Now, apparently, everybody is to be made happy, including the public, which is to be made not only happy but cultured. The booksellers are to get an increased discount on books chosen by the book clubs, and part of this discount, together with a contribution from the book clubs, is to be set aside as a general fund for the promotion of book-buying in general. America, which has been made a two-car country, halitosis-conscious, apple-conscious, and sun-tan-conscious, is to be made book-conscious as well.

It is, indeed, about time that the mercantile genius of this nation of salesmen be turned to the problem of marketing books. It is a little startling to find so orthodox a publication as the *World's Work* informing its readers that in

this land where every miner's son expects to go through high school, and every carpenter's daughter to college, only a third as many new titles were published last year as in Russia, only a third as many as in Germany, half as many as in Japan, and fewer than in either France or Great Britain. Apart from textbooks, we are informed, Americans last year bought on an average somewhat less than one book each.

Everyone familiar with the publishing business knows how hazardous a trade it is, and how much it depends upon the unpredictable success of some single title that "catches on" and, selling into the hundred thousands, carries the rest of a long list of books most of which may have a sale of fewer than 5,000 copies each. Our publishers have never discovered the Continental secret of persuading the public to buy books in quantities, to buy cheap editions at the railroad newsstands and throw them away at the end of the journey, to buy and buy and buy. Perhaps a publishers' advertising campaign might teach Americans to hesitate as little about buying a book as they do about buying a box of candy or a compact. But one of the obvious reasons why Americans buy so few books is that their magazines and newspapers feed them so much more heavily than European journals do. There, it seems to us, may lie one solution of the book and the book-club problem. The book clubs will have to teach us to regard books as we do magazines, and to do that they will have to make them as cheap. Therein lies the special interest of the newer book clubs—the Book League of America, and the Paper Books which Charles Boni is about to issue, one a month at no more than the cost of a magazine. In the long run, it seems to us, the book clubs will have to become more and more like the magazines. Instead of suggesting that they select the best books each month, they will have to create for themselves editorial reputations—to become as definitely distinguishable in character as, say the *Atlantic Monthly* and the *American Mercury*, the *Saturday Evening Post*, *The Nation*, and the *Literary Digest*.

Power Poison

THE opinion of Charles A. Russell, solicitor for the Federal Power Commission, instructing Chief Accountant William D. King to eliminate $500,000 from the proposed capital account of the Cumberland Electric Company, an Insull subsidiary, will, if sustained by the courts, represent an important victory for the government in the struggle with the power companies. Four Insull companies are involved. The particular one concerned, in applying for a license, asked permission to include in its capitalization $250,000 to be paid for alleged services and rights of two of the other companies, and $250,000 which it intended to donate to the State of Kentucky for a state park if the company got its license. In disallowing these items, Solicitor Russell points out that the four companies were acting essentially as one, and he declines to let them pad their capitalization by juggling accounts. At most, not more than $40,000 should be charged for the rights and services involved, he declares, and that amount only if proved. After considering the Water Power Act of 1920 and the legal decisions, he holds that "here is specific direction to the Federal Power Commission to insert in the capital account the actual legitimate cost of construction limited to the actual amount of money paid therefor." Of course this is what Congress intended and what everybody except financial highbinders wants. If the courts, as it seems not unreasonable to hope, will only sustain this principle and not wander off into the cloud of valuation fog in which they have enveloped the railroads, we may get a solid basis for regulation of power companies operating under federal license. The important public service of Messrs. Russell and King should not go unrecognized. Let us watch sharply to see what the power trust will do to them.

What it will try to do is easy enough to guess. At the end of July there fell into the hands of the Washington correspondents a confidential memorandum on "The Federal Water Power Act and Its Administration, a Summary with Suggestions." This memorandum was given large publicity in the columns of the Baltimore *Sun*, the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*, and the Scripps-Howard press, but as far as we have noted was not handled elsewhere. According to that sterling correspondent, Drew Pearson, the report was prepared for circulation among the "higher ups" of the power industry, the text indicating that someone in the National Electric Light Association was responsible. It has been denied in behalf of that association that the document originated with it or represents its views, but officials of the Federal Power Commission meet the latter denial by showing from the records of the Commission that the lighting organization has previously expressed views identical with those outlined in the memorandum.

According to the document itself it was prepared in order to bring about "solidarity of action. . . by the entire electric power companies." It gets down to business by criticizing the appointment of Mr. King as chief accountant, objecting to his inducing the commission to introduce the Interstate Commerce Commission's system of accounting and depreciation requirements, which will prevent the companies from getting back more than the actual depreciated value of their plants at the end of the fifty-year license period; finding fault because the commission has got larger appropriations and so can make its accounting work more effective; and, finally, suggesting that that work be transferred from the commission's staff to the Departments of War, Interior, and Agriculture. "If this committee is successful in presenting this argument to the Secretaries who form the commission, and further direct enlargement of the accounting staff is prevented, it is believed that these departments will not have men specially trained for this work, at least they will be removed from the direct supervision of Mr. King." We have some respect for highway robbers, but men responsible for such suggestions seem fit to associate only with Harry F. Sinclair, Edward L. Doheny, and Albert B. Fall. The memorandum suggests that Mr. Merrill, the executive secretary of the Power Commission, "may be persuaded to accept some other more lucrative and less trying position . . . and it is hoped that discreet representations can be made to the Secretary Commissioners" concerning his successor. Since that time Mr. Merrill has resigned to become secretary of the American Committee of the World Power Conference, financed by the American electrical industry, and has been succeeded by Frank Bonner, his former assistant. Meanwhile Horatius King still stands guard at the bridge. Will the power trust somehow manage to get him? Wait and see.

find ourselves in the throes of a timber famine, terrible in direct proportion to the amount of our forest land which lies idle and devastated. The situation will be analogous to that which would obtain if we left our grain lands idle. In that event there would of course be a disastrous frumentary famine. But there would be this notable alleviation to the situation regarding unproductive grain lands: in the following year they could be replanted, and a full crop might be harvested within a few months. But in the raising of forest crops it will generally take a hundred years from the time we make up our minds that our lands should cease to be unproductive to the time when we can mature timber upon them.

That we actually are leaving a shockingly large share of our lands in such an unproductive condition is strikingly brought out by Major Ahern. He quotes the familiar United States Forest Service estimate that 81,000,000 acres out of 470,000,000 acres of potential forest land in the United States are completely devoid of any arboreal vegetation. A great share of the 251,000,000 acres of second growth is bearing only a small fraction of the amount of wood it could support. As a result we are removing 25,000,000,000 cubic feet of wood from our forests annually, while it is calculated that only 6,000,000,000 cubic feet are being returned in growth. Major Ahern amplifies these general statistics with some forty-eight pages devoted to fairly selected quotations from Federal, State, and private reports, and the bulk of them bear out emphatically the claim that a large share of the logged lands are restocking inadequately or not at all.

Then what's to be done about it? Sit by hopefully and pray that cooperation may bring better times? Or go militantly forward to procure those better times by compulsion? It is the latter course which Gifford Pinchot and Major Ahern propose.

In regard to the disappearance of the virgin stands all remedies are nugatory. We can only reserve a certain share of the remaining primeval forest for recreational purposes, and make up our minds that from a commercial standpoint the ancient woods will soon be a thing of the past.

In regard to the fire situation four steps seem essential. First, vastly increased expenditures are imperative in order to establish an adequate protective force. Second, there should be coercive regulation of private cutting operations to allay fire danger. This is already done by several States, such as Idaho, which obliges all operators to pile and burn logging slash, and New York, which stipulates that the branches on the tops of cut coniferous trees must be lopped. Third, there is still need of educating a large share of our match-using public concerning the dangerous and evil aspect of the gift of Prometheus. And fourth, further research into the factors affecting the initiation, spread, and control of fires is required.

But the most critical of the three problems is how to obtain satisfactory forests to replace the ones which are being cut at the rate of from 5,000,000 to 10,000,000 acres per year. There is no question that such new forests can be obtained. The United States Forest Service has given ample demonstration that it can cut forests and at the same time leave the land productive. A number of private concerns have done the same. But this result cannot be accomplished without effort. Forestry requires scientists to learn the underlying rules of nature which may be responsible for either devastation or regeneration of the forest; artists to take these rules and apply them in the actual conditions of the woods; and special labor to carry out the more complicated methods of cutting which are usually required to insure the reproduction of the forest.

All this means money, and money means a loss of profits. That is the crux of the whole situation. Cutting the forest for the future public welfare implies in almost all cases a sacrifice of present private profits. And the number of private operators who are willing to sacrifice their own immediate profits for the benefit of their unborn great-great-grandchildren runs to very few figures. There is only one way that the average lumberman under these circumstances can be made to respect what is unquestionably the public welfare, and that way is through *government compulsion*.

In this connection Gifford Pinchot has said: "Major Ahern's success in forest conservation in the Philippines was built on government control of lumbering. That is and always has been the foundation of such success throughout the world. And throughout the world the right of the government to exercise such control in the public interest is recognized. Without it forest devastation has never been stopped anywhere. Without it forest devastation cannot be stopped in the United States."

Somehow we must have timber fifty and a hundred years from now. We can have it, as has been repeatedly demonstrated on government cuttings. But unfortunately 80 per cent of our timber is in private ownership. And here, despite twenty-five years of excuses and promises, little forestry of any sort is being practised. The period for voluntary private forestry is over. The government must step in and compel the private timber owner to leave the forest which he exploits in a productive condition. If the operator protests that economic conditions make this impossible, then his lands should be taken over by the government, which can and does practise forestry.

Geneva

By IVY LITVINOV

IT is a pity that a little gray town on a blue lake should produce brown associations such as protocol-ratification-arbitration - safeguarding - moral - disarmament, and the rest of the bag of tricks. It is the old game of making jam horrid by associations of gray powders. A philosopher might claim that the opposite is true, and that the sight of gray powder in later years may call up the delicious scent of raspberry jam. Thus women infallibly remember the penny-worth-of-pear-drops-please, in a screw of paper, when they employ "liquid polish" upon their finger-nails, or if they do not they have never been little girls. . . . What then, about tear-bombs, which undeniably smell of tinned pears, you may ask, and the philosopher would have no answer. . . . And yet the law of compensation does work sometimes, for while the newspaper reader's reaction to the word "Geneva" may be "League of Nations"—mine to "League of Nations" will ever be a white sail watched from under

the branches of a cedar tree, seen through a plate-glass window . . . and my glance has only to fall upon the long brown cover of the minutes-of-fourth-session-of-preparatory-commission-for-disarmament-conference-and-of-first-session-of-committee-on-arbitration-and-security-series-V-c-667-M-225-1927-IX, wherever I may be, and I am transported to those asphalt shores, where the sea-gulls range themselves like strings of pearls up and down the moorings of the steamers that rest all winter beside the promenade. They seem to know that the people in the hotel opposite like to look through the window at them, and though you are most unchivalrously requested, by an officious note in the lift, not to feed them, they kindly overlook the meanness, or else hope springs eternal in their soft gray breasts.

I am the worst tourist in the world, or I think so. At any rate I hate being led up to beauty-spots, and ten to one if I am I shall remember all the wrong things, from the orthodox point of view. Thus my only memory of Bozen is a wonderful dish of blue trout at the Laurien, eaten under the stars in a leafy garden, and the old shoemaker in Ober-Bolzen who so skilfully stuck a wrenched heel on to my shoe, while I waited, and charged me something that could scarcely be computed in farthings; and there is a renowned cathedral town in France of which my only distinct memory is something much, much worse than the pea which disturbed the slumbers of the real princess. And is not Chamonix forever associated in my mind with wistful memories of the "English Tea-Rooms," past which they dragged me, all unwilling, to go and see a glacier, although ice cream in a glass seemed infinitely more beautiful to me just then.

Pursuit—whether of beauty or anything else—is seldom successful, since most things worth pursuing are more swift than we. Perhaps that is why the modest charms of Geneva are so indelibly engraved upon my unconsciousness, and ever ready to flash upon the inward eye, that truest bliss of solitude, not, it is true, as on my couch I lie in vacant or in pensive mood, but whenever I see a newspaper headline about disarmament or read Senator Borah's opinion of the League of Nations. If Wordsworth had gone out specially to admire the daffodils, be sure we should never have had the poem. He didn't; he went out to get an appetite for dinner, or perhaps to walk off the effects of dinner, and "all at once" he saw a crowd, a host of golden daffodils. And that was something to write home about. And so if you go to a place to work, and are so busy all the time that you can hardly snatch a few hours to look at it, you may find when you get home that it is yours forever. It has told you all its secrets, because you did not try to force its confidence.

Almost all my walks abroad in Geneva have been made of necessity, and not just for pleasure, or to kill time. Often I could only leave the hotel late in the evening, to buy a cake of soap, or a tube of tooth-paste, and then it is that I have seen the tired but ever-affable shop-keeper, sitting out on a chair in front of his half-open shop, to enjoy the evening air and serve the chance customer. I have returned through discreet back streets, with pots of geraniums between the half-drawn curtains on the window-sills, and closed shop-fronts, where elastic-sided boots and carpet slippers will hang out in bunches tomorrow, and "Würsterei" where sausages still hang in fronds from a steel bar, or lie in neat coils on their frigid slab. And the little streets, with their humble dwellings, their rather one-horse hairdressers' shops, their shabby couturières and modistes, are as discreet and inviolate as if they didn't know perfectly well that they rubbed shoulders (or at any rate backsides) with the Hotel les Bergues, the Beau-Rivage, the Bellevue, and the rest of the notabilities, and as if every one of them didn't lead straight into a blaze of lights and hotel-fronts and asphalt paths, and orthodox Swiss "scenery," complete with Mont Blanc. Even the tall brown flats rising mysteriously aloof at odd corners are too discreet to boast of their nearness to all this splendor. They are reserved and decently prosperous, just as the little houses are reserved and decently penurious. And a step round any corner you like to take will bring you past the side of a garage, the back of a hotel, into the smug luxury of the Quai des Bergues. If you have the right-colored ticket, you may find your way to a long room, all windows, full of sober-looking gentlemen. It is very quiet and reassuring here, for it is quite obvious that nothing of any sort is going to happen. But the day I was there a tactless person got up and suggested that all these gentlemen should vote for immediate disarmament. A little bird on the tall cedar outside one of the windows fell from its branch as if it had been shot. It had been listening in at peace conferences for years and was not used to such wild talk.

Summer School Is Over

By A SCHOOLMA'AM

HAVING received the command from our superintendent, as usual, that we must attend summer school—"to get in touch with the latest developments in the field of education"—thousands of us flocked to the State universities this year, as usual, and enrolled in the school of education, where we are privileged annually to watch those developments spring full-armed from the Jovian minds of the professors of education and their disciples, the school administrators.

We are given a problem to investigate: the purpose of education in a democracy. "Scholarship is no longer the primary purpose of the public school," the lecturer informs us; and recalling our year's duties of supervising vaudeville shows and other "extra-curricular activities," we understand.

The textbook, written by another professor of education, supports our instructor:

> The best judgment of the present rates practical ability somewhat higher, and *culture of the semi-selfish sort* somewhat lower than has been the case in the past.

Just who these profound philosophers of the present may be whose judgment the professor rates as the best, he does not tell us, but scholarship and culture being taboo, we duly register our scorn for them in our report, and turn to the recognized purposes of education. First there is Character Building. Here is a whole book, "Golden Deeds in Character Building," written by a superintendent of schools to show how it is done in his town:

> In all their reading, in the study of history, in current events, in literature, and in their contact with life, the

children are encouraged to treasure in their minds the good deeds and noble impulses which they may discover and tell them to their companions during the daily period devoted to this exercise. In a word, the children of ——— are continually on the lookout for deeds which illustrate neatness, politeness, gentleness, kindness, love, truthfulness, duty, fidelity, obedience, nobility, gratitude, forgiveness, honesty, confession, self-control, honor, courage, modesty, self-respect, prudence, good name, manners, health, success, labor, temperance, thrift, reverence, patriotism, and other desirable qualities.

* * *

They not only search for good deeds in their reading and among their associates, but they get their parents to assist them. Many parents have told me that they have themselves been helped and strengthened by assisting their children in this laudable search for the true, the beautiful, and the good. And teachers, too, have been made stronger, they inform me, by continually dwelling upon the good actions that are daily reported in their classrooms.

This is very encouraging to the superintendent, and he makes further suggestions:

It would be an excellent plan for every family to keep a Golden Deeds Book, and for each member of it, when at table or around the fireside, to report all the good and worthy things that they have seen, heard, or read about during the day. . . . When the neighborhood learned that such books were in existence, it might walk more circumspectly and grow an ambition to have some of its good deeds enrolled in the book.

The superintendent's book is so rich in observation that we are tempted to linger over it. He even traces the cause of the World War:

Learning without character is a vain and noxious thing. The great underlying cause of the world conflagration which Germany started, and the horrible deeds which her soldiers committed on sea and on land were largely the fruit of her highly efficient system of education. But though efficient, it was grossly material. . . . Juvenile books contained no subtle moral lesson that should influence youth to goodness and gentility.

The superintendent reveals what may be done for juvenile literature by writing verses for each of the virtues that the children are especially to cherish, in which the moral lesson is as subtly concealed as in the following:

POLITENESS

Above all else I'll be polite
And kind and never give a slight
To any person who may be
In station not quite up to me.
In fact, I'll be to everyone
Polite and kind like Jefferson.

TRUTHFULNESS

And I shall not prevaricate
Nor anything exaggerate
But speak the truth in all I say
And form that habit every day.
This habit when in youth begun
Will help me grow like Washington.

The superintendent's work, we fear, will live beyond him many a year.

Then there is Education for Democracy. "Are we practicing the democracy we preach?" ask the writers in the educational journals to which we are referred; "No. We have abolished the aristocracy of birth, but we still retain an aristocracy of intellect." Away with it. The schools must be "democratized." The subjects must be "democratized." Even the English language must be "democratized," as the head of a normal-school department of English tells us in urbanely hyphenated accents:

Do you know why English teachers are failing to teach English that gets across and carries over into life, that acts as a cementing and solidifying element in our democracy? It is partly because they teach and preach impossible ideals of a pure-bred and blue-blooded language, of a high-brow and "hifalutin" speech, patrician English, nasty-nice, top-lofty, schoolroom English. If we are to be common-minded, we must have a common speech—and that will never be the speech of scholars and pedants and prunes-and-prism-y rhetoricians. It must be a robust and vigorous American speech, full of snap and sparkle, of warmth and color, close to life, rooted in the soil. The reason the classical idea—in English or any other subject—is undemocratic is because it is a class idea.

Assuredly, with culture democracy can have nothing to do.

Well, the schools have been democratized. When the town bully and his gang rebel against studying, the high-school principal gives orders to the teachers: "Give easier lessons. The democratic school is for the many, not for the few." When the same bully finds English composition irksome, the principal issues another order: "More students will use English in talking than in writing. Teach Oral English. Teaching composition is undemocratic." Thus we follow the primrose path of democracy.

The really up-to-date school, we learn at last, is devoted to Education for Citizenship. Good citizenship—which no one defines—can be attained only through preliminary practice in good school citizenship. And does good school citizenship consist in doing one's daily duty? It does not. It means taking part in the "socialized activities" of the school, such as playing on the football team or in the jazz orchestra, distributing posters for the coming game, arranging decorations for the dance, or ordering tally cards for the school bridge party—in short, any of the things a reluctant schoolboy would rather do than study his lessons. "Scholarship is no longer the primary purpose of the public school."

That good citizenship might conceivably consist first of all in doing one's own work well, and second in bringing informed judgment to bear upon public questions, the good professors of education cannot agree for a moment. Some disagreeable realist might inquire just how much faith we shall be able to place in our lawyers, or physicians, or teachers, or engineers in the future if during their training they are told: "Scholarship is no longer the primary purpose of your school work." But that caustic comment we know better than to put into our report.

There are other equally evangelical purposes of education: Education for Leadership, Education for the Abundant Life, Education for Social Efficiency—education for everything except education. Every well-meaning superintendent of schools or professor of education with a utopian dream of his own sees in the schools the means of making it come true, and the subjects in the schools he controls must be made to conform to it.

"We are not justified in teaching anything for its own

sake," says the author of a textbook on "Education for Citizenship."

> Art, history, economics, and Latin have no claims of their own upon the time of the pupil. They are valued only as they forward the educational purpose.

According to the same authority:

> Music might properly be classed with the social sciences, inasmuch as the teaching aims should be chiefly social and civic. . . . When children are allowed to choose records, it is noticeable that they often turn to patriotic selections.

So much for music. And for history, not more—or less:

> The history teacher [this from a committee of superintendents reporting through an educational journal] can, through suggestion and question, elicit the moral significance of each historical event in furthering the progress of the world.

A supervisor of social studies is quoted in a Western educational journal as follows:

> Many of the literary selections taught in the high schools are in certain parts contrary to the ideals that the school is trying to teach, as for example the tragedies of Shakespeare. Shakespeare pictures the indecisive and morbid Hamlet, the ambitious and bloody Macbeth, the impractical Brutus; and always in the background hovers the shadow of uncertainty, of fear, of conflict with unmasterful forces. He points out that the wages of sin is death, and depicts vividly and beautifully a study in failure. We hold that the wages of righteousness is life and are trying to teach a philosophy of success.

The writer therefore recommends a study of "our current environment"; for "the personal achievement of today is more vivid than the wildest flights of yesterday's imagination."

* * * * *

Summer school is over.

Was it not Goethe who once remarked, "Nothing is so terrible as active ignorance"?

In the Driftway

AMERICA needs more sleep. It is a need even more insistent than that for a good five-cent cigar, which Ex-Vice-President Marshall once said was the supreme requirement of the country. Everywhere the Drifter goes he encounters sleepy people. At times he is even slightly somnolent himself. It is argued in certain quarters that the apparently increasing prevalence of sleepiness among Americans is due to the noise and hurry of modern existence, which use up one's energies rapidly. Doubtless there is reason in the theory, but the Drifter is old-fashioned enough to believe that the primary cause of sleepiness among Americans is lack of sufficient sleep.

* * * * *

OF course the immediate retort to the Drifter's campaign for more sleep is, Try and get it. Obviously there is no hope of increasing the amount of sleeping we do at night. There is too much else to do then. What with dancing and bridge, theaters and movies, the automobile, the radio, the phonograph, necking, and other diversions, we cannot encroach any further upon the hours of the night for sleep. Time then is too precious. What the Drifter advocates is more sleep by day, when there is practically nothing else to do but work. The Drifter has no hope of introducing the *siesta*—that excellent custom of a regular snooze at midday—into America, but he would have every office equipped with a couch upon which the tired business man might lie down for forty winks from time to time. In fact the Drifter would provide not only for the tired business man but for all his weary slaves. Our building and factory laws should not stop with requirements for fire escapes and wash rooms; they should provide that bunks be erected around every wall, in the manner of a ship's forecastle, into which the heavy-eyed worker, who no longer has time to sleep by night, might crawl for a nap. The Drifter advocates this not as a humanitarian measure but purely in the interest of efficiency. How much better to sleep half an hour and then work energetically for the next three or four than to dissipate the energy of a whole afternoon in a fight to keep one's eyelids apart! Americans are urged nowadays to relax. But for Pete's sake where? We need a nation-wide chain of relaxing stations.

* * * * *

THE Drifter thinks there is a future in this country for hotels that charge by the hour instead of by the day. Of course he anticipates the ribald grin with which this suggestion will be received. No, he is not thinking of that kind of patronage, so stop your laughing. He is thinking of workers who would be as glad to pay for half an hour's nap at noontime as for a lunch; of commuters and others who must go from work to evening engagements and would like the chance of a bath and a snooze at something less than the cost of a hotel room for twenty-four hours. The Drifter has even conceived a plan for sleeping booths, operated automatically like those now used for telephones. Railway stations and other public places might provide booths where by dropping a quarter or fifty cents in a slot a shelf would pop out, upon which one could curl oneself for a rest. A time meter would make it possible to pay in advance for just the amount of sleep that a patron wished to take, registered by quarter hours instead of by quarter miles as distance is registered in a taxicab. When the allotted period was up a little bell would tinkle for two minutes, at the end of which time the shelf would drop down and, if he had not already removed himself, the sleeper would be dumped on the floor from a sufficient height to render him almost instantly alert and probably a little hot under the collar, which is a good antidote for somnolence. Of course a cold bath might be provided into which to drop, but this would be impractical without undressing, and the Drifter's scheme does not contemplate either time or room for that process.

* * * * *

ARCHIBALD CRAIG of Jersey City writes in regard to the Drifter's remarks on steamboats in the issue of August 14:

> Twice I have seen, and both times, I believe, by you, the statement hazarded that the Betsy Ann is a side-wheeler. Allow me to assure you that the Betsy Ann, like all Ohio River boats that I remember seeing, is a stern-

a sense be said to be voluntary, though of course determined by a complex of definable causes. Yet the book goes beyond its own thesis in many respects, and is of interest, if for nothing else, for its radical and malicious treatment of contemporary folkways. Mr. Ayres's method is not that of the scholar. He does not prove his assertions; he rivets them with an epigram or tacks them on with an epithet, but so effectively that his words do break bones. Smart he is, and sharp, but not superficial. His aim is large, his concern philosophic, and his subject matter not the transient stupidities of the *Americana* but something which is a permanent phenomenon of the human animal in a social group.

ELISEO VIVAS

Doleful Matters Merrily Set Down

A Pepsyan Garland; Black-letter Ballads of the Years 1595-1639, chiefly from the Collection of Samuel Pepys. Edited by Hyder E. Rollins. The Macmillan Company. $8.

The Pack of Autolycus, or Strange and Terrible News of Ghosts, Apparitions, Monstrous Births, Showers of Wheat, Judgements of God, and Other Prodigious and Fearful Happenings, as Told in the Broadside Ballads of the Years 1624-1693. Edited by Hyder Edward Rollins. Harvard University Press. $5.

THESE are capital books. Mr. Ripley's "Believe It or Not" could scarcely furnish forth a hundred-odd stranger occurrences than are here recorded in the quaint terminology—and sometimes extraordinarily misplaced piety—of the Broadside Ballads. Here the reader will discover a faithful account of the poor lady who bore as many children as there are days in the year—182 boys, 182 girls, and one hermaphrodite—and all at one burden! As the ballad-maker remarks:

> The Lord we see his blessings sends
> to many women poore,
> As well as to the noble sort,
> that have aboundant store.

Here also are accounts of the Maid Who Would Give Ten Shillings for a Kiss, of the Damnable Practices of Three Lancashire Witches, of the Monster in Kent, of the Admirable Stomach of Nicholas Wood, of the Prophetic Fish, and of the Italian who had a brother growing out of his side, concerning whom an old pamphlet—quoted in Professor Rollins's notes—remarks:

> I will onely remember unto you a very handsome young man, late (if not now) in Towne, whose picture hath bin publickely set out to the common view, and himselfe to bee seene for money; who from one of his sides hath a twin brother growing, which was borne with him, and living still; though having sence and feeling, yet destitute of understanding: whence me thinkes a disputable question might arise, whether as they have distinct lives, so they are possessed of two soules; or have but one imparted betwixt them both: but of this let the Philosophers, or rather the Divines, argue and Define, bein, I must ingeniously confesse, an Argument much above my element.

Although he has drawn upon the Rawlinson and Douce Collections, and has reprinted five ballads from the Ewing Collection, Professor Rollins has reprinted most of his excellent selections from Pepys and Anthony Wood, edited the whole with scrupulous scholarship and much sly humor, and reproduced the curious wood-cuts which originally adorned them. Of the two collections "The Pepsyan Garland" is the more

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general (the word "garland," by the way, at one time regularly meant a collection of ballads) and therefore is perhaps to be recommended to readers making their first acquaintance with the Broadside Ballad literature. On the other hand "The Pack of Autolycus", containing as it does only the strangest and most wonderful relations, may have a greater appeal for contemporary sophisticates.

A. Paul J. Dessauer

Italo-Vatican Agreement

Pope or Mussolini. By John Hearley. With a Foreword by Gaetano Salvemini. The Macaulay Company. $2.50.

MR. HEARLEY, newspaper correspondent in Italy during the war and later assistant to Ambassador Thomas Nelson Page in Rome, has written the first book to be published on the recent Italo-Vatican agreement. It is no documented study of the terms of the dispute and its settlement, and of the detailed effect which it may be expected to have on Italian society but frankly a denunciation. The writer temperamentally fears that the union of two autocracies can only produce bigger and wider autocracy. And he adduces all the evidence which he can derive from his knowledge of the Italian situation, or from documents readily available, to prove that the fruits will be evil.

But his ardor betrays him. Most of the points of his indictment are not sustained either by his text or by the known conditions surrounding the Treaty and the Concordat. There is no "union" between church and state in Italy. Canon law has not been made the civil law of Italy (although Italy has informally agreed to do what it can to avert conflict between the two in their separate realms). Civil marriage is not forbidden. Non-Catholic worship is not hampered, nor is Catholic religious education forced upon non-Catholic children. Nor is there going to be any legal difficulty here in America over the fact that cardinals of American citizenship will help elect the ruler of a "foreign state," or over the fact that such a cardinal might some day become such a ruler.

The truth is that the Treaty and Concordat do not change much of anything in present-day Italy. The profound changes which may conceivably flow from the new relationship in the future will be the result of a long historic process. Mr. Hearley is not able, within the scheme of his book, to discuss in detail the potentialities of the new situation.

He writes in a tart manner, aiming many a winged and barbed word at the Vatican and the clergy. He gives lively character sketches of the two protagonists. But his phraseology is usually too fervid to convey precise information.

Hiram Motherwell

Farm Counsels of Perfection

What the Farmer Needs. By Isaac Lippincott. D. Appleton and Company. $2.

IT would seem as if we had had almost enough plans for solving the farm problem, particularly since we have not tried any of them to any conspicuous extent, but just a short time ago Professors Mead and Ostrolenk came along, in "Harvey Baum," with the suggestion that the federal government train the young people on the farms for useful life in town. Now another professor, Dr. Isaac Lippincott of Washington University, St. Louis, attempts to analyze the causes of agricultural difficulty and to prescribe remedies. He does not believe that lack of good marketing facilities is the main thing wrong with farming. On the contrary, he holds that the difficulties are chiefly with production—in short, these: (1) The great differences in cost of production from farm to farm and from farmers to farmers; (2) inability of many farmers to make effective improvements in technique, organization, and management; (3) differences in experience among farmers; (4) lack of diversified income to absorb the shock of dull times; (5) failure to develop agricultural by-product industries; (6) inequalities of distribution in technical and managerial progress over the farming population. All of these points are sound enough, though I am convinced that agricultural marketing difficulties are more important than Dr. Lippincott holds.

Dr. Lippincott's remedy for the difficulties that he discusses is equally sound. It involves the adoption of the financial and production policies of progressive manufacturers, such as the building up of a reserve to stand the shock of dull times, the diversification of products, and the use of waste materials. Also he advocates dissemination of information among the less-favored farmers.

Obviously, the professor's scheme is fine. Under it the farmers ought—in most years, at least—to be cats in catnip. Unfortunately, he omits to tell precisely how his plan is to be put into effect. What is needed is somebody to persuade the six and a quarter million individualistic farmers to adopt it. In fact, right there is the crux of most plans for farm relief. They do not consider the human element, and any one who knows farmers knows that the human element is the biggest element of all. I wish that somebody would write a book not telling what farm relief ought to be, but explaining how to put it into operation. Until that date, which I fear is still a few years off, such works as "What the Farmer Needs" will be counsels of perfection.

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THE SPLENDID FLIGHT of the Graf Zeppelin across the Pacific, following the equally successful passage of the nearly 7,000 miles lying between Germany and Japan, brings a thrill even to us blasé moderns, jaded with a long succession of scientific wonders. The German airship averaged about sixty-six miles an hour from Friedrichshafen to Tokio and a little less than that on her 5,000 mile run from Japan to Los Angeles. In spite of unfavorable weather, the speed across the Pacific would have been better than that across Russia and Siberia had it not been for a delay of some five hours at Los Angeles waiting for dawn in order to make a landing. Even as it was, the Graf Zeppelin took less than a third of the time required by the fastest transpacific liners for the shorter course between Japan and Seattle. For a good many years travel in lighter-than-air machines has been rather eclipsed by the progress of the airplane, but the cruise of the Graf Zeppelin brings the airship back into the competition. Yet while mentally soaring among the clouds it is well actually to keep our feet on the ground. In the process of becoming air-minded we are likely otherwise to become muddle-headed; to forget that the airship is still fragile as china and unable to cope with the fiercer winds, while travel by airplane must become a great deal safer, cheaper, and more reliable before it will be accepted by the masses. It is wise to recall that airplanes and airships made their appearance about the same time as the gasoline automobile, yet have hardly outgrown the experimental stage in the quarter century during which the motor car has not only established itself but remolded the life of mankind in its image.

MR. HOOVER'S PUBLIC LAND policy, as set out in a long letter read to a conference of the governors of the public-land States at Salt Lake City on August 26, does not strike us favorably. Mr. Hoover proposes that the United States shall turn over to the States upwards of 190,000,000 acres of public lands that never belonged to them, and allow the States to manage the lands and ultimately sell them for the benefit of their school funds. The control of oil, coal, or other mineral deposits would be retained by the United States and the deposits worked on a royalty basis. The main reasons for Mr. Hoover's proposal appear to be that the transfer of the lands to the States would lessen the activities of federal bureaucracy, that the Reclamation Service would best be restricted to the development of water storage and supply, and that local conditions affecting the use or sale of the lands are best dealt with by the States themselves. As most of the land is fit only for grazing, Mr. Hoover does not anticipate that agriculture will be affected by an increased supply of arable land for at least twenty years, by which time new areas may be needed. What all this means in practice, of course, is that the federal public-land policy, built up over many years in the face of great opposition, would be knocked in the head, conservation would get a serious setback, and the land speculators would be left to deal only with individual States. We are all for magnifying States' rights when it is a question of distinct federal encroachment, but we have little confidence that the public lands, once they were handed over to the States, would be handled for genuine public benefit. Mr. Hoover's proposal should be critically examined by Congress before any steps are taken to give effect to it.

THE WAILING-WALL DISPUTE in Jerusalem is only the immediate cause of the ghastly riots which up to August 27 had cost more than a hundred lives in Palestine. Behind it lies the fundamental fact that the overwhelming majority of the population of Palestine is Arab, and that no considerable group of Arabs has ever accepted the theory that Palestine is to be the "Jewish National Home." Arab groups protested against it at the time of the Balfour declaration in 1917; they were still protesting when the Churchill memorandum reaffirmed and clarified the terms of that declaration in 1922; they refused, in 1922 and 1923, to cooperate in a British-supervised election which would have given them the right to elect eight members of a Legislative Council which would also have included two elected Jews and ten official, appointed members; they have consistently sent protesting delegations to the successive sessions of the Mandates Commission of the

League of Nations. They declared a general strike when Lord Balfour, author of the British declaration which is the foundation-stone of the Jewish structure in Palestine, went to Jerusalem in 1925 to open the Hebrew University. There were anti-Jewish riots in Jerusalem at Easter, 1920, and in and near Jaffa in May, 1921, in which 104 persons were killed and more than 400 injured. And while the Jewish population has increased—it was 10 per cent of the total at the time of the armistice, and may be 18 per cent today—these fanatical Arabs, with a bitter sense of dispossession, still constitute four-fifths of the country's population.

RELIGION, BY DEFINITION, lies beyond the borders of rationalism; and nationalism is a modern form of religion. With Arab nationalism allied with Moslem fanaticism, on one side, and Zionism, inspired by the millennial hopes of Jewry, on the other, more trouble was almost inevitable. There have been British officials in Palestine who have not helped matters; Arab nationalism has had at least occasional official encouragement. Some of the Zionist groups have not been overblessed with tact; and those who have organized what is called the "Jewish Fascisti" have apparently preferred not to let time heal the wounds. Yet it remains true, as Horace M. Kallen pointed out in his "Frontiers of Hope," that

> To date . . . the only section of the population of Palestine to whom the Balfour Declaration has been an unmixed good is the Arab. The fellah has a greater market for his produce, more money, more things; on the whole, a better life. The town worker has more employment and rising standards. The effendi—the landlord, the "intellectual," the white-collar worker . . . —has benefited from his artificial nationalism, often manufactured by British officials, in the same way. A good many have been placed in government posts; others have made unexpected fortunes in real-estate deals.

"Their anti-Semitism will fade out," Mr. Kallen hopefully concluded, "once it ceases to be the thing among British administrative officials and high churchmen." That, it seems, was an over-optimistic judgment. But there can be no doubt whatever that the carefully regulated Jewish immigration has been a boon to the Arab population as well as to the Jews themselves; and it is a bitter tragedy that the ardent groups of lonely pioneers who have broken the hard soil of the uncultivated hillsides, these heroic bands which have done most for all Palestine, should today be those most exposed to the fury of religious passions which recall the bloody, senseless days of the Crusades.

CHINA AND RUSSIA have been sticking out their tongues at each other like a pair of peculiarly childish small boys, but on the whole the Russians have been the more silent and more dignified. The fountains of propaganda which Nanking has been throwing up do not wash away the fundamental fact that the Chinese, in violation of the treaty status of the Chinese Eastern Railway, seized control of the line and ousted its Russian officials. They assert that this is not necessarily permanent, but they have taken no steps to restore the railway to its legal status of joint Russo-Chinese ownership and operation. The documents which they claim to have discovered in the Russian consulate in Harbin are, in the first place, irrelevant—for even if the Russians had violated the no-propaganda clause of the treaty that would not have justified the Chinese in their unilateral assumption of control—and, in the second place, suspect. The United States Department of State has just published a report exposing the professional forgery of anti-Bolshevik documents in Berlin, among others the ridiculous papers supposed to show that the Russians had paid money to Senators Borah and Norris. Furthermore, previous "Russian documents" published by the Chinese have been proved to be White Russian fabrications; and they will have to submit their new crop of papers to expert examination before the world will take them at anything like face value. The energy devoted to preparing them might better be devoted to exploring the possible channels to peace. Meanwhile, the Russians, somewhat less loudly, have been complaining of White Russian forces organized on Chinese territory, and seem ready to use their presumed existence as justification for minor cavalry raids across the Manchurian frontier. That is an excuse which comes with poor grace from lips which have been proclaiming, apropos of the Chinese Eastern Railway, that one supposed wrong did not justify another.

IT IS HARD to make out exactly what has been going on behind the scenes at The Hague. During the three weeks after Philip Snowden first set forth the British demands for modifications of the Young Plan, negotiations went on continuously, and as we went to press it was reported that France, Italy, Belgium, and Japan had reached an agreement to make one more "final" offer, Mr. Snowden having rejected their latest one, which according to their calculation met 60 per cent of the British financial demands, while Mr. Snowden figured it at only 57 per cent. Practically all public discussion has centered on the division of reparations, but it seems unlikely that a settlement of such importance as this would be jeopardized for the sake of a few million dollars annually if nothing more were involved. Practically nothing has been printed by the American newspapers, at least, concerning the many important questions involved in the proposed Bank for International Settlement, and the principals in the negotiations have naturally given no publicity to the important political problems that lie in the background.

WE ARE SORRY that France has backed down even temporarily in its tariff controversy with the United States. The Fordney-McCumber tariff act, it will be remembered, provided that foreign goods might be denied admission to this country unless American Treasury agents were allowed to examine the books of the exporters in order to ascertain the costs of production. The indignant protests of French firms, backed by the French Government, against this arrogant policy resulted, after a somewhat heated correspondence, in an agreement in 1927 by which the Treasury agents were withdrawn, but the French exporters were then confronted with another provision of the tariff act which decreed that American instead of foreign valuations should be imposed if the foreigners' books were not opened. A Washington dispatch of August 15 announced that the dispute had been patched up. The Treasury agents, who will now be required to know French, are to be allowed to return, but will not nose about in business offices unless

they are "invited." As even this concession on our part is to be canceled if the new tariff act continues the present prohibition (it is not in the bill as yet), there was no apparent necessity for France's action. We shall probably have a new tariff act before many weeks, and France, if it had had the nerve to hold out, might have won its contention and taught the tariff-makers a needed lesson.

BETWEEN HIS JOB as Vice-President of the United States and that of Ambassador to Great Britain, Charles G. Dawes found time, as our readers will remember, to make a flying visit to Santo Domingo, and while there he managed not only to sit down at the piano and play "Ramona" for music-loving Dominicans but also to draft a plan for the reorganization of the country's finances. It is true that the figures compiled by Mr. Dawes and his experts contained some pretty serious errors, as pointed out by Roy Veatch in *The Nation* of July 31, but quantity rather than quality is the rule among high-pressure executives, and some commoner mortals are usually available to clean up the messes left behind. So the errors of the Dawes commission's figures disturb us less than some of the suggestions in regard to policy, especially the recommendation to sell all the government-owned public utilities. The argument for this course was that the enterprises were losing money, but Mr. Veatch noted in his article that two of them, at least—the light and water system of the city of Santiago and the electric-light plant of Puerta Plata—were operating at a profit. Naturally, therefore, we were not surprised to see the announcement on August 22 that precisely these two enterprises had been acquired by our own Southern Cities Utilities Company. This is the course which opposition to public ownership invariably pursues: it takes away from the government all the money-making enterprises and leaves it the white elephants. This has the twofold advantage of piling up dividends for private ownership and at the same time maintaining for exhibition purposes some glaring examples of the inability of public ownership to operate at a profit.

AUGUSTO LEGUIA, the Peruvian President for life, has been confirmed in that position for the third time, with no opposing candidate. President Leguia and a few of his ministers labor under an uneasy fear of bolshevism, chiefly Russian—occasionally, they hint, Mexican. Perhaps to counteract the dread possibility that the descendants of the Incas might be roused by some stray eloquent student or poet to call a strike or so in the copper mines (owned by two large American companies) or to emulate the Mexican peasants, once almost as hopelessly sinned against as the Peruvians, President Leguia has offered citizenship and colonization expenses to immigrant White Russians, particularly those whose anti-Soviet credentials are irreproachable. Five thousand, it is reported, have accepted the Peruvian invitation, and two hundred have already arrived in Lima, led by General Pavlichenko, whose military record against the present Russian regime makes him highly desirable to the Peruvian administration. Until this novel garrison lays the dictator's fears, no doubt he will continue to jail, expel, or make disappear other students and poets who like Haya de la Torre or Magda Portal take his name in vain too loudly. The only "revolutionary" allowed to remain in his native land at present is José Carlos Mariátegui, a hopeless cripple. President Leguia has many admirers, especially outside of Peru, though perhaps none so enthusiastic as the American ambassador, Alexander P. Moore, who declares that Leguia "is a greater man than Mussolini. Hardly five feet high, he possesses the energy of Caesar, the skill of Napoleon, and the diplomacy of Richelieu."

THE TRIAL of sixteen Gastonia strikers charged with murder in connection with the killing of Chief of Police Aderholt on June 7 opened in Charlotte, North Carolina, on August 26. The change of venue and the lapse of an additional month, during which passion has had time to cool further, lead to greater hopes than could be entertained at first for a fair trial; and the admirably judicial conduct of Judge Barnhill in the preliminary proceedings gives assurance that so far as lies in his power this will be a trial for murder, not for Communism, which is as it should be. We are also glad to note that the International Labor Defense, which is conducting the case for the strikers, has retained Arthur Garfield Hays of New York as "consultant counsel." On reaching Charlotte Mr. Hays said:

> Those really believing in American institutions should be particularly solicitous that those whose doctrines they hate have a fair trial before the law. That this is the intention of North Carolina in this case is abundantly clear in view of the impartial jurist who will sit upon the bench and who has already indicated his insistence that the case be free from extraneous issues.

At the very best it is extremely difficult in a case of this character, with a technical charge of conspiracy resulting in murder, to avoid laying great stress on the political views of the defendants. We are glad that the presiding judge is awake to the dangers of the situation; for American justice as well as the defendants are on trial.

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Rental: $45,000

THIS ANNOUNCEMENT appeared in the advertising columns of the *New Yorker*—paid for, no doubt—but we reproduce it free in *The Nation* as we feel that a chance at this cosy cottage in cloudland should not be confined to the readers of any one periodical. First come, first served, we say, in housing, with no special favors for the "exclusive few." We wish, though, that before spreading the tidings we had thought to ask the agents one question: Is the rental of $45,000 by the day or by the hour?

Smash It!

THE publication of the tariff rates finally agreed on by the perspiring majority of the Republican members of the Senate Committee on Finance leads us once more to set forth briefly our fundamental grounds of objection to the measure now under consideration.

First, under existing conditions, the principle of protection is economically unsound, politically disastrous, and morally indefensible. Second, even if we admit protection to be defensible in economic theory, no one can maintain that the present hodge-podge of unrelated special rates constitutes a system consistent with any such theory. Third, abandoning all rational theory and agreeing that the tariff shall be simply a system of plundering all the people for the benefit of part of them—which is about all that present American tariff "ideas" really come down to—the present bill is not what it pretends to be and what the President asked for, namely, an instrument that equalizes conditions between manufacturers, on the one hand, and farmers on the other. The Smoot bill, like the Hawley bill, is vicious in its theory, so far as it has any theory; indefensible, not to say absurd, in its proposed operation; and thoroughly dishonest in its execution.

The world's great need today is the chance to work and trade; the Economic Conference of the League of Nations in 1927 categorically declared: "The time has come to move in the direction of lower tariffs." Tariff students point out that the proposed American action is likely to make European reductions immensely more difficult, not to say impossible. The exaggerated and aggravated protectionism embodied in the Hawley and Smoot bills is strengthening every nationalistic, imperialistic, and divisive force in the world today. It is evoking ill-feeling and threats of retaliation. It is helping on powerfully the evil cause of British imperial protection and preference, whose development would be one of the greatest disasters that could befall the world. It is causing more and more talk about a United States of Europe, which is conceived not as a means of uniting Europe, but as an agency for fighting America.

If there were any national interest to be attained at the cost of such world loss, a narrow nationalist might conceivably prefer the national to the international interest; but there is not. The United States has become a great exporter of manufactured goods and the world's leading creditor nation. Its people in general, as contrasted with special groups of them, cannot possibly gain by hampering trade—which is frankly what our tariff makers are trying to do—and even intended beneficiaries are often indifferent. Despite Senator Smoot's manful efforts to rally the automobile manufacturers, for example, to his standard, and their dutifully parrot-like response that of course "Polly wants a cracker," it is plain that what they really want is foreign markets, not picayune protection against the possible importation of a handful of foreign cars. The same thing is true of iron and steel, machinery, petroleum products, and dozens of other manufactures whose exports have come to constitute more than two-fifths of our total export trade. The infant-industry theory, which represents the only defense of protection that ever claimed any respectable economic support, has no more application to the United States today than it has to the moon. The Hawley-Smoot measure, a grab-bag of politically powerful special interests and nothing else, does not seriously pretend to embody any respectable theory or to represent any comprehensible general interest. Take labor and employment, for example. An investigation by the Labor Bureau, published in the August issue of *Facts for Workers,* shows that only a little over 2 per cent of the organized workers could possibly benefit from increases in duties. Vague talk of prosperity and solicitude for labor are all bosh; they are simply blinds under cover of which the men who footed the bills march up to the pie counter under the leadership of Mr. Grundy.

But that is not all. Mr. Hoover, whose spinelessness in tariff matters seems to be matched only by his ignorance, in order to carry out a preelection pledge wrung from him in the stress of the campaign, reluctantly summoned Congress for the express purpose of a limited revision, designed only to help the farmer and nobody else. The idea of really helping the farmer by a tariff on farm products in a country whose farmers are habitually enormous exporters is silly, but common decency would have required Mr. Hoover's present party to go through the motions.

And then what? Did the House give us an honest general revision? It did not. Has the Republican majority of the Senate committee done any better? It has not. Mr. Hoover, instead of sticking to his agricultural defenses, as any honest man ought to have done, decamped, and with an intellectual feebleness reminiscent of some of his most recent predecessors suggested that revision be limited to industries that have shown weakness, as manifested by extensive unemployment and other signs of ill-health. Did Hawley, Smoot and Co. follow out this feeble "principle"? They did not. They invited all the beggars to come to town, and the most plausible beggar with the biggest bank roll available for campaign purposes got the most, provided some other beggar did not trip him up. Logs, lumber, shingles, hides, leather, shoes, wool and wool rags, pig iron, steel beams, manganese, aluminum utensils, sugar, gypsum, and so on and on through hundreds of items; then the fraud of United States valuation; but nowhere any evidence of consistent, comprehensible theory, or even of any attempt to carry out the feeble recommendations of a President who had made to the country certain definite pledges of what was and was not to be expected.

The rates of the Hawley bill have been riddled by criticism, and the Smoot rates will suffer the same fate. Nobody pretends, for anything except public consumption, that the measure which is scheduled to go to the Senate on September 4 represents either an honest attempt to help the farmer or an honest attempt to make a general revision of the tariff so as to bring it more nearly into accord with the economic needs of the country today. Senator Borah has come out flatly for its defeat. It is so stupid, so vicious, so dishonest that it can be beaten. Smash it!

Sanity and Sex

IT has been often pointed out that the taboos of sex are the last to crumble before the shouts of liberalism. Many men and women who in the fields of politics and religion are fearless exponents of the most advanced thought are reactionaries, sometimes even in theory, whenever sex raises its provocative head. Thus all too often we have the incongruous spectacle of liberal magazines and newspapers advocating or condoning censorship when that censorship involves any sex matter, at such times forgetting their often-paraded and sacred obligation as liberals to defend to the death a man's right to say anything he pleases, or, rather, print anything he pleases. And this recalls another peculiarly American aspect of censorship illustrated just at present by the silly spectacle of a serious novel, such as D. H. Lawrence's "Lady Chatterley's Lover," legally banned, and relegated, without even an attempt to print it openly, to the expensive "suppressed" shelf in every bookstore, because it contains words which are familiar to every adult but which throw him into a panic when he sees them in print.

This phenomenon—of men and women who are liberal in their attitude toward everything except sex—is inevitable in a civilization whose dominant religion has had for one of its main tenets the doctrine that sex is evil, though occasionally, for populative purposes, a necessary evil. And sex is so terribly bound up with the emotions that even if one no longer has an intellectual panic when it is mentioned, one may still be, for all practical purposes, the victim of this hoary old taboo.

All this is prelude to a warm welcome to the World League for Sexual Reform—which takes care to put up the sign that is so far the only effective defense against obscenity hounds, "on a scientific basis." The aims of the league, which will hold its third international congress in London this September, are expressed in the following resolution which was passed at the last session:

> The second International Congress for Sexual Reform on a Scientific Basis appeals to the legislatures, the press, and the peoples of all countries, to help to create a new legal and social attitude (based on the knowledge which has been acquired from scientific research in sexual biology, psychology, and sociology) toward the sexual life of men and women.

The World League for Sexual Reform has as its presidents August Forel, Havelock Ellis, and Magnus Hirschfeld, and its International Committee includes the names of the foremost advocates throughout the civilized world of intelligence in sex—Dora Russell, Margaret Sanger, Dr. Helene Stöcker, Dr. Norman Haire, and many others. The program of the league is worth quoting in full:

1. Political, economic, and sexual equality of men and women.
2. The liberation of marriage (and especially divorce) from the present church and state tyranny.
3. Control of conception, so that procreation may be undertaken only deliberately and with a due sense of responsibility.
4. Race betterment by the application of the knowledge of eugenics.
5. Protection of the unmarried mother and the illegitimate child.
6. A rational attitude toward sexually abnormal persons, and especially toward homosexuals, both male and female.
7. Prevention of prostitution and venereal disease.
8. Disturbances of the sexual impulse to be regarded as more or less pathological phenomena, and not, as in the past, as crimes, vices, or sins.
9. Only those sexual acts to be considered criminal which infringe the sexual rights of another person. Sexual acts between responsible adults, undertaken by mutual consent, to be regarded as the private concern of those adults.
10. Systematic sexual education.

The league emphasizes the fact that it will not confine itself merely to the study of sexual problems. Its primary object is to attain practical reforms—and to do this by appeal not to the emotions but to the intellect. The league's aims are to be accomplished through publishing, or encouraging the publication of, both technical and popular scientific works which aim at sexual reform on a scientific basis; the production of an international journal of sexual reform; the holding of congresses; propaganda by lectures; collection of laws and statistics relating to sex in all countries; the giving of information to the legislatures of all countries and drafting of statutes and general assistance in sexual legislation. Membership is open to all persons who are working for sexual reform on a scientific, that is, decent, basis.

If mathematics had been surrounded with as much mystery as sex has been, it would probably be the object of the same disproportionate amount of curiosity. Let us hope that the World League for Sexual Reform will make sex as clear as Euclid.

First Steps in Farm Aid

WE have never been enamored of the proposal to grant government subsidies to agriculture, and we confess to some uneasiness when big business sets out to take agriculture under its wing. At the present moment both big business and the government are undertaking to make the American farmer prosperous. Since the first meeting of the Federal Farm Board, on July 15, the Florida Citrus Fruit Growers have been granted by the board a loan of $300,000 to enable them to combat the fruit fly, the raisin producers of California have been assured of help to the amount of $4,500,000, a tentative advance of from $5,000,000 to $10,000,000 has been authorized to aid the cotton cooperative associations in the South, and a loan to the wool growers hovers in the offing. The National Cooperative Council, with an initial membership of one million farmers, has been formed under the inspiration of the board, and the Farmers' National Grain Cooperative, with a capital of $20,000,000, has been launched.

The board is not the only factor in the great uplift, however. The banks appear to have gone ahead with their proposals for financing the cotton crop pretty much as if the Federal Farm Board had not been created. The New York *Times* stated on August 4 that "it is estimated by bankers that between $75,000,000 and $100,000,000 of Wall Street credit, altogether, will be involved in the fall movement."

The Federal Intermediate Credit Bank of Omaha, it was announced on August 9, was preparing to advance $350,000 to the Cooperative Wool Growers of South Dakota to enable them to pool and sell their wool, and about $1,000,000 to the Wyoming Wool Cooperative Marketing Association for the same purpose. All these, it appears, are regular financial operations. The latest novelty is the United Growers of America, a $50,000,000 Delaware corporation organized under the federal marketing acts without consultation with the Federal Farm Board, and intended to serve the interests of fruit and vegetable producers and handlers in sixty subsidiary cooperatives in twenty-five States.

It is at least to be said for the Federal Farm Board that it appears to have made a good beginning. It has indulged in no hysterics over the farm situation, and it apparently does not propose that its funds should be raided for spoils. Its policy, as far as can be gathered from official pronouncements, appears to be to draw into cooperative organizations the large number of producers and distributors of farm products who still remain outside, and compel the organizations, which are numbered by the hundred, to pull together under the direction of the board. Moreover, the board seems disposed to withhold financial aid if such aid can be had elsewhere. The wheat cooperatives of the Northwest were told on August 23 that they could expect no credit from the board. As far as the export of wheat was concerned it seemed to the board that the worst was over; and it pointed out not only that ample storage for wheat was available, but also that the intermediate credit banks stood ready to make advances up to 65 per cent of the value of the grain. The cotton growers, on the other hand, who are already able to borrow from the intermediate credit banks 65 per cent of the value of their crops, may now raise their borrowings to 90 per cent with the aid of the advance granted by the board. Is this because the cotton growers are better organized than their brethren of the wheat section and hence more fit to be intrusted with a loan, or because there is some difference in the character or supply or handling of the two products?

The United Growers of America, of which Julius H. Barnes, chairman of the board of the United States Chamber of Commerce, is the head, proposes to offer to the farmers, wholly independent of the government, "a complete organization program comparable with big business." The federal laws will look out for monopoly, so "there need be no fear of a so-called food trust." Once the corporation gets to work, the farmer may take his choice between private and government aid; he may even, it would seem, make no choice at all but take both. There is no doubt that cooperative marketing can be a good deal improved, and Mr. Barnes's corporation can doubtless find many opportunities for injecting business principles into the handling of fruits and vegetables. Both public and private finance, however, have still to face the fundamental problem of overproduction. Meantime the consumer of foodstuffs and other farm products will watch with some anxiety the effect of government subsidies on the one hand and corporate business methods on the other upon the price of what he is to eat, wear, or use. The Federal Farm Board has repudiated the idea of raising prices. But will the farmers be satisfied if prices do not rise, and will the gains of the United Growers of America be derived solely from saving waste?

New Saws for Old

IN this age of rapid obsolescence and merciless scrapping in the industrial world it is remarkable that our literary factories are still equipped with the most outmoded tools and their operatives content with machinery some of which goes back to the Stone Age. The pressure upon modern writers is intense. No kind of worker is expected to show more speed and pep. The old-time novelist was allowed six pages in which to describe the weather on the day when his story opened and the first two chapters in which to introduce his characters. The essayist of other days was considered precipitate if he indicated the subject of his discourse before he was a third of the way into it. Nowadays the fiction writer who fails to get either a bedroom scene or a murder into the opening chapter is out of the running, and unless an editor discovers at least two wisecracks in the first paragraph of an essay, he tosses it scornfully into the waste-basket. And yet writers are obliged to work with a vocabulary which has probably lost as many words as it has gained since Elizabeth, and with a grammar no better adapted to speed-up methods than it was under Victoria. Such vocabulary as we have added is mostly in the direction of technology and ephemeral slang, therefore of limited use; we have developed a large field of wisecrackery, but little of it has sufficient universality to be worth stealing, and unless one author can steal from another he is lost. In the matter of metaphors, similes, adages, and allusions—the edged tools of the literary operative—we are still back in the agricultural, not to say the pastoral age.

For example, we started to say something the other day about putting the cart before the horse, but suddenly thought better of it. What rot to talk of horses and carts when both are headed toward the scrap pile! How much more intelligible to introduce a phrase about putting the rumble seat before the radiator! And then there is that good old standby about beating swords into plowshares. Who in this cockeyed world any longer uses either one or the other? If we writers were modern we would beat explosive shells . . . On second thought it might be better *not* to beat explosive shells. Rather let us *convert* shells into, say, utility shares.

Then there is that old saw about being on one's last legs. What of it? Who cares whether one is on his last, his first, his fore, his hind, or any legs at all? We might say something to the reader, though, if we remarked that a man was on his last gallon of gas. Also we are tired of that wheeze "a sop to Cerberus." It would be more effective to talk about greasing the cop on the corner.

"Strike while the iron is hot" is a famous old axiom, but it has mighty little to do with the lives of most of us today. "Strike while the boss has a bunch of unfilled orders" would mean a lot more to the worker in the machine age in which we exist. And as a final example we want to point out what a dull old tool is the saying, "Make hay while the sun shines." That was all well enough before the farmer had become a problem; but we hate to be reminded of our problems. As a snappier and more up-to-the-minute substitute we would suggest, "Make rye while the moon shines."

It Seems to Heywood Broun

THERE seems to be a current belief that the world may find an airway to salvation. Orators urge us to become plane-conscious. Fervent appeals are made to the women of the land to take up flying. People who refuse to avail themselves of the new means of transportation are looked upon as not only craven but in some way seditious. Possibly I am merely echoing the old prejudice which went down fighting under the wheels of the locomotives, but I think that aviation must still prove itself a boon to man. At the moment the score stands against the new invention. There is blood upon the fuselage.

At present the airplane's chief importance is that of a new engine of war. It was the plane which carried death and destruction behind the lines to the non-combatant. This, to be sure, may prove a factor in the establishment of peace. Possibly nations will kindle less quickly under the realization that neutral zones have been abolished and that another conflict would find even the most secluded hamlet a city of the front. But it seems to me that time must wipe out the memory of the young dead in shattered cities before we all begin to worship the flying machine as a beneficent thing. And there must be considered, too, the toll of those swallowed up in the sea and broken in lonely forests. These men and women have given their lives that the airplane might survive and flourish. What price aviation? No one can fairly answer that question unless he is able to foretell the kind of world in which he will be living fifty years hence.

If the plane is to exist chiefly as a device for making war more widespread and terrible then I say it were better if the Wrights had never risen on that first hop at Kitty-hawk. Such barriers to conflict as the wide oceans have now been obliterated by the potential radius of the bomber. And if an American vaults the broad expanse from here to Rome or Paris his journey cannot be set down as a good-will flight without certain reservations. Each new exploit sets the men in the war colleges to preparing fresh figures and shaping plans to meet the practicality of world-wide war.

It would be silly to deny that the airplane may serve to enrich life and living. It can wipe out boundaries and mountain chains for warlike purposes, but this same conquest of the wide spaces could serve to emphasize a feeling of international solidarity. The vision of a united world is no longer fantastic. Even within our time it may be possible to span the globe between sunrise and sunset. In another century there will remain no such thing as an isolated people. But I think that it is very essential that political thought should keep pace with development in flying. As yet it lags. There are cornfed statesmen who still speak as if Europe were a remote continent and no concern of ours in spite of the flying visits of the Byrds and Chamberlains and Lindberghs. When next some gentleman from Kansas speaks of Washington's farewell address and his counsel against entangling alliances I think it might be well for some one in the audience to remind the orator that our great founder could not possibly have known of the Zeppelin and the airplane and the new conception of geography which they make imperative.

Until good-will and a disposition to cooperate become a little keener I would be content to see aviation mark time and wait for the statesmen to catch up with new developments. It is inevitable that flying should go on to new triumphs and new glories, but for the life of me I cannot see the need of haste. Just what is served by new risks and new fatalities in transatlantic ventures I do not comprehend. Each missing plane seems to me a sacrifice in vain. As yet developments in flying are a shade one-sided. Speed is being increased with great rapidity. We know that machines may be built to travel more than three hundred miles an hour. Somewhat less attention has been paid to stability. The news columns chronicle all too often the death of veteran pilots who have crashed for reasons unexplained. A little less haste and more safety would be welcomed.

To me the most interesting experiments are those conducted on the gyroscopic principle. In time we must have a machine which does not need a broad expanse of level ground to make a landing. I have no doubt that the day will come when every roof may serve as an airport. Fast and easy communication can possibly do away with the overcrowding in our cities. To the American of a hundred years hence the Adirondacks may serve the same function as Central Park. There will be in reality neither North nor South when planes are fast enough.

Yet the conception of a United States about the size of Manhattan Island for transportation purposes does not in every way suffice to meet utopian dreams. There is, for instance, the not unimportant detail of racket. Already certain sylvan retreats have become almost as full of din as metropolitan areas. Along the once quiet shores of Long Island Sound the motors roar by day and night. There should be no great difficulty in muffling the bickering of the engines, but a nice problem presents itself to those mechanical geniuses who must find some way to still the whirr of the propellers. Privacy, already gravely wounded by the telephone, may yet receive its death blow at the hands of the ubiquitous airplane. I shudder still at the memory of a plane which circled New York City and spread a vastly amplified voice exhorting all and sundry to use the cigarette which contains not a cough in any carload. Fortunately the promoters of this advertising scheme were quick to see that there was too much nuisance risk in the campaign.

Moreover, a land which is already sick with standardization may not precisely benefit by having its expanses still more radically minified. If our distances become those of a village street it is not inconceivable that our thinking may be of the same temper. The automobile has destroyed the eye for scenery possessed by the old-time walker. The limousine has done little to develop nature lovers. And from a plane one sees even less than is visible from a fast motor car. States are rolled out under the aviator like colored patches on a map. When the plane comes into its own it may be that the poet must take to a parachute. I am not eager to see America become air-conscious immediately. There are still too many things on the ground which need attention.

HEYWOOD BROUN

Rum Running on the Detroit River

By MORROW MAYO

I

THE Government, we learn officially, is now making its "greatest drive" to prevent liquor from being smuggled from Windsor, Ontario, into Detroit, Michigan. The two cities face each other across the Detroit River. This stream, which is owned jointly by the United States and Canada, is eighteen miles long and a mile wide. It is one of the busiest pieces of water in the world; at this time of the year an average of 1,500 craft operate in it every hour of the day. Liquor has been crossing in every conceivable manner. Until recently about 4,000 cases were landed on the United States side every twenty-four hours. Bear in mind, first, that importation of liquor from Canada to the United States is prohibited by the United States; and, second, that exportation of liquor from Canada to the United States is permitted by Canada.

It will assist the reader if I describe briefly one rum-running system. The racketeers order from a Windsor distillery 400 cases of liquor for delivery into rum-running boats at a Windsor export dock. The liquor is delivered in wooden cases. Each case contains two handy packages of six quarts each, packed between heavy cardboard in square burlap bags. Each bag weighs about eighteen pounds, has a couple of "ears," and is easy to carry. The runners uncrate it, burn the boxes, and load the bags of liquor into their boats. From the United States side of the river it is a common sight to see bonfires of liquor cases burning on the Canadian beach.

When the rum-running boats are loaded and ready to go, they are formally cleared by Canadian customs officials. The documents give the names of the distillery, transporter, consignee, boats, port of debarkation, port of destination, exact cargo, and time of departure. Copies are mailed to the customs office at port of destination. Having cleared from Windsor, the boats run out into the river, remaining on the Canadian side until they get an opportunity to make the dash to the United States shore. Part of this shore is occupied by private boat-wells, one after another, built on private property. Along the river's edge there are whole blocks of houses, built close together, boarded between, and surrounded by high fences. The view from both the river and the land is completely obstructed. Doors that extend beneath the surface of the water lift up and descend to emit and admit the rum-running boats. Search warrants are required to enter these private houses. They have private automobile entrances and garages. Innumerable streets lead down to the river's edge. The boats usually shoot across at night. Running in pitch darkness without lights, it takes a rum-running boat from one to three minutes to make the half-mile dash from Canadian waters to the United States shore.

Directed and guarded by speed boats operated by gangsters armed with machine-guns, a cargo is run across. A large force of workers is waiting to unload it quickly. The liquor may be stored, or it may be loaded at once into automobiles (a Ford sedan carries thirty cases) which depart immediately, each perhaps for a different destination—Detroit, Cleveland, Toledo, or Chicago. The whole operation, from the time the liquor boats leave Canadian waters until the automobiles are on their way, requires considerably less than ten minutes. The work is efficient; the technique is finished. I could follow the process on through the cutting plants to the bootlegger and the ultimate consumer, but that part of it is not germane to this article. The hazards are great; huge profits demand a quick turnover. When business is good, however, there is enough for all.

II

Engaged in the present "greatest drive" to suppress this smuggling, the United States Government has in the Detroit area 100 prohibition agents, twenty-five special prohibition agents, fifty regular customs officers, twenty special customs agents, 200 customs border patrolmen, 100 immigration officers, fifty coast guardsmen—and fourteen small boats. Of these seven government agencies, the personnel of three wear civilian clothes, the others wear four different kinds of uniforms. The average salary of these men is $43.54 a week. Each force has certain restricted duties and varying limited authority. Each is governed by its own regulations. Each is responsible to a different active boss. There is a coordinator in the area. He is a customs man and is practically unknown to the other agencies. There is very little coordination, and less cooperation. On the contrary, there is jealousy and open hostility. Each force is trying to make the best showing. The two prohibition forces do not pull together or get along with the customs men. The three customs forces do not work together, or with the prohibition men. The Coast Guard and immigration forces work independently, and "high hat" the other five. Andrew Mellon is the official head of all seven agencies.

The Coast Guard has two seventy-five-foot patrol boats and four speed boats. On July 27 these boats received orders to remove their machine-guns and rifles. The patrol boats are now armed with one-pounders; the speed boats carry no guns. The coast guardsmen carry pistols. I do not know the speed of all these boats. The skipper of the patrol boat I was on told me it had a speed of thirteen knots, and his speed boat a speed of twelve knots. The 200 customs border patrolmen have eight speed boats. Since these men work in three eight-hour shifts, there are about sixty-five of them on duty at one time. Sixteen are in their boats on the river, among the other 1,500 craft. They carry pistols, their riot guns and rifles having been taken away from them recently. Their boats are not armed. The other forty-nine men patrol such portions of the United States shore as are accessible to them without invading private property.

There has been much shooting on the river, and there have been a number of deaths. Patrolmen have disappeared and rum runners have drowned. Both Canadian and United States owners of pleasure craft have protested against the shooting, and against the running of boats on the river without lights. Private craft are halted and boarded every day

by patrolmen over the vigorous protests of owners. Coming alongside trim yachts, the patrol boats scrape their paint, bend their stanchions, and frighten and discommode guests. As a result there are damage suits and criticism against the Government. The Government is seriously handicapped here by public opinion; for the people of Detroit are opposed to prohibition. The four English-language newspapers and all the foreign-language newspapers are wet. The Detroit *Saturday Night,* mouthpiece of the financial interests, is wet. The Governor of Michigan is wet. The papers carry columns of stuff every day ridiculing, attacking, and opposing enforcement efforts.

United States authorities are not permitted to chase rum boats in Canadian waters. Theoretically, a rum runner could run up and down the Detroit River a few feet from a United States patrol boat, and be immune from arrest. That is exactly what the boats often do, shooting at each other, the rum runners aware that they may get shot but cannot be arrested, the patrolmen aware that they may get shot but cannot make an arrest. The situation amounts to a river war, with engagements of one kind or another every day. Here is the first paragraph of a story from the front page of the Detroit *News* of August 9:

> Rum runners and coast guardsmen fought a pitched battle on the Detroit River off Ecourse shore early today, racing along the middle of the river less than 100 feet apart and exchanging rifle and pistol shots. No one was injured, although two of the Coast Guard agents narrowly escaped. The runners escaped to Canada with their cargo.

III

The United States has asked Canada to refuse clearance to liquor-laden boats destined for the United States. Thus far Canada has flatly refused. In an interview at Ottawa on July 17, Hon. W. D. Euler, Minister of National Revenue, stated that Canada could not refuse clearance except by Act of Parliament, and that he felt that the sense of the House of last session was not favorable to such a course.

What are the official positions of the two countries on this touchy subject? Here is the basis of the argument of the United States, put in plain words: Canada is aiding and abetting the smuggling of contraband into the United States. The exportation of liquor to this country against this country's wishes is not a neighborly act. When prohibition was young the Canadian distilleries did not have export docks on the river. Racketeers bought liquor at the distilleries and ran it through Canada to the water's edge. They were violating Canadian law, and many were arrested and prosecuted. Canadian distilleries now aid the racketeers by delivering the liquor to them at the river. These rum-running boats do not constitute respectable transportation lines. A respectable transportation line transports only legitimate merchandise from the designated ports of one country to the designated ports of another. Canada knows when it clears these boats that they are carrying contraband to be smuggled into the United States.

And here is the Canadian reply: Canada is preventing gunmen from handling liquor illegally in Canada. The rum-running boats are legitimate carriers in Canadian waters. Canada cannot assume to govern their conduct in foreign waters. The boats are respectable carriers so far as Canada is concerned. Ninety-nine per cent of the rum runners are United States citizens. They would no more hesitate to break Canadian laws than they do United States laws. If Canada refused to export liquor to the United States, the former country would be flooded with law-breakers, and the burden of enforcing United States prohibition on the United States border would devolve largely on Canada. All motor boats must clear officially when they leave Canada. On the other hand, boats of less than five tons displacement are not required to clear from the United States. By permitting these small boats to come and go at will, the United States is actually encouraging rum running. It permits these small rum-running boats to leave the United States side, but asks Canada to refuse to permit them to return. If the United States will make these small boats clear, it will go a long way toward solving the liquor-smuggling problem. Here is a dispatch from Ottawa, dated July 31:

> The Canadian Government still stands ready to consider the barring of liquor exports to the United States if the United States Government will cooperate by regulating their own boats engaged in the rum traffic by requiring them to secure clearances from that country as they do from Canada.

IV

The Province of Ontario favors granting the demand of the United States. The less liquor exported to the United States from the Windsor docks, the more sold at retail in Windsor. Ontario last year made $9,000,000 on retail liquor sales. Every month thousands of United States citizens, fed up on bootleg gin, find it convenient to go to Detroit to get their new automobiles. They can turn in their old cars to their local dealers in Atlanta or Los Angeles, go to Detroit by train and pick up their new cars, and save money. The saving in freight on a $1,500 car to the Pacific Coast is $240, almost the price of three railroad tickets. Ontario reasons logically that if Canada refuses to export liquor to the United States, more United States citizens will come to Windsor to drink it.

Politics of course is as weighty in Canada as it is in the United States. The Canadian liquor interests make large political contributions, and the influence of money is just as great in Canada as it is in the United States. Canada levies a tax of $9 a gallon on all liquors. This tax is refunded upon presentation of customs receipts from the country to which the liquor is exported. The tax is never refunded on exports to the United States, since the rum runners do not get receipts from United States customs officers. Exportation of liquor to the United States last year netted the Canadian Government $30,000,000. This, of course, did not include the huge profits reaped by the Canadian commercial liquor interests. The liquor industry is one of Canada's largest, and its exportation constitutes one of Canada's main sources of revenue.

I have wondered what would happen if this situation existed along the Rhine River, between Germany and France. I have asked many Canadians what Canada would do if the situation were reversed. Some say Canada would do nothing; others that Canada would prevent such brazen smuggling into Canada if it had to call upon the British navy to do it. "The dignity of Canada would demand

it," one Canadian told me; "if Canada were in the same position as the United States you would see half a dozen British cruisers anchored in the lakes and river, a blockade of destroyers, submarines, airplanes, and small craft, and possibly nets protecting the Canadian shore. There would be no question about it. Canada would stop it."

Both wet and dry propagandists are working overtime in Canada. Here is one paragraph from a dry editorial in the Toronto *Globe* of July 28:

> The situation simply boils down to this: The Canadian Government is operating in collusion with outlaw American citizens to break United States laws. It is a blunt way of putting it; but is it not the fact?

Dry extremists in both countries have demanded that the United States inform Canada that its policy is an "unfriendly act" toward the United States. For more than a hundred years the two countries have faced each other, without fortifications or show of armed forces, living as neighbors in peace and harmony, but this condition can no longer be said to exist. Hundreds of diplomatic notes have been exchanged, and scores of conferences, public and secret, have been held. Extremists believe that if the situation is not cleared up in some way, it will inevitably lead to war.

The Coast Guard, particularly, feels that it is being embarrassed and degraded by prohibition work. This service has a proud tradition. It was created in 1790 by an Act of Congress signed by George Washington. The Coast Guard officers here, as well as elsewhere, feel that the Government should do either one thing or the other: either release it from its odious task, or give it sufficient equipment and personnel to prevent liquor smuggling. In a recent issue, the magazine *Coast Guard,* official journal of the service, commented as follows upon the testimony of Admiral F. C. Billard, Commandant of the Coast Guard, before the House sub-committee on Treasury Appropriations: "The Commandant expressed belief that, given sufficient equipment, the Coast Guard could entirely plug up the holes through which foreign liquors come into the United States over the coast lines."

V

It may be stated without fear of contradiction that the United States has never made a sincere, determined effort to stop liquor smuggling from Canada, and is not making one now. To put it most charitably, its effort has been half-hearted. If anyone doubts this, let him ask himself the question: What would the United States do if the commodity being so openly and notoriously smuggled into the country were an article upon which there is a high tariff?

The little spot at Detroit, at this moment, is fairly tight. Probably not more than two or three thousand cases are crossing a week. I have made the Government's "greatest drive" look its best by including only the Detroit River in the Detroit area. On one side of it is Lake Erie and on the other side Lake St. Clair, the St. Clair River, Lake Huron, and so on through all the Great Lakes district. The St. Clair River, which is only 300 yards wide at places, is logically a part of the Detroit area; its farthest point, Port Huron, is only a two-hour drive from Detroit. While the Government is concentrating on this tiny spot—the Detroit River—the rum runners are running wild on the St. Clair River, twenty miles away, where the coast is practically unguarded. What ostrich-like folly!

A comparison would be an effort to prevent liquor from crossing Broadway by blockading the street between Madison Square and Times Square, and leaving it unguarded between Madison Square and the Battery, and from Times Square to Albany.

It is also silly for the press to make Messrs. Lowman and Doran "the goats." Criticism of those two figure-heads is superficial criticism. With all the pressure that is being put upon the Administration by drys, is it possible to believe that Secretary Mellon and President Hoover are not acutely aware of the exact situation?

And Now the Fruit Fly

By HENRY S. VILLARD

ONE might have thought that the string of calamities which has been Florida's lot since the Great Gold Trek of '25 would by now constitute expiation in plenty for her orgy of frenzied finance. But—to mix one's metaphors—at the slightest indication that Babylon may be rebuilt, Nemesis gets on the job.

Last winter, it seems to be agreed, was the most successful for the tourist industry since the collapse of the boom. In Miami, the crowds and the cars that swarmed on Flagler Street were reminiscent of the summer of '25. For the first time since those days of get-rich-quick, the stores, the restaurants, and the hotels made money. Proprietors shut up shop and went north in June for their first vacation in four years. Miami Beach is afraid to say it aloud for fear of starting another boom, but real-estate transactions actually provided a fat living for more than one office force. Building permits ran into the millions, and the dozens of houses now under construction give substantial proof that Florida is already the permanent winter home of as many Americans as can possibly afford to make it so. Until the last few months, in short, the Florida picture was tinted with all kinds of pleasing roseate hues. And now—another chapter in chastisement: the Mediterranean fruit fly.

Just how this detestable little insect, toward which Floridians are at present concentrating all their surplus animosity, got into the State, has as many explanations as there used to be reasons for buying lots in Coral Gables. Some maintain that it was blown over from foreign shores in the last hurricane; others that it was a stowaway in a sack of Bacardi rum, the supply of which from certain neighboring isles has never failed to keep pace with the lively demand. Still others have a different theory. "Why," scoffed an old "cracker," "we've *always* had the fruit fly in Florida. Only somebody up North has jest discovered it." This last analysis appears to be based on a strange philosophy of governmental interference, pork-barrel appropriations, insidious California propaganda, the oil trust (which manufactures germicides), and the fundamental complaint that someone is always taking the joy out of Florida anyway.

But whatever its source, the fruit fly has added another episode to Florida's lessons in discipline. Statisticians declare that nearly three-fourths of all the bearing citrus

trees in the State are more or less involved in the infestation. According to Department of Agriculture figures, the capital investment threatened by the fly is close to $300,000,000. Furthermore, the danger of the infestation's spreading to other sections of the country, as well as the likelihood of damage to various industries dependent on the Florida citrus crop, presents possibilities of uncalculated harm. In the case of Florida itself, a successful season for the State is invariably contingent upon a goodly percentage of its fruit crop being released for movement north.

Despite the assertion of more than one farmer that he has yet to see a bona fide fruit fly, the state and federal authorities are not minimizing the gravity of the situation as it appears to them. Ample funds have been forthcoming by congressional decree, and the National Guard has been called to the front-line defenses. Armed to the teeth with flit guns, the boys in khaki are stationed at strategic points in the battle sector, intercepting all vehicles and subjecting the owners, their baggage, and the vehicles themselves to a withering fire of disinfectants. Just what the penalty is for bootlegging an orange or a grapefruit in the bottom of a suitcase was not disclosed to us, though we were stopped no less than four times on a recent motor journey between the Georgia State line and Miami. Any fruit fly caught lurking in the rumble seat would, no doubt, be summarily court-martialed and shot at sunrise, since he is held responsible not only for the menace to Florida's staple product but for the epidemic of bank failures that has followed his advent. Scattered in various parts of the State, some thirty-odd institutions have very recently closed their doors, for the fly destroys business confidence as well as fruit.

Thus the sins of the "binder boys" who raised the ante too high just four summers ago continue to be visited upon the unoffending members of the current generation. The immediate future is a bit uncertain. Will the credit stringency, the fruit fly, the failure of the racing bill, and the annual fall hurricane nervousness combine to make the next season a flop? Or will those clouds disappear in another mirage of stability and safety—with the thunderbolt of additional retribution following close behind?

There would seem to be some truth in the plaint of Florida's people that whenever the lightest touch of adversity brushes their State, it receives notice out of all proportion to its significance. While admitting the possibility of ruin, and busily taking measures to forestall it, Floridians cannot resist pointing out that plant pests are nothing new on this continent, and that in some of their fair sister States of the Southland various insidious bugs are even now unwelcome visitors. But it's only Florida that gets the write-up, they complain, and it's only Florida that bears the brunt of unfavorable attention. Ever since 1926 Florida has been trying vainly to dodge the limelight.

As a matter of fact, Florida appears economically sounder today than before the boom. In the more important financial centers—Jacksonville, Miami, Tampa, and St. Petersburg—the principal banks are standing firm in the present hysteria; the liquid assets within the State provide every assurance of being ample to weather the squall. The heroic measures taken to eradicate the fruit fly have led to the lifting of the quarantine on September 1 to such an extent that a large share of the citrus-fruit market will still be saved next year for Florida. The pernicious pyramiding of real-estate values has—temporarily at least—disappeared. Agricultural industries are flourishing. In spite of such passing ills as fruit flies and bank closings the impression one gets is nevertheless that of a fundamentally healthy State.

There may be, in time, as the boosters maintain, industries of real importance in Florida—such as may flourish through the advantages of a reduced overhead made possible by a favorable climate and the accessibility of rapidly developing ocean ports. The present business of fruit and vegetable growing, dairying, lumbering, and the production of naval stores and phosphate rock, may expand to unexpected proportions, and the permanent population of the State may yet vastly increase. But when all is said and done, there seem to be at the moment two main fields in which Florida may look to the future with definite conviction as to growth. One deals with the tourist, and the other with aviation.

The tourist needs only careful cultivation to yield large returns, and indications are that the secret of fostering this crop is already well known to the inhabitants. The judicious care bestowed on this occupation, pursued not too covetously, should supply an ever more profitable source of revenue. Judging by the multitudes that flocked to both east and west coasts last winter and the amount of cash they parted with in the short season of a few weeks, this industry will grow of its own accord.

The second possibility, aviation, soared into prominence in January of 1929 with the inauguration of the Pan-American Airways service to Cuba and the West Indies. The larger cities of Florida are already linked with the rest of the continent in the air-mail system, and if present plans are carried out, not many months hence it will be feasible to fly all the way from Montreal to Buenos Aires. Miami is the logical jumping-off place for Central and South America, and it is surprising to see how fully alive that city is to the enviable chance of becoming an air terminus of the foremost rank and importance. Flying for pleasure is particularly adaptable to that region; schools are springing up, and an airplane factory has commenced operations. If commerce continues to sprout wings it may not be entirely fantastic to suggest that Florida is on the verge of working out her salvation in the air.

One thing Floridians have in their favor. They are incurable optimists. Booms may come and booms may go, and so may hurricanes, fruit flies, bank failures, and any other form of impediment to progress that the Fates may devise—but the stubborn faith of Floridians in the future of their State goes on forever. It must be the climate that induces this frame of mind, for climate is still Florida's one unchangeable asset. Nor is it difficult to understand that where one has abundant health, where the effort of living is reduced to the lowest terms, where the sun smiles tolerantly day by day and the moon makes one forget that tomorrow is coming—there it is wholly impossible to stifle a certain permanent satisfaction in living.

The present period may not mark the end of Florida's atonement, but as long as the same sun and moon continue to shine and the Gulf Stream refrains from altering its course, there will be cheerful optimism among the dwellers on the palm-fringed shores of America's semi-tropics.

Cleveland's City Manager Survives

By LOUIS BROWDY

CLEVELAND is no ordinary American city. Its industries, heavy, light, and medium, metal and textile, are amazingly diversified. So is its population. Its more than a million people are in the main the second and third generation of good immigrant stock, much of it from the now dismembered empires of Central Europe. Notably, there is a substantial leaven of Teutonic stock, including many children and grandchildren of German forty-eighters who possess by social heredity something of that idealism and love of liberty which forced the rebellious *Weltverbesserer* to quit the fatherland. In 1924 Cleveland voted for La Follette for President. In 1928 it gave a large majority to Smith. During the war it gave Charles Ruthenberg, outspoken and jail-worn Communist, an enormous vote for mayor. Six years ago it scrapped its time-honored and conventional municipal government, adopted a new and advanced charter written by a college professor, and soon afterward installed the first city manager of a truly metropolitan city.

As I sat in an office on Cleveland's public square discussing the election which has just reaffirmed the city's adherence to the manager system, my eye fell upon a conspicuous statue just below us, a squatty effigy in bronze of Tom L. Johnson, Cleveland's famous mayor of twenty years ago; and I was reminded that all political experiments in Cleveland stem from this singular civic leader on the one hand and from the German-bred liberals on the other. No one can understand the incurable penchant for progress in this city without going back to the opening decade of this century when Tom Johnson—ardent single taxer, advocate of public ownership, uncompromising foe of "predatory privilege"—was creating a new kind of political atmosphere for an American city. Something of his influence still persists.

In the public square, athwart the rotund simulacrum of the sainted mayor, the fifty-story tower of the Van Sweringens' new railway terminal casts its prodigious shadow. The street railways which Johnson's three-cent fare made famous—strange symbol of a sincere idealism—are now controlled by the Van Sweringens, those fabulous brothers whose interests ramify throughout the city and its hinterland and spread out into the world, bound up with other railroad interests, on endless lines of steel. From the City Hall on the shore of Lake Erie the terminal tower looms up colossal and dominant, inescapable reminder of the power of the railroads in those dealings with City Hall which are necessary for the realization of huge projects. From within the seat of government the city council and the city manager can see the beginnings of the immense public stadium which the city is erecting on the margin of the lake where the New York Central has secured from the city, and now holds, an option on the riparian rights.

When the new charter was about to go into effect and William R. Hopkins, a Cleveland business man (brother of Arthur Hopkins, the theatrical producer), was announced as the new city manager, he was confronted by the fiery Peter Witt, leader of the independents in the newly elected council, who announced his conviction that Hopkins was going into office as the servant of the railroads. Hopkins had dabbled in railroads along with many other business ventures; he had had a main hand in building the Belt Line Railway, which he later sold to the New York Central. He had been designated as city manager as the result of an amicable arrangement between Maurice Maschke, Republican national committeeman and generalissimo of Cleveland's dominant political machine, and Burr Gongwer, the local Democratic boss. "Both of them," said Hopkins, "told me I could run the city as I pleased, so I took the job." It is the common and much too plausible belief that the understanding between these two gentlemen and their henchmen was to the effect that all city jobs under the new regime were to be dealt out to good Republicans and Democrats in the ratio of six to four. The many offices in the gift of the manager have, it now appears, been so apportioned with something like scrupulous care.

Hopkins has been an able administrator and an executive of force and leadership. That he has been incomparably more competent than the series of nonentities who succeeded Johnson and his disciple, Newton D. Baker, in the office of mayor, no one seriously doubts. Diligently and resourcefully he has carried through numerous important civic projects and public improvements. He has developed one of the finest airports in the country; he has completed and successfully operated one of the largest public auditoriums and made Cleveland one of the country's biggest convention cities; he has nourished and forwarded the project for a great civic mall in the Continental style on the lake shore; he has been the prime mover behind the great public stadium—perhaps a questionable honor since there are those who hold that it is being built largely for the benefit of the local baseball club, which is owned largely by Cleveland's biggest bank. He has spent, consequently, mountains of money, but he has dealt with budgets and finances with no little skill and resource.

As city manager Hopkins has been an ever-prominent public figure with an enviable gift for keeping his stocky person and chubby face in the limelight. The burden of banqueting, dedicating, welcoming, and posing in behalf of the collective citizenry he has accepted with apparent alacrity. The shadowy and unobtrusive personage who, as the presiding officer of the city council, holds the title of mayor has been deftly deprived of all the ornamental and rotogravure duties which commonly appertain to that office and which afford invaluable publicity. When the Republican national convention met in Cleveland in 1924 the delegates found in front of the city hall a huge banner which read: "Welcome to Cleveland—W. R. Hopkins, Manager."

There has inevitably been an amount of give and take between a city manager with a political flair and the thoroughly political members of the council. These gentry, all good Republicans or tolerable Democrats, the former a solid majority generally obedient to Boss Maschke, number twenty-five in all, elected from four city districts under the

Hare system of proportional representation. The council is the manager's employer, or, to use the customary business parallel, his board of directors; it is the good-will of the councilmen which assures him the continued and untroubled tenure of his $25,000-a-year job as well as the legislative acceptance of his pet measures. On the other hand, the manager has many jobs and favors at his command which are invaluable to practical ward politicians with many little fences to keep mended and precinct workers to keep happy. That a quiet and decent traffic in these favors has taken place no one questions or denies.

There have been flagrant scandals, however, in the last little while which have moved a kindly and oblivious public to raise an inquiring eyebrow. Within the past year the city purchased several pieces of land for park and playground purposes at prices which, it transpired in good time, were patently and grossly in excess of their value. Repeated operation of this simple and profitable trick by political insiders with the help of a compliant council finally caused a resounding and malodorous explosion. As the result of the purchase of one playground site at three or four times its worth, a prominent Republican member of the council and close friend of the city manager is now serving a five-to-fifteen-year term in prison. But Hopkins emerged from the extreme unpleasantness of the land scandals with a fairly whole skin. If a cloud has appeared about the figure of the manager and the office that he has somewhat more than filled, it has been visible chiefly to his political opponents and the chronic foes of the new system.

These, however, have been diligently at work and have come within a hairbreadth of accomplishing something. If in the newspapers the city manager remained *sans peur et sans reproche,* in the byways of the city doubt and suspicion were turned upon him. Almost since the inception of the manager system a coterie of energetic politicians led by Harry L. Davis, sometime mayor and governor, a passé Republican leader, have made repeated efforts to overthrow the new order. Twice before in the last two years they have staged an unsuccessful referendum for the abolition of the managerial office. Pertinacious as only disgruntled politicians can be and spurred by the notoriety of the land scandals, they succeeded again a short time ago in attaching the requisite number of names to a petition for a referendum to amend the city charter. In the framing of the proposed amendment ex-Mayor and Governor Davis was associated with two obscure Democrats whose names have the inestimable virtue of alliteration with his, so that their proposal could be popularized as the "Three D" plan and could be promulgated as thoroughly non-partisan. It provided for a complete return to the old order, the restoration of the office of mayor to its pristine glory as an elective office, and the abolition of proportional representation in the election of the council.

The advocates of the "Three D" plan professed to believe—and doubtless some of them were sincere about it—that the appointment of the chief executive of the city by a handful of councilmen is scandalously undemocratic. In the name of American democracy they organized a crusade to return the government of the city to the people. They pointed out that the city manager has all the powers of a mayor but that he is not directly responsible to the people and that his tenure of office is virtually unlimited. They asserted that if a mayor had been at the head of the municipal government during the recent scandals the opposition party would have moved him out at the next election as fast as a cat can eat sardines. With perfect cogency they made the further point that in the absence of the stir and interest of an election for mayor there is now a general apathy at the municipal elections, and that consequently important reforms are almost impossible of achievement.

The Democratic organization of the city came out in support of the retention of the manager system. Mr. Maschke and the Republican organization aligned themselves with the "Three D" amendment, deserting the manager plan for the first time since its adoption. Presumably Mr. Maschke, an astute, straight-shooting politician if ever there was one, has found the manager system a nuisance. Hopkins is probably too firmly in the saddle to suit his shrewd idea of good government. No political machine can expect to function perfectly when the biggest office cannot be properly rotated.

The defenders of the manager plan organized a Progressive Government Committee of 150 prominent citizens which bore an imposing aura of respectability. It included such personages as John H. Clarke, former associate justice of the United States Supreme Court, Rabbi Abba Hillel Silver, and Cleveland's justly famed philanthropist, Samuel Mather. Even Bishop Joseph Schrembs of the Cleveland Catholic diocese added his earnest voice in behalf of the manager system. A score of colored ministers came out against the "Three D" amendment because the abolition of proportional representation would deprive the colored community of its representative in the city council. The three newspapers of the city, Republican, Democratic, and Scripps-Howard, vigorously supported the manager plan.

At the polls on August 20 the people of Cleveland voted by a scant majority of 3,000 in a total vote of 97,000 to continue the city-manager system. The Progressive Government Committee, waging a vigorous house-to-house campaign to save the city from political retrogression, defeated the Maschke organization by a not too comfortable margin. The committee succeeded, in a city where civic consciousness runs unusually high, in rallying the support of independent voters who, though sensible that new "manager" often looks like old "mayor" writ large, saw nothing to gain in returning to the old order. The mass of the liberal German vote undoubtedly upheld the new system. That the vaunted Maschke machine failed to "deliver" has this happy purport for the immediate future: that the city manager can cease to take orders from the Republican national committeemen who put him into office.

But the fight over the city-manager system is by no means over. After so close a vote in the charter plebiscite the opponents of the new policy will be encouraged to make renewed efforts to overthrow it. Moreover, in the background of city politics in Cleveland looms a figure, unique in the American political scene, who will yet stir unpredictable developments in the government of the city. Peter Witt, sometime ironmolder, later city traction commissioner, and more recently chief dissenter in the city council, has a large and enthusiastic following who are bent on making him, sooner or later, chief executive of the city. Last fall he swept the county in the contest for the Democratic gubernatorial nomination. It was he who led the trium-

phant campaign for La Follette in 1924 and the campaign for Al Smith in 1928. He is an old and ardent follower of Tom Johnson and the present outstanding representative of the Johnsonian tradition. Once every year he holds a "town meeting" at which he ventilates with merciless candor any subject which arises for discussion, from local political thimblerigging to the apostasy of Woodrow Wilson in entering the war. Everybody knows that, were the managership abolished, Witt would make an eminently able and honest mayor and that his accession to office would make every cheap politician in the town squirm with discomfort. The more venturesome, they say, would incontinently migrate to Pittsburgh. Witt is the man who, when he was city traction commissioner, turned back a check for several thousand dollars sent him by the railway company as royalty for a new car he had invented, refusing the money on the ground that he had devised the car in his public capacity as traction commissioner. It was not a pose; that is just the kind of person he is. His presence in the city as an available mayor of the Johnsonian cast is, and will continue to be, a curious embarrassment to the stability of the manager system. Obviously he cannot be made city manager; no set of councilmen would imperil their political comfort by the appointment of such an executive.

In its broader aspects it is well that the Cleveland plebiscite has turned out as it has. The abandonment of the manager system by the largest of American cities which has yet adopted it would plainly and very gravely have discredited the whole movement for the progressive and less political forms of municipal government.

In the Driftway

ACROSS the street from the editorial offices of *The Nation* lies old St. Paul's churchyard, a sward of quiet green among glaring skyscrapers. In the churchyard are graves some of which were dug back in the eighteenth century. Weather-worn upright stones mark most of those graves; some have horizontal slabs laid prone upon them. The eastern boundary of the churchyard is Broadway, and right beside that highway is St. Paul's Chapel, put up in 1766, the only pre-Revolution church building still standing in New York City. When St. Paul's was built, Broadway at that point was little more than a lane to the country, and the building was faced west toward the churchyard—which then ran all the way to the Hudson River—while the back of the church was turned frigidly upon what has since become the most famous thoroughfare in the three Americas. So the church stands today, its fine old colonial steeple looking down on the churchyard and its clockface telling the editors of *The Nation* when to go out to luncheon, while under its rear eaves Broadway roars and rumbles and rushes on its way.

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CHAPEL and churchyard are beautiful as well as historic, and never more so than in early spring. Then the grass shines in a new coat of emerald green and the sprangling boughs of the locust trees put out their feathery network of swaying leaves. Then the sun, long lost behind winter's grimy haze, shines warmly inviting, and the office girls of the neighborhood come with their luncheon—or after they've had it—to sit among the tombstones and revel in the vigor of life that beats in their young arteries. There, over sepulchers a century or more old, they talk of their work and their pleasures, their loves and their hopes, their successes and their disappointments—a fabric of life so continuous with that which a hundred years ago occupied the now quiet sleepers underground that there seems no incongruity between the two groups. Time ceases to exist, and changes in dress, the substitution of motor cars for horse-drawn carriages, the displacement of buildings a few stories high by steel projectiles piercing the canopy of the sky, become meaningless trifles.

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THE building which contains the offices of *The Nation* was put up for the New York *Evening Post* more than twenty years ago. The saying of some wag was then current that the reason why New York City was so wicked was that the *Sun,* coming out in the morning (it did then), made vice attractive, while the *Post,* coming out in the evening, made virtue repulsive. Somebody else unkindly suggested that the reason why the *Evening Post* was moving over opposite St. Paul's churchyard was to be close to its readers. Chapel and churchyard have changed hardly at all outwardly in the years that have followed. But time seems to have been gnawing all unseen at St. Paul's steeple, and now they are about to take it down and replace the wood with metal, it is announced, though preserving intact the present design. Also they are going to clean and repair the entire outside of the church. To accomplish this double job the walls and steeple have been shrouded in scaffolding. A kind of scaffolding has been used which to the Drifter, at least, is new. Hollow iron piping about two inches in diameter and fifteen or twenty feet in length has been employed. The piping is bolted piece upon piece, and looks both neater and more secure than the usual scaffolding of irregular old timbers. Boards are used only as flooring over the successive tiers of piping. The Drifter has watched the erection of this scaffolding with a fascinated eye. It has been a thorough job and a slow one; probably also it has been an expensive one. But as to that who should worry, for St. Paul's is a chapel of Trinity parish, which, as everybody knows, has an income bigger even than that of a movie star or staress of the first magnitude. The last item of construction consisted in covering the outside of the scaffolding with wire screen. This makes it hard to see through the scaffolding, and perhaps the idea is to protect the workmen from the prying eyes of the street. Or perhaps to shield them from flies or mosquitoes. Trinity parish is philanthropic as well as rich.

* * * * *

THE only question is whether Trinity is as wise as it is rich and philanthropic. Will the new steeple look just like the old one? We ought to be able to trust an organization as rich and philanthropic as Trinity, but when we recall that it allowed the most beautiful of all its chapels —St. John's—to be demolished because of a dwindling congregation, there is ground for some uneasiness. If the famous old steeple is materially altered in appearance, many New Yorkers will wish that it had been allowed to tumble down instead—preferably when the trustees of Trinity were assembled underneath.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Classical Foreshadowing

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Now that Mr. Dole, in *The Nation* of August 14, has so delightfully conjured from the word *volemus* in Catullus's poem an "immortal reference to aviation," it may be of further interest to note that the graceful Roman poet flew in a hydroplane. This supposedly modern means of travel is easily identified, by anyone who reads his Latin with genial understanding, in the opening lines of the poem (IV) that Catullus wrote at the end of his flight:

> Phaselus ille, quem videtis, hospites,
> ait fuisse navium celerrimus,
> neque ullius natantis impetum trabis
> nequisse praeterire, sive palmulis
> opus foret volare sive linteo.
>
> Behold, my friends, this little boat
> That brags she once could *fly* so fast
> There was no speedier ship afloat.
> Them all, ON OARS OR WINGS, she passed.

The traveler in these classic realms of gold has many another "wild surmise" coming to him if he journey under the proper auspices. Thus, in the previously cited poem of aviation fame, *caeli furor aequinoctialis*—the equinoctial roar—clearly indicates static, the bane of radio. From *laeti studio pedes* we may deduce the prototype of the bunion derby; and who cannot see in *comitum coetus*—bands of fellow-travelers—the Cook tourists of those days?

Homer's and Vergil's famous "winged words" undoubtedly constitute an equally immortal reference to the radiophone!

Harold Whitman Reed

Reading, Massachusetts, August 15

Are the Films Ungrateful?

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The movies have long since passed the billion-dollar mark as an industry. Wall Street reports that profits for the leading film companies ran into many millions for the last half year; but it is a melancholy fact that many of the men whose inventive and creative genius produced the means to establish and develop this billion-dollar industry are in actual want.

Among such men are Jean Acme LeRoy and Eugene Augustin Lauste. It is no exaggeration to say that but for their inventions the great industry which they helped to father would not today exist. Jean LeRoy designed and invented the first motion-picture projection machine, the cinematograph, which antedated by more than a year the better advertised projector of Jenkins and Armat, the Edison vitascope. Lauste's invention of recording and reproducing sound photographically, originally patented in Great Britain in 1906, forms the basis for all the photographic processes used to make the talking picture today. Lauste also designed and built the eidoloscope, recorded in screen history as the second projection machine to be invented. The modern motion-picture booth for fire protection was originally conceived and designed by LeRoy.

Today both LeRoy and Lauste, now in their middle seventies, enfeebled by age and broken in health, are practically without resources and dependent upon the uncertain help of a few friends. LeRoy is partially paralyzed and unable to work. Lauste has unsuccessfully sought employment on the research or engineering staffs of the larger film companies, yet he doubtless has a greater knowledge of the mysteries and mechanics of recording and reproducing sound photographed on film than any man living. The need of these men is real, and they deserve far better of the industry which they helped to make possible.

New York, August 7 Merritt Crawford

Nothing to Write

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Your note about the Köbenhavn came as a relief. I had given up all hopes of ever seeing her name or fate mentioned after the brief inconspicuous paragraph of June 26.

You say: "There is nothing to write. There is no fire, no wreck, no collision to chronicle." Yet, think of the space given by the newspapers to the Cyclops, which disappeared during war time, when there were possibilities of being torpedoed or ramming a floating mine.

A year or so ago I had the pleasure of seeing the Köbenhavn under full sail off Easter Island. Later I saw her tied up in Adelaide, Australia. What a beauty she was! I managed while in Adelaide to get a snapshot of her—she dwarfs a good-sized steam trading vessel tied alongside. And what a fine crew—all young boys. And yet nothing to write!

East Orange, New Jersey, August 16 S. E. Cross

More Light on the Light Stamp

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In *The Nation* for August 14 you attribute the issuance of the Edison postage stamp to some secret machination on the part of the power trust. You may therefore be interested in the following facts:

I had for years been attempting to secure the issuance of an Edison stamp, on the ground that our government did wrong to limit the list of those honored by places on its stamps to politicians and soldiers only. About three years ago the Exchange Club of Duluth joined me in applying to the Postal Department for the issuance of the Edison stamp, and we appealed also to President Coolidge, himself an Exchangeite. It has been the understanding of the Exchange Club that the stamp was issued because of their insistence.

Duluth, August 17 Thomas Hall Shastid

Paying for Petroleum

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Professor Chafee, in his interesting Prosperity, in *The Nation* of July 24, reiterates the oft-repeated legend that "petroleum bids fair to be exhausted within a century from the opening of the first oil-well." It is calculated that North Carolina alone has enough shale oil to supply us at the present rate of consumption for a thousand years—and water-power or electricity may supplant it within a few years.

Of course, it is not practicable, at the present cost of roasting it out, to compete with the present oil, which certainly costs little or nothing, being paid for in by-products. Science could and would soon reduce those costs if the product could be sold. But there are "interests" which find their account in reiterating the cry that our oil is on the point of exhaustion. This makes us content to pay 25 cents per gallon, which is profitable to some corporations.

New York, August 2 Bolton Hall

Books and Vaudeville

Abandoned Mill: New Bedford

By JAMES RORTY

Ten million yards of calico should be
Enough, he thought; so when the old man died
The sudden silence of those idiot looms
Bloomed like a flower on his grave; there was
No need of more; the windows of the mill
Stared blear-eyed like a brothel at a world
Gone mad and lustless; twice a day the tide
Clawed at the concrete, sucked and sniffed
Beneath the rotten planking; children came
And stoned the old mill blind, and that was good.
It cannot sail; it cannot even see
The ships, the living ships go grandly out
At dawn and twilight, wooing with vague sails
The winds of ocean, weaving with bright prows
Ten million leagues of silver spray.

Repulse

By MARIE DE L. WELCH

There is disheartening secrecy in these woods
That blot the autumn brass of the hill-side.
Climb to them, enter; you will find them cool
And hostile and unwilling to confide
In you by so much as a shadow quickening
To life; by so much as a squeak. The floor
Of the woods is muffled in leaves to cover riches
Of fur and of beady eye and of delicate claw,
And flash of feather or whistle the branches' thickening
Keeps from you. The sullen woods will send you back
To the open hay fields, without showing you
Even the small courtesy of a raccoon's track!

Spying Out the Land

Recent Economic Changes in the United States. Two volumes. McGraw-Hill Book Company. $7.50.

WHEN Moses sent his spies into the land of Canaan, they returned after forty days, it will be remembered, bearing upon a staff between two of them a great cluster of grapes, and reporting a land flowing with milk and honey. "Nevertheless," they informed the Hebrew lawgiver, "the people be strong that dwell in the land and the cities are walled and very great: and moreover we saw the children of Anak there." Mr. Hoover's spies set out on their search of the American economic Canaan early in 1928. The first public account of their expedition last spring suggested that they had seen almost nothing but milk and honey but their full report to our contemporary Moses discloses the existence of various great walled cities, and even gives us a glimpse of an occasional son of Anak wandering in our promised land.

Mr. Hoover fortunately intrusted his survey to the National Bureau of Economic Research, to which students have come to look for fair and reliable studies of fact, intelligently interpreted. The bureau enlisted the cooperation of more than two dozen other private organizations, of the Federal and State governments, the universities, and scores of specially qualified individuals. Their findings, despite some avowed defects, constitute probably as good a picture of the economic position of the United States as it is possible to draw in our present state of knowledge. What do they show?

One cannot do better than quote Professor Mitchell's summary:

> This record presents striking contrasts. Consumption as a whole has increased, but the consumption of certain great staples has shrunk. While trade at large has flourished, certain branches have languished—notably ship-building, the railway-equipment industry, and agriculture; in less measure the textile, coal, and shoe trades. Pay-roll disbursements of factories have expanded, but manufacturing employment has diminished. Business profits have been large, but so also have been the number of bankruptcies. Great quantities of gold have flowed into the country, but wholesale prices have sagged much of the time. Income as a whole has grown larger, but important sections of the country have made little gain, and important occupations have suffered loss. . . . What has been happening in the United States is the latest phase of cumulative processes which have dominated western life since the industrial revolution got under way.

As Professor Gay points out in his thoughtful introduction, most foreign observers of our recent economic changes are inclined to lay emphasis on our unrivaled natural resources, our scarce labor and high wages and the consequent development of labor-supplementing machinery, our enormous free-trade market, our more or less scientific and open-minded business management, and finally our spirit of indomitable hopefulness. Mostly, these features of life are as old as America. But Professor Gay finds something new in our growing concern with the costs of economic progress, in our recognition that our natural resources are not limitless, in our restrictive attitude toward foreign labor, in the strength and stability of our finance, and in our increasing tolerance of the control of our national life by great business corporations.

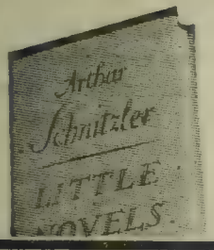
As Dr. Wolman shows, the years since the war have seen a notable advance in our standards of living. There have been unprecedented increases in per capita expenditures for health, amusement, and education, and in the numbers of students in our higher institutions. We have diversified our diet, our clothes, and our houses, and have brought about a bewildering multiplication of manufactured goods, notably new ones like automobiles and radios, often at the cost of old staples. The great majority of us have "raised" our living standards by becoming dependent on a thousand new things; yet during the seven years under review more than two-fifths of our farm population, instead of developing new standards, have maintained their old ones only by creating a huge mortgage debt.

Reversing old trends, industry during these years has been growing less concentrated in highly developed areas and in the historical centers, and has been moving from city to country. Industrial mergers have proceeded rapidly, owing their success not to cheaper production but to more efficient marketing; and the big concerns seem to be achieving stability of prices and abundant profits to some extent at the cost of irregular operation, with all that that means for unemployment. These same years, of course, have seen an extraordinary development in marketing, with great changes in demand and the rise of new commodities, increase of advertising, growth of the chains, and increase in cooperative marketing of farm products. Whether, on the other hand, instalment sales have increased faster than total retail sales since 1923 is doubtful.

Labor, tamed and interested in new measure in production,



DRAWING from Words such Beauty as Kreisler draws from Strings



ARTHUR SCHNITZLER and the SOUL of VIENNA

IN *a memorable tribute to the author of* Little Novels, *Ludwig Lewisohn says: "The chill winds of the harsh dawn of a new world blow angrily about the aging master. He remembers his youth . . . Nothing can exceed the smooth, firm beauty of Schnitzler's style and technique . . . This is the Vienna, this the Salzburg of the days of the Empire. Life had a neo-Pagan elegance, an autumnal charm. . ."*

It is customary indeed to characterize Arthur Schnitzler as the quintessence of Vienna. He evokes not only the glow and tragedy of love in Vienna . . . but the music of Vienna in the nuances of his prose . . . the science of Vienna in his researches into the sub-conscious . . . the craftsmanship of Vienna in his skill . . .

For more than three decades Arthur Schnitzler's short stories, novelettes and dramas have been acclaimed by critics and readers for their tenderness, their wit, their compassion, their melancholy splendor. In the last few years, the American success of Fräulein Else, Rhapsody, Beatrice, Daybreak *and* Therese *have consolidated a growing fame and brought to many readers the unduplicable glamour of his art.*

WHO can weave the pattern of Viennese life with such magic as Arthur Schnitzler . . . drawing from words the same haunting beauty that Kreisler draws from strings? Who can so effectively blend the enchantment and disenchantment, the arrogance and humility, the tragedy and high comedy of love on the shores of the song-laden Danube?

In *Little Novels*, the author of *Fräulein Else*, *Rhapsody*, *Daybreak*, *Beatrice* and *Anatol*, again peers into the sub-conscious with the eye of genius—the eye that illuminates and holds spell-bound.

Most of these ten tales, employing that gravely ironical manner which is Schnitzler's own, deal with the relations between men and women. One or two, such as *The Prophecy*, treat startlingly of the workings of Fate, and the finest of the collection, a masterpiece among masterpieces, is a tenderly beautiful study of the love between a blind man and his brother.

Anyone who begins the *Fate of the Baron*, which opens this collection of *Little Novels*, will not put down these pages until the last paragraph of the final story, *The Death of a Bachelor*.

In these ten *Little Novels* (for their compactness surely entitles them to this term), the publishers believe that they are offering to Schnitzler's eager and growing American audience the perfect flower of the genius of the Viennese master. The book has just been published and is on sale at your own bookstore for $2.50.


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"LITTLE NOVELS"

a new book by ARTHUR SCHNITZLER

and now protected by our immigration laws from a great influx of foreign competitors, has seen the nominal work-week reduced by five hours since 1914, and there have been striking wage advances. As productivity has risen yet faster, however, labor costs, broadly, have continued to fall. Contrary to the popular impression (and, it may be added, to much informed opinion), Dr. Wolman can find no marked changes in the stability of employment as compared with the pre-war period. Unemployment is a veritable son of Anak. From 1921 to 1927 the number of unemployed, on the lowest estimate, was above a million and a half in the best year, 1923, and nearly three times as great in 1921. Yet labor on the whole was probably never so well off, materially speaking, as it has been during these recent years.

Agriculture, according to Dr. Nourse, has been suffering severely since the war because of the disruption of demand both at home and abroad, high expenses not yet adjusted to lowered prices, and extraordinary supply in many lines, due to war stimulation, to the unregulated use of land, and especially to power farming. Fewer farmers can now produce more food and materials. We have therefore got to see, as we are now seeing, a large shift of population and a sound business reorganization with heavier capitalization. The situation means great difficulty for the individual farmer, and Dr. Nourse sees no prospect of "swift or comprehensive relief of the situation," though individuals are making profits and some localities are prosperous.

Professor Mills notes the steadily continued increase in the production and distribution of goods during the years 1922-1927, accompanying a gentle downward movement of prices—an uncommon phenomenon in American economic experience; while Professor Sprague and Dr. Burgess call attention to the effects of abundant capital supply, great gold reserves, and foreign loans, and suggest a certain influence of the Federal Reserve system in lessening business fluctuations. Professor Copeland's useful study of income and its distribution indicates that our widely touted prosperity has been confined to the Middle Atlantic, East North Central, and Pacific States, which include less than half the population and receive somewhat more than half the national income. The study also indicates that prosperity is as yet a long way off from making everybody rich, though Professor Copeland finds little to show that employees have been getting any decreased share of the national income during recent years, and he finds no evidence that the richer people have been getting either a larger or a smaller proportion than usual.

To undertake once more the difficult task of summary, we may quote Professor Mitchell's conclusion that basically it is by "applying intelligence to the day's work more effectively" that we have succeeded in raising per capita income (expressed in 1925 dollars) from the $621 of 1913 and the $656 of 1917 to $625 in 1922 and $733 in 1926. "Good times" for a majority of the people—yes; but the gain, like the income of the earlier period, has been spread most unequally among different classes, different industries, and different sections of the country, and some of them have not shared in it at all. No continuance of the gain is assured, and in any case it is to be had only by bold and intelligent work. There is no ground in this whole study, then, for complacency, no real foundation for prosperity "blah" of the Coolidge variety. The committee are clear, however, that "to maintain the dynamic equilibrium of recent years is, indeed, a problem of leadership which more and more demands deliberate public attention and control. Research and study, the orderly classification of knowledge, joined to increasing skill, well may make complete control of the economic system a possibility."

What more could intelligent critics of competitive capital ask? During the past half century we have been learning much of the necessity of finding substitutes or supplements for profit-grabbing private "leadership" in getting effective control of the economic system. We have devised non-profit-making public agencies such as the Interstate Commerce Commission, the Federal Reserve Board, the Federal Power Commission, and other much-criticized but absolutely essential public agencies. We shall go farther, and here is the Hoover committee blessing the movement. But to what end? As far as the document before us indicates, just that we may have more "prosperity." And why more prosperity? Apparently Mr. Hoover and his associates might fairly reply: "Why, we never thought about that." If the public attention that they invoke should be devoted to a preliminary consideration of the real relation between wealth and well-being, the new possibilities of wealth production might really come to mean more and better life.

HENRY RAYMOND MUSSEY

Citizens Grown and Made

Civic Training in Soviet Russia. By Samuel Northrup Harper. The University of Chicago Press. $3.

Great Britain: A Study of Civic Loyalty. By John Merriman Gaus. The University of Chicago Press. $3.

THESE two volumes introduce a series of studies whose purpose, as announced by the editor, Professor Charles E. Merriam of the University of Chicago, is that of "examining objectively the systems of civic cohesion in a group of states, of determining the broad trends of civic training in these modern states, and of indicating possibilities in the further development and control of civic education." A mere turning of the pages is enough to show that the books are entirely different from the manuals of "civics" or government which abound in this country, and that they have no apparent didactic or pedagogical purpose whatever. They are scholarly studies, planned on broad lines, of the influences, some of them direct and others remote, which a state brings to bear upon its people to make them the kind of citizens they are.

As between Great Britain and Russia, of course, the contrast is striking. Where one expects development, the other offers revolution. The British citizen is what he is as a result of a long process of growth, and it is unlikely that he will be, in any near future, very different from what he has been in the past. The Russian, on the other hand, has broken violently with his past, and is being urged deliberately, and on a grand scale, toward a future whose ultimate characteristics cannot with precision be foretold. The very term "civic training" seems almost a misnomer in Britain, so indirect and informal is much of the process; while organization, discipline, the systematic inculcation of theory, and comprehensive and minute supervision of practice are of the essence of the elaborate and aggressive Russian program. The British citizen, in short, largely grows; the Russian citizen is actually being made.

The extraordinary wealth of material which Professor Harper assembles is not easily summarized. In Russia, civic training is one of the "fronts" of a struggle which is making a new nation out of an old one. Civic obligation rests upon a foundation of labor and economic policy. The citizen must be a producer, and his "productive qualification" looks to the upbuilding of a Communist state "by the road of socialism." This idea of a new social order, accordingly, is offered to the Russian as "in practice a substitute for the idea of patriotism in a national state, and has tended to nationalize the revolution as well as glorify civic activity." Moreover, the Soviet system "aims to retrain a whole people along new lines," and "the politics of the revolution are made to penetrate all institutions, organizations, and fields of activity."

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ALFRED · A · KNOPF 730 FIFTH AVE., N. Y.

The "personality factor" in a system which assumes the existence of classes and a class struggle finds recognition in the Communist Party, with its Union of Youth for young men and women and its Pioneers for the children, of each of which organizations Professor Harper gives a detailed description. With the landlord abolished and the bourgeoisie and rich peasantry merely tolerated, "the interests of workmen and peasants are the only ones considered and as between these two the interests of the workmen are given priority," although a third group made up of wage-earning office workers is also found. The trade unions, now embracing "the overwhelming majority of wage-earners," are looked upon as "a school of communism," while the cooperative societies "are considered steps toward socialism." A long list of civic organizations, as well as schools of all grades and the universities, have their places in this system of state-controlled and Communist-directed education, and newspapers and periodicals, museums and excursions, celebrations and processions, literature, art, music, the radio, and the cinema are parts of the educational technique. From infancy to old age, from the rising of the sun to the going down of the same, the Russian has held out to him the conception of a Soviet form of state, rigorously kept in hand by the Communist Party with its carefully guarded conditions of membership, but at the same time of a state whose leaders appear to be watchfully critical of its performance, and ready to drop one method and try another in order to get the results they desire.

Professor Gaus, naturally, has nothing so spectacular or novel as the Russian experiment to record, notwithstanding that he, too, examines the practical as well as the inferential obligations of British citizenship, the procedure of elections and campaigns, the pervasive influence of social classes in a society which is still a good deal stratified, and the parts played by the schools, the older and new universities, the church, and the press in political life. In Britain, civic loyalty is molded by the king as the personification of the state, by the recognition of law as the expressed will of the majority, by the relegation of great areas of administration to a permanent civil service, by openings for careers in the colonies and other overseas possessions, and by the position which the nation holds in international affairs. Both Professor Gaus and Professor Harper, indeed, have swept so wide a field that their books are not only extremely valuable examinations of contrasted methods of civic training, but admirable surveys of contemporary political and social conditions as well.

WILLIAM MACDONALD

The Biggest Ranch in America

The X I T Ranch of Texas. By J. Evetts Haley. Chicago: The Lakeside Press.

IN 1882 the State of Texas contracted to deliver 3,000,000 acres of land in exchange for a capitol building. The land lay out in the Panhandle on the edge of the world, as the world then extended toward the west, and the company that took it soon saw that the time was not yet ripe for cutting it up and selling it out; they decided to develop it into a ranch. The result was the famous X I T ranch—the largest single ranch that the United States has yet known or ever can know. The history of that ranch has now been written, and written with a sense of relative values, a realization of backgrounds, a soundness coupled with charm lacking in a majority of the best histories of the nation's States. How the cattle were bought and then how cow thieves were fought, how lobo wolves were chased, how windmills were put up—to be burned down by rustlers—how prairie fires swept the plains and were controlled, how the cowboys felt "when the grass began to grow" and the trail to another X I T ranch in Montana a thousand miles away became strung with herds, how old Tascosa on the Canadian River reared its Boot Hill graveyard, and then, finally how nesters came in, buying up the land and plowing the trails under—all this and much more is told by Mr. Haley in a style swift, packed, concrete, and exceedingly readable. The book transcends by far the purely local nature that its subject might imply.

J. FRANK DOBIE

Personalities and Platitudes

Mountain Against Mountain. By Arthur Davison Ficke. Doubleday, Doran and Company. $1.50.

Bitter Sweet Poems. By Rebecca McCann. Covici, Friede. $2.

Noah's Dove. By Laura Benét. Doubleday, Doran and Company. $5.

Poems of the Chinese Revolution. By Hsi-Tseng Tsiang. Published privately. $.25.

SUCH dissimilar and uneven verse as this calls for neither the perfect word of praise nor the final term of disparagement. Except for two unexpected and excellent poems by Mr. Ficke, these four recent books are of slight individual importance. Considered collectively, the group is interesting for its different motives, its various treatments, and its diverse effects.

In "Mountain Against Mountain" there are two short narratives which reveal a peculiarly poetic temperament. Paris 1917 is a series of emotional realizations, beginning with "the flaunt of the bands and banners . . . as our long gray ship swept out of the harbor," and ending on Armistice Day when "all this has been a dream, too dark for telling." With incidental humor, the best passages describe Paris as "still the old and sacred wanton," enveloped now in gray mists of doubtful hopes and fears. In its unending search for revealing experiences we see the mystic personality of the poet looking beyond the dim realities of the moment. There is much of this same quality in The Return of Christ (a theme suggested by Witter Bynner and on which he, too, will publish a poem). This more sustained narrative is a story of the second crucifixion: from Tai Shan, the Most Sacred Mountain, comes a Stranger, teaching that men should marvel and live, neither worship nor pray; but this idea is so foreign to missionary doctrine that Christ is mistaken for Satan and stoned. Although they fall far short of greatness, the lyrics which fill out the volume are seldom trivial or commonplace. Each one gives evidence of Mr. Ficke's unusual imaginative faculty. For example, Two Score Years and Ten, which develops the thought of these opening lines:

> Not with a futile wrath but with composure
> The wiser mortals learn their certain fate,
> Youth ends in a cold twilight of disclosure;
> And for youth's follies it is then too late.

The vast newspaper audience that knew her as the creator of "The Cheerful Cherub" will find in Rebecca McCann's posthumous collection of verse much that is closely akin to the delightful nonsense which characterized that earlier work. In these poems, however, there is a sophisticated and often cynical humor, sometimes an entirely serious lyricism. Apparently her work was turning in the latter direction when it was brought suddenly to a close. Thus, unrepresentatively but irresistibly, we quote:

> The silver birch is so refined,
> White virgin thoughts are in her mind:
> Yet to the wind, when night was dim,
> I saw her wave a moonlit limb.

Although many different things are attempted in the slen-

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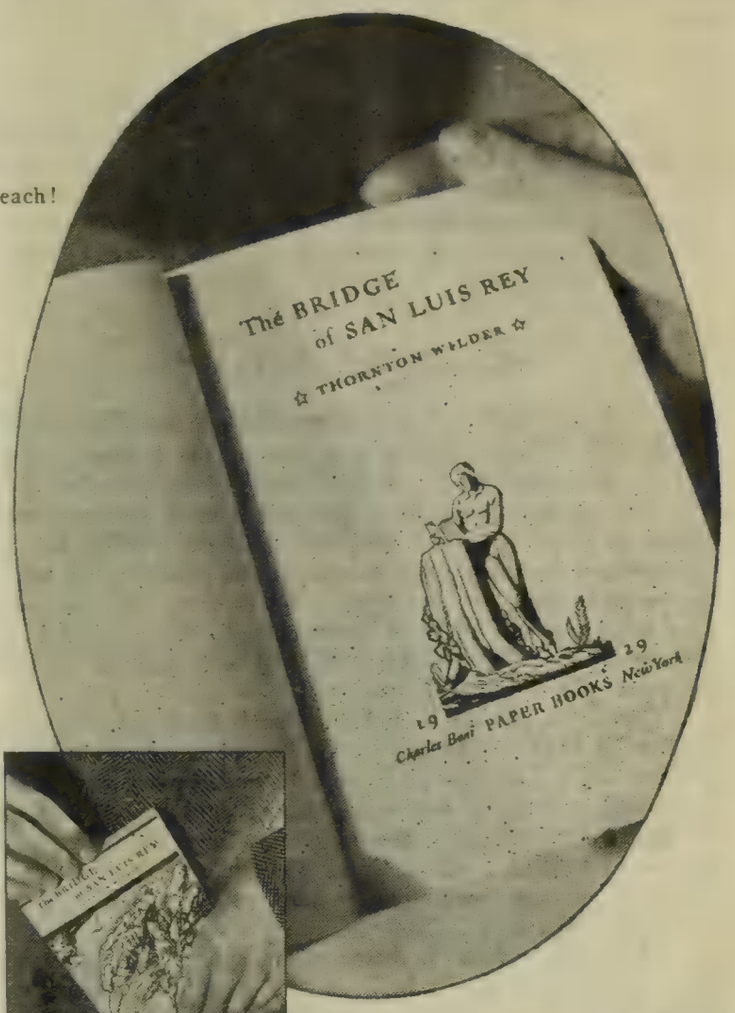
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der volume called "Noah's Dove," the charm of Miss Benét's poetry is to be found, if anywhere, in her imagery. Whether such an imaginative quality is unnatural and forced, or whether it is uniquely vivid, must be left to the reader to decide. Let him consider these lines:

> Down the wide-eyed street
> Spring, like a young woman who has borne her child
> Goes with a halting walk.

and

> Day comes like silver water
> On sod of purple sleep.

Upton Sinclair's preface to Hsi-Tseng Tsiang's brochure adequately, and somewhat optimistically, explains that "what he has written is not perfect poetry, but it is the perfect voice of Young China, protesting against the lot of the under-dog."

J. Dana Tasker

Hunger Strike

Days of Fear. By Frank Gallagher. Harper and Brothers. $2.

FRANK GALLAGHER was one of the hunger strikers in Mountjoy Prison in 1920, and he kept this diary during his nine days' fast. He and a man, referred to in "Days of Fear" as Philip, accepted full responsibility for the starvation of one hundred men and for the conditions on which they would consent to eat again. Apart from its value as a piece of literature, which is great enough, this journal is an amazing record of what force of will and faith in a cause can do in face of physical suffering.

"The souls of men," declares Frank Gallagher, "are the weapons of God." In this case God chose a weapon of well-tempered steel. It endured violent fluctuations between sweet, even-running thoughts and ugly, leaping doubts and imagined horrors. A great deal of the book must have been written in a state of delirium, when Frank Gallagher was the battle-ground of internal revolutions, a kind of "personal Mexico," as he calls himself.

"Death," he wrote, "is the proof a skeptical world demands of a man's love of justice." It is good to think that men can face it, as he did, in the eye-aching dark of wakeful nights and have the mental strength to record and survive the experience.

Norah Meade

Coal and Oil

Petroleum and Coal: The Keys to the Future. By W. T. Thom, Jr. Princeton University Press. $2.50.

IT is a familiar bromide that fashions in literature change. The remark applies especially to the trend in the preparation of what might be called discursive books for the lay reader. Biography, history, and especially books of travel have already won their place. Purely instructional texts—the Mechanic's Handbook, Book-Binding Made Easy, and the like—have long been in demand. When Russell, Huntington, and Osborn write about their sciences *and are read,* the public's intellectual gastronomy may be described as having reached the stage of solid nutriment—at least, of fruit salad with dressing.

There remains only one field, still mainly unessayed—a description of knowledge and work in those applied sciences which, sufficiently "practical" to lack much contemplative or philosophical content, do yet not enter daily life enough to occupy space on the five-foot shelf of the housewife or her husband.

This is the kind of matter with which Professor Thom's book deals—the origin, conditions of occurrence, manner of recovery, and use of our two important fuels, coal and petroleum. It does hold food for purely abstract thought as well but the latter is not thrust upon the reader. For instance, inquiring minds may well ask, why the spasmodic distribution in time of those epochs when plants were so abundant that they formed immense peat swamps, later to be changed into coal. Is a periodic return of such prolific growth consistent with the pictures we used to hold, of a progressively chilling earth? The answer to ruminations of this scope must, of course, lie beyond the 200 pages of this book, already crowded by the more immediate subject.

But, even omitting the stimulus of such suggestions, the book is worth while. Few who use them know much about the origin of these two minerals, which together represent more than half of the annual mineral output of the United States, water alone omitted. Most of us think of an oil "dome" as a hill filled with oil and cannot understand why the term should be applied where the "dome" is a surface depression instead of an elevation. Exploration and development of oil fields is largely misunderstood, except in southern California and in Oklahoma and the surrounding region of the mid-continent field. By the layman the highly interesting and important innovations used in searching for buried mineral wealth by various physical tests—electrical, magnetic, gravimetric, and seismic—would be callously dismissed as comparable to the witch-hazel divining-rod formerly used in looking for water. From a conservational as well as a more immediately utilitarian viewpoint the competition between coal and oil is not to be lightly passed over and Professor Thom faces it clearly.

Charles H. Behre, Jr.

Travel Briefs

The Last Home of Mystery. By E. Alexander Powell. The Century Company. $4.

Mr. Powell is an experienced voyager and an entertaining writer. His later travel books are much superior to those he was turning out at the end of the war. There are, indeed, few Americans who know their way about the world better than he. It is therefore all the more to be regretted that he should have gone through India looking upon the people with a mind perverted by "Mother India." He has fallen into the worst of Miss Mayo's faults—the gross misuse of documentary authorities. Like Miss Mayo he goes back to the Abbé Dubois, speaking of his long-familiar book on Hindu customs as a little-known work, and quoting it, like his exemplar, without a word to warn the uninstructed reader that it was published 120 years ago, and written by a French Jesuit who, loathing India, described the country as he saw it before a single modern influence had begun to play upon its ancient society. It would be difficult to think of a meaner literary device than this. When Mr. Powell gets into his hidden land, Nepal, he is lively and appreciative; and he has the great advantage of describing a country which almost no Americans have had a chance of seeing.

The Outpost of the Lost. An Arctic Adventure. By General David L. Brainard. Bobbs-Merrill. $3.

General Brainard, a sergeant of the ill-fated Lady Franklin Bay expedition in 1881, is the only survivor, except for the commander, Major General A. W. Greely, who is still well and vigorous at an advanced age. No one whose memory carries back to this tragic Arctic expedition can forget the thrill of horror which went through the nation when it appeared

at all but seven of Greely's men had perished by starvation, rgely through inexcusable blundering on the part of at least ıe relief expedition. Had succor been delayed another forty-ght hours there would probably not have been one man left ive to tell the tale of what it means to die by inches of arvation and be reduced to eating parts of shoes and leather ats. When the seven survivors were found (one of them died the return voyage) their tent had fallen down upon them and ey were too weak to set it up again. They lay alongside the dy of a comrade who had died four days previously. Gen-al Brainard, who is an excellent soldier—he was given a com-ssion as Second Lieutenant for his gallantry in the Arctic—d also an admirable man, tells this grisly story in the diary set rth in this book. On the whole the record of heroism of ese inexperienced American soldiers on Arctic exploration ty is one to compel admiration. One man had to be shot r stealing food. Brainard was one of the three who must ve executed him, but he does not reveal the secret of the tal shot, nor does his book throw any light on the charges a resort for food to human flesh, freely made at the time, d never wholly allayed.

he Land of Gods and Earthquakes. By Douglas Haring. Columbia University Press. $3.50.

Civilized, sympathetic, and sometimes humorous essays owing out of years of life in Japan.

ıshwhacking, and Other Asiatic Tales and Memories. By Sir Hugh Clifford. Harper and Brothers. $3.50.

These are panting yarns of elephant-hunting, python-hunt-g, and man-hunting—chiefly man-hunting—in Ceylon and in e Malay lands. Sir Hugh is the stuff of which the British npire has been made. One moment he sheds a tear for a alay maid; the next, when his guns have broken into a Malay lage full of women and children, when his rockets have set e to Malay houses, and he, pistol in hand, is leading his mur-rous Sikhs across the intervening bog, he shouts: "This is a ıment worth living for." "Our experience in Asia," he says, ındly, "has taught us that it is impossible to avoid making a tle war of our own before we can hope to teach an unimagi-tive people the blessings of peace." His stories of his service, ıching the blessings of peace with modern ammunition, are netimes worthy of Kipling.

avijo: Embassy to Tamerlane, 1403-1406. Translated, with an Introduction, by Guy LeStrange. Harper and Brothers. $10.

Clavijo set out as emissary from the king of Spain in the ys when Timur, lord of Asia by his conquest of the Turks, d relieved the pressure on Christian Constantinople. Like arco Polo a century earlier, Clavijo found Mongol rule ıgnificent beyond European dreams. The vast tent city of markand, where he found the old ruler, was as novel to him the elephants Timur had brought from India and the giraffe ıt as a present from the Sultan of Egypt. Clavijo is less h, but his descriptions of Constantinople fifty years before its l, and of Tabriz and Samarkand, are more accurate than arco Palo's records of medieval Asia. Timur died before envoys were out of his realm, and the swift relays of post-rses carried the news ahead, so that the Europeans were ıght in the collapse of an Oriental dictatorship, when all the rs jealously fought one another. The present volume is sub-ntially a reissue of the 1859 translation with geographical ta corrected by modern notes.

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Vaudeville

Vaudeville's Prestige

IT is an acknowledged axiom that there are fashions in art—fashions which make one particular form of expression popular today and unpopular tomorrow. Less familiar, it seems, is the fact that there are arts in fashion, as well as arts not in fashion. Lithography, for instance, since its discovery by Senefelder one hundred and thirty years ago, has passed through alternating periods of popularity and neglect on the part both of the public and of the artists. Etching and water color have also had a rather checkered career. But the most remarkable instance of the influence of fashion we find in the recent history of the ballet. In the first decade of this century the stage ballet was regarded as a routine-ruled form of art, compounded mostly of acrobatics and entirely deficient in the creative spirit. The romantic revolution in the dance started by Isadora Duncan, Ruth Dennis, and a few others voiced the resentment of the cultured sections of the public with this state of the classical ballet, but the latter remained unaffected and continued to hold its position somewhere on the fringe of the aesthetic consciousness of the period. Then, in 1909, Serge Diaghileff, whose lamented death has just been recorded, opened his first season of Russian ballet in Paris, and the startled world suddenly realized that ballet, even classical Italian ballet, was not at all dead but merely slumbering, and that higher artistic standards and inspired leadership were enough to awaken it to a new life.

One recalls these facts in speaking of vaudeville, since today vaudeville is not in fashion. It is blighted by artistic decay to a degree that threatens its popularity even with its not very exacting patrons of today. In spite of the fifty thousand vaudeville artists in this country, the programs even in the leading American theaters seldom contain more than one or two really satisfying numbers. The rest are the veriest junk which only the utter degradation of vaudeville standards has permitted to be performed. The criticism will doubtless seem harsh to those who regard the situation from the point of view of the immediate interests of the profession. The trouble is that vaudeville has lost "class" as an art form, and this is only one step removed from ultimately losing itself.

The situation in which vaudeville is found today is not devoid of irony. Here is, by the standards it maintains, the lowliest form of stage entertainment, and yet fundamentally it is the highest of them all—a form of theatrical art richly fragrant with the glorious aroma of the theater, and, moreover, the only one that is capable of withstanding the onslaught of the talking picture. The rivalry between the stage and the screen may bring about certain commercial developments favoring the former or the latter, probably within the next few years. The artistic rivalry, however, the competition of quality, of merit, is certain to take a much longer time to reach the critical phase; and then the choice will lie not between the actor in the flesh and the actor in the shadow, but between the art of direct and personal appeal to the audience and the art of indirect and non-personal appeal. It will be realized that the modern dramatic stage, dominated largely by the desire to create a picture of life on the stage boards which carries the imagination into a world beyond the theater, will find in the improved talking picture (perfect speech, stereoscopic and color effects, and so on) an antagonist endowed with incomparably greater technical resources for creating that very illusion of a life existing outside the theater. There will be one weapon, however, which will never be found in the armory of the talking picture—the power of direct and personal appeal to the audience which today distinguishes the art of vaudeville more than any other form of stage entertainment. It will be, therefore, as the protagonist of this personal dramatic art, as against the impersonal art of the legitimate stage, that vaudeville is destined to play the decisive part in the final struggle between the stage and the screen.

There is still, then, the possibility of a great future for vaudeville, provided it can raise its standards to a level commonly accepted in other arts. Will it do so? The powers that be in the vaudeville world may well ponder over the fact that the policy of playing down to the uncultivated tastes of the audience is bound to defeat its own ends, for with a little more backsliding there will be finally no vaudeville left. On the other hand, they must overcome their fear of the so-called highbrow art. Surely, the devil is not as black as he is painted. One recalls again the Diaghileff ballet. It would be difficult to imagine anything more highbrow from the standpoint of democratic vaudeville than this old art of kings and princes decked out in the ultra modernistic trimmings of Montparnasse. And yet, just so embellished, the Diaghileff ballet drew the high and the low to the London Coliseum, as one of the acts of a vaudeville program, for two months every season during a period of several years.

So incredibly backward, so inert and self-complaisant has vaudeville been all these years that it was never for a moment disturbed by the stirring events in all the other arts which, since the beginning of this century, have revolutionized our very concept of beauty. The vaudeville stage platform today is the survival of the early nineteenth-century theater. Even more than the stage of the modern legitimate theater it betrays no effort to provide a physical foundation, a pedestal, a rostrum, for the frank display of the performer's talents. Vaudeville's attempts at pictorial effects are usually of the good old late-Victorian type, and, if modern, shriek with the vulgarity of the cheap magazine covers. In music it still clings to jazz and sentimental songs. The whole atmosphere of the American vaudeville today is compounded of routine effort and second-rate talent. It is time that vaudeville woke up. Otherwise it will share the fate of many another pastime that has been outlived and no longer satisfies.

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International Relations Section

Life and Property in the Caribbean

I. Protection of Life

By JONATHAN WICKWIRE

IT is unfortunate that our approaches to the Indian-Latin peoples to the south always have been and always are incidental or accidental and made in a spirit of tagonism. Ignorant alike of their resemblances and of eir differences, we have worked out in this country a vague ctrine of Pan-Americanism which assumes a non-existent ity of the entire American Continent.

Yet the term has a very real meaning at Washington, here Pan-Americanism has been defined by our highest litical authorities in memoranda intended for and hitherto aching only the select few. It is a policy of government nearly fixed as is possible in a republic; a policy more avily freighted with possibilities of good and evil for the ain citizen, his wife, his children, and his children's chil-en, than any of the stridently advertised domestic issues ith which he is more familiar.

Pan-Americanism is not a partisan policy, though it has oomed and yielded most prolifically under Republican ad-inistration. It was first clearly enunciated by Richard lney, Democratic Secretary of State under President rover Cleveland, who declared to Congress:[1] "The United ates is practically sovereign on this continent, and its fiat law upon the subjects to which it confines its interposition."

President Roosevelt carried on and developed this policy interventions in Panama, Cuba, and Santo Domingo. His mplete commitment to the policy of United States over-rdship in the Caribbean region, and to the theory of mas-r control of subject races in general, he clearly revealed in intimate personal letter written in 1904 to Cecil Spring-ice:[2]

> It was a good thing for Egypt and the Sudan, and for the world, when England took Egypt and the Sudan. It is a good thing for India that England should control it. And so it is a good thing, a very good thing, for Cuba and for Panama and for the world that the United States has acted as it actually has done during the past six years. The people of the United States and the people of the Isthmus and the rest of mankind will all be the better because we dig the canal and keep order in the neighborhood, and the politicians and revolutionists at Bogota [*sic*] are entitled to precisely the amount of sympathy we extend to other inefficient bandits.

President Taft was knee-deep in the Mexican and Nicaguan imbroglios when he turned over the reign of discord Woodrow Wilson in the spring of 1913. President Wil-n in his address that autumn to the Southern Commercial ongress at Mobile tried to redefine Pan-Americanism. He d succeed in rewording it magnificently, and the hall shook and the nations of Latin America rejoiced when he proclaimed:[3]

> What these states are going to see, therefore, is an emancipation from the subordination which has been inevitable to foreign enterprise and an assertion of the splendid character which, in spite of these difficulties, they have again and again been able to demonstrate. . . . We must prove ourselves their friends and champions upon terms of equality and honor. . . . I want to take this occasion to say that the United States will never again seek an additional foot of territory by conquest. She will devote herself to showing that she knows how to make honorable use of the territory she has, and she must regard it as one of the duties of friendship to see that from no quarter are material interests made superior to human liberty and national opportunity.

But circumstances of war and politics were too strong for Woodrow Wilson, and his struggles to put into practice what he had so gloriously proclaimed were pitiful and tragic. The stupid Bryan-Chamorro treaty establishing the marines in Nicaragua, interventions in Haiti and Santo Domingo, and almost continuous embroilments with Mexico attest the failure of his efforts to breathe life into Pan-Americanism.

With the return of the Republicans to power in 1921, words and deeds were quickly brought into conformity by immediate exertion of pressure upon Mexico to revise her constitution, especially as to lands and petroleum, in exchange for recognition of the Obregon Government by Washington. President Harding had foreshadowed his policy by reiterating with slight modification during his campaign his declaration made in 1915. In words curiously reminiscent of McKinley, he told the San Antonio, Texas, Chamber of Commerce:[4]

> There is a destiny in the affairs of nations. The magnificent resources of Mexico will never be given to mankind, and that country will never come into its own until it is brought under the civilizing influences of the American flag. How and when that condition will be brought about is not for me to say at this time, but it is coming.

That is Pan-Americanism as it is understood by those we have set up to establish our policies and direct our relationships with Latin America. It is the policy we have pursued for more than a generation, diffidently at first, but with increasing confidence and vigor, from Cleveland to Hoover. It is our duty, nay, our destiny to save Latin Americans from themselves; to develop their resources and scatter their bounties to a hungry, anxious world; to reform their morals, minister to their physical weaknesses, teach them politics and economics, and remodel them generally to an approximation of our North American standards.

So firmly fixed is this policy in this, the opening year of the Hoover Administration—so many have been our commitments, so deeply have we become involved under the Hughes-Kellogg-Coolidge guidance, and so tremendous is the economic and political pressure for the Caribbean adventure that it seems doubtful whether anything short of a specific and emphatic mandate from our people can permanently halt its consummation.

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[1] House Document No. 54; 1-1, 1 p. 556, 1895.
[2] "Theodore Roosevelt and His Time." By Joseph Bucklin Bishop. 297.
[3] Senate Document No. 226, 1st session 63d Congress.
[4] New York *Times*, p. 4, col. 6, Jan. 20. 1925. Cf. Federated Press authorized interview at Marion, Ohio, Sept. 10, 1920.

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Always preceding, accompanying, and following our successive interventions in Latin-American countries, the stock excuse, given by sponsors, officials, and apologists for these interventions, has been that they were necessary for the "protection of American lives and property." Supplementary arguments might be advanced—our duty to Europe imposed under the Monroe Doctrine, our duty to uplift the downtrodden and enlighten the benighted—but always the first purpose was protection of lives and property—with the pedal hard down on "lives." What are the facts?

Of the 291 United States citizens officially listed as killed in the Caribbean region since the war with Spain, more than a generation ago, all but two were slain subsequent to and apparently consequent upon interventions. The two exceptions were citizens who bore commissions in a rebel army, were taken between the lines, and executed after a drumhead court-martial by the Nicaraguan dictator Zelaya.[5]

The only other United States citizens killed in Nicaragua in the seventy-year period between the notorious Walker filibuster and the Stimson pacification of the republic in 1927 were seven marines, during the Taft intervention in 1912. It is of a piece with the sardonic humor that seems to pervade our Caribbean relations that the Taft intervention, influenced indirectly by the Zelaya slaying, should have saddled on Nicaragua and supported in power there until the elections last fall enthusiastic disciples of the Zelaya cult in the persons of Emiliano Chamorro and his puppet Adolfo Diaz.

It was in support of Diaz that the United States intervened again two years ago, sent Henry L. Stimson on his mission of pacification, and in the succeeding half year sacrificed the lives of twenty-one marines, as Secretary of the Navy Curtis D. Wilbur reported to the Senate.[6] Several marines have been killed in Nicaragua since the Wilbur report, bringing the total since the conclusion of the Stimson mission to more than three times the toll for the preceding seventy years.

The record here, you will note, is 100 per cent in favor of native Nicaraguan protection, as against United States intervention for "protection of American lives." The record of Nicaragua in this respect is not unique.

The occasion for the Spanish-American War, with its blood-cry "Remember the Maine," is too well known to need reciting. Suffice it to say that the highest authorities at Washington have agreed that no shadow of proof has ever been adduced that Spaniards or Cubans were responsible for the blast that destroyed the warship. The war established our dominion over Porto Rico, where none of our citizens had been slain, and our protectorate over Cuba, where a number of our citizens have been killed during and since the war.

The life of no United States citizen was even reported in danger when President Roosevelt intervened to free Panama, taking the Canal Zone as guerdon. Many later gave their lives to the building of the canal, and, what is worse, thousands returned to this country to spread tropical diseases they had acquired there.

No United States citizen was ever killed in Haiti prior to the occupation in 1915, which cost the lives of two marines. Eighteen others were slain there before 1920.[7] Ju how many have been killed in Haiti since seems to be a dar deep military secret. At any rate, the death toll under th old disrupted native government was precisely none.

Prior to the military occupation of Santo Domingo 1916, although the country had been under a sort of financi suzerainty for a decade, no single citizen of the Unite States was reported killed. None was slain during the o cupation, but fourteen marines[8] and two sugar central em ployees were reported killed in the succeeding four year As in the case of Haiti, subsequent military losses, if an are kept secret.

Turning to Mexico, where a good many United Stat citizens have been slain, the rule holds that native protectio has been more effective than intervention for the protectio of lives.

The State Department at Washington, after ten yea of revolutionary slaughter in Mexico, had listed reports 218 deaths by violence of United States citizens.[9] A fe of these later proved false and some have never been cor pletely authenticated. Fifty-seven, or a little more than quarter of the total deaths, were among the military ar naval forces in the occupation of Vera Cruz, the Vil pursuit, and border fights.

Of the remainder, about 150, all occurred after th United States, by interventions at Tampico and Vera Cru had given emphatic notice of its intention to take over th duty of protecting its own citizens in Mexico.

Clearly, then, if interventions in the Caribbean regio have been for the purpose of protecting the lives of Unite States citizens, they have been a lamentable and comple failure.

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[5] "Nicaragua and the United States, 1909-1927." By Isaac Joslin Cox.
[6] Official Report to United States Senate, April 17, 1928.
[7] Mexico and the Caribbean, 1920, p. 239; address at Clark Univ sity by Col. George O. Thorpe, U.S.M.C.
[8] Ibid., p. 231.
[9] Senate Report No. 645, 66th Congress, 2nd session, p. 8.

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THE WORLD'S SYMPATHY goes out to the Jews in the frontier communities of Palestine, crouching in terror before the threat of utter destruction at the hands of tribesmen armed with modern guns but inspired by passions of medieval cruelty. It is easy enough, thousands of miles away, to pick out mistakes in British administration and in Zionist policy; but to the men and women in the little Jewish settlements the immediate question is one of life and death—and for some hundreds of them the issue has been irrevocably settled. They are dead. Whatever ultimate solution may be found to the problem of Palestine, even the uncompromising anti-imperialist must confess a sense of relief at the reports of the arrival of reinforcements from the British army and navy. Time will bring a juster sifting of the causes of the ghastly outbreak, and doubtless there has been fault on both sides; but in the present the Arabs are unquestionably the aggressors. The statement of the Grand Mufti of Jerusalem, usually a sober man, saying that the trouble is due to the Arab realization, after the Zurich Zionist Congress, of the meaning of the Zionist experiment, is almost a confession of guilt and responsibility. Presumably the British will have the immediate situation in hand before this issue of *The Nation* appears; but the need for relief for the Jewish settlers will be acute for a long time to come.

ULTIMATE APPROVAL of the Young plan as a whole seems clearly foreshadowed by the agreements reached by The Hague conference on August 28-29. After haggling for days over the concessions which it was certain that France, Belgium, Italy, and Japan would have to make, it was finally decided to offer Mr. Snowden somewhat more than four-fifths of what he had demanded, and the offer was accepted. Precisely how the figures of the Young plan are to be juggled is not clear, but the four Powers mentioned are to guarantee to Great Britain 40,000,000 marks out of their annuities, and also to relinquish to the British a large part of the unconditional German payments not already allocated to France. In addition, the Italian State Railways are pledged to buy a million tons of British coal annually for three years. In return for acquiescing in this program, Germany is to have the satisfaction of seeing foreign troops out of the Rhineland by June, 1930, at the latest, and will be relieved of part of the cost of the army of occupation in the interval. All this does not mean that the Young plan is shortly to go into operation, for the British objections to the Bank for International Settlements remain to be dealt with and the details of the plan are still to be worked out in committee. Moreover, the whole scheme has yet to run the gauntlet of the parliaments in the various countries concerned, except perhaps in Italy, where Mussolini is the state. It seems unlikely, however, that other hurdles as high as those which Mr. Snowden set up will again have to be surmounted.

FASCISM IN AUSTRIA may seem a small affair in comparison with fascism in Italy, but the possibility at the moment of a fascist rising in Austria, with consequences not limited to that country alone, cannot be dismissed as without foundation. For some time the Heimwehr, an organization openly sympathetic with fascist methods, bitterly hostile to the Socialists who now control the Austrian Government, and demanding a revision of the constitution, has been accumulating arms with no serious interference from the Government, preparatory, it is widely believed, to a "march on Vienna" or some other national demonstration late in September. The membership is estimated at from 100,000 to 200,000 men. At St. Lorenzen, where the Heimwehr and Socialists clashed on August 18, several persons were killed and some two hundred injured; another clash at the village of Mechtersen was narrowly averted on September 1. Rumor ascribes much of the inspiration of the movement to Dr. Seipel, the Catholic prelate who resigned the chancellorship, after carrying the country through a difficult period, in favor of the present Streruwitz Ministry. The situation has important international bearings aside from the danger of intervention if Austria were to be plunged into civil war. The Anschluss movement for the union of Austria and Germany finds support mainly among the Socialists of the two countries. Mussolini, on the other hand, has no love for Socialists, and has openly opposed the Anschluss, probably because he does not want a stronger German state as a neighbor.

WHEN A FRENCH UNIVERSITY appoints a German to one of its important professorships we are justified in concluding that the intellectual rapprochement of the two nations has made considerable progress. The university which has just distinguished itself by its international open-mindedness is the Sorbonne, and the appointee is a Düsseldorf architect who will occupy the chair of architecture and town planning. As the *Manchester Guardian* remarks in commenting upon the incident, a university is "essentially an international institution," and "with a German professor at the Sorbonne and German Rhodes scholars returning to Oxford, universities know each other once again as allies in the service of truth and learning." The World War played sad havoc with the minds and manners of American and European scholars, and a good deal of what was said and done in university circles while the war fever raged makes melancholy reading now. The evidences of returning sanity have multiplied rapidly in the past few years, however. Contrary to a common impression, the reestablishment of intellectual interchange with Germany has gone on rapidly in France, albeit more outside the universities than within. The action of the Sorbonne is thus in part a natural development of a movement already well under way, and still more an advance step in a quarter where open evidence of reconciliation was less to be expected.

THE TARIFF BILL which Senator Smoot has finally reported to the Senate differs in several important respects besides its rates of duty from the bill passed by the House of Representatives. The President will not be authorized to make over the Tariff Commission into a partisan body as the House thought he should, and the commission, after investigating costs of production and other matters preparatory to recommending an increase or decrease of duties, will have to report its findings to Congress instead of turning them over to the President to be made law by executive fiat. The Senate still cherishes the old-fashioned idea that laws, under the Constitution, are to be made by Congress and not by the President. In the matter of valuation of imported goods, the Senate bill provides for what is to be known as United States valuation where the foreign cost of production cannot be ascertained. The valuation in such cases will be based on the wholesale selling price of the article in this country, or, if the article is not sold at wholesale, then upon the price of some comparable domestic product. There is nothing in the rates of duty carried by the Senate bill that qualifies materially the adverse criticism which we have made of this whole tariff business from the beginning. Senator Harrison of Mississippi is sometimes given to extravagant speaking, but his declaration that "the whole bill reeks with discriminations, inequalities, inexcusable burdens, and injustices" has the merit of exact truth.

TWO PIECES OF NEWS of much possible significance for the future of transportation have appeared recently. One told of a remarkable performance on the Canadian National Railways of an oil-electric locomotive, the other of successful tests at Chicopee, Massachusetts, of a gasoline-electric automobile. In writing in our issue of August 21, page 183, in regard to the centenary of the first steam locomotive to be used in actual service in this country, we suggested that in view of the spread of electrification the second centenary of the steam locomotive might find it only in museums. The performance in Canada indicates that the steam locomotive may be menaced by electricity in a new way. The use of electricity through the installation of a third rail has already made considerable headway, but is retarded by certain immediate limitations, one of which is the expense of such a change, said to be practically equal to the cost of laying the original railroad. The oil-burning electrically driven locomotive, on the other hand, involves no considerable expense beyond the construction cost of the individual engines, although this is reported to be four times as great for the horse-power produced as a steam locomotive. The oil-electric engine on the Canadian National Railways kept pace from Montreal to Toronto, 334 miles, with the steam locomotive on the International Limited, doing seventy miles an hour mile after mile. More important, it burned $25 worth of oil compared with $80 worth of coal consumed by the steam locomotive.

ELECTRICITY MAY PROVE no less revolutionary for the automobile. Under a small head on an inside newspaper page we find a modest 100-word dispatch by the Associated Press describing successful tests of a gasoline electric-drive automobile by Raucht and Lang in collaboration with engineers of the General Electric Company. The electric drive has been used successfully in steamships for a number of years, and there would seem to be nothing to prevent a similar mechanism for automobiles, although the cost might be considerably higher and the bulk might also be increased. Unfortunately no information on those points is contained in the dispatch. What we are told is that a thirty-five horse-power, six-cylinder gasoline engine is used for producing power, and that this runs an electric generator where the gear-shaft assembly is ordinarily placed. The electric current is transferred to a motor which drives a shaft connecting with the rear axle. There is a throttle to regulate the speed and a switch on the dashboard, by which the car can be run either forward or backward. The great advantage in the car, of course, is that there are no gears to shift and the speed can be fixed at any rate instantly by the mere pressure of a finger. The car is said to be noiseless and capable of making forty-five miles an hour. Also, we assume, it would not be possible to stall the engine at the corner of Fifth Avenue and Forty-second Street.

EVERY BELIEVER in labor organization and the objects which it is seeking to attain would like to see the courts restricted, and their powers more carefully defined, in the issuance of injunctions. The Clayton Act, from which much was hoped, has been practically emasculated by the United States Supreme Court, and the bill introduced at the last session of Congress by Senator Shipstead of Minnesota was killed by the Judiciary Committee of the Senate not so much through unfriendliness toward the purposes sought as because of belief that it, too, in its essential features, would be declared unconstitutional. Subsequent to the action of the Judiciary Committee, Senators Walsh of Montana, Norris of Nebraska, and Blaine of Wisconsin drafted a substitute measure which has received the approval of the executive council of the American Federation of Labor. Among the acts which would not be unlawful under the proposed measure would be ceasing work, becoming

or remaining a member of a labor union or an employers' organization, paying or withholding strike or unemployment benefits, giving publicity to the facts in an industrial dispute, and assembling to act or organize. To the list of acts enumerated by Senators Walsh, Norris, and Blaine the A. F. of L. has added: ceasing to patronize any person in a labor dispute, whether employer or employee, and refusing to handle material produced by a non-union or rival labor organization. Prosecution for contempt because of any alleged infraction of an injunction would be possible only through trial by jury. Some changes may be needed, but we hope the bill may pass substantially as it is.

ACCORDING TO THE REPORT of a survey just completed by the Association of Life Insurance Presidents, total legal-reserve life insurance in force in the United States passed the one hundred billion mark late in July, while policy-holders number more than 65,000,000. American life insurance, according to George T. Wright, manager of the association, began eighty-six years ago, and it required seventy-three years to build up its business to $24,700,000,000. In the next six years the total of insurance in force rose to $50,000,000,000, and during the past six and one-half years it has doubled again. These huge figures represent an impressive triumph of American salesmanship; for sound life insurance is nothing but mathematics, investment, and salesmanship. In 1905, in the best job he ever did, Charles E. Hughes as investigator exposed the gross mismanagement, to say nothing worse, that characterized some of the greatest companies. The resulting legislation benefited the companies greatly, in consequence of increased public confidence. They have multiplied options to policy-holders astonishingly, and through group insurance have extended the benefits of death provision to great numbers of employees of the larger industrial concerns.

ONE IS ASSURED of both safety and a liberal interest on money deposited in the postal savings systems of most European governments, but in this country we are so tender toward the bankers that our arrangements are a farce, not to say an infamy. They are utilized chiefly by newly arrived foreigners, who distrust our banks—often with excellent reason—and continue the custom they learned at home of depositing with the government. The paltry interest paid on postal savings deters most persons from banking with the government, and deposits have been diminishing in recent years. In New York City, for example, deposits with the post office are now less than half what they were in 1921, the peak year. In that year Herbert Hoover, appearing before a Senate committee to argue for a more generous interest policy in the postal savings system, said that the government did not pay even the 2 per cent directed by law. Departmental regulations worked so as to cut down the interest actually paid to an average of about 1 per cent, he stated, while the government itself placed the money in banks at 2½ per cent and made about 100 per cent profit on the transaction. President Hoover may have forgotten those words by now, but nothing has been done to stop this outrageous profiteering upon the pennies of the poor. Recent bank failures in New York City and its vicinity have led to an appreciable increase in postal savings in the metropolis, according to the New York *World*, but Louis Fischman, superintendent in charge, is quoted as saying that "the chance of the government raising its interest is slight, as big business won't stand for it." The situation could hardly be summarized with greater accuracy and candor.

GLOUCESTER, for 300 years the salt-fish capital of the United States; Gloucester, where the whiff of drying cod is as sweet to the native as the fragrance of honeysuckle to the man born in Kentucky; Gloucester has had a race to prove which was the fastest among the fishing schooners of the New England fleet. Captain Ben Pine was at the wheel of the Arthur D. Story, Norman Ross piloted the Elsie, Wallace Parsons sailed the Thomas S. Gorton, while Manuel Domingos, who has been ashore for fifteen years as a fish dealer, let his office go hang and jumped aboard the Progress when he learned that Marty Welch wouldn't be able to sail her. And Captain Domingos won. We admit our love of the smell of drying cod and are delighted that Gloucester took time off to hold this race. At first it was hoped that the contest might be an international one—a revival of the competition for the Fishermen's Cup of the Halifax *Herald*. The last contest for the cup, at Halifax in 1923, ended in a row, as a result of which the trophy was awarded to the Columbia, but Captain Pine refused to take it, hoisted his mainsail, and headed for home. Since then the Columbia has been lost—foundered with all hands in 1927—while the Esperanto and the Henry Ford, contenders in earlier races for the Fishermen's Cup, are also gone. The work of a fisherman is always close to tragedy. It is well that he should forget it and play once a year.

SHADES OF POCAHONTAS! We've gone and done it again. We've insulted the sovereign State of Virginia by speaking of it as the home of sugar-cured ham. The Suffolk *News-Herald*, in an editorial entitled, Can't Stand for This, says it is evident that the editor of *The Nation* "never socked his tooth into a Virginia ham." He just doesn't know the "ham that am" or he wouldn't speak of Smithfield's masterpiece as sugar-cured. As to ham cured by the latter process the *News-Herald* snorts:

> Why, man alive, people down this way will not let one of these specimens of hog product come into their backyard if they know it. They would scorn anything so plebeian when mere shoulder meat cured the Virginia way would tickle the palate of the New York scribe so sweetly he would cry avaunt at the mere approach of his sugar-cured brands. . . .
>
> Our colaborer and fellow-slave is respectfully requested to correct his error and cordially invited to drop down into Old Virginia for a nibble at a slice of real ham. After that we should be willing to allow him to name it, and it wouldn't be "sugar-cured" either. It is an insult to such ambrosia to mention it in the same class. It is the food of kings and gods and sometimes of editors when the going is good.

We are in the position of the New York schoolgirl who said of her examination in English: "I only got B. I woulda got A, but I said Shelley wrote the piece on the nightingale and Keats the one about the skylark. I had the men right, but I got the boids twisted." We had the State right, but we got the meats twisted. Our remarks on ham were a lot of boloney.

Lands of the Arabs

FOR the moment there is peace in Jerusalem, but not good-will among men. There will be more riots and bloodshed in the Arab lands; and it will be well if the world—Jews, Christians, and Moslems alike—recalls that the fault lies not with any single official in Palestine, but with the World War itself. It was the perversion of all decency, of all standards of common good faith and honesty in that struggle, which led the war-time British cabinets, loyal to their belief that anything which might help win the war was good and justifiable, into the career of perfidy which lies behind the bloodshed in Palestine today, as it lay behind the even worse bloodshed in Syria a few years ago.

The Arab lands lie wrapped about the southeastern end of the Mediterranean. They reach, indeed, on the north shore of Africa, to Gibraltar and beyond. And though the Arabs are a conquered people today, they are still a proud and warlike people, with a keen recollection of the days of their national greatness, when Moslem armies threatened to conquer Europe. The Western domination of the Arab lands today seems to them no more inevitable and permanent than was the Eastern domination of Hungary, of Spain, of Sicily. Their agitators pass freely from one country to another; their papers are read eagerly throughout the Arab world; they all dream of a great Arab empire; and they all know that Britain promised them aid, and France seemed to do so, toward the realization of that dream. But Britain made other promises too; and when the end of the war came she found that Arabs, Jews, and French alike considered that the British Empire had promised Palestine to them. And it had.

No sooner had Turkey entered the war on the side of Germany than the British in Egypt sent emissaries to the emir of Mecca, Hussein, assuring him of their readiness to assist in the liberation of the Arabs. Hussein wanted specifications; the British gave them. Already they were conversing with the French, who had vague claims upon Syria, and they tempered their promises. In November, 1915, the British formally recognized the Arab title to the Arab lands, subject to reservations concerning French claims to Syria. Britain did not then reserve Palestine. Hussein explicitly disavowed even those reservations; in May, 1916, he began the Arab revolt which T. E. Lawrence has so classically described, with a pitiful trust in British good faith.

Almost simultaneously the British signed the famous Sykes-Picot Agreement of May 16, 1916, to which Russia was also a party, promising to support an eventual Arab national state in the interior of Syria, but also dividing the presumptive spoils among themselves. The terms were somewhat vague; the French understood that it left both Palestine and the oil wells of Mosul in their sphere of influence.

The Arab revolt spread up the coast into Transjordan, but it was not until the summer of 1918 that the British-Arab armies reached Palestine. Meanwhile matters were going badly for the Allies in the West; and the British were watching with perhaps unnecessary suspicion the Jewish participation in the Russian Revolution. On November 2, 1917, hoping thus to win the war support of world Jewry, Mr. Balfour made his famous proclamation of the Jewish National Home. In two years the British appear to have promised Palestine, which they did not yet possess, successively to the Arabs, the French, and the Jews.

The subsequent history is a familiar and tragic story. The Arabs, under Hussein's son Feisal, swept northward through Transjordan into Syria. Feisal's cavalry entered Damascus like their ancestors, charging sword in hand, while the Damascans cheered themselves hoarse, and proceeded to make it the capital of an Arab state. The British would have preferred to support the Arabs, but the French were more dangerous. They extracted from the French concessions for themselves, covering the oil region of Mosul and Palestine, important to them as the hinterland of the Suez Canal, but they won no substantial concessions for the Arabs.

In the end the pledges to the Arabs were shamelessly flouted. The terms of the inter-Allied secret treaties ruled. France got Syria north of Palestine; England got Mesopotamia and Palestine. The British armies evacuated inner Syria; and the French sent Feisal a series of humiliating ultimatums. Yielding to force, he accepted them, but that was not enough. The French armies moved on him, captured Damascus, conquered the country. It rose against them in a memorable series of rebellions; all crushed in blood at a cost of tens of thousands of lives. The Arabs in Palestine protested, not directly against British rule but against any program of making the 90 per cent Arab land of Palestine the homeland of an alien people.

These are facts, this is a history which one has no right to forget, however intense one's sympathy with the murdered Jews of Hebron, with the ruined farmlands of the pioneer communities between Dan and Beersheba. The British have failed to give the Jews the protection they promised; but the Arabs also have their prior grievances.

With Feisal's fall the Pan-Arab movement seemed in collapse. But a new power rose in the desert. Ibn Saud came out of the Nejd, drove Hussein out of the holy cities of Medina and Mecca, and today controls almost the entire Arabian peninsula, the greatest power in Islam. Like all Arab princes he has accepted British subsidies, but he has also negotiated with the British as an equal, and he has never accepted the boundary-line which leaves the head of the Gulf of Akaba a part of British Transjordan. Feisal has been made "king" of Mesopotamia, or Irak, which chafes at British control; his brother Abdullah is emir of Transjordan, under even more thorough British supervision. The British rule Palestine direct, and the rudimentary forms of democracy which the French have introduced in parts of Syria deceive no one.

Some time, somewhere, this Western domination of the Arab lands will cease. There will be no end to Arab agitation until it does. And there, far behind the recent events at the Wailing Wall in Jerusalem and the immediate trouble in Palestine, lies the tremendous responsibility and the tremendous danger of the Arab problem.

The People's Soil

WE approve heartily of President Hoover's courteous reference to the Western States as having long since outgrown their swaddling clothes. As indicated in our issue of last week, we disapprove no less heartily of his proposal to turn over to them for administration and ultimate sale the surface rights to the 190,000,000 acres of public lands that lie within their borders. This proposal, if adopted by Congress, will constitute a first step, almost certain to be followed by others, in a policy that we believe to be full of danger to our national economic development.

Mr. Hoover's proposal, which, happily, he puts forward only tentatively, is to transfer to the public-land States (of which Nevada, Utah, California, Wyoming, Arizona, New Mexico, Oregon, Idaho, Colorado, and Montana, in the order of their acreage of unreserved lands, are the most important ones) the surface rights to the lands within their borders, reserving to federal control all mineral rights, as well as power sites, national forests, parks, monuments, and Indian and other reservations. In other words, the immediate proposal apparently comes to little more than transferring to the States the management of grazing lands. If nothing more were actually involved, the States might possibly find it undesirable to examine too closely the teeth of this gift horse, lest he turn out to have the molars of a white elephant.

But much more is involved, as was made clear in the first discussion of the President's proposal. Senator Kendrick of Wyoming said straightway: "If these lands are to be transferred to the States, the mineral rights should be transferred to the States along with the lands." Senators Smoot and King of Utah were reported to be of the same opinion, and they are logically right. If the federal government is going to turn over anything, they say, let it turn over something valuable and not something worthless.

The trouble with the President's suggestion, as we see it, is that he proposes to turn over rights, apparently of comparatively small immediate value, for reasons which will straightway be urged in behalf of the cession of rights which the federal government, as guardian of the remaining natural heritage of all the people—not the people of the public-land States alone—ought never to yield to any other power, public or private. Aside from pious aspirations for "more constructive policies for conservation," Mr. Hoover's essential reason for turning over the surface rights is to "check the growth of federal bureaucracy, reduce federal interference in affairs of essential local interest, and thereby increase the opportunity of the States to govern themselves." Laudable purposes these, without doubt, and a reason that can be urged and has been urged over and over again against every single item of the present federal policy of public-land conservation. Once let the nose of Mr. Hoover's camel inside the tent, and how long will it be before we shall have to welcome his fore legs, his hump, his hind legs, and his tail? Secretary Wilbur, for example, in his reckless premonitory interview suggested the blessings of ultimate State control of the national forests.

This question is large and complex but the dominant issue is simple, and Mr. Hoover has put himself on the wrong side of it. From the beginning of the conservation movement a majority of the people of the Western States, naturally and properly as became people nearer than the rest of us to the frontier condition of unlimited free natural resources, favored more liberal land policies than those which, fortunately, were embodied in the law and its administration. Today, as Senator Borah points out, they have adapted themselves to those policies, but the frontier urge, thank God, is still in the blood. Present federal land policies, we want to say with all possible emphasis, are essential for an industrially mature country whose frontier is gone. Every student of the history of our public lands knows the long story of waste, graft, corruption, and fraud that almost inevitably marked their administration in accordance with the ideas of American pioneers. Some of us have not forgotten Richard Ballinger and Albert B. Fall. Every informed person knows the desperate battle that is being waged today with the power interests. Give the States the surface rights today, and tomorrow for the same reasons you may give them the mineral rights, the power rights, the forests. The land grabbers who would despoil the people will no longer be concentrated in Washington under scrutiny of the newspaper correspondents there, but will be scattered in a dozen State capitals to do their work in comparative quiet under conditions far less unfavorable.

Let the surface rights stay exactly where they are and let the helpful cooperation of federal and state governments be yet further developed. That, we believe, should be the reply of the people to the President's proposal.

Use No Hooks!

IT was E. W. Howe, if we remember rightly, who said that the only thing which a newspaper editor can safely abuse is the man-eating shark. Certainly every American editor learned years ago that practically the most dangerous thing to abuse is Christian Science or its founder, the thrice-married Mrs. Mary Baker Glover Patterson Eddy. Most of the important writings unfavorable to Mrs. Eddy have been suppressed through pressure upon the publishers, purchase of the copyright, or law suits, the most recent instance being the elimination of Professor Woodbridge Riley's attack on Mrs. Eddy from "The Cambridge History of American Literature" in 1921. The latest work on Mrs. Eddy,* by no means a flattering picture, has escaped official condemnation, although the New York Christian Science Committee on Publication has issued a statement that the volume is not authentic because the author did not consult the church authorities nor was their invitation to check the contents of the book with the publishers accepted.

Mr. Dakin explains why newspaper editors have found it embarrassing to criticize or make any slips in regard to Christian Science. Mrs. Eddy herself devised a publicity system consisting of a committee on publication—actually a single individual—in every State.

> It was really Mrs. Eddy, and not the modern leaders of American "big business," who invented corporation publicity and devised the methods to make it work. The idea of assisting newspaper editors and readers to formulate their opinions through correctly prepared publicity material

* "Mrs. Eddy: The Biography of a Virginal Mind." By Edwin Franden Dakin. Charles Scribner's Sons. $5.

came to her as she pondered the attacks directed upon herself and her announced discovery. . . .

If any city editor ever dared ignore a communication sent out by the committee on publication, the managing editor would shortly receive a telephone call. He would not find the "committee" talking at the other end of the wire. Rather it would be one of his most valued advertisers.

Thus Christian Science has come to be labeled in every newspaper office with the warning: "Use No Hooks!"

Mr. Dakin got interested in Mrs. Eddy when he returned from the World War with his old beliefs shattered and, in the hope of finding something new, investigated Christian Science and its founder. His book is a story rather than either an attack or a panegyric, and is so well documented as to be difficult to dispute. Mr. Dakin writes of Mrs. Eddy with sympathy and some admiration. He admires her courage, will power, and shrewdness in raising herself in middle age from a useless life of neurotic invalidism to the dictatorship of a remarkably influential new religion; he says she "believed her doctrine with a belief that burned like fire." At the same time he recounts without mercy her lack of gratitude and loyalty in throwing overboard every individual who had ceased to be valuable to her or whom she sensed as a rival, culminating in the outrageous humiliation of Mrs. Stetson, and he shows proof which most persons will accept as adequate that Mrs. Eddy got all that is most valid in Christian Science from Phineas T. Quimby —and then denied it. From Quimby, that is, she got the philosophy and practice of mental healing, even deriving the title of her book, "Science and Health," from the Portland healer's manuscript "Science of Health." Mrs. Eddy herself was responsible for her obsession in regard to "malicious animal magnetism" and for the doctrine of the non-existence of matter. Also she made the enormously important contribution from the practical side of exalting mental healing into a religion. As Mr. Dakin says: "Had she sought merely to market a psychological discovery she would probably have gained only a small audience. What she had in her hand, however, was not psychology but religion—something which can be marketed on a much larger scale than any brand of psychology." And "Viewed in this light much of Eddyism now looms up not as consummate humbuggery, but as sincere belief that she had really harnessed a previously unknown Principle to serve man's needs."

Whatever we may think of Christian Science, Mrs. Eddy was one of the great powers of her generation, and her personality deserves more disinterested attention than it has received. "At forty she found herself alone, unloved even by her relatives and her own son, poverty-stricken, pain-racked, purposeless." She was sixty-one before she entered the road to fame and fortune by going to Boston and establishing her college; she was sixty-seven before she became a national figure as a result of the great demonstration accorded her in Chicago in 1888. Mr. Dakin has done a service in writing of Mrs. Eddy from a factual rather than from a controversial standpoint. And it is possibly an indication that the church which Mrs. Eddy founded has passed one cycle in its existence—grown somewhat beyond the fury and foibles of its founder—that finally it seems able to contemplate a figure hewn to the life without being too much outraged or insisting that it be banished to the coal cellar.

Art for Politics' Sake

AMERICANS sometimes regret that their government does not concern itself much with the arts. They point to the French Academy or the state theaters in Paris, and they ask (pointedly enough) whether it is possible to conceive any similar institutions in these United States. They recall with some bitterness how a Congressman once rose in high dudgeon to demand why the name of Edgar A. Guest had not been mentioned in connection with some proposal to honor our literary geniuses, and they wonder just what kind of play would be clean enough and patriotic enough to satisfy the requirements of all the various societies for the promotion or the suppression of this or that.

But the truth of the matter is that even the French have their difficulties, and the artistic activities of their government are most admirable when we wish to use them as a convenient stick with which to belabor our own officials. Thus the famous Comédie Française has been dying of dry rot for years. Léon Daudet has recently devoted a muck-raking article to a diagnosis of the many ills which afflict it, and few Parisians would deny the justice of his criticism.

The chief state theater is, as he says, primarily an institution for the subvention of plays which long ago lost whatever claims they may once have had upon the interest of the public. It is true that Molière, Racine, and Corneille are still played, and true also that the routine performances of these classics are perhaps better than no performances at all, but nearly all of the other pieces in the repertory are pompous examples of inferior and out-moded styles. Last year only one new play was produced, and it was said to be worthless. Augier, Dumas fils, and other dramatists of that ilk are responsible for the dramas which make up the bulk of the offerings, and the work of such people is certainly not good enough to merit the consideration of the state. They correspond roughly to the Robertsons, the Hearns, and the Clyde Fitches of the English and American drama, and no one can feel any very lively regret that there does not exist a Theater of the United States in which "Shore Acres" or "The Girl with the Green Eyes" is performed ten or twelve times a year at the expense of the taxpayers. Free copies of "Just Folks" distributed by the Department of Education, or a National Academy of Vaudeville composed chiefly of the performers whom President Wilson most admired, would be scarcely more absurd.

We are far from wishing to imply that we believe the now inevitable commercialism of the New York theater to be ideal. We do not think that the best play is the one which draws the largest crowds, and we are sure that the encouragement of art would be one of the functions of the perfect state. But we are inclined to suspect that the proposals sometimes made for a national or a civic theater are premature, and that they will continue to be so until the arrival of that apparently very distant day when Congress and boards of aldermen have come to be composed of the most cultivated and enlightened of our citizens. The taste of the general public is low, but there is an enlightened minority sufficient to support better plays than, let us say, his Honor Jimmie Walker might choose for New York City.

It Seems to Heywood Broun

WHEN Herbert Clark Hoover agreed to remain silent while his accredited managers raised the religious issue he must have realized that he was doing a wrong thing. Very probably the agreement was never formal and articulate. The Republican candidate merely looked the other way and said "What a pretty sunset," while his hired men paraded about with an effigy of the Pope. He himself did not read the speech of Mrs. Willebrandt before it was delivered. Perhaps he even refrained from acquainting himself with this phase of the campaign's activity after it had been launched. Mr. Hoover remained upon the mountain tops and never ventured to gaze into the valleys where the votes were being gathered. Mr. Harding owed his success to a conference in the tobacco mists of a Chicago hotel, and Mr. Hoover did not want to reflect upon the fact that his victory was likely to be decided up in Mabel's room.

Yet certain excuses can and should be made for Herbert Hoover. Although not authorized by anybody in his confidence I feel certain that he had not the slightest intention of establishing the religious test as a permanent factor in American political life. It was merely a convenient weapon for the moment. "We can break the South," they told him. This was a great temptation. No other Republican candidate had ever done as much. Under such circumstances the man's mind must have visioned the history books of the future. They would say: "The South was solid until 1928 when Herbert Clark Hoover broke the bloc." This would be a victory memorable in political annals. Such a result would make good the oft-repeated assertion that America was again an organic whole without North, or West, or East, or South. One flag, one constitution, one loyalty to President Herbert Clark Hoover. "The end justifies the means"—somewhere Mr. Hoover had read that.

No doubt he felt that out of a brief flare of religious prejudice good might come. Once in office he could make some strong and striking declaration. He could kick over the ladder by which he had climbed. After all, there was no reason why this sort of politics need become habitual. With the South won over, future campaigns could be put upon a higher level. But as in many another conquest, the victor found himself tightly clutching a bear's tail. The South was won and it was necessary to keep it won. If the secession was to be for one performance only, historians would be compelled to say that Florida, Virginia, Texas, and the rest voted against Al Smith and not for Herbert Hoover. The gains must be consolidated.

Yet since the South had been won on the religious issue it seemed difficult to hold it on any other basis. Indeed, practical consideration made it expedient to refine and augment the scope of the issue. And that is being done today by the Hoovercrats of Texas. The nomination is still a year away but already the Democrats who went Republican are sharpening their knives against the present lieutenant governor, who would normally be the logical candidate. I've said that by dint of practice the religious issue could be made to cover a wider territory. Against this candidate it can't be said that he would on his own initiative invite the Pope to come and live in Texas. His disability is more subtle. His wife is a Catholic.

Dr. Norris, the Baptist firebrand, who did so much for Hoover in the last campaign, is already on the warpath by means of pulpit and radio. He has announced the inspiring slogan: "No Catholic woman shall ever be the first lady of the State and sit in the Governor's mansion at Austin." The Klan, which was dead, is alive again. It was remarked in the South and elsewhere that though Mr. Hoover made one dim disavowal of the religious issue he never gave practical proof of his displeasure by removing a single one of the more violent propagandists from his campaign forces. And the belief that he was not entirely enraged by the undercover work done in his favor has been strengthened by the appointment of several leading Hoovercrats to federal offices.

Nobody is accusing the President of the United States of inspiring a primary fight centering around the religious affiliations of a candidate's wife. I mean that Mr. Hoover is not under the charge of ordering this attack. Nevertheless, I do not see how Herbert Clark Hoover can be acquitted of moral responsibility for the new style in American politics. Before Hoover there was religious prejudice. It crawled upon its belly and was to be found in scrub-oak patches in hilly country. But in the year 1928, Mabel Walker Willebrandt, who had been one of the leading workers for Hoover in the campaign and an important member of the Department of Justice, openly invited the evangelical Protestant clergy to carry on the fight from their pulpits. You may be sure they were not slow to accept this federal license, and before the fight was done America witnessed the edifying spectacle of John Roach Straton shaking hands with Herbert Hoover.

I do not remember any other campaign in which the personality of the candidate's wife became a political issue, but attacks were made on Mrs. Smith in the interests of the Republican Party. What is good enough for a national campaign will scarcely be thrown out of a primary as too despicable for use. Nor is there any reason why critics of the President should accept the explanation that Mr. Hoover never knew the things that were being done by the workers of his party. He should have known. He must have known. His partisans are unconvincing when they argue that he was just a fool.

In Virginia Bishop Cannon is trying to keep the State in the Republican column by a fight against Raskobism. Mr. Raskob is a leading Wall Street operator and a prominent Catholic. It can hardly be that the odd-lot Methodist leader is attacking him because of the first-mentioned affliction. The fires of religious prejudice are mounting higher. The glare reddens the political skies by night and day. No, Herbert Clark Hoover did not touch the match to this tindery stuff, but he did stand like a bump upon a burning deck and made no move to stamp out any spark. Maybe he isn't the father of the religious issue in American politics. But he is the godfather. He stood for it.

HEYWOOD BROUN

Philip Snowden at The Hague

By S. K. RATCLIFFE

London, August 23

WE have before us an astounding spectacle. The full wonder of it is not realized in England, so that we need not be surprised if the American public should have misunderstood its significance or failed to measure it merely as a phenomenon. At an international conference a British Minister has spoken as though he were the representative of a great Power, and not of a vassal state; he has put his foot down and kept it there; he has announced the British terms in ringing tones, and with a complete contempt for the evasions of diplomacy. When the envoys of the European Powers, once allies, have submitted pained remonstrances and proffered compromise terms, he has told them not to be absurd, but to use words with a precise meaning and to work out their sums again. And, in doing all this, he has gained for himself a position of unequaled honor and popularity with the British people, a position such as, quite literally, no British statesman has held since the days of the elder William Pitt. And because the minister in the case is Philip Snowden, the marvel is beyond description and almost beyond belief.

Consider, to begin with, the man Snowden himself. It should not be necessary for me to remind readers of *The Nation* that he is one of the most remarkable men in England. He comes from Yorkshire, and began life in the junior grade of the civil service, which he entered by the door of open competitive examination. In early manhood he suffered a bicycle accident, which broke him up and left him hopelessly crippled. For forty years he has walked with the aid of two sticks, unable to move his body without extreme difficulty. During the long convalescence after his casualty he read himself into a knowledge of economics and into a conviction of the truth of socialism. He is enormously informed, holds his knowledge with the tenacity and precision of steel, and gives it out in the clearest sentences built into a logical structure. He is a formidable controversialist and one of the finest public speakers in the English-speaking world. His long experience in the Labor movement is there to attest his political standing and his character.

He fought his way into English public life laden with all the handicaps. Without the backing of either money or friends he stood up in the market-place of a Lancashire cotton town, Blackburn, during the fury of the Boer War thirty years ago, defied the mob, and compelled them by force of reason and personality to elect him to Parliament. His opinions, his temper, and the cast of his mind kept him always with the remnant. You could not imagine Philip Snowden as a member of the majority. Along with Keir Hardie and Ramsay MacDonald he belonged to the governing group of the Independent Labor Party, from which he resigned (not, of course, from the Labor Party) a few years ago, declaring that the work of the I. L. P., as the evangelizing wing of the movement, was finished. To this wing Snowden gave at least thirty-five years of devoted service. Not only did we regard him as by birthright a member of the permanent minority: he was, and is, emphatically what we all mean when we call a public man a doctrinaire. That is to say, he knows what he believes, and always wants to apply it. His enemies have seen him at times as the St. Just of the English revolution. In 1914 he took the unpopular side on the policy of the war, and for four years he shared with Ramsay MacDonald and a half-dozen stalwarts of the I. L. P. the odium that attached to all men who, refusing to accept the popular illusions, bore witness to the necessity of a negotiated peace. In the armistice election he lost his seat in the Commons, and was therefore out in the wilderness during the crucial years of the treaty and the desolation. It is in England still that the ironies of politics and history are most startlingly displayed. The outcast of 1914 and 1918 was restored to his parliamentary place in 1922, by which time the press was learning to look upon him as a moderate; and in 1924 was the inevitable Chancellor of the Exchequer in that Labor Cabinet which historians will mark as the dividing line between the old England and the new.

Even so, however, Philip Snowden had yet not become in any sense a popular figure: the man of The Hague was not yet in sight. His first budget had been a notable success. He was gaining the confidence of the business community, which saw in him a champion of conservative finance. But the Labor movement now reckoned him a member of the right wing, and to the I. L. P. he was almost one of the lost. The revelation of the new Snowden, a truly surprising apparition, came early in the present year when, the Baldwin Government being still in office, he delivered in Parliament the famous attack upon the debt settlement and proclaimed that England would insist upon a fresh interpretation of the principles embodied in the Balfour Note. I was in the United States at the time, and I recall that the first effect of that speech was to lead the American press to infer that Snowden as chancellor in a new Labor Government would demand a revision of the debt settlement made in Washington six years ago. That, of course, was not so. Snowden was thinking of the European settlements. He was serving notice upon France and Italy that when next he was in power at the Exchequer they must expect a strict accounting and an end to the concessions made continuously, and as a matter of course, by British governments throughout the post-war decade. And it was in the full knowledge of this record and purpose that Ramsay MacDonald sent Snowden to The Hague in July, to fulfil the functions which hitherto have fallen to either the Prime Minister or the Foreign Secretary.

Mr. MacDonald knew his man; but I doubt whether he foresaw the extraordinary testing that was being prepared for Philip Snowden. His initial speech at the Reparations Conference was described as a thunderclap, or a rattle of machine-guns, through the capitals of Europe. For England and the British Dominions it sounded like a sudden return of the days of Pitt and Palmerston. Hardly for twenty years, people were saying, had any voice of British statesmanship been decisively heard in Europe. Grey had capitulated to the old continental system. Lloyd George, worsted

by Clemenceau and Poincaré, had been enmeshed in an impossible game. Curzon could not be made to see that the problem of the hour was not advanced if the Foreign Secretary fired off a magniloquent speech. Stanley Baldwin and his colleagues had permitted England to sink lower in the counsels of the Powers than she had been for a hundred years. And Austen Chamberlain submitted to Paris as a regular thing, was subservient to Mussolini, and even allowed himself to be out-maneuvered at Geneva by Spain. And then came Philip Snowden, expressing himself in the plainest words, affirming and reaffirming two things: first, that Britain insisted upon a square deal in the reapportionment of reparations; and secondly, that, as between herself and her former allies, she could make no more sacrifices.

The effect in England was magical. Philip Snowden became, in a single day, the voice of all England and the wider British Commonwealth. Let me try to put down exactly what this means. The British cannot be accurately described as a united people more than once in a century, if that. England, says a journalist friend of mine, claims the right, even in great crises, to be nearly half wrong. Not one of the national leaders, since the time of George III, has ever found himself with the entire force of the nation at his back. Wellington and Peel were bitterly opposed at every stage. Palmerston, the most popular of prime ministers, seemed to the followers of Bright and Cobden a debased politician. Gladstone for fifty years aroused worship and reprobation in almost equal measure. Lloyd George in 1917-1918 probably came as near to standing for the collective mind of the nation as any British statesman of the modern age, but a considerable party was convinced that he was the enemy of England. In July and August, 1929, Philip Snowden has occupied an eminence unique in the history of the British nation. Excepting only a tiny minority, uttering itself through one or two voices in the press, all men would appear to be for him. Midway in the crisis of The Hague the Prime Minister sent him a telegraphic message of approval, saying that all parties supported him and the newspapers were unanimous in approval. This was true, and the fact is unparalleled. No journalist or politician now alive can remember anything like it. The chorus of praise is overwhelming. In all the annals of hero-worship as known to America, there is nothing to which we can liken the apotheosis of Philip Snowden.

So much for the man himself and the transformation of which he has become the center. It is much more difficult to sum up the policy for which he has stood, and to estimate the probable results of his action upon the European settlement, Anglo-American affairs, and the all-important matter of disarmament.

There is first the question of the Snowden stand in relation to the general policy of the Labor Government. It may, I think, be taken for granted that, while the Cabinet was apprised of the line to be taken at The Hague, it did not anticipate the major sensation or the alignment of the former allies as a unit, and an infuriated unit, against the Chancellor of the Exchequer. It must be remembered that when Snowden made his assault in the spring, it was necessary for Mr. MacDonald to compose the storm and was deemed expedient for Lord Birkenhead and the Tory leaders to restate the official position as to the Balfour Note. Shortly before going to The Hague, Snowden made known that Britain was not bound by the terms of the Young Plan, but this declaration was not taken as the prelude to an attitude of no compromise. I should be greatly surprised to learn that in advance of the conference the Government saw itself in the role of a great Power delivering an ultimatum, and it may well be true that the Prime Minister and his colleagues were not a little startled to discover the fervor and extent of the popularity that was Philip Snowden's reward for taking the high John Bull line. Having made the discovery, they would manifestly be ready to maintain that line. For a Labor Government so complete an indorsement by the press and the public is a piece of wonderful, and entirely unexpected, good fortune. Not the most adventurous of prophets could have predicted such a development; and at the time of writing it seems probable that the Government and the Labor Party must acquire a large measure of prestige thereby.

Mr. MacDonald's position in relation to it is a subject of much interest. His own presence at The Hague would have seemed to be appropriate, if not essential, and it was thought probable that he would attend the conference for the crucial sittings. Needless to say, he is a negotiator of a kind altogether different from Mr. Snowden: no one can envisage the Prime Minister enunciating no-compromise terms. The fact that he has left the problem to the Chancellor is significant; while, for myself, I am disposed to accept the view that Mr. MacDonald has been content with the arrangement because of his preoccupation with the naval conversations and his strong conviction that the making of an agreement with America on cruisers is the major concern of the present year for the head of the Government.

There remains the wider question of the effect of the Snowden policy and attitude upon Europe and the immense change wrought by them in the standing of Britain among the Powers. We have been accustomed, ever since the Lloyd George period, to a hostile French press, but our generation has known nothing comparable with the ferocity prevalent throughout France today—an exhibition that has its counterpart in Belgium and Italy. Liberal-minded Englishmen cannot be indifferent to this, nor can they fail to contrast it with the brief chapter of European good-will that synchronized with Mr. MacDonald's tenure of the Foreign Office in 1924.

Two accusations in particular, we understand, are brought against Philip Snowden in impartial quarters, and especially by Americans friendly to Britain. The first is that by stressing in his determined fashion the necessity for strict fairness to Britain in the annual percentages, he has diverted the attention of the Conference and the world from the greater business of the settlement to a matter relatively trivial. The difference between his figure and theirs is the difference of a few million dollars, a sum hardly discernible in the annual budget of four billion dollars which it is Mr. Snowden's privilege to administer. To this criticism, I confess, I do not know the answer. It is to me a powerful objection to Mr. Snowden's line of action and argument, for the danger of a break-up at The Hague has at every stage been very grave. The second charge is that Mr. Snowden, by his manner of standing upon British rights, has given a striking and painful exhibition of that very nationalism in European consultations of which England has accused France and Italy ever since the original treaties. But ever

since the reparations came under debate Britain has followed a line of consistency and generosity. She has been willing to make concession after concession in the cause of the general settlement, and, as Mr. Snowden put it in his downright fashion, the others have apparently been unwilling to do anything for the peace of Europe unless they were paid for it. This process, obviously, had to stop, and the MacDonald Government was the one to stop it by a firm and courteous affirmation. But many of us in England today, against the great acclaim of Philip Snowden, are wondering whether the path of wisdom was not clearly marked by the Young Plan as it stood, and whether, after all, any further price, within reason, was too much to pay for the final dispersal of the war's vast economic illusion. Financial experts, like politicians, inhabit a world that is largely unreal. The road out of folly began at Spa and looks like reaching an end through the Young Committee. Everybody knows that in the end the reparations will not and cannot be paid. It might have been well not to trouble about the ten millions, when working for the greater end. And it may be that the example of a generous Britain, even an absurdly generous one, maintained for another short stage would outweigh all imaginable disadvantages of the plan. An irony indeed would it be if in the end a Government presided over by Ramsay MacDonald should be the one to revive the continental belief in Britain as a self-regarding Power. But one thing is certain: Snowden's generalship is leading to a positive result which the whole world will acclaim.

Fruit People

By CHARLES MORROW WILSON

WINTERS come and spring follows. So also do the fruit people, who trail along with the caravan of seasons. Seasons merge and the years congeal, but the pickers keep coming, in motley and deft-fingered armies, guided by the sun and stars, following down the infallible rainbow of bigger crops and better pickings.

Speaking relatively, the strawberry people are the most numerous and diverse of the outfit. This season the Department of Labor estimates that there are six hundred thousand transient berry pickers in the Gulf States and Middle West alone, and that the national total of fruit people would be twice that number. But strawberries, a major crop in twenty-nine of our States, obviously draw the greatest following of pickers. Strawberries are a first crop. Their season is long and verdant and generally happy. By early April the southernmost berries are showing first sour turnings of red and the "compleat berry tramp" may begin far south and follow northwards with the showers and sunshine and spring winds for a picking season of near two good months.

Now anybody can pick strawberries, young or old, fat or thin, stiff or nimble. The berry bed calls out strange conglomerations. There are school youngsters immersed in first openings of vacation; housewives out to gain surcease of potscrubbing and to turn an extra penny in the doing; there are young ones out for sunburns and barefootedness and devilment; there are backbrush courtesans, country girls grown restlessly romantic, disconsolates and jobless laborers. The berry bed has its Cleopatras and its Puck, its shysters and sots and hard cases.

In its easy rural way a strawberry field is a dramatic spot. It may have its murders and marriages and dynamic traditions, its berry fights and picking clans and row-boss rows. It can be a scene lyrically romantic, for there is a sheer joy to picking strawberries, a joy of May grass and bold young leaves and shadow-swept hills. Strawberries are a young crop. Picking them is springtime work, a first hardening for the months of sweat and dust and sunburn which fruit people must accept along with the pay and play of their profession. And strawberries are a youthful and rhapsodic sort of crop, fresh with first sunlight and glamorously undependable. Other berries are different. Raspberries ripen with heavy July heat and their spirit grows mature with the season. And blackberries do not have the shifty infantile qualities of the strawberry. They tell, rather, of hills wrapped in musty light, of slow vague shadows and August stillness, of sky-enfolded earth.

So the picking goes—six dry quarts to one tray, one tray one ticket, one ticket worth eighteen cents on pay-day, which is conventionally Wednesday and Saturday afternoons. The patch follower who is nimble of finger, strong of back, and resolute of spirit can usually reckon upon a 75 per cent quotient of working weather.

Strawberry picking, although about as hard work as any of the fruit trades, is generally the worst paid. At the prevailing rate, three cents a quart, a medium picker would probably not average more than two dollars a day. Of course, a good picker working in good berries may sometimes gather a hundred quarts in a twelve-hour day and there are stellar pickers who boast banner-day records of well toward two hundred quarts. But two dollars a day from first turning to last ripening will ordinarily hold as a lucky average.

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But wages are better on the Pacific Coast. Considered financially, the Far Western fruit people are the gentry of the ilk—not that they are high-hat, but that they are, speaking relatively, high-paid. Moreover, in the Far West the fruit harvests mingle and interlap more nearly continuously, and among the half million or so conceded fruit tramps who follow the Western harvests, there are superlatively deft and nimble brethren who earn pay checks that would all but put to shame the wages of a Cabinet official. Far Western fruit imposes a higher premium upon skill; it offers money in startling abundance for those who can get it, and obviously the game lies in the getting. But trade requirements increase in close accord with wage rates. An all-around Pacific Coast fruitman needs to have a thorough working knowledge of apples, pears, prunes, grapes, cantaloupes, oranges, lemons, peaches, tomatoes, and lettuce; and of the various packs, receptacles, sortings, and price ranges. He needs dexterity, memory, iron nerves, and speed.

One possessed of all these prime requisites should be able to earn a presentable income—eight or ten dollars per picking day as a year's average. There are trade specialists, such as craters and exhibition packers, who can earn as much as thirty-five dollars in a single day, and average twenty-five dollars a day during the whole of a six-week run. The skilled members usually prefer to work by the piece. A flat wage is all right as far as it goes, but the fleet and tried fruitman relishes the opportunity to try and prove his fleetness. But along with the Damon of speed must go the Pythias of accuracy, for a pack is no better than its worst member; a misplaced orange or a bruised cantaloupe will cost the integrity of its crate, and excuses do not excuse after the lids are nailed.

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In California, providing the calendar leaves keep to their places, the fruit year begins with winter olives. Now olives, although a relatively new industry, continue to be pickled in plants old and quaint and Mosaic. The majority of olive factories are rambling, burrowing structures, crowded with concrete pickling vats, each vat holding about a thousand pounds of the festive fruit. Complicated grading machines first sort the raw olives according to sizes: extra large, large, medium large, and fully a dozen more grades of bigness and littleness. Six girls sit at each grader, three at each spout. A keen-eyed and deft-fingered crew they must be, too, for their mission is an important one. They sort out the soft olives and culls, which are made up into oil or ground pickles, and separate the green olives from the ripe, for each kind requires a separate pickling brine and cooking process. The olive crop matures slowly, and the sorting process often continues for six or eight weeks.

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The olives finished, there is the early spring lettuce, reachable by roads which stretch away like white silk ribbons. Now lettuce is a youthful and fickle and nerve-trying sort of crop, and its harvest is expensive and complicated. But if lettuce weather holds, so usually do lettuce wages.

Lettuce weather is cool dry weather. When warm rains come, jobs and profits vanish like dew under a summer sun. For half a day of wet earth and steamy sunshine will put a lettuce crop to the slime. Stricken by the dreaded fungi, a crop worth seven hundred dollars an acre will vanish in the time of an amateur chess game. The fresh green leaves fade into dull gray oblivion, and growers and weather clerks and California senators and State police are powerless to interrupt. There can be no compromising. When the slime comes the crop goes.

A lettuce crew is a diverse and colorful outfit. The trimmers are women—girls usually—fleet-fingered and accurate, working two trimmers to the packer. Armed with razor-sharp stub knives they clip off the roots and the soiled layer of outside leaves, and then pass the heads to the packer, who fills the crates, layer by layer, and roars for ever greater speed. Assisting the packer is the liner, a boy who spreads the crate with a protection of soft paper and covers down the top tier of lettuce; the lidder, a rat-tat artist who wields his thin-headed hammer at such speed that the casual onlooker can hardly make out head or tail of it; and the icer, who wields a shaving trident. Now the icer and the packer should always be in close affinity; for, considered professionally, each is as salt in the other's stew. The packer lays down a layer of lettuce heads, and the icer spreads them over with shaven ice; the packer lays three or four more layers of lettuce, and the icer shovels more ice. Then the lidder nails on the top, and the crate moves on rollers to the car, where the loader and truckster hold dominion. Three hundred and seventy-five crates of lettuce fill a car, and about a ton of ice must be thrown into the hold for additional refrigeration. A crew of twenty fast "greeners" should turn out three carloads of lettuce in a twelve-hour day, which theoretically stands for about ten dollars for each full-time worker, inasmuch as current job rates on lettuce allow each hand about three dollars and fifty cents per car. But lettuce seasons are short-lived and shifty. Even if the days are passing dry the season is likely not to hold for more than two weeks, which means that, taken as a practical matter, lettuce is but a whetter-up for oranges—the first Valencias of the protected valleys.

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Of course oranges are the momentous crop. But from the viewpoint of picking and packing profits they are scarcely as advantageous as half a dozen others. The most skilful of orange packers rarely earns more than seven or eight dollars a day and the orange trades require a deal of expensive travel. Moreover, the interruptions and minor grievances are many. The ripenings are slow, irregular, and much subject to weather; and California weather is—just that. If a packer fills a crate just a scant bit too scantily or if a single hapless orange bellies out enough to become lid-bruised, then the press man who checks the pack and nails on the lids says what one might expect a ferociously busy press man to say, and puts the box aside, which means that the luckless packer gets nothing save condemnations. An old hand will probably have no more than half a dozen in a week's time, which is that many more than he wants, but a neophyte may make as many bad packs in a day. And foremen's teeth become worn away with gritting.

Most foremanships are acquired by virtue of skill and seniority. The pack boss is usually an experienced superfruit tramp and as a graduate of the school of firm packs he has a rating to make and a reputation to hold. Bad packs and bad prices are generally synonymous. On some jobs foreladies are employed to oversee the work of women packers. The expediency of this practice is still open to considerable doubt. A packing foreman for an outlying Del Monte plant assured me with emphasis that he had tried women pack bosses and found them wanting; that the phenomenon of having women about to tell other women what to do is precisely like home with a couple of mothers-in-law. But his decree may have been more a matter of domestic prejudice than of executive discretion. The fore-half of that gentleman's house is occupied by mothers-in-law.

The packing foreman is oftentimes a business man in his own right. He may accept and fill packing contracts, and by virtue of his entrepreneurship may stand a chance of making a medium fortune, or losing one, at a single job. I know a packer who cleared nine thousand dollars in the brief course of last October's orange rush, and then, because of an unfortunate time-guaranty clause, straightway lost seven thousand on a spring-lettuce enterprise.

* * * * *

After first oranges come cherries, which are harvested largely by Japanese, who pick for wages too scant to attract

the run of self-sustaining and -respecting American fruit tramps. Peach thinning comes next—rough work, but profitable enough. Fifty cents a tree will probably provide a thinner's wage of ten or twelve dollars a day, no extra provision for peach fuzz and sunburns and toppling ladders and frequent tumbles.

Peach harvest and canning time dawn almost simultaneously. The first peerage of fruit people usually take the picking while the more conservative mediums will probably choose the canning. In theory, at least, the canner's lot is the easier. Certainly he is roofed in from wind and rain; his working hours are limited, but he is likely to be subject to unceasing rush. Canning factories are noisy, blaring, pell-mell institutions, where weak mortals must be forced into pace with strong impersonal machines. Yet by virtue of their stability of location and certainty of wages, the canneries bring a double gladness to the fruit people, who are glad to see them open and glad again to see them close. There are times in the fruit tramp's career when dependable jobs and wages are thrice welcome, even though the labor be hard and hurried. But there comes also an unction from earned leisure, a poetry of changing fields, a joy in the festive final shower bath.

But peaches serve as passage payers to greater things—apples and prunes, for example. The searcher after high adventure and topping wages usually goes for the apples—up in Washington and Oregon, where the pace is fast and the apples are high. But there is an uncompromising secrecy about the Great Coast apples. It would seem indeed that all paying orchards are bounded by high wild mountains and inaccessible sunless valleys. An apple man may tell you that he is going, but he never specifies just where he is going. And primitive propriety in some way prevents your asking.

For the medium, temperate, and easy-going fruit folks there is the quiet solitude of prune harvest, in protected and amiable California valleys. In turns the prunes give way gracefully to the hop yards and to the winter pear crop. And the autumnal "red" grapes are one of the happiest of the Far West fill-ins. The grape season is long, eight or nine weeks; the crop is not highly perishable, packing and shipping are reasonably deliberate, and the grape area is a large one, extending intermittently from northern Mexico to Oregon. The harvest provides fair wages and a multitude of jobs, and it serves as a restful tideover between autumn oranges and winter spinach. My own transient impression is that Western grapes are a very hazardous crop from the viewpoint of owners and marketers—indeed, that most grape growers lose money on most of their crops. But fruit is a precarious industry, and all fruit people from the mightiest grower to the meekest peeler stand to lose as gallantly as they win.

* * * * *

So fruit people must needs be versatile; their trade requires a lucky bag of alternatives. If the oranges flop, then there may perchance be lemons. If the strawberries be rained out, maybe the cherries will hold. If frost wipes out the budded peaches, maybe the more conservative apples will hold up. If all of them fail, there still remain farther stretches of earth and fruit; there are open road, a sun and stars to guide by, and, the fates smiling, a runable flivver and let us hope a couple of unpunctured tires. Accordingly the compleat fruit tramp may keep to the trail and gather life at its best ripened hours, and in the doing remain naive and agile and light-hearted.

Tar Heel Justice

By NELL BATTLE LEWIS

Charlotte, August 27

NORTH CAROLINA'S industrial *cause celèbre* reopened here on August 26 in the Mecklenburg County Courthouse, after a change of venue from inflamed Gastonia and the lapse of a month during which the passion and prejudice aroused by this case in both camps had had a chance to simmer down. In a packed courtroom, the atmosphere of which was considerably less tense than that of the Gaston court, the sixteen participants in the recent strike at the Loray mills who are accused of conspiracy to murder O. F. Aderholt, Gastonia police chief, went on trial, the thirteen men charged with first-degree murder and the three women with murder in the second degree.

The same severely judicial temper which Judge M. V. Barnhill displayed at Gastonia during the two preliminary days of the trial a month ago was manifested again at the reopening of the case here, and has resulted in developments distinctly favorable to the defense. Although denying motions by defense counsel Arthur Garfield Hays to dismiss the indictment and bill of particulars on grounds of indefiniteness and insufficiency, the Judge ordered the prosecution to bring in a more detailed bill, and gave encouragement to the defense by ruling that evidence of conspiracy will be confined to events of the night of June 7, when the police chief was killed, thus, it is believed, cutting out much of the testimony of the prosecution relative to the tumultuous weeks of the strike which culminated in the homicide. Such testimony would inevitably have influenced the jury.

Whatever may be the significance of this now noted trial as an epochal battle between workers and mill-owners in the South, it is clearly the intention of Judge Barnhill, who from the first has kept the case thoroughly in hand, to limit it to its purely legal aspects as a trial for conspiracy resulting in murder, and to eliminate as far as possible the heated controversial issues. Whether he will be able to do this remains to be seen, as the case is so deeply involved in questions larger than the killing itself. The Court ruled as follows: "I shall restrict the evidence to what happened on the grounds and will admit no evidence of any conspiracy except to resist the officers on the night of June 7." This ruling was made over vigorous objection of the prosecution, whose second bill of particulars had set forth at some length a charge of conspiracy to enter the Loray mill and remove employees.

Probably several days will be taken up in selecting the

jury from a venire of 200. This number may prove to be too few from which to choose the twelve who will decide the case. For every defendant the State has four peremptory challenges and the defense has twelve, which means that the selection of the jurors is likely not to be completed before the first of next week, at earliest.

Friends of the defense have called attention to the fact that, strictly speaking, the strikers will not be tried by a jury "of their peers," since according to the North Carolina law jurors must be property owners, which the defendants are not. Aside from this, on the whole the chances of assembling an impartial jury are better in Mecklenburg County than in Gaston, not only because of the greater distance from the scene of the killing, but also because of the more varied elements that make up the population of Charlotte, the second-largest town in the State. It is true, however, that the Charlotte papers in general have done what they could to prejudice their readers against the strikers and to make impartiality as difficult as possible.

In addition to Judge Barnhill's limitation of the issues, another aspect which is considered favorable to the defense is the provision of the North Carolina law whereby defense counsel are allowed preliminary examination of the State's witnesses. This examination took place on the second day of the trial with lawyers for the prosecution present.

Entrance of Arthur Garfield Hays, general counsel for the American Civil Liberties Union, came as an eleventh-hour surprise, and strongly reinforces the defense. Previously, the comparative weakness of the defense against the array of prominent lawyers retained by the prosecution had been a subject of comment in the State, and the presence of the distinguished Mr. Hays, veteran of many battles for civil liberty, may well put new heart into his colleagues and give his opponents pause. The relation of the American Civil Liberties Union to the case has been misunderstood, and it may be well to quote here in full the statement given out by the executive committee of that body on August 26:

> In view of certain misleading statements in the press concerning the relation of the American Civil Liberties Union to the Gastonia defense, the union desires to repeat its statement that the International Labor Defense is solely responsible for the conduct of the case, that Mr. Arthur Garfield Hays enters the case at the request of the International Labor Defense and not as the general counsel of the Civil Liberties Union, that the functions of the Civil Liberties Union in this instance are, as they have been from the beginning, (1) to transmit to the legal defense funds sent to the union itself; (2) to exert its influence to guard and protect before the court of public opinion the vital issues of civil liberties that may be involved in what is ostensibly a murder trial but which grew out of an industrial struggle that has been accompanied by evidences of passion and prejudice. Both these functions we desire and expect to continue.

A sketch of the setting of this case shows on the bench in Mecklenburg's spick and span new courthouse a lean, laconic young judge who speaks so softly that reporters have to bend forward to catch his words. Facing him in a long semi-circle which stretches across the courtroom are the sixteen defendants, whose appearance is anything but sinister, and who seem singularly untroubled. Two of the women, Vera Bush and Amy Schecter, who have been speaking continuously in behalf of the defense since their release on bail, show signs of strain, but not so nineteen-year-old Sophie Melvin.

Behind and to one side of the defendants is the flock of newspaper correspondents and special writers. No other North Carolina case has ever attracted such a gathering of representatives of the press. Their presence means front-page publicity which North Carolina may enjoy less than some which its new industrial development has brought forth in recent years. One hazards the guess that the array of correspondents has had a somewhat sobering effect upon the prosecution. Too many typewriters are reporting this trial for the heresy-hunt begun by the prosecution at the habeas corpus hearing to be pursued with quite the righteous fervor with which it began.

To the left of the judge are the lawyers for the prosecution: Clyde R. Hoey, brother-in-law of Governor Gardner, the most conspicuous—suave, theatrical, eloquent, with flowing gray locks, cutaway coat, and boutonnière; E. T. Cansler, one of the ablest members of the Charlotte bar, with a notable record in criminal cases; breezy John G. Carpenter, solicitor, and titular leader of the prosecution; A. L. Bulwinckle, attorney for the Manville-Jenckes Company, which operates the Loray mills, and during the strike head man of the mill's Committee of One Hundred, against whom the strikers nurse sore grievances; R. G. Cherry, State commander of the American Legion; George B. Mason, Gastonia city solicitor; A. E. Woltz, A. C. Mangum, and other lesser lights from Gastonia, whose interests are identified with the manufacturers but who are careful to maintain that in this case Gaston County and the city of Gastonia are their only clients. All are staunch defenders of the faith—faith in the unquestionable rightness of the industrial *status quo*.

Opposite sits the defense: Arthur Garfield Hays, of New York, and John Randolph Neal, of Tennessee, "foreigners," who, no doubt, are regarded with added suspicion by citizens of Mecklenburg, Tar Heel stronghold of fundamentalism, because of their previous connection with the Tennessee evolution trial. With the exception of Leon Josephson, of Trenton, New Jersey, and R. L. Sigmon, the only Gaston lawyer associated with the defense, all the other defense counsel are from Charlotte: Tom P. Jimison, who has been active in behalf of the strikers from the start, R. L. Flowers, J. D. McCall, Thaddeus Adams, and W. H. Abernethy.

Among the spectators who crowded the courtroom on the first day of the trial were a number of mill-workers who had come, half-anxious, half-curious, to see what the law would do to the defendants who had roused them to demand better conditions of labor and life. Some were men in overalls (dressed for the occasion, said one of the Charlotte papers contemptuously), some were women with thin, strained faces and babies in arms—ignorant of the deeper significance of the case, but knowing well that working hours are long and wages meager, and that the accused men and women had tried to help them.

While the fate of the defendants is being decided, mills clatter from dawn to dark and on through the night in this section, the textile center of the State. North Carolina, waking to the importance of the trial, watches, wonders, speculates on the future here of a great world current which has disturbed its goose that lays the golden egg.

In the Driftway

HOW unprogressive we are! How old-fashioned! Of course one usually hears it put just the other way: How progressive we are; how modern! But that is because a single item of progress stands out and is remarked in the midst of a stationary mass all about. The overwhelming conservatism of man, his fear of change, his indifference and even downright antagonism toward efforts to better his lot—these things are the rule of life, and the occasional halting steps forward are the exceptions, even in the United States, which we like to believe is the most progressive country in the world. The very fact that we talk so much about progress, real or fancied, is proof of its unusualness. Nor is the Drifter thinking, when he considers how unprogressive we are, of our notorious slowness in making advances in our political, industrial, and social life—of our indifference toward extricating ourselves from conditions which enlightened people generally admit to be intolerable, and yet quietly go on tolerating. Nobody of intelligence argues that we are progressive except in a scientific and material way, but right in that field, too, the Drifter would like to say that we are nothing of the sort. In the last quarter of a century we have developed the automobile, the airplane, the phonograph, the radio, and the motion picture; we have wrought wonders in our factories in the way of labor-saving machinery and have introduced new marvels in medicine. Yet in housing we have reached a practical impasse in the construction of homes for the masses at rents which they can pay, in city transportation we are bungling into ever greater congestion, in food we have more variety but poorer quality and worse cooking than ever before in the history of America, and our clothing—for men, at any rate—is so palpably absurd that even the usually long-suffering and change-fearing male has been crying out lately for relief.

* * * * *

BUT it is in some of the little things that the Drifter is most often struck with our dependence upon habit, our tendency to cling to objects in the material world long after they have ceased to have any use, and often after they have become positive nuisances. Take, for instance, the watering cart, or sprinkling wagon, that still rolls through the streets of most of our cities in summer—at least it still survives in New York. Survives and is paid for by the public. The watering cart goes back to the days of dirt or stone-paved highways and vehicles drawn by horses. It was useful then in laying dust, and if driven over a street or road often enough was a boon in keeping dirt from flying. But with the general appearance of asphalt or concrete pavements on our roads there is comparatively little dust to fly. What is more, the advent of the automobile has covered all our streets with grease and oil so that after a watering cart has sprinkled them they become running rivers and stagnant ponds of oleaginous muck. Motor cars, dashing through this with their broad tires, whirl it twenty feet to either side of them and bespatter the pedestrian so that the only hope for his clothes lies with the dry-cleaner. The sprinkling wagon today is a mere habit—a survival that is not only a needless waste but a positive pest.

FROM Milt. Goldman comes a letter saying that the remarks about the pleasures of haying [August 7] evoke no sympathetic response from him. Quite the contrary.

> But how very different was the business of filling our silo. (You apparently had no silo on your farm.) Our corn being cut, hardly a day passed that my brother or I did not inquire of my father when we were going to "make silage." And when he finally rode off one morning with our farm hands, Fyeodor and Jake, to borrow the necessary machinery from a neighbor, we were happy with the impatience and restlessness of lovers.
>
> To a youngster there are many happy places on a farm, but the interior of a silo is of course not to be equaled. We were within hours before the machinery was ready to blow the fodder up and through the cone-like top. Very impatient were we indeed, and one of us scurried out every few minutes into the hot sunshine to find out the cause of the delay. But when the green flakes finally began to rain down upon us our joy was great. We gaily set to scattering the fodder, wildly stamping it down to the accompaniment of the chugging and droning machinery without, and the Polish harvest songs taught us by Fyeodor, within. We were very merry under that fragrant hail, our ears stinging and our tongues wagging with shouts that echoed resonantly in that tall cylinder. And when we climbed up and down the steep ladder as the silo filled majestically, we felt as important as we thought Fyeodor.
>
> Eheu! Those happy hours are gone, and we must solace ourselves with the vicarious joys of memory. I shall forgive you for stimulating some pleasant reminiscences; but please say no more in praise of making hay.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

In Defense of Metellus

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: It is all very well to quote Catullus with apparent admiration, but of what avail is that when in the same issue Mr. Harding (p. 167) makes Quintus Metellus Numidicus a Greek, calls him *Metullicus Macedonicus,* and characterizes as indignation what was probably a jest and is reported as a piece of impolitic plain speaking? Why should a man compress so many errors into one sentence? Does he not fear the gods? Or the grim Saturnian threat "Dabunt malum Metelli"? If they could tie Naevius to a post, what would they do to a man who so abuses their name and an innocent witticism?

Berkeley, California, August 19 MAX RADIN

Marching on Broadway

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: There ought to be a law making it a crime for anyone who is not a channel swimmer, or a stowaway, or a Rumanian queen to invade the sacred lane of Broadway with a parade. This afternoon about 10,000 Jews from the East Side marched to the office of the British Consul in Whitehall Street. But what a terrible parade it was! No marshal, no swinging baton, no blaring brass bands, no color; nothing, except the sight of bearded old men and weeping old women marching without rhythm or step, dragging some banners on

which were such words as "rights," "justice," "humanity." A hundred Jews or more had been massacred in Palestine, and the wretched figure of Israel, bent and broken, creased and lined with the suffering of ages, marched again, even as he marched in Egypt, in Kishinev when the Cossack rode riot, and in Rumania when death stalked through the villages.

But did I say that there was no rhythm to the step of these tragic marchers? Even now, long after the last of them has vanished, the steady, silent beat of their footsteps fills the air like some measured chant out of a distant past, and to those who have ears it seems to say: "Let us march. We have always marched. Until this brotherhood of man of which they sing, while their swords drip with blood, shall come to mean something, until then let us march . . . let us march."

Freeport, Long Island, August 26 GABRIEL HEATTER

Patriotism and Religion

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The following is extracted from a pamphlet distributed to the public schools. The pamphlet is entitled "The Flag of the United States of America." The first page contains this subscription: "Editing Committee: Gridley Adams, E. S. Martin, Boy Scouts, John L. Riley (since deceased), American Legion." The quotation I submit reads: "The Flag . . . a symbol sacred second only to The Cross." ! ! ! The exclamation marks are mine.

New York, July 18 EPHRAIM CROSS

Syntax

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your issue for May 29 you dilate upon Dodsworth's Dilemma, due to his inability to understand the language of the English stage. On the same page (638), under the heading Peace and Poison, you express sentiments that awaken an answering echo in the heart. Here again, however, the language itself is tinctured with poison; and I am giving you no peace till you admit and correct it. In the last sentence in the last paragraph but one you have written: "Who knows but what as a result of the Cleveland disaster Paris will be snuffed out in the next war with the gas which proved so efficient at Cleveland?" Here are two errors in English: the "what" and the "which" should both be "that." I have ample encouragement to expect something better of *The Nation.*

Timarn, New Zealand, July 7 CLYDE CARR

[The "what" certainly ought to be "that," but we think the "which" is justified by usage, at least in these United States.—EDITOR THE NATION.]

Edward Carpenter

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In my naive moments I have wondered why so little attention is paid Edward Carpenter, whose death is mentioned in your issue of July 31. Are his writings not literature? Or is literature too puny a vehicle for that infinitely extended self?

Walt Whitman, recognized as a kindred spirit, seems the only one to be reasonably associated with him. Yet who illuminates life as he does? Who has so simply defined the infinite, so clearly expressed the limitations of the human mind (witness his essay on science) and conveyed the possibilities of the universal sense?

His prose is staggering in its powerful simplicity, and "Towards Democracy" is the key to a heaven. The answer to my wondering may well be: He was too universal, too unassuming, too selfless. He may—alas—have favored social equity. He expressed too much overwhelming beauty of soul. An ordinary mortal can stand but little; for the appetites are ever at the door, like tax collectors in England.

Portland, Oregon, August 3 H. W. JARRETT

A Correction

Mr. Benjamin A. Javits, coauthor with Charles W. Wood of the book entitled "Make Everybody Rich: Industry's New Goal," which was reviewed in *The Nation* of August 14, calls attention to the fact that the reviewer "apparently desired to heap it entirely on the head of" Mr. Wood. "The material in the book," Mr. Javits writes, "is mine, an Institute for Industrial Coordination is my child, and I spent many hours on the manuscript before publication." Mr. Wood, he adds, "was good enough to assist a busy lawyer and the busy lawyer was delighted to have the assistance of an able and dynamic writer."

The reviewer, Mr. James Rorty, to whom Mr. Javits's protest was submitted, writes that "unconsciously and quite unintentionally" he did treat the book as though it were Wood's exclusively," having been led to do so by the fact that "practically all the ideas in it appear, at least by implication, in Wood's 'The Myth of the Individual.'" The ascription of the book in the main to Mr. Wood was, however, Mr. Rorty assures us, entirely unintentional. *The Nation* joins with Mr. Rorty in expressing its regret to Mr. Javits that his part in the undertaking should not have been fully indicated.

EDITOR THE NATION

The Nation Radio Hour—Every Monday at 8 P. M.
526M.—WMCA—750 K.
September 9—Paul Blanshard
September 16—Arthur Warner

Contributors to This Issue

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STUART CHASE is the author of "Men and Machines."

HALLDÓR KILJAN LAXNESS is Iceland's foremost contemporary novelist and poet.

Books

For the Nursery

By HAL SAUNDERS WHITE

Now darkening horses stumble to their stalls
Over the worn sill of dusk.
One after one the ruddy cattle come
Embering to grey . . .
And the white whisper of milk.
Storm-crested roosters sheathe their metal legs;
Sack up the amber jewels of their eyes
In cloudiness.
And now the sweet mouse,
With quiet tooth and neat,
Is harvesting the subtle grains of sleep.

Pseudo-Historical Fiction

The Rebels. By Alfred Neumann. Translated by Huntley Paterson. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

ONE of the reasons for Alfred Neumann's failure to gain an American audience commensurate with his merits is that he is touted as an historical novelist when he is not one at all. By turns he is mystery-story writer and metaphysician, a sorcerer whose effects vary from the awe-inspiring to the parlor-tricky. To read his works as historical novels is simply confusing. He is never really interested in creating a background or making vivid some historical complex. The treatment in "The Rebels" of the Carbonari uprising in central Italy from 1820 to 1830 is purposely oblique and fragmentary. Actually, the reader is not supposed to know what it is all about, to have any systematic understanding of the social and economic forces which presumably lie behind the movements of the personages. A clear understanding would be murderous to the shadowy Gothic effect for which Neumann is striving. The intrigue is enveloped in a dark cloud of innuendo; tortured souls express their agonies in gnomic sentences; no one is frank or explicit; Checca, Madda, Caminer, and even Guerra himself are sinister, humorless, melodramatic. The tale is labyrinthine, a maze of dark, narrow streets in which the characters dog each other stealthily, meet but to utter a few low-voiced mysterious words, and pass on, wrapped in the black cloak of their own moral suffering.

It is a deliberate and intelligent falsification of history, just as a romantic novel by Walter Scott is a childish and uncritical one. Neumann is not interested in the Carbonari conspiracy for its own sake, but because by enmeshing his already complicated characters in a network of intrigue he can produce an effect of still greater complication. He enriches the enigma of their personalities by subjecting them to the cross-currents of a mystical patriotism. To put it a bit cheaply but not necessarily inaccurately, the political intrigue is artistically necessary because it prevents the characters from speaking openly to each other. History is like a black veil behind which their faces are nebulous and frightening, their voices muted and elusive.

Once the reader has experienced this strange terror effect, he has received most of what Neumann has to give. As a story "The Rebels" is much less interesting than "The Devil"; in fact its bare fable is banal. It reminds one of those classic "situations" dear to Corneille and Racine. The Princess Maria Corleone finds herself at once the mistress of the Grand Duke of Tuscany and of Guerra, magnetic leader of the Carbonari. By a further complication she finds herself actually involved with the Carbonari in their projected assault on the Grand Duke's life. Her vacillations and Guerra's, as they are torn between passion and duty, love and patriotism, furnish the major lines of the story's exterior movement. At bottom, however, the situation is a stock one; the plot is unimportant; the outcome is awaited by the reader with no overpowering eagerness. What one comes to look for is not the mere points which determine the tragic curves of the career of Guerra, but the half-glimpsed confrontations and dialogues, those elliptic utterances which proceed out of terrific emotional tensities, out of imagined incest and fratricide, out of loves and hates which dare not speak their names or fully unveil their chimera-faces.

In view of what has just been said it may seem a little silly to speak of "The Rebels" as a study of anything; and yet I think it is such a study, a study of the conspiratorial temperament. With the possible exception of Guerra (and then only at the end of his career) none of the characters is politically minded. Gioia, Checca, Madda, Maria Corleone might all conceivably be on the side of reaction rather than of revolution. They have no clear comprehension of the struggle in which they are pawns, nor do they in their hearts desire any such understanding. To them, intrigue and conspiracy are forms of personal salvation, not instruments of political freedom. Conspiracy is a refuge for their unhappy and unbalanced souls. In its ambiguities, its denunciations, its atmosphere of assassination, is a reflection of their own interior turmoil. In its perils and escapes they find a sort of release for their own life-despair. Real revolutions, of course, are the work of businesslike individuals, patient and practical propagandists like Lenin; but just below such leaders there is always a group of tortured romantics whose fanaticism, by reason of its very remoteness from any political aim, is sometimes all the more effective.

I may add that it needs but a touch here and there to turn "The Rebels" into a gorgeous satire on the revolutionary temperament. Neumann stops just short of extravagance; another step and his characters, with their eternal dramatizing and twilight utterances, would have been completely ridiculous. He does not take that step, affording one more proof of the oft-repeated statement that it is difficult to be at the same time a German and a humorist.

CLIFTON P. FADIMAN

Consider the Ants

The Structure of Politics at the Accession of George III. By L. B. Namier. The Macmillan Company. Two volumes. $10.50.

EARLY this year a new reputation was made when Mr. L. B. Namier, sometime tutor of Balliol College, Oxford, published his "Structure of Politics at the Accession of George III," being the first two volumes of a larger work which is to include a study of the imperial problem during the American Revolution. Since the days of William Stubbs the task of the historians has largely been that of rewriting Whig history as scholars instead of as propagandists, and Mr. Namier's book involves an important revision of our estimate of eighteenth-century politics, of the extent of political corruption by court or governmental funds ("a small rivulet . . . and not nearly as dirty as supposed"), of the importance of "rotten boroughs," and of the part played by parties. Narrative history tends to show us a picturesque struggle between

58 Famous Authorities

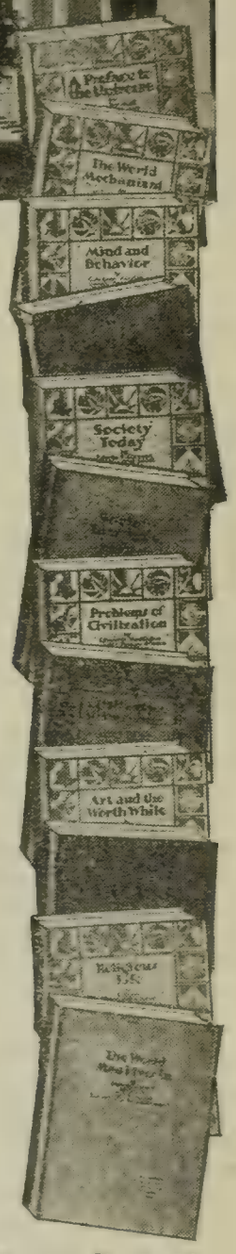
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Whig and Tories, Old Whigs and New Whigs, court and nobles, about the principles of liberty and loyalty. Examination of the details, however, shows us "an ant-heap with the human ants" scurrying in a world of parliamentary politics not based on party lines, looking for some "consideration," pecuniary or honorable, from the powers that be, and seeking, thanks to membership of "the best club in the world," to have "figure and weight in the country" and to take proper rank and precedence in London society. And the remarkable thing is that, despite analyses of the minutest detail of borough politics, Mr. Namier contrives to make his two volumes eminently readable.

Perhaps one reason for this last quality is a very un-English vein of gentle cynicism which runs through the whole work. Mr. Namier finds the eighteenth century "a naively corrupt and very amusing age." Regarded this way, philosophically *sub specie aeternitatis,* one age becomes much as another, one electoral system (humanity being what it is) not much better than another, private recompenses and modern vote-catching party funds not morally very distinguishable. "The aim in Parliamentary elections is not the mental and moral uplifting of the electorate, but the acquisition of seats." That yet there is a certain bright superficiality in this view, which finds twentieth-century and eighteenth-century politics, the politics of Philadelphia and those anywhere else individually distinctive and yet, so far as generalizations go, all much of a muchness, Mr. Namier's own pages are sufficient to show. Without citing the hackneyed case of Old Sarum, which was held by a debtor to avoid his creditors, or the barefaced demands for peerages or contracts in return for Parliamentary support, or the case of electors of the wrong party induced to drink till they died of the effects (with the best intentions—incapacitation alone was contemplated), we find Mr. Namier listing among reasons for entering Parliament *"Immunity—Robbers*—They likewise say that Bacon was oblig'd to get member, coast what it would, other ways he could not pass his accompts as contractor." Also Mr. Namier lists "Bastards," and quotes the letter of Lord Chesterfield to his illegitimate son stating "you must first make a figure in Parliament if you would make a figure in your country," while elsewhere specifically assigning the reason that membership would be "like the cloak of charity." The most natural thing for a "pretty young man" of gentle birth and small means was to look for provision directly to the state (as they put it in France "quelque chose de par le roi"). Almost all the admirals in the American Revolutionary War were members of Parliament and such matters as the choice of a successor in the regiment when Lord Howe was killed at Ticonderoga was a matter for political intercessions with His Grace of Newcastle. Not only the country, but the army, was full of men ready to sign themselves the Duke's "sincere friend and humble politician." Mr. Namier himself writes: "In 1700 it was 'faithful service to your country'; in 1760 'service of one's friends' "—and the change between the morals of Parliament, and still more of the civil service, during the eighteenth and during the twentieth century is still more emphatic; it is something which the leveling hand of the philosophy of "tout comprendre c'est tout pardonner" does a political disservice (be it sentimental or sardonic) by obliterating.

One conclusion, of the utmost importance to contemporary America, Mr. Namier does draw. Only where the distinctions between parties are genuine, and matters not of persons but of profound principle, can log-rolling, "accommodations," and corruption be avoided. Political corruption is a disease of peace, prosperity, and lack of challenge on fundamental issues. "To destroy it, a true political interest is required of sufficient moment to produce mass movements, to divert the energies and attention of men to a real political purpose and seriously to divide a nation shaken by passions or distress." To upset the complacent pursuit of enlightened self-interest by the English upper classes, when it could be stated in Parliament that the Americans had no grievance since they were represented through the Members for Kent (all land in America legally being held in the manor of East Greenwich), it required the doctrine of Jefferson of periodic revolution. There is no end to corrupt self-interest save by indignant discontent: "Liberty requires courage."

Another conclusion, not drawn by Mr. Namier, may also be reached. Mr. Namier is quite satisfied that the unreformed House represented the "political nation." "That the House of Commons was open to all who could reasonably aspire to it had a wonderfully unifying and stimulating influence on the nation." . . . "The House has at all times been one of the great uplifting influences in English social life." The number of those who could yet reasonably aspire was limited. At Yarmouth from 1722 to 1784 one member was always a Townshend and the other a Walpole; from 1715 to 1874 a Grosvenor always sat for Chester; Herberts and Clives have sat for Ludlow with few intermissions from 1688 to 1923, and Mr. George Windsor-Clive now sits. That is the quintessence of English social life. Whether one approves of it depends upon whether one approves of the permanent limitation to a superior few of the politically active nation. At least Mr. Namier has shown that the power of this few had little relation to public spirit or to efficiency. If one disapproves, then, while conceding that the England of 1775 may be more like that of 1925 than we had thought, we shall make the deduction that the time is overripe for substituting, for what Mr. Namier, in a Mephistophelian phrase, calls "socially uplifting influences," a "mass movement" for social justice and political rationalization—such as, perhaps, we may see under a MacDonald government.

GEORGE E. G. CATLIN

Spying Out Zion

Those Ancient Lands. Being a Journey to Palestine. By Louis Golding. Alfred A. Knopf. $4.50.

Reports of the Experts Submitted to the Joint Palestine Survey Commission. Boston: Published by the Commission.

IT is extraordinarily illuminating to contrast these two books, to balance the artist's impressions against the experts' opinions, to fill in his generalizations with their detailed statistics, to light up their depressing tables with the flame of his optimism. If his vistas range farther—back to Abraham and Joseph, the Kings and the Patriarchs, and forward to the unborn Hebrew dramas in the amphitheater of the university—their alkali determinations go deeper; they apprise Joe and Abe, Sam and David of the agricultural opportunities in the plains of Acre, Athlit, Beisan, and Jordan.

Where Mr. Golding is eloquent and vague and sentimental, the experts are terse, particular, and skeptical. While he glories in the beauty of the orchards, they assert that the Egyptian market can absorb 456,824 kilos of apricots—fresh, and 1,564,764 of apricots—dried. He is thrilled by the singing of the *Chalutzim,* the pioneers; they point out that the agricultural settlements have physical limitations, that of the million and a half acres in Palestine more than one-third are non-tillable. In the end—or even before the end—one turns with relief from the lush prose of this minor prophet to the economical report of the messengers sent again to spy out the Land of Israel.

Mr. Golding makes of Palestine a pleasant place though he seeks to make it inspiring. He cannot arouse in the reader a sense of its contemporary validity because for him it is too

insistently the archaic treasure-house of our Hebrew ancestors or the eventual Utopia of our Jewish grandchildren. Despite his disclaimer, to him "there is something a little shocking . . . that he must link up by automobile the shrines of his pilgrimage"; thus while his chauffeur was filling the Buick with petrol Mr. Golding was making observations on the picturesque Arabs at the Damascus gate instead of noting that the gasoline cost seventy-five cents a gallon—more than three times what the American driver of that car would pay. Had he noticed the price, he might have sought the reason for it and thus discovered an entirely different Palestine.

Strangely enough the experts have also turned to other subjects rather than pursue the explanation of the high cost of living in Palestine—the index number for 1927 is 255 whereas in Egypt it is 154 and in the United Kingdom 167 on a pre-war basis of 100. Both Sir John Campbell and Dr. Leo Wolman, who recommends a special report on the subject, condemn the high tax rate, and the commission states its summary:

> Two evils of the past still burden Jewish settlement. One is the danger to loss of life and property from raids by nomadic Bedouin tribes from the vast region east of the Jordan. . . . The other evil is heavy taxation and the manner of levying it as a tithe. This penalizes intensive, thorough cultivation and interferes with growing perishable products . . .

But to the reader who does not dig thoroughly in the statistics it will not be apparent from these guarded statements that the entire Zionist venture, despite all the remarkable idealism, energy, and material that has gone into the work, is doomed to failure unless the lion of British imperialism is drawn off from its prey or unless Great Britain conceives its mandate as a moral trust rather than an economic monopoly.

JOHAN SMERTENKO

Social Criticism

Lyric Pioneers of Modern Germany. By Solomon Liptzin. Columbia University Press. $2.50.

ONE of the most interesting developments in criticism devoted to revealing the effects of social change upon literary trends is to be found in this volume by Solomon Liptzin. In an earlier book, "The Weavers in German Literature," Mr. Liptzin covered very adequately the economic background of the literature of protest that sprang up in Germany in the nineteenth century. In still an earlier volume, "Shelley in Germany," he showed in striking detail how critical attitudes toward Shelley were determined by the vicissitudes of political and economic circumstance. The praise, for instance, which was poured out with such unending generosity upon all of Shelley's revolutionary poems in the forties suddenly ceases after the failure of the revolution of 1848, and the era of attack begins, with men like Schmidt and Hebbel—Hebbel had been a Shelleyan before the revolution—leading the assault. In line with this same logic, Mr. Liptzin has shown in "Lyric Pioneers of Modern Germany" the interconnection between the whole movement of German life of the last century and its literature.

Beginning his study with the observation that literature is a seismograph of life, the author proceeds to trace the evolution of literary forms as expressions of life realities. In all deference to Camillo von Klenze, of whom Mr. Liptzin in a sense is a disciple, and whose study "From Goethe to Hauptmann" covered roughly the same period, Mr. Liptzin has succeeded in coming closer to the root-facts in the German literature of that day than his predecessor. Mr. Liptzin's analysis is straightforward, clear, and conclusive. His method is never vague nor uncertain. In general it is dissective rather than descriptive.

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Social forces and class struggle are realities that are never evaded nor denied. On the other hand, they are used as the bases for approach and interpretation.

Beginning with the autobiography of Ulrich Braeker in 1789, Liptzin carries his study through the rise of the social lyric, the poetry of the middle class, the lyric of social pity, and finally to the lyric of social revolt and the lyric of social cynicism. The rise of interest on the part of writers in the proletariat is given the due significance that it deserves. The discussion of the social lyric, which reached its apex in the verse of Freiligrath and Heine, is sound in its interpretation. The arrival of Willkomm's proletarian novels as early as 1843 is considered in the enlightened manner of the new social criticism. Hebbel's "Maria Magdalena," in which the dramatist selected his characters from the lower classes, and Klein's "Kavalier und Arbeiter," in which the problems of the industrial proletariat were given serious and sympathetic portrayal, are noted as important too in chalking the change from the old, the bourgeois, to the new, the proletarian, literature.

There are other critics in England and America who have exploited the same critical approach, but Liptzin's work is more important than theirs in detail if not in range of conclusion. Lacking the brilliant dynamics of Trotzky's "Literature and Revolution," "Lyric Pioneers of Modern Germany," nevertheless, possesses in scholarship what it often lacks in spirit.

V. F. Calverton

Government by Professors

My War Memoirs. By Eduard Benes. Houghton Mifflin Company. $7.50.

THE day of the expert is upon us and his coming has not been an unmixed blessing. As the Geneva naval conference showed, he may magnify technical difficulties until there is no possible solution: what is needed in this complicated world is a philosophical view of the whole. In one sense the creators of Czecho-Slovakia were experts: they were men learned in history, philosophy, politics, and the law. But because of the breadth of their knowledge and the depth of their insight they knew how to rise above immediate difficulties and to single out the forest from the trees.

At the age of twenty-one Edward Benes went away from home in Prague and for three years he studied in the universities of France and of Germany. He then returned to Prague and between 1908 and 1914 continued his work in economics, sociology, and philosophy. When the World War broke out, Professor Masaryk and Professor Benes seized the opportunity to restore the ancient greatness of Bohemia—an opportunity for which they had conscientiously prepared. "I always consciously practiced politics in a scientific spirit," says M. Benes. These Czecho-Slovak leaders began by stealth to build up an organization at home and support for this organization in the Allied countries abroad. It was a perilous task, full of formidable obstacles, in part based on Allied misunderstanding. Allied support was fully won only when the Czecho-Slovaks contributed an army to their cause. In Bohemia, Moravia, and Silesia common soldiers had joined Austro-Hungarian regiments; but these now deserted to the ranks of the Russians and after the 1917 revolution they came together in improvised volunteer organizations which under the leadership of General Syrovy began their spectacular march across Siberia en route to the Western front. They were diverted from their ultimate goal by encounters with the Bolsheviki in Siberia, as a result of which they occupied 8,000 kilometers of railway.

Finally came the armistice. On November 4 Professor Benes drove through Paris en route to a meeting of the Supreme War Council at Versailles. Seated beside Vesnic and Venizelos, he "could scarcely believe in the reality of what had happened. Three years previously I had escaped across the frontiers of Bohemia, crawling through the thickets to avoid being seen by the Austrian and Bavarian gendarmes, and staking the whole future on what destiny might bring. Now I was sitting in conference with the representatives of France, Great Britain, United States, Italy, Japan, Serbia, Greece, Belgium, and Portugal to decide with them as to the fate of the empires of Wilhelm and Karl and to sign the terms of their capitulation."

Thus the state of Czecho-Slovakia came into the world, a product of political intelligence, of determined effort, and of Allied arms. M. Benes, in common with Professor Masaryk, was one of the authors of the edifice; and he has told his story with proper impersonality and with great dignity of style.

Raymond Leslie Buell

An Uncertain Guide

Mediaeval Culture. By Karl Vossler. Harcourt, Brace and Company. Two volumes. $8.00.

AT the suggestion of others, Dr. Vossler specifies in his preface, the two-volume translation of the work which had appeared in German as the "Divine Comedy" is entitled "Mediaeval Culture: An Introduction to Dante and His Times." Dr. Vossler's acquiescence to the suggestion was unfortunate and ill-advised; a narrower rather than a broader title would have been appropriate. The book is planned, however, with a large sweep to the end of opening up "to a wider circle of intelligent readers the comprehension of the Divine Comedy": Volume I begins with a comparison of Goethe's "Faust" and Dante's "Divine Comedy," proceeds to a study of the religious background (in the course of which Egyptian, Babylonian, Assyrian, Jewish, Persian, Greek, and Christian beliefs in a future life are differentiated in an average expanse of about a page and a half for each belief), then takes up the philosophical background and the ethical and political background; Volume II is devoted partly to a study of Italian and ancient literature, partly to a rhetorical tracing of the course of the Divine Comedy.

The chain of German vulgarizations during the past two decades (Dr. Vossler's work belongs at the earlier end of the chain) illustrates, in contrast to more recent American examples, one other way of making culture easily accessible. Dr. Vossler's book is one of the works of digested erudition, acquired from reading large numbers of doctoral and inaugural dissertations, intended to keep the general reader abreast with the changing learned conception of things in general; its appearance in English is doubtless indication of the hope that such second-hand erudition might help to bring a larger group to proper appreciate stupefaction before works of art.

Dr. Vossler's method is to sweep together diverse elements from sundry sources (usually, except in the case of Dante himself, on the authority of some one else) to explain this or that. The problem is seldom stated as it might have been in the original writings, and the solutions lose the significance their authors stated for them to take on instead an almost mystic resonance in Vossler's rhetoric. Consequently the conclusions of the book usually might be right or wrong indifferently; the pontifical decisions in which the shortcomings and ignorance of Plato, Aristotle, Anselm, Aquinas are pointed out are in all cases distressing. Indefinite decisiveness is so definite a characteristic of the book that no one example will illustrate it variously enough. But at random: Scotus Erigena is a bold champion of reason and a mystic whom

the church treated as a heretic, but "the amiable and tactful Anselm of Canterbury . . . clips the wings of reason after she had been strengthened again through realism and puts her in the service of the church's belief." Passing over the confusing circumstance that it was for his realism that Anselm's contemporaries criticized him and that even his master protested that he pushed his rationalism too far, it is inexcusable that doctrines as finely worked as those of Erigena and Anselm should be tossed aside in such crass generalities.

Frequently, however, the author is definitely right. Elaborating on Dante's political doctrine he remarks, "Of Occam and Marsilius of Padua he surely knew nothing." Possibly the meaning is that Dante died in 1321, while Occam began his political writings about 1330, Marsilius about 1324.

But an even more lamentable consequence of the author's appreciative and generalizing vein is the distortion it works in the plan of his book. Properly enough about half of the first volume is devoted directly or indirectly to philosophy. Yet when one arrives in the second volume at the sphere of the Sun where Aquinas and Bonaventura present a company of philosophers to Dante, one is hurried by in three brief pages of distressing generalities. Literally the reader has been given nothing in the two volumes by which to appreciate the significance of the persons Dante mentions. Even the circumstance that Bonaventura should present Joachim of Flora is not mentioned nor is the introduction of Siger of Brabant by Thomas mentioned here (although one might remember that there was a mention of Siger in the first volume, and the bare information that he is in paradise). Yet there are fascinating and easily comprehensible stories in the contrasts of persons and doctrines involved in the passage through the sun; relevant to them brief excursions into contemporary philosophical debates might have been introduced which would have been more pertinent than the wordy disquisitions of Volume I. There is no reason why a work, to be popular, must be erroneous, or why the presentation of philosophical problems need be interpreted by the statement of the right answers which none of the debaters (save as they anticipated Kant or some other modern) perceived. Popular works have been simple, unpretentious, precise; indeed it might be suggested that in even these two volumes Mr. Spingarn's nicely conceived bibliography in the appendix is intelligent popularization. There is some excuse, however, in that it is not only popular studies that seek out the sources and colors of generations of thinkers. Doubtless the present work is learned enough to be a joy and an aid to the historians and essayists who study to distinguish the tempers and distempers of ages.

RICHARD MCKEON

Knights-Errant

The Labor Movement in the United States, 1860-1895. By Norman J. Ware. D. Appleton and Company. $3.

SINCLAIR LEWIS once asked me who knew anything about the American labor movement beside myself. Bowing low, I had to admit that, relatively speaking, I knew nothing about the labor movement, but paying dirt would be found in the heads of Ben Stolberg, Leo Wolman, A. J. Muste, Bob Dunn, and Norman Ware. That the tips were sound is evidenced in part at least by the present volume. Mr. Ware won the Hart Schaffner and Marx prize in 1924 with his "Industrial Worker, 1840-1860." Now he carries the saga up to 1895, in a manner scholarly, careful, and readable. It is essentially the story of the Knights of Labor, its dizzy rush to power and its rocket-like collapse. For a time the organization was immensely successful. It put the American labor movement on

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the map; it reached groups never reached before; it covered the nation with propaganda about land, money, immigration, government ownership; it mixed into politics upsetting the digestions of untold statesmen; and like a phoenix from its ashes sprang the American Federation of Labor. It is a grand story, dramatic, bizarre, and disheartening—and thus thoroughly American. Mr. Ware goes far to explain why Sam Gompers, fleeing in terror from all the gaudy mistakes of the Knights, stamped the modern labor movement with a different hall-mark altogether. Nor, as the years have marched, is it apparent that the change was for the better. The Knights were out to remake the world, and foolish as such projects often are, there was in their attempt courage and daring and the authentic gleam of life. Foolish? Look at Ramsay MacDonald and his knight-errantry today.

STUART CHASE

Books in Brief

Prohibition or Control? Canada's Experience with the Liquor Problem, 1921-1927. By Reginald E. Hose. Longmans, Green and Company. $3.

Mr. Hose's book may be cordially commended to all Americans who are interested in comparing the methods of Canada and the United States in dealing with the liquor traffic. Where the United States has ordained national prohibition, with a resulting orgy of corruption, official lawlessness, and crime, Canada has combined in a workable scheme provincial or local option and national regulation.

> The American system seeks to attain its object by compulsory control—a veritable constitutional strait-jacket. The Canadian system rests its attempt upon self-control, depending upon the traditional common sense of the people for success over intemperance. Hence the American States, with far wider powers, have surrendered to federal authority the very rights which the Canadian provinces are exercising to the full in their self-determined liquor laws, which cause no friction with the federal authority.

Mr. Hose discusses in much detail the powers and duties of the various commissions to which the control of the manufacture and sale of liquors is intrusted, the history of local option, the conduct of retail business, the enforcement of the liquor laws, and the various questions of taxation and revenue that are involved. The system of government control in Newfoundland is included in the survey. It is Mr. Hose's conclusion that "there does not appear to have been any dislocation of trade or unfavorable economic conditions" as the result of the system, and that "there is nothing to indicate that efficiency has been impaired or output retarded in the manufacturing world."

Problems of Peace. Third Series. Oxford University Press. $3.50.

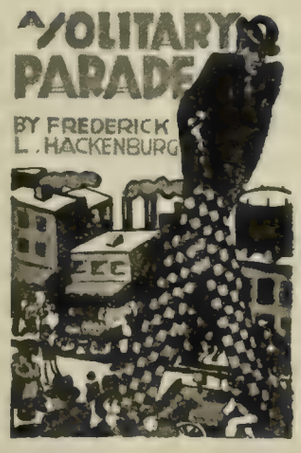
This handsomely printed book contains "the lectures delivered at the fifth meeting of the Geneva Institute of International Relations," and is the third of a series of volumes published under this title. As the institute is organized and maintained in cooperation with the British League of Nations Union and the League of Nations Non-Partisan Association of the United States, the lectures given under its auspices from year to year naturally concern themselves with the work of the League, and present this work in the most favorable light. The lectures in this volume are no exception to the rule. The distinction, however, of the lecturers, the first-hand information which they handle, and the broad, inclusive, humane spirit in which they speak, give this collection of addresses an indisputable value. The Future of the League, The Working of the League Council, Disarmament, The First Results of the World Economic Conference, Tendencies in International Labor Legislation, The Mandates System, The League and the Protection of Minorities, The British Commonwealth and the League, Asia and the League, The Function of Law in International Relations, The Influence of Public Opinion on Foreign Policy come under discussion by authorities, mostly English, of the highest scholarly standing. To American readers the paper by Professor Manley O. Hudson, of the Harvard Law School, on America's Relation to World Peace, will be of especial interest. Professor Hudson finds the Briand-Kellogg Treaty for the renunciation of war to be of "great political significance and of great psychological importance," but believes it to be inferior as an achievement to Article II of the League Covenant. Yet he rejoices that this treaty places in our hands "a new implement for us to use in our struggle with the forces that make against peace."

Our Changing Civilization. By John Herman Randall, Jr. Frederick A. Stokes Company. $3.

Much of the material in this book is a popularized version of the author's more scholarly "Making of the Modern Mind," and it needs therefore scarcely be said that it is a philosophical, sociological essay on the evolution of Western society since the Renaissance, and very delightful reading. The Renaissance started a long epoch of accelerating change, yet we have still not learned how to change quickly and easily. Habits and ideals formed under earlier conditions make difficult the adjustments which society constantly has to make. We are slow to realize that industrialism demands new philosophies, new techniques of living, new standards, and are reluctant to strike out boldly for ourselves. Cynical protest, the escape of the aesthete to the Latin quarter or Fiesole, the glorification of business, these are all transitional passages, the discord has not yet been resolved into the new key for which we are searching. When this has once been found the author is confident that we will be in a position to assimilate and make good use of our heritage of philosophies, arts, and faiths, to value them as never before. Having escaped the "tyranny of emancipation . . . we shall turn to our ancestral goods to build our homes."

The Washington Conference and After. By Yamato Ichihashi. Stanford University Press. $4.

Mr. Ichihashi, who was Viscount Kato's secretary and interpreter at the Washington Conference, gives a balanced survey of the conference as it appears in the perspective of eight years. There are occasional Japanese sidelights, but for the most part the significant fact is that his judgment is very close to that of American and British observers.



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International Relations Section

Social Conditions in Iceland

By HALLDÓR KILJAN LAXNESS

NEXT summer the Icelandic Parliament will celebrate its one thousandth anniversary. I am told that our Parliament is the oldest legislative assembly in the world—at least, it is the oldest in Europe. The Icelandic nation is extending invitations to the celebration to all Western countries. The United States has decided to send five delegates, and many individual States of the federal Union will be represented. The United States Government is appropriating $50,000 for a statue of Leifur Eiríksson, of which it is going to make the Icelanders a present on this occasion. Leifur Eiríksson, or Leif the Lucky, the first white man to discover America, in the year 1000, was an Icelander.

We have preserved in our country the old Norse language, which has developed into various dialects in the other Scandinavian countries. Every Icelandic child can read and understand books that were written in his language 800 years ago. The Icelanders can be characterized as a *literary people*. The vast bulk of literature popularly called Old-Scandinavian, comprising the Sagas and the Eddas and the history of the Scandinavian kings, which is at the same time the ancient history of Scandinavia, is written exclusively in Icelandic. All the bigger universities in Europe have a chair in the Old Norse language, which is the language which is spoken and written in Iceland today.

Contrary to the aspirations of the younger commercial nations, the ambition of every genuine young Icelander is to become a literary man. In Iceland we look upon business men with the same skepticism with which literary men are regarded in some other countries. There has never in the history of Iceland been any man of prominence in any field who did not have a literary education. Our most important statesmen have all been literary men—poets, authors, historians, and educators.

A 100 per cent American would be inclined to think that a country run by "dreamers"—is not that what they call them?—would be in a hopeless predicament both politically and economically. The reverse is the case. I read in a San Francisco paper the other day a statement made by the Danish economist, Dr. Knud Berlin, which showed, by comparative statistics, that Iceland had the highest per capita foreign trade of any nation in the world. The national budget of last year showed that the value of our exports exceeded the value of imports by about 17,000,000 crowns. That is a good showing for a nation of 100,000 souls.

Our chief export is fish—herring and codfish. At one time Icelandic herring merchants had the bad manners to compete with one another in the foreign markets, and for some years the bickering for better and better offers continued so long that a great part of the year's crop of herring remained unsold and had to be thrown into the ocean again. Then the government of Iceland took the herring commerce into its own hands. The foreign markets have now only one powerful seller to face, where there was previously a flock of haggling business men underbidding one another. This government monopoly of the herring commerce has been a tremendous success despite the vigorous attacks from the business people. And it is characteristic of Iceland that the director of the herring monopoly is a young erudite who specialized in literature at several European universities, author of several books, editor of a periodical on literature and social science, and coeditor of a labor paper in North Iceland.

There are three things I should particularly like to point out to people who belong to big countries which are continually bragging about prosperity. We have in Iceland no unemployment, no absolute poverty, and practically no criminality. In my lifetime there has been only one murder in Iceland—committed by an insane woman who killed her brother. Petty thefts are committed mostly by children who learn about those things in moving-picture houses. We have no regular jail worth mentioning. There was one in Reykjavik, but it was empty most of the time. But there has recently been erected a so-called "working home" on a big farm about 100 kilometers from Reykjavik, where drunkards, loafers, idlers, foreign tramps, and idiots may be put to useful work.

It has been the custom in late years to collect statistics about unemployment. According to reports from last spring, there were in Reykjavik only eight unemployed people. Five of those were accounted for because of sickness, one because of old age, and two of them had worked until April 30, 1929. As for poverty, that is taken care of by an excellently organized municipal aid. Thus, a man who, because of adverse circumstances, is unable to support his family, is provided for temporarily by the municipality without losing his prestige or civil rights. It is understood that he will pay back what has been given him as soon as he is able to. If he cannot, it is all right. We have had old-age pensions since the latter half of the nineteenth century.

We are very proud of our public education. Illiteracy is unknown. Every municipality has a public school, and there are a greater number of middle schools (high schools) in Iceland than among any other group of 100,000 people in the world. In addition we have two gymnasiums or higher colleges, a university and two commercial colleges, one on a capitalistic basis and the other on a cooperative basis.

There are innumerable newspapers and periodicals in Iceland. The periodicals especially are excellent; all modern current ideas find their spokesmen in them. Icelandic authors and artists are supported by the government, and the best of them are, as far as I am able to judge, on a level with good European and American artists.

Organized religion fares badly in Iceland. Ministers of religion have no prestige and the churches are as a rule empty on Sundays. Fundamentalist teachings find only a very poor support in the country because of a general lack of interest in such things among the population. The country has been Protestant since the sixteenth century, but recently the Catholics have built a gorgeous cathedral at Reykjavik, though there are only about 150 Catholics in the town.

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—from "Blind Geronimo and His Brother" [page 150]

"Why did he send for me? Had she confessed? Why is he staring at me like that? Why am I sitting here at Molde on a verandah with a Pierrot? Can it be all a dream after all? Perhaps I am still asleep in Klare's arms . . . "

—from "The Fate of the Baron" [page 31]

"Then she became a model and walked on at a small theatre. The things she told us about the Director! . . . Then she fell in with a medical student . . . and she often came to fetch him from the dissecting-room . . . or more often stayed with him there . . . "

—from "The Greek Dancing-Girl" [page 71]

"Has Irene forgotten that she wanted to call Wilhelmine a murderess to her face? . . . And is Wilhelmine still aware that I am her lover, though I have called upon her in the middle of the night with a strange woman?"

—from "Dead Gabriel" [page 212]

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The social reawakening that has taken place in Iceland during the last fifteen years can largely be summed up in the history of the activities of one man. Mr. Jónas frá Hriflu, our present Minister of Education, and author of half a dozen books on educational matters, has had a very remarkable career both as social organizer and statesman, though he is only forty years of age. He went abroad while still very young, after having finished college in Iceland, and studied pedagogy and sociology in Scandinavia, Germany, France, and England. When he returned to Iceland he organized the so-called Young Peoples' Associations all over Iceland, with a center in Reykjavik, where he became the editor of their organ.

This movement helped greatly in leading the thoughts of the young into social channels. By and by Jónas frá Hriflu directed the energies of his adherents into more palpable enterprises and set out to fight for the organization of cooperative societies among the farmers. The young generation in the country stood by him, and in a few years, with a masterly, clever campaign, he succeeded in forming a chain of cooperative companies all over the country, with a branch in every district and a center at Reykjavik. These companies are owned and run by the farmers. They export their products without any middlemen and import directly foreign goods at far better prices than could be obtained by the individual business man. With the exception of Reykjavik the capital, the greater part of the nation's commerce is now in the hands of the cooperative societies, which are united under one head, the Alliance of Icelandic Cooperative Societies, on the principle of reciprocal responsibility: one for all and all for one. This means that if one individual cooperative society is in the way of going bankrupt, the confederation will even the balance. This cooperative chain is by far the most powerful commercial organization in the country, with offices in Edinburgh, London, Hamburg, Copenhagen, Oslo, and many other places. It controls to a large extent the affairs of the country both economically and politically. As the chain stores are owned by the people, they make it a point not to deal with anybody else. Most individually owned stores and business enterprises in the province have gone bankrupt, since they are not able to compete with the cooperative societies.

Mr. Jónas frá Hriflu was also the founder and still is the protector of the biggest labor unions both in Akureyri, the largest town in the North, and Reykjavik. Our most powerful labor union is formed of the trawler-fishers, but the trawlers are unfortunately still owned by wealthy private outfitters. The outfitters are the representatives and the stronghold of capitalism in Iceland. But now the workers are beginning to organize their own fishing companies on a cooperative basis, and one has actually been formed this year, starting with two trawlers. The foundation of that company is the most hopeful step we have yet taken toward the nationalization of our natural resources.

[*The second and concluding article on Life and Property in the Caribbean, by Jonathan Wickwire, has been unavoidably deferred and will appear in the International Relations Section of the issue of September 25.*]

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THIS ISSUE of *The Nation* is a challenge and a reply. It is a challenge to the power interests of the country that have exploited for their own benefit our richest resources, and it is a reply to those critics who frequently charge that progressives are impractical idealists. The power program presented by the experts in this issue is as practical as an electric-light bulb. Senator Norris and H. S. Raushenbush draw an indictment against the power interests whose justice no man can deny. These interests have not only made inordinate profits in recent years by the formation of great holding companies, but they have bought newspapers, college professors, and politicians in order to stifle public criticism of their policies. They have branded the leading advocates of public ownership as dangerous citizens, and have defeated almost every attempt at effective regulation. What can the consumers do about it? We believe that they will ultimately recognize the wisdom of public ownership as a national policy, but for the present a preliminary program of State and federal legislation is necessary to correct the worst abuses in the industry and to permit progressive communities to advance on their own initiative. As the federal part of this program we advocate the Couzens bill, as outlined by Drew Pearson, provided that it does not involve making the consumer pay rates on the basis of the excessively high prices which the holding groups have paid to acquire operating companies; in the State and local fields we submit the Wisconsin plan, as described by Alvin C. Reis, and the New York plan, as described by Samuel I. Rosenman. Now, when the power lobby is discredited and on the defensive, is the logical time for all American progressives to fight for such a program.

WE SHARE MR. HOOVER'S feeling of outrage over the propaganda against naval reduction by William B. Shearer, which the latter charges was financed by American shipbuilding firms. Until recently Mr. Shearer was known as a big-navy advocate, supposedly expressing his own opinions on an all-important question of national policy. He had been putting his ideas before the public in interviews, articles, and a book. He went to President Coolidge's naval arms conference at Geneva, where he was responsible for a large amount of propaganda hostile to reduced armaments; later he appeared in Washington in behalf of the fifteen-cruiser bill. However mischievous his opinions, Mr. Shearer had a right to express them if he was speaking in his own behalf or for somebody else whose name he made public. But it appears that he was doing neither. He has filed a suit against the Bethlehem Shipbuilding Corporation, the Newport News Shipbuilding and Dry Dock Company, and the American Brown Boveri Electric Corporation, alleging a promise to pay him some $300,000, of which only $50,000 has been forthcoming. If this statement is accurate it completely discredits Mr. Shearer and brands three important shipbuilding firms as engaged in the same kind of dishonest and contemptible effort to mislead public opinion as has already been exposed in connection with the power interests. Incidentally, we have fresh proof of how exceedingly profitable this business of deceiving the public is, and what a high price the armament makers can afford to pay to keep the pot boiling.

MR. HOOVER'S ADROIT ATTACK upon the Shearer propaganda means that the Senate will have to investigate the subject. Even before the President spoke, Senator Borah had asked the Committee on Naval Affairs to make an inquiry, saying that if it failed to do so he would try to get the Foreign Affairs Committee, of which he is the chairman, to dig into the scandal. Nothing short of a searching hearing can now satisfy the public. The explanations of the shipbuilding companies are neither adequate nor convincing. The excuse that they hired Mr. Shearer, but not to work against naval reduction, is not good enough. Business firms do not pay a man $50,000—not to say promise, as Mr. Shearer alleges, six times that amount—without expecting substantial financial benefits in return. The Shearer scandal, following the facts brought out in regard to crooked power propaganda, ought to waken the public to similar dangers all along the line and should help to clarify thought on this subject. Propaganda, as we have said, is legitimate; it is no less so when paid for and delegated than when done directly and

for nothing. But propaganda is only legitimate when the public is fully informed in regard to those for whom it is made. Incidentally, we think some of our peace advocates might read the signs of the times, and make clearer the sources of their support.

SECRETARY STIMSON having given the approval of the Administration to the Root formula for our entrance into the World Court, the issue will come before Congress again presently, but it remains to be seen whether our legislators will be satisfied. Mr. Root's formula is a bit of clever legerdemain, questionable on theoretical grounds though it might work in practice. It says, in effect, that if some other nation insists upon an advisory opinion from the court against the wishes of the United States, the latter may resign. As the United States would have that privilege at any time anyhow, the sole gain seems to be that under the Root formula this nation would leave by prearrangement instead of subjecting itself to the charge of picking up its blocks and going home in a huff. More satisfactory than the acceptance of the Root formula by Mr. Stimson and the conference of the World Court members at Geneva was the announcement there that France, Great Britain, and Greece would sign the "optional clause" of the tribunal's constitution—already accepted by Germany. This provision should more correctly be styled the "obligatory clause," because it pledges the signers to accept arbitration of all legal questions within the court's jurisdiction. Acceptance of the clause by all the large Powers would be a real milestone in the progress of arbitration. It should be chronicled with approval, too, that at the session of the Assembly of the League of Nations at Geneva representatives of France, Finland, and Greece promised to work for the ratification by their parliaments of the general act of the covenant for the compulsory arbitration of all disputes. On top of this half a dozen countries, led by Great Britain, went on record as favoring a revision of the covenant so as to put further restrictions upon making war. We hope to see this proposal advanced from the stage of rhetoric to that of action.

WHEN "YOUNG TEDDY" ROOSEVELT arrives in Porto Rico as its Governor he will find himself in a political bear's den. Five years ago, confronted by the growing power of the Socialists, Antonio R. Barceló, leader of the Unionists, and José Tous Soto, head of the Republicans, struck hands in an alliance. The Unionists had stood for the independence of the island—without exactly meaning it—while the Republicans favored statehood within the United States. The Alianza swept Porto Rico five years ago, but last year barely held the legislature against the assaults of the Socialists—actually a labor party—led by the veteran Senator Santiago Iglesias. When President Hoover took office last spring a delegation, of which Barceló and Iglesias were members, set sail for Washington to present a bi-partisan demand for the retention of Governor Towner in office. Tous Soto stayed at home. While the delegation was en route Mr. Hoover apparently decided on the appointment of "Young Teddy," and asked Felix Cordova Davila, resident commissioner for Porto Rico in Washington, to sound local sentiment. He cabled to Tous Soto, and the island's *politicos,* sensing the appointment as already made, hastened to climb aboard the bandwagon by saying that they liked "Young Teddy" fine. Don Antonio went back to Porto Rico raging that he had been "double crossed," called his Unionist followers together, and they read themselves out of the Alianza. It is said that the Unionist Party —that of the landowning and wealthy classes—now plans a coalition with the Socialists. Iglesias, that highly astute practical politician who leads the latter group, has not said yet what he plans. In any event, "Young Teddy" is likely to find himself in a political menagerie the back-biting of which will make the manners of the pandas he captured in Asia seem as mild as those of mice.

THE "RICH MAN'S DELIGHT" is the appropriate label for the new $500,000,000 issue of short-term Treasury certificates which has just been offered with the special feature of exemption from *all* income taxation—from surtaxes as well as from normal income taxes. This total exemption was made possible under a resolution sponsored by Secretary Mellon and passed by Congress before the recess. As we pointed out in an editorial, Mr. Mellon's Bad Bill, in *The Nation* of June 19, the economic and social consequences of this new policy are most undesirable. It is in direct conflict with a sound Treasury policy, long established and well tried. Even in the enormous stress of financing the World War the Government was most reluctant to exempt federal obligations from any but normal taxes, and as a matter of fact only a small portion of some $25,000,000,000 worth of federal securities issued in that period was so favored. For it was recognized then, and is as true today, that tax-free securities automatically nullify the progressive features of our income tax; they enable the rich to evade—in a nice, legal way—the higher taxes in the upper brackets. No wonder, therefore, that the present issue was heavily oversubscribed in the amazingly short time of three days—and this despite the prevailing tightening of the money market. There is little doubt that our wealthy citizens are keenly appreciative of this generous treatment from Mr. Mellon and would like to see him continue to grant full tax exemption in all future issues of securities—his expressed purpose. But such action, if continued, would put an end to progress toward a just and scientific income-tax policy.

A GOOD OLD-FASHIONED coal-and-iron police chief is likely to shout, as justification of his violence: "This is not a strike; this is a riot." Thereby, to his own complete satisfaction, he rules out all consideration of the motives that lead angry, hungry men and women to the picket-line. It is strange to hear Britain's Labor Prime Minister using similar language in referring, at Geneva, to the Arab outbreak in Palestine.

> There is no racial conflict in what happened in Palestine the other day [said Ramsay MacDonald]. . . . This is no conflict between Moslem and Jew; this is simply an uprising of lawlessness and disorder. . . . No nation, no civilized nation, no nation with any political responsibility, no nation cooperating with other nations to do their best for all the peoples of the world will ever yield to outbursts of criminality and murder.

Whereupon Mr. MacDonald appealed to Moslem and Jew alike to unite in condemnation of the past and in support of the British Government. His language sounded dangerously like Tory anger. It will not do simply to blame

the Arabs for the outbreak and to assume that support of the British Government is all that is needed in the circumstances. It isn't. Mr. MacDonald himself, when leader of His Majesty's Opposition, if our memory serves aright, protested against the use of bombing planes dropping destruction from the skies upon man, woman, and child alike in Arab villages near Bagdad. Some cynic is likely to dig his words out of the files of Hansard.

JUDGE CHARLES J. CARR of a Boston municipal court has acted according to the law and common-sense in dismissing the charges against Alfred Baker Lewis and Jackson Wales, who were arrested on the Common when talking of Sacco and Vanzetti, by order of the superintendent of police, Michael J. Crowley. Judge Carr upheld the right of free speech as an American institution in discharging the prisoners, but he did not comment upon what was perhaps the worst aspect of the arrests. Both Lewis and Wales spoke under permits obtained in advance. There is good legal opinion that a permit to speak has no permissive character about it. That is, city officials have no authority to abridge the right of free speech, and an application for a permit to speak cannot legally be refused; it is, in fact, merely a notice to the police of intention to speak, so that they may make arrangements to preserve order. Anyhow both Lewis and Wales had permits. Superintendent Crowley had a right to arrest them for what they said if it violated the law, but he had no authority to take away the permits and then arrest them for not having any when they continued to speak. The fact is that he knew he could not successfully prosecute them for mentioning those—in Massachusetts—unmentionable words "Sacco" and "Vanzetti," and so he broke up the meetings by a contemptible and lawless ruse. We hope Messrs. Lewis and Wales will turn around and prosecute him for false arrest.

WITH THE SETTLEMENT, practically on the strikers' terms and including recognition of the union, of the New Orleans carmen's strike, one of the strangest labor episodes in the South reaches a conclusion. For the strikers won their fight, not by their own super-organization and solidarity, not by any sudden softening on the part of the employers, but because the public, the people of New Orleans who were directly inconvenienced by the failure of the street cars to carry them, refused to ride in cars manned by scabs, and got to work anyhow, by whatever vehicle that was handy. The public supported the strikers! This would be handsome enough in a Northern city with a long tradition of labor disputes; in the South, where organized labor is just gaining a foothold, where notions about unions and the dignity of labor are regarded as a little new-fangled, it must have been surprising to the workers themselves. From a correspondent in New Orleans we have the following letter:

> The trolleys have been running during the sixty-five days of the strike with virtually no passengers. Nearly all the civic organizations unanimously adopted resolutions pledging that their members would not ride in the trolleys during the strike and assessing a $10 fine for those who did. People owning cars have driven to work those who did not. Business houses lent trucks for the purpose of breaking the lockout, advertised to the idle workers that their payments on furniture, automobiles, etc., would not be due until the men again were earning money, and urged them to hold out against the Public Service Company. Yet only one newspaper, the *Item*, itself an open shop, supported the strikers.

In the face of such solidarity—of the innocent bystanders who are ordinarily supposed to be the chief sufferers from a public-utilities strike—what could the company do but yield? This is a very simple lesson, one that labor, employers, and the "public" might well learn by heart.

THE TRIAL at Charlotte, North Carolina, of sixteen of the leaders of the Gastonia strike ended on September 9 in a shocking manifestation of mob violence. Due to the fact that one of the jurors became insane, a new trial was ordered to begin on September 30. Angered, apparently, at the prospect of delay and possibly eventual acquittal, a mob in Gastonia raided the offices of the International Labor Defense, destroying much property, and kidnapped three of the union's leaders. The men returned later, saying that they had been beaten and then released. Until this turn of events the sixteen Communists and strike leaders who are charged with the murder of Chief of Police Aderholt had every reason to feel cheerful concerning the progress of their case. Judge M. V. Barnhill had been just in his rulings, the jury seemed to be as good as could be expected considering the inflamed opinion of the region, and the evidence produced by the prosecution in the preliminary stages of the trial failed to establish conspiracy among the defendants or to fasten the shooting of the police chief upon any particular persons. It seems probable that if any of the defendants are convicted it will be almost entirely upon circumstantial evidence. When the prosecution sought to appeal to the emotion of the jury by producing a dummy of the dead police chief clothed in his uniform and covered with a shroud, Judge Barnhill immediately ordered the dummy to be removed.

THE CARRIER PIGEON, that romantic symbol of speed, accuracy, and devotion, is to be abandoned by the navy as a purveyor of messages in favor of economy, the radio, and the airplane. Thus does the machine age destroy one more of the cherished institutions of a more innocent day. Time was when the dispatch to the general on the field of battle, the order that was to save the prisoner destined to execution, the word that would call the soldiers to release the beautiful girl in the clutches of the wicked bandits, was bound on the leg of a swift-flying bird which would speed unerringly to its destination. Now that same word—or its less romantic but perhaps more realistic equivalent—speeds by radio through the ether, unimpeded by wing or wire. It reaches not only one destination but many; it carries its message and receives its answer long before the faithful pigeon could have made half its flight. But the tradition of message-carrying birds will linger a while in the annals of the navy, just as the fame of the dashing teams which used to draw the fire engines, but now have been replaced by motors, is not yet quite lost. Pigeons will still be used, we read, in Guam and at Lakehurst. They are useful in isolated sections or when planes have been forced to land unexpectedly. In other words, when machines fail, animals must serve. Horses pull out the mired motor; no radio would have brought back an olive branch to Noah in the Ark. For that he had to use a dove.

Much Ado About Disarmament

WE were much interested, as were many others, in the report last spring that Ramsay MacDonald proposed to visit the United States to discuss the naval armament situation with Mr. Hoover. Mr. MacDonald has an interesting personality and a winning manner, and his position as Prime Minister of Great Britain is obviously one of importance. If he could sit down with Mr. Hoover and talk the matter over, it seemed natural to suppose that some of the larger difficulties in the way of an Anglo-American agreement about armament reduction might be ironed out, and the way smoothed for a presentation of the subject to Congress and Parliament. The suggestion, indeed, was more than interesting; it was intriguing, and the newspapers of both countries played it up valiantly.

No sooner had the proposal been launched, however, than it began to be buffeted by head winds and bad weather. The first public intimation that Mr. MacDonald might take a few weeks off and cross the Atlantic was made, if we remember rightly, on June 10 at London, and was favorably received. Six days later Ambassador Dawes, who had just arrived in England, saw Mr. MacDonald in Scotland, and the next day Mr. MacDonald told the correspondents that the visit depended upon the diplomatic situation, "but I should think I probably would go." By June 26 things looked a bit doubtful, the diplomatic condition, it appeared, being an agreement between Great Britain and the United States about a naval conference. By July 1 the sky was further overcast: Mr. MacDonald would come if he were invited, but he had not decided when—probably not until October. Press dispatches of July 18 agreed that the visit would probably be postponed, but on the 24th Mr. MacDonald again was coming in October.

Meantime Ambassador Dawes had been busy discussing the armament question at London and had described the Hoover "yardstick," happily in general terms only, to the Pilgrim Society; a bill empowering the President to make secret purchases of war materials in certain cases had been prepared by the Secretary of War; a railway shipment of fourteen-inch guns had arrived safely in California; and Mr. Hoover had halted plans for the construction of three cruisers and demanded that army costs be cut down. Within a week after these latter incidents Mr. Hoover was backing water on the army cut, the British Admiralty was joining in the London parleys, pay increases for the American army to as much as 105 per cent in some cases were being demanded, and Washington announced that parity had been accepted as the basis of an Anglo-American agreement and that the navy was going ahead with the plans of the three cruisers whose construction had been held up.

All this, while rather confusing to the man in the street, seemed to make Mr. MacDonald's visit only the more urgent. The question of the visit dropped out of the news until August 21, when it was again reported from Washington that Mr. MacDonald would not come unless a basis for a naval conference had been found. Something went wrong, or else something happened between twilight and dawn, for the next day the same Washington announced that Mr. MacDonald and his daughter were coming about the middle of October. London, cautious about denials, understood that the coming would not be in October's first week. On August 25 Mr. MacDonald was coming late in September; on the 28th his arrival had been placed between October 1 and 10; on August 30 the Baltimore *Sun* announced that he would arrive on October 4 and sail on his return on the 12th. Twenty-four hours later Mr. MacDonald was quoted as saying that his coming "must depend upon the agreement"; on September 2 London was doubting that there would be any visit at all, while on September 3, the day on which Mr. MacDonald made the optimistic speech at Geneva which Secretary of State Stimson promptly dashed with tepid water, White House officials were reported as saying that "nothing was known" there about the visit "beyond what had appeared in the newspapers."

The country is still waiting for Mr. MacDonald, and we still hope that he may find it possible to come. The reason for all the backing and filling, however, is clear enough. Mr. MacDonald has long been enthusiastic about armament reduction, and as soon as the May election made him Premier he set out to do something about it at once, forthwith, without delay. Then public opinion, and the Admiralty, and the naval experts, and Australia, and the Singapore base, and the naval plans of Italy and France, and the Palestine disorders, and reparations all got in his way and the great reformation slowed down. Mr. Hoover, who has not yet learned that politics is not quite like railway building or dam construction, also wanted naval armaments reduced now and limited hereafter, and set up Mr. Dawes to explain all about the virtues of the yardstick; but the Dawes speech, when critically examined, turned out to offer only the old hokum about cooperation between statesmen and experts—two aggregations that have not yet been able to agree upon anything either among themselves or with one another. On August 14 we were told, on what was claimed to be authority, that the yardstick had been abandoned and a ship-for-ship arrangement substituted. Now, as far as the drippings of news from secret conversations indicate anything, the two countries are back where they were at the beginning, and where they have been ever since Mr. Coolidge's three-Power conference broke down in August, 1927, namely, at the issue of parity. As nobody has any but a vague notion of what parity means, and even Mr. Hoover's engineering-mindedness is unable to show how it might be attained, the outlook for an agreement that will let Mr. MacDonald take ship seems remote.

It is time that the farce were ended. Three years of more or less continuous discussion of armament reduction have produced thus far nothing of importance except talk—and a steady increase of armaments almost everywhere, with the United States well toward the van. What the country wants is action, not politics, debate, and expert hairsplitting. If Mr. MacDonald still thinks that by meeting Mr. Hoover he can get something practical done, we hope his visit will be made. If he is not sure of being able to do that, it were better that he should not come.

The Nation's Laws

THE announcement from Washington on August 26 (we quote a summary from the New York *Times*) that "federal prohibition administrators throughout the United States have been instructed by the Treasury Department to make an effort to obtain a larger measure of cooperation from municipal, county, and State officials in the enforcement of prohibition," and that "the regional administrators have been directed to see to it, so far as practicable, that the local authorities shall take over the prosecution of such offenses against the law as the sale of liquor in roadhouses and in speakeasies, and other acts that are held to fall properly within the police power of the States and their various subdivisions," raises a question of national, State, and local interest far beyond the particular issue of prohibition. The announcement followed close upon the heels of a manifesto issued by Maurice Campbell, prohibition administrator for the New York district, calling attention to the "inactivity" of Police Commissioner Whalen and District Attorney Banton of New York City, reminding them that the New York Court of Appeals had held that speakeasies were subject to the penal laws of the State regarding public nuisances, and informing them of his intention to turn over to the State district attorneys for prosecution all speakeasy cases framed by federal prohibition agents.

In the exchange of amenities which followed Mr. Campbell's plea for a helping hand, Mr. Campbell was virtually invited to mind his own business and let the New York police administration alone, and was specifically told that if he "would talk less and work more he would be a better prohibition administrator." We are ill disposed to defend the administration of the New York Police Department in general, and the 32,000 speakeasies that are said to flourish within its jurisdiction seem to us too many, but to the promptness with which Mr. Campbell's representations were kicked out the door we respectfully raise our hat.

The Treasury authorities at Washington, if not their New York agent, ought to know and probably do know that the campaign upon which they have entered is without legal foundation and an open intrusion upon the constitutional rights of the States. It is an elementary principle of American constitutional law that no State is under obligation to enforce a federal statute. It may not rightfully impede the operation of the statute, but its whole duty has been done when it has recognized the existence of the statute in its courts, and when its courts have recognized the constitutionality of the statute if the question of constitutionality has been affirmatively answered by the federal Supreme Court. Beyond this no State is required to go. Comity, to be sure, sanctions such cooperation as allowing the use of State prisons or jails for the confinement of federal prisoners, or police aid to federal marshals in serving a federal process, but these things are courtesies, not obligations. The Northern States which in the days of the Fugitive Slave act refused the use of their jails for the detention of fugitives who had been apprehended by Southern slave hunters, acted fully within their constitutional rights.

The adoption of a prohibition amendment and the enactment of federal laws to enforce it have not changed in the least this constitutional prerogative of the States. It is true that the amendment gives to the States concurrent jurisdiction with Congress in enforcing its provisions, but a grant of concurrent jurisdiction does not enlarge in the least the authority of Congress at the expense of the States. What is true of the States, moreover, is equally true of municipalities, for they are created by the State and subject in all respects to its control. It is the duty of the federal government to enforce its own laws. For the performance of that duty it has at its disposal marshals and their deputies, a swarm of special agents, and in the last resort the army and navy. If it cannot secure obedience through these means it has no other recourse save to throw up the sponge and let the law become a dead letter if it cannot be repealed. When Mr. Campbell or other federal prohibition agents undertake to arraign the officials of a State or municipality for laxity in not doing what it is the business of the federal government to do, they are meddling in business that is not theirs and at the same time confessing their own impotence.

Morals and Movies

THE suggestion that bad little children may be made good by sending them to the movies was made by Dr. Phyllis Blanchard of the Philadelphia Child Guidance Clinic before the ninth International Congress of Psychology at Yale. She is quoted as saying:

> Numerous studies made by scientists have failed to establish any appreciable contribution to delinquency from motion pictures, but we do find the motion picture to be helpful in many ways. It affords healthy escape from drabness, to adult and child alike. It is perhaps the most useful of all the present mediums of expression in the inculcation of generally accepted standards of morality and behavior. It is a definite Americanization aid to the children of the immigrants.
>
> I have sat in motion-picture theaters and marveled at the unanimity with which the children present reacted on the side of law and order. When the villain is caught and punished, as is always the case under the policy of those who make American motion pictures, the applause of the children is swiftest and most enthusiastic.

Yes, we too have heard that applause when the slim young lieutenant of the Canadian Northwest Mounted invaded the lonely cabin in Saskatchewan and yanked the fair Kathleen from the arms of the gent who hadn't shaved for a week. And we agree with Dr. Blanchard that such things are not likely to make children delinquent; but we have been concerned with the effect produced upon the minds of the adults in the audience. How can a movie which satisfies a child of twelve be made morally safe for a man of thirty-five? Thus far the censors have spent all their time protecting children against adult movies; they might better protect adults against childlike movies.

When the motion-picture producers are compelled to choose between the moral capacities of the twelve-year-old and thirty-five-year-old, it appears that they almost invariably choose the child. Moral problems on the screen are presented in those simple blacks and whites which a seventh-grade pupil can grasp while simultaneously eating peanuts and experimenting with the nickel candy vendor on the seat

in front. For the child the artificial simplicity is probably a good thing; he is not yet prepared to make fine moral discriminations and, as an introduction to ethics, it does him no harm to learn the difference between a man who steals and a man who does not steal, between a murderer and a man who does not murder, between a teamster who beats his horse over the head with an iron pipe and one who spends his last dollar for Dobbin's oats.

Having mastered these oversimplified contrasts the child should pass on to more subtle discriminations, that is to say, he should pass on to life as it is with its complex of varied impulses that are neither right nor wrong in themselves. But the movies do not pass on. They dwell forever in the stage which is designed to make children conventional.

Not enough has been written about the moral havoc that may be wrought by carrying over into maturity the simple blacks and whites of childhood thought. That havoc is apparent in any war, strike, or political campaign. The oversimplified moral category of childhood becomes the blind prejudice of maturity. Ku Kluxers, fundamentalists, and super-patriots are products of arrested moral reflection.

It is in the field of nationalism, and even more that of sex, that the movies perpetuate most definitely the moral categories of childhood. We refer not only to the exaggeration of the importance of the romantic impulse in its most unreflecting form, but to the constant representation of the sexual drama as a mosaic of blacks and whites in which legal ceremonies consecrate any crazy, transient passion, in which divorce is always wrong unless preceded by vicious conduct, and in which sexual relations outside of marriage even on a desert island are never permissible unless, perchance, the young things find a fragment of a Bible on which to swear eternal monogamy.

Take a typical Hollywood treatment of a genuinely important sexual problem. A girl loves a married man and her affection is reciprocated. To satisfy the Hollywood code it is not possible to treat this problem in a straightforward manner, because the very existence of the love is a sin unless it can be justified by showing total depravity on the part of the man's wife. So, while sanity in sex standards would dispose of the whole situation by quiet divorce, the scenario writer makes the wife into a vixen, gambler, spendthrift, harlot, sadist—or what have you; the waiting virgin becomes —well, a Hollywood heroine. She barely touches His hand in their pure and beautiful courtship, and in the final reel it turns out that He never had any sexual relations with his wife anyway.

So while modern social science is teaching men to get back to human values behind institutional forms, the movies are perpetuating the old and false identification of goodness with institutional allegiance. If it be said in defense of the motion-picture producers that any art in order to achieve success in a democracy must pander to the traditional in morality, we can point for refutation to the spoken drama and to the novel. Certainly the American novel has achieved a maturity in sexual attitudes far beyond the prejudices of the standardized majority. The movie producers, under the advice of Elder Hays, have surrendered moral sophistication (on the screen, not personally) in behalf of box-office receipts. In the circumstances it may be necessary to consign motion pictures to the place which Dr. Blanchard allots to them, lifting our young to the norm of moral conformity.

The Circus Forever

IT was with regret that we read of the passing of Ringling's Circus from Madison Square Garden in New York City. Mr. Ringling, so the story went, was unwilling to give up one night a week of his four weeks' engagement to the Garden managers for boxing matches; the Garden managers declared that last year they lost $60,000 on Mr. Ringling; Mr. R. retorted that in major considerations like the circus money is no object; whereupon the Garden officials quite properly presented him with a higher-priced lease than he had had before, which he at first refused and then further repudiated by the handsome gesture of buying up all the circuses which had accepted the Garden's terms.

Thus there is still only one Ringling, the child of the only original Barnum. There are features at Ringling's that cannot be duplicated anywhere else: for instance, the beautiful and talented Miss Leitz, if that was her name, who flips herself back and forth on her wrist 147 times by actual count. Any lady who has an arm like that deserves a monopoly on the act, and probably she is bound by a cast-iron contract to the Ringlings for the balance of her life, or as long as her wrist holds out. Then there was Zip, the great What-Is-It, who was reported to have been an exemplary husband and father, despite the torpedo shape of his cranium.

It is the word "tent," however, on which hangs our reason for being disturbed by the new program. Circuses, although some children of the present age are not aware of the fact, used to be held in tents. In one tent, to be exact. Inside the tent were the peanut and lemonade stands, the bearded lady, the ape man, the five-legged calf, the Half-Man-Half-Lady, the African Lion, the Real Jumbo Elephant, the spectators, the ring, and the performance. A small boy could, if he were lucky, wriggle under the edge of the tent at some distance from the entrance and see the circus gratis. The tent smelled—it smelled of more things than could be listed in a column this size. It was a great, strong, thick smell that met you at the door and laid a friendly arm over your shoulder as you walked about. It even went home with you, in a somewhat diminished state, and was the cause of embarrassing and unnecessary questions about how you had spent an afternoon that should have been devoted to education.

But for the big-city child the tent has gone. And Madison Square Garden was the next best thing to it. It was large, it was lofty, its roof was out of sight and might just as well have been made of canvas as of anything else. And under this mysterious roof came acrobats and clowns, tamed wild animals and those whom it was impossible to tame, a beautiful Miss Leitz and the only unique twenty-four Arabian horses which actually dance the waltz. We do not know whether or not there will be a circus next year at the Garden. On that point Mr. Ringling is dumb. But we warn him that if there is not we will stay at home. A circus somewhere else will be different from the circus of our youth and middle age. And as it differs its merits grow correspondingly fewer. Only the circus we know is the circus for us.

It Seems to Heywood Broun

RELIGIOUS liberty in America is much more honored in oratory than in practice. With the school year starting it develops that once again the fight must be made against the introduction of religious instruction. Mgr. Lavelle devoted a recent sermon at St. Patrick's Cathedral to this subject. It would seem to an outsider as if the parochial school system should satisfy the Catholics, but probably the church grows anxious over the fact that a very sizable proportion of its parishioners send their children to the public schools.

"Our children come out of our public schools," said the prelate, "enlightened and equipped to be good citizens who can serve their fellows and their country. They are, also, we hope, faithful servants of their God. The one regrettable feature of our American school system is that it is not prepared to offer religious instruction."

At another point the Catholic clergyman said: "Primarily, of course, religious instruction should be given in the home, but instruction in the home should be supplemented from other sources. . . . Our public schools were not always without religious instruction. If we are to restore it we must do so in a manner that will not offend or transgress the rights of any one. I ask you all to pray that a satisfactory system may be worked out and to lend your support to such movements as the Interfaith Council in our City. On this council, Catholics, Jews, and Protestants are working side by side to find a worth-while form of religious instruction for the schools."

Naturally, I have no desire to suggest that the drive to get religion into the schools comes primarily from the Catholic church. The evangelical Protestant sects are much more eager. There is some merit in the argument of Mgr. Lavelle. But not enough. He falls into the common American error of restricting religious liberty to the right of the individual to worship according to his own conscience. Surely there is no liberty unless we also grant each person the right to abstain from any form of worship if his ideals are so inclined. It is not enough that religious instruction should be acceptable to Catholics, Jews, and Protestants. Agnostic taxpayers have a right and duty to refuse such a compromise.

From my own standpoint I am not prepared to acquit atheists of all fanaticism. Their unwavering opposition to the Bible seems to me a little muddle-headed. I cannot go much of the way with Puritanical freethinkers who would suppress the book as immoral. I think that under certain conditions the Bible is not harmful to young people. Indeed I'm all for having the Bible as a part of the school curriculum. It is silly business to have boys and girls in English classes boring themselves with "Ivanhoe" when they might be reading the thrilling tale of Bathsheba and David.

Some of my atheistical friends insist that the Bible is dynamite in the hands of the impressionable. They contend that it encourages anti-social conduct. This is true only when the book is presented as sacred and inspired in a unique manner. There is every reason why the schools should study the Bible as English literature. Also, I think no man is even grounded in education if he is wholly unfamiliar with the great religions of the world and their origins. If Mgr. Lavelle will indorse a system of religious instruction which shall give the public school children some conception of the relationship between Christian dogma and pagan myth I will gladly join hands with him. And of course the young scholars ought to learn about Jesus and his ethical system which has so profoundly affected the thought of the whole world. But it would be a sleazy course, indeed, if it did not undertake to cover the teachings of other messiahs as well. I do not mean that there should be an attempt to undermine the faith of children who come from religious homes. Religion can be handled just as objectively as biology. Let the story of Christ be told without comment. And also the story of Buddha.

Some of the most enthusiastic Bible readers I know came from agnostic homes where the book was forbidden. One man in particular never read a line of the masterpiece until he was well past thirty and then he was entranced. He would drop in on people late at night in order to discuss what he had read and his theories of the resurrection. He was like a child who has just dipped into the Arabian Nights. But this was a man of discernment and reading courage. He was not afraid to skip. Fundamentalists have done the Bible a great injury by insisting that every single word in it is directly inspired by God. This has always seemed to me a blasphemous theory, for it would argue that the Creator has His off days. Certainly the Bible is a book mixed in merits. Some portions of it are worth the attention of none except students in theology or ancient lore, and again after aridity the reader steps into the finest prose known to our language.

I quarrel with those who are too prone to read symbolic significance into the Bible. Here, too, I think I detect a weakness in the fundamentalist position. A good hardshell Baptist will die rather than admit that the story of Adam and Eve is an allegory. He will stand by a literal serpent and actual fig leaves. But get him into the Song of Solomon and he'll hedge and explain that beautiful and palpably erotic phrases refer to an enthusiasm for church-going.

In the process of editing the Bible for readability and literary merit "Revelation" should be the first to go. No one but preachers and Freudian analysists can make anything out of this jumble. And aside from incoherence I find small beauty in the book. The prose sinks under its own weight and comes to nothing. Begats, of course, are nobody's business unless he be one of the higher critics. Such passages are not for children. But nothing of an erotic nature need go. In spite of my atheist friends I contend that the Bible is among the cleanest of books, for it deals with sex frankly and simply and never employs a smirk.

As for the violence and cruelty which is celebrated in certain portions of the Old Testament, I see no harm in this if the book is put forward as a story. Shakespeare can be equally savage, and even Stevenson has gone in deeply for horrors. The modern child is insulated. A youngster brought up on the various things done to Jeff by Mutt is not likely to be harmed by hearing of the mean trick which Jacob played on Esau.

HEYWOOD BROUN

The Triumph of the Power Companies

By H. S. RAUSHENBUSH

THIS has been a great year for the men of the power industry. It opened, as the legislatures convened, with a little fear and the modern equivalent of prayer. All through the year 1928 their control of press, schools, civic groups, and men in political life had been uncovered, bit by bit. Their expenditures of public moneys to effect that control, their fight to keep the regulatory system exactly what it is now, their influence in the legislatures was all an open story. Not even the insurance companies, not even the New Haven had gone at the business of buying and molding the country closer to their hearts' desire as the power men had done, and the latter had committed the additional sin of putting it all down in black and white. For that sin they were expected, when the legislatures met, to be their come-uppance.

The legislatures of 1929 have met and adjourned. With a few minor exceptions the power men have beaten every bill intended to make regulation more effective or intended to relieve the municipal ownership of power plants from the handicaps put upon it in earlier days. It has been a year of triumph. Already in June they saw that there was to be no punishment for their presumption in influencing schools and press to teach a doctrine intended to intrench them and profit them financially. They began making statements, telling us that they had done nothing for which they needed to apologize, that they would continue as before.

This does not mean that they have not learned a lesson. I think they have learned a lesson: Not to write so many letters about their sly affairs (for letters can be found and read in public), but to use the telephone instead.

This ability of the utilities to make us like what they do to us is in itself a triumph of social craftsmanship, and should receive, as it does, the proper reward. What if the power companies and fertilizer companies have been able to hold up the development of Muscle Shoals by the Government for ten years? The delay has given them freedom from low prices during those years. It has effected a domestic tariff for them during that period. It has helped their businesses. What if the power men have donned false-face and entered the schools? They are free public schools, aren't they? What if they did buy a lot of newspapers, try to buy a lot more, and persuaded editors to put out an immense amount of propaganda and falsehood without showing where it came from? They paid for it in advertising, which helped make bigger papers and richer power companies at the same time. What if they did hold up Boulder Dam for four years? The delay gave them a President who has staked his professional reputation on the proposition that engineers won't work as well for the government as for private companies, and who has to prove himself right. The Pacific Coast has been saved from a great public-ownership development of the kind which exists in Ontario and gives for two cents what the coast pays six cents for. That sort of Anglo-Saxon un-American thing is to be kept safely outside of our borders. For this relief much thanks are due. What if the people who try to make our regulatory system do its job well are beaten at every turn in the legislatures? It teaches them the much-needed lesson that they can't count on the government to do much for them. It makes them more reluctant to resort to government ownership. It thus saves for private initiative a whole series of opportunities which would otherwise be lost to it. . . .

Before going into the triumph of the power companies in the legislatures of this year, it is necessary to recall their triumphs of other years which have given us the system of regulation we have today. They were once its enemies. Familiarity, however, has bred—friendliness. They like it. They defend it. No one can touch it with impunity.

The essence of the story is this: Light and power are governmental services, so necessary and monopolistic in their character that they must be controlled, in some form, by the government. This is a Supreme Court dictum. They are services which we have a right to ask be furnished as cheaply and abundantly as possible. We might perform them ourselves. We can turn them over to private enterprise to perform, and then try to regulate the performance. Except in those cases where cities insisted on having these services before the companies were willing to give them, or where the companies got too stubborn about their rights to charge more than the traffic would bear, we have let the privately owned companies furnish the service. We tried at first to control them by cities. The granting of franchises turned into a pollution area. The companies also expanded. It was hard for a single city to regulate a company that extended throughout a State. The States then began to regulate, setting up commissions. The question of the day is: How well does that regulation work, and how can it be made to work better? With this goes the further question which all friends of the system have to meet: What chance is there of making it work better when every attempt to do so is defeated by the utilities?

The essence of regulation is the ability to fix rates, and when you lose that ability you regulate no longer. That is exactly what, to a large extent, the commissions have lost. They can no longer say: "You have put a certain amount of money into the business, you must be content with a fair return on that money." What they say now is: "You can earn a return on a large amount of money you never invested, you can cash in on the growth of the cities you serve, on the increased values of land, and we cannot stop you. We can try, however, to limit the flights of your imagination." These are two somewhat different things.

What the commissions have lost here is control of the rate base. The Indianapolis Water Company case, the O'Fallon case this year have toppled over the attempt to get service at cost. In its place is being put a system of guesswork which triples and quadruples the equity of the common stockholders and loads the rates to the gunwales. The Interstate Commerce Commission showed that if this new system were also applied to the railroads, they would in 1923 have added 12 billion dollars to the 19 billion invested. In the Indianapolis case the money put into the utility was

$10,434,000. The new rate base was fixed at $19,000,000, an increase of 82 per cent. The book costs of the New York Telephone Company were $542,693,000 in 1925, the company asked for $240,000,000 more. A large part of this involved the appropriation of consumers' money. The power company in Cambridge did not want to lower its rates. The commission found a fair value of $2,500,000. The company wanted $1,175,000, or 47 per cent, more. In the proceedings in which San Francisco took over the private-power systems the city claimed that the actual cost of the properties plus severance damages was $31,223,000. The companies claimed $90,000,000, almost three times as much. The commission fixed $38,500,000 as a fair price, and has been informed by the companies that the case will be taken into court. Here obviously is a system of regulation where the essential control has been lost, where service at cost is no longer possible, and where favorable commissions are very important to the utilities.

In some States, notably California, Wisconsin, and Massachusetts, the public-service commissions try to keep as close to actual cost of service as they can, but they, too, feel obligated to make something of a bow toward the new uncertainty. On this very important matter of securing a stable rate base two bills were introduced this year, both of which failed to pass. In Massachusetts the board favored a State contract with the utilities, evening up any past deficits in dividends and guaranteeing that their stock should not be allowed to go below par, in return for the uncontested right of regulating the companies on the basis of their adjusted capital. In Indiana Senator Moorhead proposed that the commission should not allow securities to be issued above a fair value of the property, and that rates should be fixed on the basis of actual cost. No other States tackled this problem in a serious way. Several minor attempts, in Missouri and elsewhere, were defeated also.

Another control the commissions have to a large extent lost is that over operating expenses. The advent of holding companies means that the operating utilities let the holding companies do many services of engineering and financing for them. Over these the commissions have small power. The case for interstate control lies less in the fact that some power is shipped across State lines in a way to dodge regulation than in the fact that the holding company charges can not now be controlled, although the two companies have common ownership. Only in one State, Indiana, was a bill for holding-company control introduced, and that was defeated by adjournment of the House. The New York bill, once supported by the commission in that State, was not introduced.

Twenty-nine States do not even have nominal control over the purchase price paid for all operating utilities under their jurisdiction, and there is a danger that the excess prices now being paid by holding companies will, within a few years, become part of the base on which we will have to pay rates. But even States like New York which have a nominal control permit excess prices. In four years the New York commission let an excess over costs of $202,000,000 be paid and then began opening the way for it to become part of the rate base. A little more delay and the holding companies will not be afraid of control.

Bills for investigation of the regulatory system of the water-power situation were defeated in Kansas, Missouri, North Carolina, Minnesota, Pennsylvania, and Georgia. In New York several similar bills were offered and one, which gives the majority political leaders six places on a commission of nine, was passed. Colonel William Donovan has been appointed counsel for the investigating body. Massachusetts voted to investigate the financial holdings of its utilities.

There are eight States without commissions to control the power industry. In Texas, Florida, Kentucky, and Delaware bills for such commissions were introduced and defeated. In Kentucky the utility men appeared in favor of the proposal. In West Virginia the water-powers were put under a commission on about the easiest licensing terms allowed in any State in the country, and an amendment that power could not be sold outside the State cheaper than inside was defeated. Similar proposals concerning the export of hydro-electric power were shelved in other States. Maine voted to export its power, subject to a referendum and an excise tax on all export, of which a quarter million dollars annually is to be devoted to rural service. No guaranty as to lower rates accompanies the proposal.

The only improvement in the system which passed this year was a relatively small one, in Ohio. A legal and engineering staff is to be set up inside the commission to hear and submit cases to that body. This is a small recognition that the commissions have gone judicial. Otherwise the record of nibbling toward improvement of the regulatory system is a consistent one of defeat. In Indiana and Pennsylvania bills allowing the commissions a few more months to consider rates before they go into effect were lost. In Illinois a proposal to allow the commission to collect reparations for overcharges was lost. Bills in Texas, Missouri, and New York to reduce the rate of return were lost.

In addition to these attempted changes in regulation several efforts were made to supplement the breaking system by a program of government or municipal ownership. In New York Governor Roosevelt got nowhere with his proposal for a board of trustees to develop the St. Lawrence water-powers. In Minnesota the proposed $50,000,000 bond issue for State water-power development was lost. In Wisconsin the Senate defeated the constitutional amendment to allow the State to recapture and develop its water-powers. In Texas a bill to revoke all permits for dams on public streams which had not been started to date was lost. In Nebraska a bill to establish a bureau of water conservation and utilization was lost. Bills for power districts in Iowa, Illinois, Wisconsin, and Washington were either voted on adversely or shelved. In Nebraska, however, the power district bill of 1927 was amended to meet constitutional objections and repassed.

The municipalities of the country have long been suffering from limitations put upon them which prevent them from raising money for power and light plants in the same way as the companies do, on the strength of the expected earnings of their proposed plants. They have, for the most part, to stay within debt limits which in thirteen States are below 5 per cent of their assessed valuation and in thirteen others below 10 per cent of it. These limits they use up quickly enough for schools, sewers, and other public necessities. They are also held down by law in most States from expanding beyond the city limits as private companies may do. These two limitations, far more than the tall talk of

the utilities about "governmental inefficiency," explain the lack of growth of municipally owned plants in this country. A great number of bills to give them more freedom to grow on an equal plane were introduced, notably by some of the Western leagues of municipalities. With one exception in Nebraska, one in Wisconsin, and another in North Dakota those of major importance were all defeated.

There is no reason to believe that this record of power company victories will be changed next year under a similar scattering and random attack. Any changes to be made in the interests of the consumers will come only through heavy mobilization. There is little nourishment to be had in nibbling the insiders in the power industry out of the favorable positions they have captured inside the lines of regulation. They profit far too heavily where they are to yield lightly. They have concentrated enough wealth to control the country and apparently that is exactly what they propose to continue to do.

The Power Trust in the Public Schools

By GEORGE W. NORRIS

THE difference between barbarism and civilization is education. Tyrants cannot permanently rule an educated people. Ignorance is the mother of superstition and superstition is the domain of despots. Intelligence is the foundation of democratic government.

In America we have the public school system. It is essential to the perpetuity of our institutions. If our public schools are perverted and defiled, our governmental institutions are weakened and will eventually be destroyed. A new crop of rulers must take control every generation and a government which would prosper and a people who would retain and increase their happiness must prepare the oncoming generations for new governmental responsibilities which are continually falling upon their shoulders.

We are living in the dawn of an electric age. Nature has not only supplied us with electricity, this necessity of human happiness, but she has likewise furnished the means by which it can be made. Every drop of flowing water, coming from the snows, the springs, and the rain, as it travels its downward course, possesses the power of converting, out of nothing as it were, this wonderful element of modern civilization. This is a property which belongs to all of us, a source of human happiness. It has become a necessity of modern life. Therefore it should never become the subject of private profiteering. Its utilization in the homes of America and in the factories of commerce, for practical purposes, depends to a very great extent upon the elimination of private profit from its generation and distribution. Like water, it should be supplied to our people at actual cost.

For several years a contest has been going on between those who believe this work should be done as a governmental function and those who believe that the right to use our public streams for this purpose should be turned over to private corporations for private profit. It was supposed for some time that this was a fair and open contest between the believers in two separate and distinct doctrines of government. If this were true, then the contest would be just. Intelligent, educated people would decide the question the same as they would decide any other governmental question, after full debate and fair consideration.

In the course of the debate in the Senate on the Muscle Shoals question, it was frequently alleged that there was a Power Trust in this country; that it was nation-wide in its control. Indeed, it was charged that this trust reached out into foreign countries and was, in fact, international in its operation. These charges were scoffed at. They were ridiculed. The men making them were denounced as enemies to human progress.

As a result of this discussion, the Federal Trade Commission was directed to make an investigation. And what has been the result? It has been ascertained that there exists in this country a combination, the most powerful that has ever been put together by human ingenuity. These power magnates have divided the country into districts and put a ruler of their own in each district. These managers are assisted by assistant managers, by division superintendents, and by almost an unlimited number of specialists, lawyers, and hired men and women in all walks of life. It has been shown that millions of dollars have been spent to keep this machinery in operation. It has been shown that $400,000 was raised by this trust to control the action of the federal Congress. In the main, this particular attempt was to defeat the Muscle Shoals bill, the Boulder Dam bill, and the Senate resolution directing an investigation of the subject. Untold sums have been spent to control the press, usually by methods which were indirect, but unfair and disgraceful, nevertheless. Armies of emissaries secretly representing this trust have gone into every community. They have undertaken to control legislatures, public-service commissions, members of the national Congress, public educators, school boards, municipal authorities, commercial clubs, secret societies, women's clubs, boy-scout organizations. They have not forgotten the preacher in the pulpit. They have sent lecturers, ostensibly traveling upon the business of State universities, to lecture to farmers' clubs and social organizations. They have sent women into the field to speak at women's teas and various similar organizations. They have organized committees of inspection to examine the textbooks used in the public schools. They have issued thousands of pamphlets to be used in the classroom. They have entered the universities of the country and subsidized professors and leaders in educational lines.

The trust has done all this secretly. No one would have any right to object and no one would object if these private corporations would advocate openly their viewpoint and their method of supplying electricity to the people. No one would find fault if this discussion and these influences were operating in public. But these emissaries were not known by the people who heard them or the people to be influenced by them to be in the pay of this monopoly. The propaganda which was fed to the press was, in the main, published as editorial

or news matter and the readers had no knowledge that this material was supplied from some central headquarters of the trust. In order to conceal their activities from public view it was necessary that they sail under false colors. We ought to ask at this point where they secured the money with which to carry on this warfare. Where did they get the funds which they used so lavishly to fool the people? It must be remembered that the Power Trust has only one source of revenue, and that is the money contributed by the people who buy their product. They were using our money to deceive us and our children.

The evidence before the Federal Trade Commission discloses the sending of a catechism into the public schools of some of our States. In this catechism are questions and answers which it was intended the children should memorize. The answer to one of these questions reads as follows:

> In every case in which a community has attempted to operate a public service utility which is subject to great change and development, it has been found that the costs of the service are higher than when the service is furnished by a private corporation.

This statement is not only misleading, but it is absolutely false. It undertakes to put into the minds of our children a falsehood, and it does this under the guise of education.

Another answer to one of the questions in this catechism stated in effect that statistics have proved that the cost of living in cities operating their own utilities is much higher than where the service is intrusted to private enterprise.

It is shown in this same catechism that the power magnates were trying to prevent criticism of their own activities. They were trying to instil in the minds of the children the idea that such criticism was unpatriotic and should never be indulged in by good citizens. For example:

> QUESTION: What is the effect of adverse criticism upon utility service?
>
> ANSWER: When people in any community criticize adversely public utilities in their city they are advertising their own city to outsiders as a poor place in which to live and are thereby retarding its growth.

Down in Alabama a college professor was hired by the power companies to carry on their work. He traveled over the State, talking to church gatherings, farmers' organizations, Rotary clubs, Kiwanis clubs, etc., and somewhere in every speech he made he had carefully tucked away misleading statements praising the private-power interests and condemning municipally owned electric-light plants. He was introduced as a director of extension of the university, a man interested in the industrial development of the State, but it now develops from the investigation that he was paid regularly by the Power Trust over $600 a month.

One of the representatives of the trust, in writing to a trust representative in a different State, after describing how he had succeeded in outlining the public-utility courses in two universities, wound up by saying:

> We laid the groundwork circumspectly and with great care, so that the actual suggestion that such courses be started came from the faculties of the institutions themselves. The rest was routine.

The evidence shows that in some States the trust was successful in bringing about a complete revision of the textbooks of the public schools of the State. The methods pursued depended upon the conditions that had to be overcome. In one State where the power companies were undertaking to have the textbooks of the schools edited so as to give their viewpoint to the student, one of the letters on the subject contained the following language:

> Of course, all of the business must needs be transacted with exceeding tact and diplomacy. Local conditions and prejudices will have to be taken into account when the educators are approached. Also it may be well to note what appropriation the school superintendent may have at his disposal for the purchase of textbooks. It may well be that avenues of proper assistance in a small way will present themselves. It may be well worth a utility's while to help in that regard. Such aid, unfortunately, is subject to misinterpretations and would therefore have to be rendered in a manner well safeguarded from suspicion.

I am not undertaking to give a complete résumé of the evidence. To do that would fill volumes. I am only trying to give a few illustrations of what is going on in free America. All of it has been done in the name of private ownership of public utilities. Has not the time come when those who love our public schools, who want to guard them with honesty and to preserve them in purity, should raise their voices in condemnation of this unrighteous and unpatriotic attempt to utilize the public school system to control public sentiment for private gain?

The Centralization of Power Control

THIS table, prepared by H. S. Raushenbush for the Committee on Coal and Power, shows that seventeen holding companies control 85 per cent of the nation's power. The first two combinations, which together control 34 per cent of national production, work in such close cooperation that they could be classed as one.

Rank	Name	Thousands of kwh[1]	Per cent of total
1	United and affiliates	15,084,925	18.80
2	Electric Bond and Share	12,245,572	15.26
3	Insull	8,347,894	10.40
4	North American	5,720,291	7.13
5	Consolidated Gas	3,835,037	4.78
6	Standard Gas and Electric	3,624,310	4.51
7	Southern California Edison	2,421,357	3.00
8	Pacific Gas and Electric	2,322,015	2.89
9	Stone and Webster	2,273,470	2.82
10	Detroit Edison	2,142,549	2.66
11	Associated Gas and Electric	1,917,055	2.40
12	Duke Power	1,745,776	2.17
13	American Waterworks and Electric	1,727,565	2.15
14	Cities Service	1,426,122	1.77
15	Con. Gas (Balt.)—Penn Water	1,418,650	1.76
16	International Paper-Power[2]	1,325,660	1.65
17	United Light and Power	1,203,068	1.50
		68,781,316	85.76
	Next 15 groups	5,399,535	6.75

[1] On basis of mergers to June 15, 1929, and latest published figures of production by companies 1927—80,200,000,000 kwh.

[2] Has on its board directors from other New England companies representing a further production of 1,635,480,000 kwh.

Wisconsin's Power Fight

By ALVIN C. REIS

LAST spring a conservative Wisconsin daily remarked: "If anyone doubts that the battle lines are now forming in Wisconsin for perhaps the most gigantic struggle in a decade, he has only to inform himself of the hearings held during the past week in the Assembly Committee on Judiciary." Those hearings concerned the new public-power program which challenges the private ownership of Wisconsin's electric power. The program, which has attracted national attention, embraced three proposals:

1. A constitutional amendment enabling the State of Wisconsin to recapture its water-power and engage in the generation and distribution of electric power.

2. A power district bill authorizing cities and intervening rural territories to establish district units for the production and distribution of electricity.

3. Enabling legislation designed to aid municipalities in the public operation of electric utilities.

The constitutional amendment on recapture reads in part as follows:

> For the purpose of promoting the wider use of electricity in the home and on the farm and for the purpose of promoting the industrial development of the State by providing abundant electric power, the State may acquire by gift, purchase, and condemnation, and may own, convey, construct, develop, extend, improve, add to, conduct, manage, control, and operate water-powers and electric utilities; and may generate, distribute, buy, and sell heat, light, water, or power directly or indirectly. To carry out the purposes of this section the State shall have all the powers incident and necessary thereto, including the power to borrow money.

In the 1927 Legislature this proposal was introduced; it passed the Assembly 70 to 13, and was killed in the Senate 20 to 10. In the 1929 session this constitutional amendment was again introduced. It passed the Assembly 71 to 19. On July 31 it was killed in the Senate by the vote of 17 to 16—a single vote! The amendment will be introduced in the 1931 session and I believe that it will pass.

What is the basis of this proposed constitutional provision? The political philosophy behind it is that water-power is a natural resource to be held in trust by the State for the benefit of all the people rather than to be alienated to private interests.

There is, moreover, a substantial business argument for State ownership and operation of its water-power. Guy Tripp, chairman of the Board of Directors of the Westinghouse Company, is authority for the statement that 80 per cent of the cost of producing electricity from water-power consists of fixed charges, which are principally dividends on stock and interest on bonds. That fact is not true of any other productive business. In the ordinary manufacturing business the elements which go to make up the cost are mainly labor and material. In the mining business it is practically all labor and transportation. Go into any ordinary manufacturing plant and you will find swarms of workingmen and piles of material. Go into a power plant and you will find nothing sitting there but an investment. In the enormous plants along the Menominee River in Wisconsin, for example, you will find generally only one man around and in most cases he is not really necessary except as a watchman. The lower plants are run from the plant above on the river. They are classed as automatic or semi-automatic. There is no labor cost. There is no material cost. Practically the whole cost lies in the fixed charges on the investment.

What is the point of this illustration? It is this: The State of Wisconsin can borrow money at from 4 per cent to 5 per cent. The private utility in Wisconsin is entitled to earn a return on its investment of 7 per cent, perhaps 8 per cent (and indeed under decisions of the United States Supreme Court may be entitled to earn this on its reproduction value). Now this difference between 4 per cent or 5 per cent and 7 per cent or 8 per cent—we will say an average of 3 per cent difference—if amortized over a period of less than twenty years, will retire the entire investment! Two per cent amortized over twenty-five years or so will retire the original investment completely. When the original investment is retired the fixed capital charges which apparently are the principal item in the cost of water-power are also done away with.

What was the objection advanced to the control and operation by the State of Wisconsin of its water-power? "State Socialism." We have eighty-six municipal electric plants in Wisconsin. There are 2,581 in the United States, in addition to 7,000 municipally owned water-works. The difference in theory between 2,500 cities supplying electric power and a State recapturing the natural resources of its water-power, is difficult to comprehend. What difference is there between a water-works and a water-power plant? The city of Madison owns its water-works but is not socialistic. Why is it good republicanism to turn on the faucet, but socialism to push the electric-light button?

Ontario, where the public hydro-electric project exists in all its glory, is conservative politically. Socialism is decried. The government project was started by Canadian manufacturers under the regime of a conservative premier, Sir James Whitney. Sir Adam Beck, who was in charge of the government undertaking from its inception until his death, was knighted by the King of England for his magnificent work for the people of Ontario. The local public-service commissions in the 252 municipalities now joined in the Ontario project are almost invariably composed of the outstanding manufacturers and business men of the community.

The Wisconsin power district bill (consisting incidentally of forty-one printed pages) authorizes the creation of a new kind of governmental units to be known as "municipal power districts." These power districts may be organized by two or more municipalities but are distinct units from the municipalities themselves, with their own governing bodies, their own properties, and their own assets and liabilities.

Municipal power districts will be organized upon referendum vote of the people in the municipalities included within the district. No municipality may be included unless a majority of its electors vote in favor of joining the power district. The referendum may be brought about in one of two ways: Either by resolution passed by the governing bodies of at least one-half of the municipalities proposed to be included within the district, or by resolution of not less than 10 per cent of all the electors within the territory proposed to be included. If a district is organized additional territory may be joined thereto by referendum vote in the municipalities proposed to be added. Under no circumstances, however, is a municipality ever to be divided.

The governing body of the power district is a board of five directors nominated by subdistrict primaries and elected for four years. The actual management of the utility properties owned by the power district is vested in a general manager selected by the directors.

In the management of its property the power district will have substantially all the powers of a private utility. It can mortgage its property or any portion thereof and may lease, sell, buy power or anything connected with the generation or distribution of power. In addition the power district, being a governmental subdivision of the State, has the power to issue bonds, which are a general obligation upon all the property within the power district, and also the power to levy taxes.

It should be emphasized in this connection that the power district bill does not allow a district to start a plant or system to *compete* with a utility already covering that district. The district must *acquire* the existing plant or system and pay for it at full value. In other words, this is not a municipal competition bill. It is not "confiscation." It may also be pointed out that the property of the power district will be taxed exactly as is the property of a private utility.

What is the purpose of the power district bill? It is twofold. Under the State constitution no governmental unit within the State may become indebted to a greater amount than 5 per cent of the assessed valuation of the property within its borders. That restriction practically blocks any municipality today from acquiring or extending an electric utility. If a modern municipality were to take over all utility properties within it, the 5 per cent limit would thereby be absorbed so that it could have no other indebtedness whatever. So great has been the demand, moreover, for schools, parks, and numerous other municipal undertakings that many municipalities are finding it difficult to finance even such improvements within the debt limit, without thinking of acquiring utilities.

The power district, constituting a new governmental subdivision, will under the constitution have its own 5 per cent debt limit based upon the assessed valuation of all property within the power district. The indebtedness for the power district will be entirely distinct from the indebtedness of the municipalities within the territorial limits of such power district. This expedient will allow the acquisition of electric property.

The more fundamental purpose of the power district bill is to enable the public to conduct electric operations on a large scale and to enjoy the advantages of big-business operation now available to the private utilities in the field. Six corporations—reflecting, in fact, only three holding corporations—control 75 per cent of the electric business of Wisconsin. In contrast the eighty-six municipal corporations in the business are each forced to work as individual, isolated units.

If a large private company can concentrate under one management the electric business in a score of communities, why should not these communities themselves, if they have or desire their own electric undertakings, be allowed to make the same concentration? If Two Rivers can obtain current from Manitowoc, why should they not be allowed to unite? And who is the best judge of such a union, the legislature or the municipalities themselves?

The city of Kaukauna which has one of the most efficient electric plants in the world, municipal or private, can produce 100,000,000 more kilowatt hours, but it has no market for this supply within the city limits. If a power district were opened up to it, it could dispose of this product. In the town of Vandercook 100 per cent of the farmers want Kaukauna's cheap service and not that supplied by the private utility. If and when the power district bill passes, the city of Kaukauna and the town of Vandercook and perhaps even an appreciable portion of the Fox River Valley can get together in one single public power district. And that is why the privately owned utilities considered the bill dangerous. It should be emphasized that the legislation is purely permissive, not mandatory. No municipality or rural territory can become part of a power district except by the will of the people expressed in that district.

What were the objections of the utilities to the power district plan? The first one was that the power district will have the power to issue bonds. But what of it? Milwaukee financed its water-works by bonding and now owns its plant worth millions of dollars, practically debt free. Most financing will be done by mortgage bonds anyway and not by general obligation. Moreover, the people must approve a bond issue before it can be floated. Finally, bonds are not a new obligation. Municipal bonds represent only a paper transfer of debt. A private utility today has a perpetual mortgage on the community. All that the municipality does is to take over the mortgage. The people are paying the interest on the bonds in rates today. They will do the same thing in a power district and no more. The only difference will be that the rate of interest may be lower and that the district will ultimately retire its indebtedness.

A second objection to the power program is that the district will have the power to tax. Of course it will. The tax power stands behind the bonds of any governmental unit whether it be United States government, State government, city, county, school district, drainage district, or power district.

As a matter of practice the tax power is not used in the conduct of a municipal electric utility. There is not a publicly owned electric utility in Wisconsin today, to my knowledge, that is taxing its people to pay bond interest or for any other purpose. The municipal utility supports itself. Sometimes the utility is supporting the municipality.

The enabling legislation of the public-power program in Wisconsin consisted of the Loomis bill and the Carow resolution. The Loomis bill authorized cities to compete with private utilities without a certificate of con-

venience and necessity. The bill passed the Assembly but was killed in the Senate. The Carow resolution provided that in computing the 5 per cent debt limitation, there should not be included the indebtedness incurred in financing any income-producing utility. This gave relief to that extent from the constitutional restriction which as it now exists is a legal deterrent to electrical operations by many cities. The Carow resolution is the only part of the power program that passed. Thus goes into history the Wisconsin power fight of 1929.

Thus, it is predicted, there begins the greatest battle of the next decade in Wisconsin. It is a battle to give the public operation of electric utilities—which has been an avowed policy for a quarter of a century in this State and nation—a chance! Basically, Wisconsin's public-power program is simply this: Let the people by adopting the constitutional amendment on recapture or by forming a power district decide for themselves whether they want public or private operation of electric utilities. That is not radicalism. It is democracy.

Federal Control of the Power Trust

By DREW PEARSON

TWO years ago last March the Sixty-ninth Congress was attempting to end its last days without leaving too much work unfinished when Senator Walsh of Montana introduced a resolution. It was a measure deliberately calculated to make history and the history which it started is still being recorded. The resolution provided for a Senate investigation of the financial structure and the propaganda agencies of the Power Trust.

Walsh had hoped that in the stampede of legislation which always attends the closing days of any Congress, his resolution would slip by unnoticed. But it did not. The ever-watchful agents of the power companies got wind of it, and when unanimous consent was requested someone who had been tipped off objected. The resolution was sent to committee. There Walsh waged a lone battle. Against him was arrayed a battalion of the most high-powered lawyers the utilities could mobilize. Every kind of publicity which an astute corps of power-company propagandists could devise was brought into play.

Walsh fought on. Many members of his own party on the Interstate Commerce Committee deserted him. For days he stood at bay against the army of power-trust attorneys. Finally by a majority of one vote, a coalition of progressives of both parties reported his resolution to the Senate.

There he faced a fight even more bitter. The Power Trust redoubled its energy and its propaganda. Seeing that they could not entirely defeat the investigation, the utilities attempted to sidetrack it, and on the motion of Senator George of Georgia, whose largest campaign contribution had come from a power company, the investigation was snatched from the dreaded hands of Senatorial inquisitors and shunted to the supposedly innocuous Federal Trade Commission.

That was one year and one-half ago. But times change. Just before the summer recess of the present special session of Congress, Senator Couzens, now chairman of the Interstate Commerce Committee, also waited for an opportunity to pass a resolution. His measure likewise called for an investigation of the Power Trust. But whereas the Walsh resolution provided only for an investigation of the finances and propaganda of gas and electric companies, the Couzens resolution provided for an investigation of every possible phase of the power industry—from financing and propaganda to ownership and control, and including service and rates. It provided not merely for the investigation of gas and electric companies but of radio companies—meaning the Radio Corporation of America; telegraph companies—meaning Postal and Western Union; and telephone companies—meaning the American Telephone and Telegraph Company. In fact there is no phase of the power industry or any branch of it which the Couzens resolution cannot investigate.

Senator Couzens made no secret of his resolution. The power interests must have been familiar with its tremendous potentialities. But they brought no battalion of lawyers. They unloosed no deluge of propaganda. Apparently the floodlight of publicity which the Federal Trade Commission had turned upon them had unnerved them and they feared to register publicly their opposition to further investigations. The resolution passed—unopposed. Yes, times do change.

But the Couzens investigation paves the way for greater changes. The resolution provides for hearings on the Couzens bill, which in turn is the most drastic plan for the control of the power and communications trusts yet before Congress. It lumps together all of the power activities of the nation, so far uncontrolled, and places them under the supervision of a commission similar to the Interstate Commerce Commission, which is to be called the Commission on Communications and Power.

It takes, for instance, the regulation of telegraph and telephone lines away from the Interstate Commerce Commission, which has been much too busy regulating railroads ever to pay any attention to these other two interstate carriers. It takes control of radio communication away from the Federal Radio Commission, which is to expire on December 31 anyway. And finally it takes over the Federal Power Commission in toto, and adds to its present functions the regulation of interstate power rates.

But to understand how sweeping is the regulation proposed by the Couzens bill, some conception of the present lack of regulation is necessary. The most important regulation which the bill proposes is that of the transmission of power between States. This came as an afterthought, and is one reason why so much importance is attached to the preliminary hearings during which the bill is to be rewritten. It so happens that after Senator Couzens had drafted his plan for regulating telegraph, telephone, and radio companies, a closer study of power disclosed that there exists today no means of regulating the rates which a company generating power in one State may sell it for in another State. There the problem becomes complicated. It becomes so complicated, in fact, that the federal courts have handed down

numberless decisions regarding the special contracts existing between cities in one State and power companies in another, most of which decisions vary and have been interpreted with even greater variance, so that some cities are in hot water with their utility companies most of the time. This interstate regulation is the greatest need in the power field today.

The only interstate check on water-power at present is that exercised under the Federal Water Power Act of 1920, which the Power Trust has done its best to manipulate, circumnavigate, and undermine. Passed during the last days of the Wilson Administration, this law was a compromise among those who advocated government ownership and operation of federal power sites and those who championed private exploitation.

A Federal Power Commission was established composed of three Cabinet members—the Secretaries of War, of the Interior, and of Agriculture. And because these gentlemen are always more engrossed in national defense, oil leases, and farm relief than in such nebulous questions as power control, the commission became the most inefficient and easily manipulated bureau in Washington.

Probably such Secretaries of the Interior as Albert B. Fall and Roy O. West, former attorney for Insull, took more than the average interest in the Federal Power Commission, but on the whole its management was left entirely to its executive secretary.

This key position was occupied for nine years by O. C. Merrill, a power-development enthusiast who wanted to see water-power used regardless of eventual public interest, and who has recently resigned to take a berth created for him by the Power Trust. It is now occupied by Frank E. Bonner, appointed only after Ray Lyman Wilbur, honest but naive when it comes to things outside his own particular educational field, had wired his old friend Paul Downing, president of the Pacific Gas and Electric, to see if Bonner was acceptable. Secretary Wilbur explains that he, personally, knew nothing about the qualifications Bonner should have, so he consulted someone who he thought would know—an illustration of the blessings the Power Trust has enjoyed under the present system of "absentee" commissionerships.

The duty of the Federal Power Commission is to grant fifty-year leases to private companies to develop the water-power sites of the federal government. Because of the "absentee" commissionership system the man who makes the chief decision in granting leases is the man who surveys the site—the commission's engineer. In three cases these engineers have resigned in order to take more lucrative jobs with power companies which had received leases from the commission, and in a fourth case one of them left to take a position with a power lobbying organization.

Since at the end of fifty years these leases expire and the power plant may revert to the federal government at a cost equal to the total investment minus the depreciation reserve, one of the most important duties of the Federal Power Commission is to inspect the accounts of the power companies. Here the Power Trust has resorted to the most persistent subterfuge in order to undermine the law. It has argued, first, that it may be its own judge of how large its depreciation reserve should be, and that its own directors may vote to add to the reserve only when profits are conveniently large, instead of carrying it as a fixed charge, as the Interstate Commerce Commission requires the railroads to do.

Again, the Power Trust has argued that it may charge to its capital investment the stock transfers, engineering and management charges rendered to subsidiary companies by the parent concern—all of which increase the price which the public must pay to recapture the plant at the end of fifty years, and also the rates at which electricity is sold during those fifty years.

The Couzens bill is drafted to change all this. Instead of commissioners who have large governmental departments under them and who can work at power regulation only in their spare moments, Senator Couzens proposes that his new Commission on Communications and Power shall be composed of five commissioners, who, like the members of the Interstate Commerce Commission, are experts in their field and devote all their time to this one problem. One of them is to be a specialist on water-power, another on radio, another on telegraphs, and another on telephones.

More important in the bill are the Couzens proposals for regulation of the transmission of interstate power. The Commission on Communications and Power is to undertake this regulation only when petitioned by State authorities, or by a "substantial number" of consumers. However, the commission reserves for itself the right to judge what comprises a "substantial number."

Instead of allowing the commission to be swamped with the job of interestate rate-fixing over the vast area of the United States, the Couzens bill provides for "joint boards" for different localities consisting of one representative from every State where power is produced and consumed. Here again the Commission on Communications and Power is to be the judge regarding what States shall be represented. The joint board is to hear all complaints, render decisions regarding rates, and when it cannot arrive at a decision, pass the question on to the commission at Washington. The commission always retains the right to take any case out of the hands of the joint board and to revise any decision.

One part which will be hotly debated empowers the commission to value the companies controlling interstate transmission. The holding groups have paid prices which are out of all relation to value. In New York State the excess payments amounted to $202,000,000, and at that rate they are probably over a billion for the country. The utility-company support of this commission may be explained by a hope of manipulating it so as to saddle these excess prices on the consumers.

That, in brief, is the bill which has already received the support of some of the strangest bedfellows that ever championed a piece of radical legislation. It has the support, first of all, of the three cabinet members who now head the Federal Power Commission. All of them—Secretary of War Good, Secretary of the Interior Wilbur, and Secretary of Agriculture Hyde—agree that water-power regulation is far too important to receive only a fraction of their time. It has the support of that giant of the wires, the International Telephone and Telegraph Company. It has the support of that octopus of the air, the Radio Corporation of America.

Finally, if Mr. Hoover's friends are to be believed, it also has the support of the man who on the steps of the Capitol on last March 4 proclaimed that "because we substantially confer a monopoly limiting competition, we must regulate services and rates."

Governor Roosevelt's Power Program

By SAMUEL I. ROSENMAN

IN New York the people's fight for the control of power resources is a State fight because the law does not permit the city governments to go into the power business except by special act. For several years a bitter struggle has been in progress at Albany for the development of a State power program that would protect the consumers. A sharp difference of opinion as to the method of development has delayed the program.

With the exception of Governor Hughes the Republicans have favored leasing our natural water-power resources to private companies. Governor Smith and more recently Governor Roosevelt have favored State development and operation.

The plan proposed by Governor Roosevelt goes much further than State development. It provides that in the distribution of State-generated energy State contracts with the power companies replace the present unsatisfactory form of regulation. As far as the State water-powers go it involves the creation of a Board of Trustees to be appointed by the Governor, by and with the consent of the Senate, to be constituted as a public corporate entity. These power trustees would have no stockholders, but would be given the power to issue securities to be sold to private investors. These securities would be exempt from federal and state taxation and would be secured by the power structures to be built and by the revenues derived from the sale of water-power. The proceeds from the sale of the securities would, of course, be used to build the necessary structures at the source of supply and equip them for the development of the power. Interest and principal would be paid out of the proceeds to be derived from the sale of the electrical energy produced. The securities would themselves be the obligation only of the public corporation, the power trustees, and not of the State itself. In this way, neither the money of the State would be expended nor its credit pledged.

New York has already seen the successful working out of these principles in its New York Port Authority, which has built, and is still building, great bridges serving the port of New York, and is now planning other tremendous port projects, raising the necessary funds by the sale of tax-exempt, low-interest bonds, secured by and paid out of the revenues of the improvements constructed by it. In this way, bridges costing a hundred million dollars have been and are being financed and completed without pledging the credit of the State for a single penny, or requiring a single dollar of taxpayers' money (except as temporary advances).

Only the other week a bridge across Lake Champlain, connecting the State of New York with the State of Vermont, was opened to traffic. This bridge was built and financed under a similar arrangement. A bi-State commission appointed respectively by the governors of New York and Vermont built this bridge out of the proceeds of bonds issued by it as its corporate obligation and secured by the bridge and the revenues therefrom. In the same way, the necessary power structures could be erected by the proposed water-power trustees without ultimate cost or liability to the State. There would be no stockholders to demand dividends; and interest rates would be kept at a minimum by the nature of the security and its tax-exempt feature.

The foregoing constitutes in brief outline that part of the New York water-power program which deals with providing the physical plant for transforming falling water into electrical current. It involves a definite declaration of the public policy of the State that the natural water-power sites in, upon, or adjacent to the rivers to be developed shall remain inalienable to the people; that all structures necessary to the development of hydro-electric power, including dams and power plants, necessary for the generation of such hydro-electric power, shall be built, financed, owned, and physically operated by a public authority in accordance with a plan to be approved by the Legislature of the State of New York.

So much for the question of developing the power. The other problem, which is of even greater importance to the consumers of the State, deals with the transmission and distribution of this current from the plant where it is developed to the industries and homes of the people of the State. Governor Roosevelt has announced, in the bill introduced at Albany last March, the definitive principles which should govern such distribution. They are (1) that the development, generation, transmission, and distribution of power shall be made in such manner and on such terms as to assure fair and impartial treatment to all consumers at the lowest rates compatible with a fair and reasonable return on the actual cost; (2) that the rates to be charged consumers for power shall be based on the cost of the service, considering only the actual capital outlays spent in plant investment and working capital, with a proper allowance for obsolescence and depreciation, and the necessary operating expenses (all to be determined in accordance with rules to be established by the commission), plus a return on the capital investment not exceeding the interest paid on borrowed money and dividend rates paid on preferred stock, not in excess of the rates currently payable on preferred stock at the time of its issuance, and not to exceed 8 per cent on all other capital actually paid in, in cash or in property; and (3) that such rates shall not be subject to the rate-regulating power of the Public Service Commission.

The change made by Governor Roosevelt in the plan proposed by Governor Smith consists of this definite declaration of policy in removing from the Public Service Commission all power to regulate the rates charged consumers for power secured from the State. Instead of utilizing the regulatory powers of the Public Service Commission the present plan proposes to substitute the method of contract with distributors of electric power. It is definitely provided that in fixing these contractual rates only four things are to be considered: the capital investment, allowing for depreciation; the actual operating expenses determined in accordance with fixed rules; the actual cost of bonded and preferred financing; and a return not to exceed 8 per cent on other capital investment.

The Governor, in his water-power message to the legislature last March, called attention to the present widespread belief in the ineffectiveness of the existing rate-regulating powers of the Public Service Commission. Indeed, during the last legislative session he proposed the creation of a commission to study the whole question of the powers of the Public Service Commission with a view toward revising the entire method of regulation of public utilities and other corporations coming within its jurisdiction. As a result of his recommendation there was created and is now functioning an investigating commission charged among other things with the duty of recommending necessary amendments in the Public Service Commission law for better regulation.

When public service commissioners were first created in this State and in other States, one of the basic purposes was to protect consumers by providing fair rates based on a fair return to private capital. The principle was adopted that profits from private capital engaged in a public-utility enterprise should be limited to a fair return only, and that when greater profits than such a return were earned they would be passed back to the consumer in the form of lower rates.

Since that time, this original protection for the consumer has been to a large extent nullified. Recent court rulings involving replacement value, "going value," so-called good-will, return on capital, and allowances for reserves, have made legally possible investment returns never dreamed of by the framers of the original public regulatory theory. For that reason, the Governor has sought to avoid the rate-regulating powers of the Public Service Commission as applied to the water-power to be developed by the State. The plan, therefore, contemplates that the board developing the power should ultimately enter into contracts with transmitting and distributing companies under which a fair price to the consumer will be guaranteed. It is a method frankly based on a theory of contract rather than a theory of regulation. Of course, the bill provides that the board should submit any such contract to the legislature for acceptance, rejection, or modification before executing it.

This plan, it is believed by the Governor, provides a definite protection to the consumer, in that it makes the right to have power from the power station depend absolutely on a fixed maximum return on actual investment, with books kept in accordance with rules fixed and agreed upon in advance. The details of the actual construction and transmission would, of course, have to be worked out by the power trustees themselves and would require approval by the legislature. The engineering phases of the problem, the necessary negotiations with the representatives of Canada and its Provinces, the question of the necessity of a federal treaty and of federal legislation, the conferring with power interests for the purpose of arranging the contract, and the details of financing would all have to be looked after by the trustees, but only in accordance with the foregoing principles of public policy as declared in the bill.

This proposed method of distributing electrical energy by contract increases the importance and danger of the recent power merger created by the formation of the Niagara Hudson Power Corporation to take over the capital stock of the Buffalo, Niagara and Eastern Power Corporation, the Northeastern Power Corporation, and the Mohawk-Hudson Power Corporation. This merger may create such a monopoly of electrical distribution in New York State, outside of the metropolitan area of New York City, that aside from the question as to an actual violation of the State anti-monopoly laws it may put the State to a marked disadvantage in obtaining a proper contract for such distribution. Instead of negotiating with a number of competing companies for fair contracts, the State will apparently be compelled to treat with a single monopoly. However, if a fair contract cannot be obtained from existing distributors, Governor Roosevelt has by fair warning indicated the alternative step in the administration policy. In his message of March 12 he said:

> I want to see something done. I want it done in accordance with sound public policy. I want hydro-electric power developed on the St. Lawrence, but I want the consumers to get the benefit of it when it is developed. They must not be left for their sole protection to existing methods of rate-making by public-service commissions. Are the business men of this State willing to transmit and distribute this latent water-power on a fair return on their investment? If they are satisfied, here is their opportunity. If not, then the State may have to go into the transmission business itself. It cannot on the one hand let this power go to waste, nor on the other be required to yield to anyone who would aim to exploit the State's resources for inordinate profit.
>
> We shall soon know whether or not such a contract can be made. If the trustees can make it and it commends itself to the people of the State, then the legislature and I will approve of it and we can go ahead. But, if no such contract can be made, we shall know the reasons why and protect ourselves accordingly. I want to be in accord with sound business principles. I believe there are enough good business men in this State who see this problem as clearly as I do and will be glad to join with the State in this endeavor. I want to give to business this big opportunity to participate in a public service.

In other words, if a proper and reasonable contract cannot be made which will protect the consumer, the State itself may be forced into providing systems for transmitting this electricity.

The Republican legislature has rejected completely the Governor's plan. It has refused to subscribe to the principles of public policy formulated in his message. Its continued opposition over a period of six years to such a proposal indicates that it will not accept a progressive power program until the force of public opinion compels it. Observers at the Capitol at Albany are doubtful whether this opposition represents the real opinion of the rank and file of the Republican Party. The leadership of the Republican Party, however, appears to be unalterably opposed to this policy of development. How long the Republican political leaders can withstand the force of public opinion in this matter is purely a matter of conjecture.

The issue is clear. It is the interest of the consumers on the one hand, represented by the State, and on the other the interest of those who would use the resources of the State for inordinate profit. Reasonable and fair profit is assured. Does Big Business insist upon exploiting the property of the State for inordinate profit? If so, then, as Governor Roosevelt points out, the State of New York as a matter of self-defense may have to go into the business of transmitting and distributing electricity, as the Province of Ontario has done so successfully.

In the Driftway

IT is odd how many persons, in reading a book, omit the preface. The Drifter would never think of such a thing. He believes that the preface—when there is one—is, if not the most important part of the book, at least essential to beginning it. For a reader to ignore the preface is foolish on his own account and unfair from the standpoint of the author. For it is in the preface, as a rule, that an author explains the scope and purpose of his volume and the circumstances connected with its writing. He gives just the material, in other words, which a real reader always wants as an approach to a book, and which an author is justified in asking anybody to acquaint himself with before attempting to pass judgment on the writing. Sometimes the Drifter reads the preface to a book and skips the rest, but he never skips the preface and reads the rest. The Drifter is also a careful reader of dedications. They are not as important for understanding or judging a book as prefaces, but they often convey a note of human interest which it is a pity to miss. Sometimes, too, dedications contain some light on the reason for a book which the careful reader will like to have, as in Bernard Shaw's "The Intelligent Woman's Guide to Socialism and Capitalism," which is inscribed "To my sister-in-law, Mary Stewart Cholmondely, the intelligent woman to whose question this book is the best answer I can make."

* * * * *

ON the whole, it is the dedications of books on the sea which the Drifter most enjoys, for sailors are a romantic folk whose inscriptions are often elaborate and convey a good deal in regard to the writers' personalities. Nothing could be briefer or tell less than Joseph Conrad's dedication of "Youth," which is simply "To C." On the other hand, "The Rescue" bears the following dedication: "To Frederic Courtland Penfield, last ambassador of the United States of America to the late Austrian Empire, this old-time tale is gratefully inscribed in memory of the rescue of certain distressed travelers effected by him in the world's great storm of the year 1914." Sir Bertram Hayes, formerly commodore of the White Star Line and commander of the steamship Majestic, makes a wide gesture in his volume of reminiscences, "Hull Down," which is "Dedicated to all my friends afloat and ashore." That is too broad for anybody to get much kick out of it. On the contrary, William McFee's first book, "An Ocean Tramp," opens with a statement that is highly personal: "To A——— R ———" Below this are the lines from Heine: "She was lovable, and he loved her. But he was not lovable, and she did not love him."

* * * * *

PROBABLY wives are the ruling favorites for dedications, though mothers press them hard and might turn out to run ahead if anyone wanted to compile the statistics. (So many useless statistics have been compiled already that somebody ought to be fool enough to tackle this job.) Fathers run well behind and husbands are practically left at the post. Morgan Robertson, in his "Spun-Yarn," has a tribute which is nicely conceived and gracefully phrased, as follows:

Dedicated
To the memory of
My Father
Captain Andrew Robertson
A good man, and a strong one
the ablest seaman
I have known.

* * * * *

WHEN sailors dedicate books to their wives they generally manage to refer to them as "shipmates," "pilots," or something similar, and the inscriptions usually contain a good deal of treacle, for sailors are notoriously sentimental about women. (If it weren't so catty the Drifter would add that sailors are sentimental about women because they see so little of them.) Sam Noble dedicates his volume of reminiscences "To Jeanie, my wee pilot," while Frederick Perry, in his "Fair Winds and Foul," cuts loose with this: "To the most tyrannical but just and lovable little captain that ever trod the quarter-deck of the good ship Matrimony, my wife, this book is affectionately dedicated by the author." But the Drifter's favorite dedication is to be found in a volume published last year on Donald McKay, builder of clipper ships, by his grandson, Richard C. McKay:

To the Memory of
Albenia Boole McKay
and
Mary Cressy Litchfield McKay
Who both gave Donald McKay every evidence of love and affection, and made possible much of their husband's success, this volume is dedicated.

The Drifter

Correspondence

The Facts About Gastonia

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: As one of the counsel of the Gastonia strikers I want to register my objection to misstatements of fact made in your magazine. In your issue of July 31 you state: "Out of the darkness came shots fired from shot guns. They seemed to come from the small building used as union headquarters. The police were struck, one died, and two were injured." These are the facts the prosecution will try to establish, but these are not the facts in this case.

The facts which I gathered after interviewing more than 100 witnesses, good, honest, Christian folks who would rather see sixteen persons die in the electric chair than tell an untruth, are as follows: The strikers formed a picket line and marched toward the mill. They were met by the local Gastonia police, who were drunk. They were blackjacked, kicked, and cursed. The strikers offered no resistance, but went back to their tent colony. The police on the picket line threatened that they would come down that night and clean out the bunch of "white trash." About a half hour later the police arrived at the tent colony. With drawn pistols they ran up to the guard, blackjacked him, and took his gun away from him. One of the officers then shot at the strikers. Immediately another officer fired at the headquarters. Then the workers shot. The police fired the first shots which were pistol shots. The workers shot in self-defense only after the police fired.

The "Committee of 100," the vigilante committee organized by the Manville-Jenckes Company, were ready to follow the police at a given signal. They were armed with guns at the Loray mill and given liquor to bolster up their courage. They were delayed only by a long drilling freight train.

Trenton, N. J., August 13 LEON JOSEPHSON

[We did not assert in our editorial of July 31 that the strikers fired first or that the police fired no shots at the strikers. We studiously avoided making such statements because up to that time no affidavits had been produced to show whether the police fired at the strikers and whether any strikers were struck by police bullets. Recently the defense counsel of the Gastonia prisoners has supplied us with a series of affidavits indicating that the police opened fire upon the strikers after deliberately making plans for an attack. As to the truth of these affidavits we cannot vouch, but we are glad to present this view of the tragedy to our readers.—EDITOR THE NATION.]

Doctor Robinson

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Your editorial on Sanity and Sex in the issue of September 4 should evoke the gratitude of all friends of civilization and decency. It is a straightforward gesture in a dangerous field.

In one respect only would the writer suggest an addition. In mentioning some representative names on the International Committee of the World League for Sexual Reform you omitted, probably quite unconsciously, the name of the American who has done more than any other of his countrymen to promote a humane and civilized attitude toward sex—namely, Dr. William J. Robinson, editor of the *Critic and Guide* and author of many wise and useful books on diverse aspects of sexology. We are prone to overlook the work of pioneers. At a time when the researches into sexology carried on by the writer of these lines were limited to observing pictures of Anna Held in tights, and at a time when Calverton, Schmalhausen, et al. existed only as cosmic potentiality, Dr. Robinson was raising his hand almost unaided against the prudes and purists and advocating a medical and sociological attitude toward sexual problems. In a day when neither Margaret Sanger nor Norman Haire had ever heard of a contraceptive device, Dr. Robinson was establishing his position as the first effective American advocate of birth control. By converting the late Dr. Abraham Jacobi to the birth-control position, he did more than any other American to give birth-control respectability in the medical profession.

Northampton, Mass., August 3 HARRY ELMER BARNES

The Candy Rat

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Apropos of Fashions in Food in *The Nation* of August 7, why, oh why was the candy rat forgotten, overlooked, neglected, unmentioned? This slight grieves me. Do you not recall the candy rat—marshmallow, chocolate, (cream, not "milk") coated? His price was one penny.

Each Christmas the candy rat was to be found in the toe of the bulging stocking. Christmas, and life itself, are not quite the same, now that the dingy glass cases no longer shelter the candy rat. We've hunted for him in vain these many years.

RACHEL MAYER KNOTT

Morro Bay, California, August 8

Contributors to This Issue

H. S. RAUSHENBUSH is the author, with H. W. Laidler, of "Power Control," and also of a forthcoming book, "We Fight for Power." He has been secretary of the Committee on Coal and Power.

GEORGE W. NORRIS is Senator from Nebraska.

ALVIN C. REIS is chairman of the Committee on Judiciary of the Wisconsin State Legislature, and has led the fight for the power program which he outlines.

DREW PEARSON is a Washington correspondent of the Baltimore *Sun*.

SAMUEL ROSENMAN is counsel for Governor Roosevelt.

ADA HASTINGS HEDGES frequently contributes poetry to the magazines.

WILLIAM MACDONALD is a regular contributor of historical and political reviews to *The Nation*.

HENRY RAYMOND MUSSEY is managing editor of *The Nation*.

JOSEPH T. SHIPLEY is at work on a book of literary criticism.

EDA LOU WALTON is the author of "Dawn Boy: Blackfoot and Navajo Songs."

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES is pastor of the Community Church of New York.

The Nation Radio Hour—Every Monday at 8 P. M.
526M.—WMCA—750 K.
September 16—Arthur Warner
September 23—Paul Blanshard

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Books and Drama

Summer

By ADA HASTINGS HEDGES

If there should come a wet wind from the sea
To freshen at the heart these hills that parch
Beneath the sun, and if more tenderly
The light should fall from the relenting arch
Of sky, or shadow cooled by rain should fold
In silver mist these broken slopes, subdue
And comfort them, their naked breasts might hold
The peace of forests, dim and veiled and blue.

The desert has its sorrows: dust for dreams
Of mist and trees to soften each contour
Too sharply drawn—of showers and of streams
Implacably withheld by some old foe;
And somewhere in these hills must still endure
A hunger such as only deserts know.

The Great American Tragedy

The Tragic Era. The Revolution after Lincoln. By Claude G. Bowers. Houghton Mifflin Company. $5.

THE story of the twelve years which followed the death of Lincoln has many times been told. Professor John W. Burgess, for example, has scrutinized with withering acumen the extraordinary vicissitudes which the Constitution underwent at the hands of radical Republican politicians, and the late Professor William A. Dunning made some enlightening observations on the political as well as the constitutional phases of the period. Rhodes labored valiantly through it, struggling to give a semblance of order to its sadly tangled elements. We have had a few illuminating biographies and books of reminiscence and a few studies of particular episodes. Not until Mr. Bowers, however, has any writer caught the note of vast and ghastly tragedy that sounds persistently through the long years of reconstruction—a tragedy so great and dreadful as to make the very name of popular government a by-word and leave the record of the Republican Party indelibly stained. "I have sought," Mr. Bowers tells us, "to recreate the black and bloody drama of these years, to show the leaders of the fighting factions at close range, to picture the moving masses, both whites and blacks, in North and South, surging crazily under the influence of the poisonous propaganda on which they were fed." What Mr. Bowers set out to do he has done, and done it brilliantly and with power.

The elements of tragedy in these dozen years could not have been better chosen if the great corrupter of mankind himself had selected them. A defeated, disrupted, and humiliated South, its white population, in the main, branded with disloyalty and its Negroes an ignorant and barely civilized mass; a victorious North flushed with the success of a kind of holy war and reveling in an insubstantial prosperity; an arrogant and corrupt majority party bent upon riding rough-shod over all opposition; an adventitious President whom nobody wanted and another who merited contempt; a horde of politicians and hangers-on in Congress and out, with only here or there a leader of substantial parts: such were the major factors in the spectacular political game. It was admitted that the rebellious South must in some way and at some time be restored to political fellowship in the Union, but the idea of union had been seized upon, even before the fighting ended, as a golden opportunity to make a radical Republicanism supreme. The wrath of heaven visited upon secession was to be turned to partisan advantage; the voice of the people was to be heard only through a Republican machine; while as for the Constitution—let that scrap of paper go hang! Thus was the overthrow of slavery to be celebrated, the Union preserved, and the great experiment of self-government advanced toward completion.

The main ground of controversy was clear from the first. The death of Lincoln left to Andrew Johnson the development and execution of a reconstruction program whose success depended upon the loyal cooperation of the Southern whites, but in which Negro suffrage found no place. Perhaps the program was too generous, but to the Republican radicals it was an anathema. Without the Negro, Republican domination of the South was impossible, and Republican domination was the aim of reconstruction. Hence the twelve dark years of frightfulness, political, military, social, of flagrant violation of the Constitution, of ignorance, greed, corruption, and moral degeneracy in government the like of which no other country has ever known.

Mr. Bowers will not be hailed by scholars as a constitutional historian, and a good deal of the politics that has usually been made prominent in histories of the period is relegated in his book to second place. To be sure, he tells us all that most readers will need to know about Johnson as President, the history of the great reconstruction legislation, the course of military government in the South, the orgies of carpetbagism, the rise and fall of Negro suffrage, the impeachment trial, the colossal ineptitude and corruption of the Grant regime, the Liberal Republican movement of 1873 and the financial crisis of that year, and the Hayes-Tilden contested election. But his main concern is rather with the personal characteristics and conduct of party leaders in both sections, the heated and vitiated atmosphere which Republican politics created and in which the political life of the country went on, the social setting at Washington and in the South, and the harsh conflict of theories, prejudices, ambitions, and resentments which continued until the Republican hold had been broken and a solid South had recovered, in some measure at least, its political independence.

It is here that Mr. Bowers, laden with the fruits of a formidable research, makes his distinctive contribution. He takes us behind the scenes at Washington, from the Capitol and the White House to the boarding-house and the bar-room. We go with him on tours of the South, into the homes of the people and to the State capitals where black and tan governments held sway, and again into the Republican plotting-places of the North and with Johnson on his calamitous speaking tours. We meet Ashley, "this delectable creature" of Republican domination; Thaddeus Stevens, "picturesque old thunderer" and evil genius of the party which he terrorized; Stanton, "molded by nature for conspiracy, if not treachery," and a long list of others who professed to serve truth and justice. The drawing-rooms of the capital open their doors, and we meet the brilliant Kate Chase Sprague, Mrs. Belknap, Mrs. Hamilton Fish, and other hostesses of a society which moved in elegance and dripped corruption. The pen-pictures are innumerable, and catholic in their range: Blaine, Conkling, Greeley, Jim Fisk and Jay Gould, Schurz, Sumner, Ben Butler, Garfield; some of them figures clean and straight like Charles Francis Adams, some, like Greeley, the playboys of ineffectiveness, some daubed with evil beyond all hope of rehabilitation.

Mr. Bowers does not write as if he were wholly impartial, and some of his readers will doubtless feel that his zeal has led him to lay on dark colors with a heavy hand. His defense of Andrew Johnson, for example, seems to be at least all that the evidence warrants, and by so much as Johnson's virtues are magnified the vices of his enemies are blackened. It is the prevailing limitation of downright writing, and Mr. Bowers is downright indeed. The sterling merit of his book is its altogether remarkable recreation of the spirit of the time. If he has dealt severely with great reputations, he has also rescued many lesser ones from neglect. The spokesmen of the South are given a hearing and women lobbyists are unmasked. There is no history of the sordid epoch better worth reading, none better calculated to destroy respect for Republican morals, and none more certain to give its readers shocks and thrills.

WILLIAM MACDONALD

The Crisis in Power Control

Electrical Utilities: The Crisis in Public Control. By William E. Mosher and others. Harper and Brothers. $4.

DR. MOSHER and his associates have written an arresting book, of great value to the student of power control. Syracuse University may well be proud that such a book comes out of its School of Citizenship and Public Affairs. The authors assume that the power industry exists to furnish power to the public efficiently and cheaply: "The electric-power industry performs an essential social function. The state might perform this function. When it leaves it to the industry to do so, the industry acts in a way as an agency of the state." As public-service enterprises, power companies, in accordance with well-established legal principles of great antiquity, are subject to regulation by the state, and (to anticipate the argument) if the companies manage to make regulation ineffective, then public ownership and operation will in due course almost inevitably follow.

Every State in the Union except Delaware has a regulatory commission of some kind, but in seven of them the commission is wholly lacking in jurisdiction over the power industry. The thirty-nine regulating States altogether spend less than $2,000,000 a year on the control of power companies, while the New York Edison Company alone has already spent more than $4,000,000 fighting a single case brought by New York City in 1925 for lower rates. As the companies can charge back upon the public in rates the enormous expense they are willing to lavish in fighting effective regulation, even the best of commissions has a rocky road to travel—and by no means all of the commissions are unduly good. Furthermore, in recent years they have unfortunately shown an increasing tendency to regard themselves as judicial bodies rather than militant defenders of public rights.

But even at best the commissions are sharply limited by the courts, and at worst are rendered well-nigh powerless in the matter chiefly important, namely, rates. This book contains a careful and eminently fair review of the leading cases, and the writers conclude that on the whole the courts are becoming more liberal in their attitude toward administrative bodies, but that the Supreme Court has left the lower courts and the commissions in a state of great uncertainty because of the unclearness of its own principles of rate making. Under the decisions a utility company is entitled to charge rates yielding a reasonable return on the property employed—and here we plunge into the valuation morass. Many people think that the court has gone over bag and baggage to the disastrous basis of reproduction cost. The dicta of the court, notably the language of Mr. Justice Butler in the Indianapolis Water



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Company case, lend much color to this idea, but the actual decisions of the tribunal, as the careful analysis of the present volume shows, have by no means closed the door on the prudent-investment theory, or indicated that the court regards reproduction cost as more than one among many elements in valuation. But the dictum of the court has been carrying quite as much weight with the lower courts and the commissions as its action. "The Massachusetts courts alone have consistently maintained capital honestly and prudently invested and devoted to a public service as their rate base." If this principle, which was challenged in 1927 in the Worcester Electric Light case, ever comes to the Supreme Court and the court makes a clear-cut decision that the utilities are entitled to a return on the basis of present reproduction cost and not of prudent investment, then, in the words of our authors, "the outlook for order in rate regulation will be far from bright"; the rate base will be so raised as to prevent any considerable rate reduction for a long time to come, and the hand of advocates of public ownership will be much strengthened.

The direction of utilities by holding companies exempt from public control (essentially the present situation) is good for the holding companies and bad for the public, to put bluntly the findings of Dr. Mosher and his coworkers, and it is essential that holding companies should be brought under public regulation. Intercorporate financial transactions must be made clear and public. Moreover, with eighteen States exporting from 10 to 92 per cent of the power they generate, and with seventeen importing from a tenth to a half of the power they use, there is no authority, in the absence of congressional action, for the regulation of the wholesaling of power across state lines. Thus, with the development of interstate power transmission, the companies get more and more out of hand. And through it all, the purring motor of the power industry's enormous propaganda machine has lulled the public into complacent sleep. If anyone doubts it, let him read the sober and restrained chapter of this book on the subject.

The investigators conclude, accordingly, that we have reached a crisis in public control. Public complacency, if it continues, will let the utility management continue to exploit the industry, as it has done in the past, for profit—plenty of it. State commissions must be given power and funds to fight for the rights of the public; they must have power to audit accounts; they must be given jurisdiction over holding companies. There must be effective federal control of companies operating across state lines. There must be prompt decision about utilizing great resources like Muscle Shoals, Boulder Dam, and the St. Lawrence in order to lower rates to consumers. Above all, the rate basis must be fixed. Till that is done, control is impossible—and already the Philistines are upon us!

In the second part of their work, the authors examine various more or less effective methods of control now in use, aside from our regulatory commissions. They study the law proposed in Massachusetts whereby all future grants would be refused to any utility that did not agree by contract to accept the State's system of regulation, and they explain fully the possibilities of regulation through the so-called contract system as it might be developed by state and federal authorities. They point out the possibilities of rate control through federal development of the great power resources combined with contracts with private or municipal corporations for distribution on terms strictly determined. Their chapter on the Ontario Hydro-Electric will be a joy to honest men bewildered now and again by some fresh smoke-screen of propaganda and falsehood concerning that enterprise put forth by the National Electric Light Association and its cohorts. With complete fairness, but with merciless clearness, they point out the basis of inaccuracies in these biased reports, and the Hydro emerges for what it is—a successful example of public operation on business principles, with high standards of service, and with a proud record of gains to consumers of all classes.

The English plan of integration of public and private enterprises under a single authority, designed ultimately to create a unified national system, is little known in this country, and the description of it in this book should stimulate the study it deserves.

After pointing out the really surprising degree to which the power industry meets the economists' tests for a publicly operated industry, and showing the almost insuperable obstacles in the way of present expansion of government ownership in this country, Dr. Mosher and his associates go on: "It may be confidently predicted that the present policy of high rates, of resisting control at every point, of secretiveness with regard to financial operations, and of the dubious manipulation of public opinion will be but the initial step in the direction of a public-power monopoly. The alternative and the only safe policy for a public-utility enterprise is acceptance of such changes in the regulatory system as will eliminate the unfortunate practices which have grown up in recent years." Their final conclusion may well be taken to heart by the utility leaders, apparently drunk with pride of power: "The primary and most urgent need in the electrical utility is public-spiritedness among the responsible leaders." Amen!

HENRY RAYMOND MUSSEY

Baudelaire

The Cult of Beauty in Charles Baudelaire. By S. A. Rhodes. Columbia University: Institute of French Studies. Two volumes. $3.

DR. RHODES performs a useful service in reminding us of what even Paul Valéry had forgotten, that Baudelaire's "debt" to Poe was, as the dates show, an affiliation through brotherhood, not discipleship, and that Poe's debt to Baudelaire is largely the recognition of the world. Indeed, there is little about Baudelaire that these two volumes do not display: the poet's keen response to life through each of the five senses, his views on prohibition, his anguished search for spirit through flesh, for God through Satan. Tennyson once protested that more persons than Horace had heard the sea moan; T. S. Eliot, foreseeing pedantic discussion of his own work, tells us the phrase "sylvan scene" in "The Waste Land" occurs earlier in Milton; and Dr. Rhodes, undeterred, assures us that Marcel Proust copied Baudelaire because, in a similar situation, one word is repeated—only in Proust the theme has "reached a lower degree of depravity" because Baudelaire drew down the shades which Mlle Vinteuil and her Gomorrhean (sic) friend leave open!

It is good to see Dr. Rhodes stress Baudelaire's insistence on the idea Jonson pointed: "To judge of poets is the faculty only of poets, and not of all poets, but the best"; but his efforts to "establish a bond between" his "own perceptions and those of the poet" are too labored. No man who writes "like we," "everybody in Balzac . . . have genius"; who discusses the flawlessness of the poet, his sense that every idea has its one perfect expression, and adds "It is up to the artist to discover it"; no one who translates Baudelaire—Baudelaire, whose style was "as polished as his finger-nails"!—into such English as "I am writing now a Salon, without seeing it," can be expected to attain the spirit of the man. This work is offered, not as a translation, but as an original American study of the French poet; and there is indeed no question that those whom the poet himself has inspired will here be, if nothing else, informed.

JOSEPH T. SHIPLEY

Indian Lore

A Book of Indian Tales. By Charles Erskine Scott Wood. The Vanguard Press. $2.

IN this volume the well-known Western poet and author of "Heavenly Discourse" retells Indian tales which he heard during his army career as a young man on the frontier. He makes no attempt to ascribe the tales to any tribe or to give analogies or to be exact in the spelling of Indian names. Most of the stories are those of the Northwest coast tribes. The book, of course, contributes nothing to anthropological collections; it does not attempt to do so. Its purpose is purely romantic: the recreation of the vast mountainous and desert lands where the native peoples clothe in teleological and imaginative lore their tribal habits and beliefs. The tales give one colorfully the atmosphere of early Western days and demonstrate the Indians' methods of thinking through life. Their authenticity need not be questioned since the book is unscientific in its purpose.

One of the best of the tales is not Indian at all. It is the venerable poet's own deep desire clothed in a psychological pattern akin to that of several of the Indian stories. This, the last of the collection, is the story of the long search after the land where death is not. Here, because the poet is freer, the language and method of narrative reach their highest intensity. The book is worth while for this story alone.

The volume may appeal to older children, but it has been written rather for minds that love primitive thought and vision. Many collections of Indian tales exist; the peculiar value of this volume lies in the fact that Mr. Wood heard the stories and has retold them after his own fashion.

EDA LOU WALTON

Contrasts

Nobel: Dynamite and Peace. By Ragnar Sohlman and Henrik Schuck. Cosmopolitan Book Corporation. $5.

THE double-compartment mind is more or less of a commonplace in religion. Michael Faraday, whose researches and discoveries mark an epoch in the history of physical science and yet who believed without doubt or question the most extravagant superstitions of orthodox Christian faith, had such a mind. But this double-compartment type of mentality is more common outside the field of religion than we sometimes imagine. Alfred Nobel, for example! Here is the immortal discoverer and manufacturer of dynamite, ballistite, and other vast explosives which have made war at last the most ghastly horror of the world, and at the same time a passionate lover of peace who glorified the cause by lifelong service and reward. These biographers of the great Swedish scientist recognize that "it seems inconsistent that a man who devoted so much energy to warlike inventions should at the same time have been a pronounced pacifist," and confess that he was "sensitive to the incongruousness of his work with his pacifist sentiments." They insist, however, that along with his scientific genius there was "the eternal idealist" in Nobel. But this is a mixture more mysterious than that of dynamite itself, and it takes a more profound and penetrating study than is contained in this pedestrian and purely external story of the man, to explain the combination. The book has neither literary merit nor historical importance. Its chief value is to be found in its account of the world-famous will, and in its record in the appendices of Nobel's patents and of the Nobel Prize winners.

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES



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THE THINKING MACHINE

By C. JUDSON HERRICK

At All Bookstores. $3.00

The University of Chicago Press

5801 Ellis Avenue Chicago

Fiction Briefs

Ex-Wife. Anonymous. Jonathan Cape and Harrison Smith. $2.

This thin volume purports to be the true story of a woman who was discarded by her husband, and who sought forgetfulness in promiscuity. Her rather lurid career terminated in a sincere passion for a married man. When he left her, she died emotionally, and her final remarriage was merely a passive half-humorous acknowledgment of loneliness. It is evident that the dramatic sequence is exaggerated and that even the more prosaic details of her flight from memory are theatricalized. Nevertheless, the narrative seems to be authentic; it has a certain intangible quality of truth. Whether it is true or not, however, the book is an interesting portrait of a particular type of post-war woman. Her flippant cynicisms, her nonchalant observations on sex, divorce, maternity, and freedom reveal the soul of those young, irresponsible women who have accepted too literally the maxims of Omar, and to whom life has become simply a thing to forget in cocktails and jazz. These incidental epigrams, by the way, are far more interesting than the adventures of the ex-wife who willingly submits to a man whether she loves him, hates him, or is indifferent to him.

Chronicles of a Gigolo. By Julian Swift. Horace Liveright. $2.

This book will probably annoy, and may enrage, those who like to have pleasant distinctions made in their favor. Such readers will be disconcerted in noting how little difference there is between so-called perversion and so-called normalness. They may be surprised to discover how really fine and genuine a person Julian Swift is. Perhaps they will see that this professional dancer has accomplished a good deal, and that the epitaph suggested by one of his clients, "He amused someone," means much. Julian is unsure, clever sometimes, sometimes smart, but the latter we forgive because it is so obviously a defense against a world which openly sneers and covertly slips a five-pound note into one's hand for services rendered. The very defects of the man contribute to an extraordinary self-characterization.

Plus and Minus. By Franz Harper. Translated from the German by Derick Wulff. Covici-Friede. $2.50.

The hero of this ultra-modern German novel knows "no other morality than to kiss and no other philosophy than to be happy." Dominated by runs of good and bad luck which bring alternate success and failure to his undertakings, he creates and exploits a robot in an attempt to win a beautiful compatriot. Mr. Harper's book belongs to the *genre* of "The Madonna of the Sleeping Cars," and provides diverting light reading. The complications which arise in Fedor Harolsen's pursuit of his lovely lady, together with the swiftness of the action, afford compensation for a style that is somewhat chaotic and for the strained sophistication and rather wearing animation of the characters.

The Eater of Darkness. By Robert M. Coates. The Macaulay Company. $2.50.

Both Robert Coates and his first novel are extremely interesting phenomena. For our knowledge of the author we are indebted to Malcolm Cowley, who contributes a critical portrait to the book-jacket. We learn that Mr. Coates is famous everywhere except at literary teas, that he is discussed in Montparnasse, Harlem, Normandy, Broadway, and the Riviera, that he collects matches and mechanical puzzles, and that although he is unknown to the general public, taxicab drivers and the cognoscenti know him very well indeed. The novel itself is an incredible compound of vaudeville and poetry. When the author is not burlesquing the "scientific" detective story, with its voluminous footnotes, he is rhapsodizing on the Palisades at sunset. Stray bits of literary gossip, brief ecstatic tone-poems on downtown New York, melodramatic murders, million-dollar robberies, and whatever else the author happened to think of are strewn indiscriminately over the pages. The result, surprisingly enough, is one of the most amusing novels of the season. According to Ford Madox Ford, it is a Dadaist novel. This should prove that if Dadaism is not taken too seriously, its very unintelligibility may become quite intelligible.

Outsiders. By Josephine Bentham. Rae D. Henkle Company. $2.50.

This is the first time, to our knowledge, that an author has personified in the character of a woman the spiritual confusion that belongs so definitely to this generation. More important than the story of Leslie and Paul's incompatible marriage is the study of Leslie's uncertain relation with life. Were Miss Bentham able to construct a plot as well as she describes Leslie, "Outsiders" would be an important social novel. As it is, Paul and the other characters are not made sufficiently integral to the theme to afford the necessary contrast; they are too casually introduced and poorly handled. The episodes, also, lack all structural connection and the prologue and scenes in the first chapter are inexcusably awkward and unsatisfactory. In fact were it not for the dialogue the style of the book would be negligible. Fortunately, the conversation is vigorous, personal, and idiomatic.

Farmer, Have You a Daughter Fair? By Mike Wallach. The Vanguard Press. $2.50.

The subtitle is: "A Traveling Salesman Meets the Mamselles from Armentières," and the blurb informs us that the "book describes one phase of the World War sadly neglected by historians." This jocular, nudge-in-the-ribs ballyhoo is hardly confirmed by the contents, which are sufficiently banal. From them we learn that when Mr. Wallach had ten francs in his pocket he made a bee-line for the nearest lady of joy; but this can hardly be considered a revelation. Mr. Wallach winds up his trifling smoking-room narrative with a priceless Al Jolsonism: "One more week and discharge! Then a family reunion at home with hearts overbrimming with tearful joy. I sank into my own bed that night, and closed my eyes, vainly seeking sleep. Many times my mother tip-toed into the room. I heard her sigh softly." The book has a certain slight value as a record of the war-reactions of one who was entirely without any emotional relation to the struggle.

Drama

Mauve Decade—With Music

I HAVE never attempted to conceal my genuine—if temperate—liking for what is commonly regarded as the vulgarest type of American musical entertainment. When speed, nakedness, and noise are glorified with the abandon which characterizes the most frenzied of our revues, I revel sedately and am not bored unless the producer aspires to better things. Jazz and black jokes may be exceedingly elementary forms of art, but they are at least genuine and hence infinitely preferable to the attenuated pseudo-gentility of most operetta, with its fourth-rate romanticism and those tinkling little tunes which are nothing except feeble examples of respectable music. "Refined" has always seemed to me the most damning adjective which can be applied to a musical show, and though I

often remain in my seat as long as the dancing is furious enough, nothing except a hurried exit can save me from a lasting fit of depression when the hero and heroine begin to take the moon seriously.

All this is by way of preparing an emphasis for the statement that, despite my adherence to the opinions just enunciated, I nevertheless found very pleasantly beguiling the new entertainment which Oscar Hammerstein 2d is sponsoring and to which, for no very persuasive reason, he has given the name "Sweet Adeline" (Hammerstein Theater). It is, to be sure, a musical comedy rather than a revue. It has, that is to say, a plot which is being remembered at least half of the time and it makes no use whatever of the appeal of bare skin. Yet it manages, nevertheless, to be both lively and entertaining, and I am inclined to attribute this (to me at least) surprising fact to two circumstances: (1) The librettist exhibits some signs of that intelligence and wit which seem generally denied those who compose librettos; and (2) several of the performers are possessed of talents first rate in their kind instead of being, as the stars of semi-serious musical comedy usually are, merely people whose voices are not good enough for opera.

The scene is laid in the gay nineties, and though the humorous possibilities inherent in the quaint ways of our immediate ancestors have been recently overworked, they are here developed with a gentleness which contrasts very favorably with the fatuous overemphasis which has marked a good many of the recent mocking revivals. In the tone of the whole one detects a quality which is almost literary, and one realizes that it is the result of a kind of sophistication quite different from that which is one of the virtues of the rowdy revue. This latter is the sophistication of those whose feeling for the language, manners, and moods of the contemporary noisy set is as extraordinary as their obtuseness where everything else is concerned. It is the sophistication of those who are as familiar with the intricacies of jazz rhythm as they are incapable of appreciating any other kind, and who are as accomplished in their use of slang as they are incompetent to handle any other idiom. But the author of the book of "Sweet Adeline" has, despite the familiarity of the plot material which he uses, a certain sensitiveness which can only be the result of what, for all the inappropriate portentousness of the word, we must call a kind of culture. Hence he can wander from the paths usually trodden by writers of revues without falling into that dull imbecility which is usually the only quality detectable in the work of the contemporary American librettist who aspires to operetta.

As for the talented performers, the most conspicuous are Helen Morgan and Irene Franklin. The former, and more recently renowned, gets all that it is possible to get out of mawkishly doleful ballads of the kind popular in the night clubs where broken hearts have been for some time exceedingly popular. The second, long famous on the vaudeville stage, exhibits a broader range, and her scene programmed as "Lulu Does Her Stuff" is quite the best thing of the whole evening. "Sweet Adeline" is obviously destined to last most of the season and it deserves to do so.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

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THE BLOODIEST CHAPTER in the long history of the Southern mill workers' fight for a good life was written on September 14 when Ella May Wiggins, twenty-nine and the mother of five children, who had been employed in a Gastonia, North Carolina, cotton mill sixty hours a week for $9, was murdered in broad daylight by a mob of mill officials and employees who fired into an unarmed group of workers on their way to a union meeting. The full story of the murder and other recent events in Gastonia is told elsewhere in this issue. The responsibility for the tragedy rests chiefly upon the police of Gastonia and of Gaston County, who had had ample warning days in advance that the "Black Hundred" of the mill owners would stop the meeting on September 14 by force; and in no small degree upon Gastonia's only daily paper, the *Gazette,* which has repeatedly encouraged mob violence against the Communists by its articles and editorials. It is idle for Governor Gardner to say in a proclamation that "Under our system of government the law is supreme." In Gastonia the law is supreme only when it coincides with the wishes of the anti-Communist forces. If the Gastonia authorities had had their way the Communists and strikers charged with the killing of Police Chief Aderholt would have been tried before a prejudiced jury in an atmosphere of hysteria and hate, and sent to the electric chair. If the strike leaders and their followers had not carried guns some of them would have been lynched long ago; and yet, when they procured guns for defense, the police arrested them for "conspiracy to overthrow the government," and later released them for lack of evidence. When the property of the mill owners was mildly threatened at the beginning of the strike five companies of the National Guard were rushed to Gastonia; when the mill strikers were terrorized by armed gangs they had to defend themselves alone. When Chief Aderholt was killed while entering strikers' property without a legal warrant the authorities arrested about sixty strikers and held sixteen for first-degree murder without bail; when Ella May Wiggins was killed they held seven on second-degree murder and manslaughter charges in $1,000 bail, which was promptly furnished by the manager of the Manville-Jenckes mill. If this is law and order, give us anarchy.

THE TARIFF FIGHT is warming up, with the Democrats and Progressives attacking the bill as a "legislative monstrosity" and a "program of special interests," and Senator Smoot and his followers defending it as just what President Hoover wants and something without which the country must expect to go to the dogs. Going to the dogs means, of course, that if the bill is not passed the sacred policy of protection will be jeopardized and domestic goods and other products will not be marked up on a cost-plus-tariff basis. As the administrative provisions of the bill are to be discussed first, we may expect the iniquities of those provisions to be pretty well exposed, but a tariff debate is likely to take in almost anything in sight, and we shall probably hear a good deal about how the duties have been juggled before the schedules of rates are actually reached. Just what Mr. Hoover thinks of the bill is not yet clear, but Mr. Hoover has been very much occupied with the Shearer scandal, Ramsay MacDonald's visit, and the choice of a politician who can be counted upon to keep the Republican fences in the South in good repair for the Congressional elections in 1930 and the general election of 1932, and he will doubtless get around to the tariff later. Meanwhile the agricultural and lumber interests have let it be known that they do not altogether like the Smoot-Hawley bill, and Senator Brookhart of Iowa, who mounted the Hoover bandwagon in 1928 without a quiver, has announced that the bill shall not have his vote unless it offers more protection to the farmers. It would be a fine thing if, out of the battle of the pros and the cons, the country should escape with no new tariff at all.

CLAUDIUS HART HUSTON of Chattanooga, Tennessee, chairman of the Transcontinental Oil Company, director of the International Germanic Trust Company of New York, sometime Assistant Secretary of the Department of Commerce, and now, by the grace of Mr. Hoover, chairman of the Republican National Committee, is out to hold the Republicans of the South in line for the Presidential election of 1932, and will tackle the job in

earnest as soon as he has divested himself of his various business interests. The South is to have from 53 to 100 more delegates in the Republican convention in 1932 than it had in 1928, the exact number depending upon whether or not the delegates are apportioned according to the new Congressional apportionment act. The ground of hope, according to a statement by Mr. Huston, is the fact that the South "has shown that it is gradually turning to the Republican Party due to the growth of that region industrially and its dependence on protective principles." A good deal would seem to depend, therefore, upon the fate of the Smoot-Hawley tariff bill, but it will be strange if the judicious allotment of some millions of federal money in aid of the Southern cotton growers does not help some. What with considerable unpleasantness in Republican circles in Georgia, South Carolina, Florida, and Mississippi, and the burden of paying some attention to the Rt. Rev. James Cannon, Jr., and his prohibition friends, Mr. Huston has his task cut out for him.

WITH NO FLOURISH of trumpets and with no illusions about the difficulty of its monumental task the League for Independent Political Action has been created by 100 leading teachers, labor leaders, editors, and social workers, headed by Professor John Dewey of Columbia University, with the purpose of building the foundation of a new political party in this country. Its fundamental thesis is:

> The way out of the present political dilemma would seem to be for economic progressives to leave the old parties, where they are unable effectively to determine policy and where they largely cancel each other, and to help build up another party which would become for this country what the British Labor Party is for England.

The new league stands for public ownership of public utilities, old-age pensions, unemployment and health insurance, high progressive taxes on incomes and inheritances, the breaking down of tariff barriers, the abolition of injunctions in labor disputes, and the removal of the economic and political causes of war. It aims to unite the progressive and radical groups already in the field which are striving to accomplish these objects democratically. In past years third parties have often failed because they were created hurriedly in response to a sudden wave of resentment against a temporary grievance, only to collapse when the price of wheat went up or when some important leader died. If this new movement can base itself upon more solid ground, every American progressive who realizes the futility of the old political parties will wish it well.

THE CONCILIATORS of the United States Department of Labor are paid by taxpayers to settle disputes between capital and labor, and by virtue of their position are supposed to be absolutely impartial in their decisions and in their public utterances. Not so Charles G. Wood, who has consistently used his office and the official stationery of his department in recent months to attack Communist and near-Communist labor organizations. At the beginning of the cotton-mill strike in Gastonia, North Carolina, he issued to the press a denunciation of the strike leaders and said that it was impossible for employers to deal with them. His statement was reproduced under enormous headlines in the Southern press and was probably responsible for some of the bitterness and violence against the Communists in Gastonia. Recently Mr. Wood discovered that a number of shoe manufacturers in New York City had signed agreements with a left-wing union known as the Independent Shoe Workers' Union of Greater New York, headed by a Communist, Fred G. Biedenkapp. On his official stationery Mr. Wood wrote to these manufacturers attacking Mr. Biedenkapp as "an alien" and "a very active enemy of our form of government," and then went on to say: "It is desirable that employers who voluntarily or involuntarily signed an agreement purporting to bind them to recognize this Communist organization [the Independent Shoe Workers' Union] and give employment only to persons belonging to it withdraw forthwith from participation in it." Is it possible that an official conciliator of the United States government will be allowed to retain his position after publicly urging employers to violate their solemn agreements with labor organizations? Incidentally, Mr. Biedenkapp declares that he has been a citizen of the United States for twenty-two years.

AFTER TWO MONTHS of haggling the unofficial war on the Manchurian border between China and Russia has become a sorry muddle. Nanking says that the Russians have invaded China and Moscow says that the Chinese have invaded Russia, and evidently they are both right. The only thing that is saving the world from a first-class war is that neither nation considers the stakes quite worthy of such a conflict. Without the support of the Western Powers China finds herself in a hopeless position, but is not yet willing to admit her blunder in seizing the Chinese Eastern Railway because such an admission would cause so much loss of face that the Chiang Kai-shek regime might immediately perish. In spite of the growling in Moscow against intervention by the League of Nations, the responsibility for the next move toward arbitration lies with the League, even if that move consists of nothing but some loud and earnest talking. At this critical moment it might even be possible by a little shrewd negotiation for the United States and the leading Powers of the League to give Nanking a face-saving concession toward the abolition of extraterritorial rights as compensation for her humiliation in Manchuria. Foreign Minister Wang has again asked the Powers to renounce their extraterritorial rights, and it now appears that Secretary Stimson's refusal, described in *The Nation* of August 28, was not a flat one, since he indicated his willingness to discuss conditions. If the League of Nations agenda committee would show a little more respect for Chinese dignity and reverse its recent vote against considering the extraterritorial treaties, the Chinese might modify their pugnacious policy in Manchuria.

EUGENE PICK, who also traveled under a handsome variety of aliases, has just been convicted of forgery in Shanghai, and incidental to his conviction he has boasted somewhat of his previous record. He had worked for the British secret service and for the French; he had also written a series of articles, first appearing in the *North China Daily News* and later as a book, entitled "China in the Grip of the Reds." He exposed—or invented—lurid details of Bolshevik plots and plans in China. For all that, of course, he went scot-free, and the police admired him; but when he was rash enough to forge the United States con-

sular seal he got into trouble. The incident recalls recent disclosures in Germany—first, a pair of crooks, patriotic anti-Bolsheviks according to some and notorious profiteers in patriotism according to others, were discovered practicing the profitable profession of manufacturers of sinister "Bolshevik documents." They too had gone too far; they produced documents purporting to prove that Senator Borah and Senator Norris were in the pay of the Bolsheviks! Next, a whole series of bombings were traced to the "German Fascisti," to the super-patriots instead of to the world revolutionaries. In the face of such disclosures on the two sides of the world, it is natural that people are skeptical of the recent efforts of the Chinese Government to prove Bolshevik conspiracies by a new series of lurid "seized documents."

IN GENERAL THIS PAPER is not opposed to progress. The Machine Age and the Advance of Science have our approval, provided they do not go too far. But an announcement that came from the convention of the American Chemical Society in Minneapolis the other day causes us to rise in our seats and protest. Before the eyes of the assembled chemists Dr. K. F. Bonhoeffer of Berlin demonstrated that hydrogen, known from the dawn of history as an element, was actually reducible to two component parts, which he called para-hydrogen and orthohydrogen. We will not trouble our readers by a recital of the laboratory process by which Dr. Bonhoeffer achieved his results; we have no desire to see the process repeated by anyone. For us hydrogen will remain an element, and if the textbooks of chemistry are to be changed to say that it is not, as the Chemical Society convention predicted would be the case, no such amended textbooks will find a place in our library. We must draw the line somewhere. There is no telling where revolutionary notions like that of Dr. Bonhoeffer will lead one; if hydrogen is not an element, neither perhaps is gold or silver, or oxygen or nitrogen; perhaps water is not wet, perhaps ice is not cold or fire hot. Perhaps a bar of iron, if brought forcibly into contact with the human head, will not produce a dent; perhaps a man, if he hurls himself from a tenth story window, will ascend rapidly into the ether instead of alighting more or less uncomfortably on the street below.

SIX MILES A MINUTE is the latest breath-taking record of speed for airplane flights. Before this sentence is read the record may be bettered, and evidently change in the figures upward is to be steady and swift. The Graf Zeppelin has circled the earth at an average speed of more than sixty miles an hour. The Bremen crosses the Atlantic in less than five days. Everywhere motorists disregard with impunity signs which tell them: "Incorporated Village of Xville. Speed limit 20 miles," and even in the crowded streets of New York City traffic races up or down Park Avenue often at thirty-five miles an hour. Cars are driven faster than they used to be; where once we heard of the dare-devil who ventured on a few moments of speeding at a mile a minute, we have now sober-minded men and women who confess to an average and sustained pace of nearly that and who are continuing, in spite of it, to live on toward a healthy old age. All this seems a far cry from the days, about a century ago, when God was being invoked to hurl his thunderbolts at the blasphemers who mocked Him by traveling on the steam railroads at the unholy speed of twelve miles an hour. And the end is not in sight. We do not blink at any improbable tale of swiftness, either on earth, air, or water. If a company were organized to shoot busy executives from the mouth of a comfortably upholstered cannon through the atmosphere to the front lawns of their country estates, we have no doubt that the stock would be sold in record time. But when space is annihilated, we shall still have time on our hands. There is still the problem, posed by the Japanese who was told that the New York subway would save him ten minutes: "What shall I do with them?"

THE MOST DISTASTEFUL JOB anybody has to do is to admit he is wrong. When you are an editor —as, heaven help us, we are—and are supposed to be omniscient, the job is doubly dolorous. It is with a feeling of nausea, therefore, that we contemplate last week's issue with the editorial paragraph on the New Orleans carmen's strike staring at us in unrelenting black and white. In that paragraph we said that the strike had been settled on the strikers' terms. There were two slight errors in that statement: (1) The terms were *not* those demanded by the strikers; (2) the strike was *not* settled. If there were any other mistakes in the statement we are sure that our best friends will tell us within the week. What actually happened was that terms for settling the strike were agreed to by representatives of the union and the company at a conference in New York City with William Green, president of the American Federation of Labor, and Father John O'Grady of the Catholic University of America. The strikers themselves, when the agreement was put before them for a vote, were so inconsiderate as to reject it, leaving New Orleans nothing to do but walk and *The Nation* nothing to say but "Our error." We have looked all around the shop for somebody upon whom to blame our mistake, thinking hopefully of the office boy and the cat. But we learn that the office boy is on his vacation and there is no cat. So there's nothing left but to apologize. We hereby do.

THE MALE TORSO is making a desperate fight for respectability at Laguna Beach, California, and latest reports from the front and rear are hopeful. The trouble started when a few gentlemen sun-worshipers abandoned their uppers to acquire the priceless and popular sun tan, and were promptly haled before the local judge who suggested that they contribute to the city's coffers. One prisoner was stubborn and ungenerous. He demanded a jury trial and got it, whereupon the middle-aged ladies of the jury united with the men in declaring that the Louvre was the place for such things. Aroused, the bathers of Laguna Beach raised a fund with which to carry a test case to the higher courts. Meanwhile something had to be done to circumvent the easily shocked local police who infest all of the southern California beaches. Harry Kingman, secretary of the University of California Young Men's Christian Association, was unofficially appointed Chief Sun-Tan Bootlegger to fight the prohibition on sunshine. He justified the fondest dreams of his admirers by producing a pair of Christianized suspenders, very broad in the straps with a circular extension on the southern front. The police are happy, but the sun-worshipers are not quite content. Adam, they maintain, didn't have to wear suspenders even after he fell.

The Shipbuilders and Shearer

THE power of the President to make an issue of anything which he selects, to concentrate the attention of the country wherever he chooses to direct it, has been strikingly illustrated in connection with the activities of William B. Shearer in opposition to naval reduction. All the facts upon which Mr. Hoover based his statement to the Washington correspondents on September 6 had been printed a couple of weeks earlier, but in spite of their sensational character they were buried inconspicuously amidst a glut of other news, and no effort seems to have been made to follow up the scandal, not even to the extent of asking the accused shipbuilding companies if Mr. Shearer's charges were true. Even when, just before the President spoke, Senator Borah asked that the Naval Affairs Committee investigate the Shearer charges, the newspapers gave only small notice on the inside pages to the demand, while Senator Borah himself was so doubtful of the success of his plea that at the time he made it he said in case of failure to act in the quarter to which he appealed, he would ask his own committee on Foreign Relations to make an inquiry.

Then, lo, the President spoke, and Mr. Shearer became the front-page sensation of the month. Newspapers and their readers had a new hare to hunt, and have been exhibiting some of the same naivete and unreason in the chase that they showed in the sanctified horror with which they greeted the news a few months earlier that the power interests had acquired ownership in a group of influential daily journals. We find people talking and writing about propaganda as if it were something wicked in itself and a new kind of danger in the world. It happens, of course, that propaganda is merely argument and is as old as Adam—or more correctly, perhaps, as Eve. As we said last week, there is nothing objectionable in propaganda as such, whether engaged in directly and without pay "for the benefit of the cause," or whether done as a business for somebody else with his funds. We may regard any given propaganda as mischievous or absurd, but we cannot legitimately ask for its suppression unless we abandon the American doctrine of free speech. Our whole civilization is built on propaganda. It is the essence of our newspapers, political parties, and a large proportion of our miscellaneous organizations. Advertising and salesmanship, the twin foundations of competitive industry, are undisguised propaganda. They entail large waste and much lying, but we can't do without them until we become intelligent enough to scrap the industrial system of which they are an inseparable part.

Let us get it straight, then, that the sole point of attack against Mr. Shearer and the three shipbuilding firms whose game he played at the Geneva conference for the limitation of naval armament was the secrecy of the propaganda. We find it laughable when that staunch big-navy newspaper, the New York *Herald Tribune,* says editorially: "Propaganda by any manufacturer of arms should be prohibited." And why? If it is legitimate to use arms, it is legitimate to manufacture them; and if it is legitimate to manufacture them, it is legitimate to manufacture as large a supply as possible and make as much money out of the business as can be made. Why should a shipbuilding firm be forbidden to propagandize for bigger and more expensive armament any more than a steel manufacturer should be stopped from sending a representative to Washington to argue before committees of Congress in favor of a higher tariff on his product?

Some of Mr. Shearer's charges are disputed by his employers, but the shipbuilders admit enough to stand condemned. They admit hiring and secretly using a man who was a known big-navy advocate with the ability to get articles and interviews into print. That they sent such a man to Geneva, as they say, simply as an observer, we refuse to believe. It is probably true that he received no explicit instructions to fight disarmament; he didn't need any. His mere employment by the shipbuilding companies is proof of a mutual understanding as to what he was to do. On the other hand, Mr. Shearer's charges against naval officers are vague. The Senate's inquiry ought to go searchingly into this aspect.

Undoubtedly much of the outcry against Mr. Shearer and the companies which hired him is due to the specially dangerous character of his meddling. He was playing not merely with profits, but with countless human lives. Men can hardly embark on a more important enterprise than an international conference to reduce the horrors of war, and to poison the atmosphere of such a gathering is as serious a crime as any one can commit. Yet even so Mr. Shearer's propaganda would have been comparatively harmless had it been known as publicity paid for by the Bethlehem Shipbuilding Corporation, the Newport News Shipbuilding and Dry Dock Company, and the American Brown-Boveri Electric Corporation. We do not decry the public outburst against this contemptible piece of meddling, but we would direct present indignation not against propaganda, or paid propaganda, or propaganda by armament makers, but against *secrecy*. Mr. Shearer not only appeared at Geneva under false colors as a "naval expert" personally and patriotically opposed to naval reduction by the United States, but he specifically lied about his situation; when taxed with representing armament interests by L. V. Gordon of the Church Peace Union, Mr. Shearer wrote in reply: "I do not represent any company of any kind."

Yet it will be a trivial outcome of the present indignation if the Naval Affairs Committee of the Senate and the public at large are satisfied to make a goat of Mr. Shearer and let it go at that. Mr. Shearer is not an important person—of far less consequence and no more blameworthy than the three companies which hired him. But even they are unfortunate victims which happen merely to have been "caught with the goods." No one familiar with modern publicity methods supposes for a minute that they and the power companies are the only enterprises attempting to advance their interests by secret propaganda. If the Senate inquiry and the present attitude of the public can lead, either through laws or improved business ethics, to reducing the total of our secret propaganda, then the American people might well chip in and pay Mr. Shearer all that he says his ungrateful ex-employers owe him.

Keep Your Shirt On

FASHION leaders, school principals, beach censors, and the like continue to be agitated over the question of bodily exposure. The conservatives appear to be fighting a losing battle and we confess that we take no more than an intellectual interest in their problems, but we are tired of hearing it said by liberals that the question is one of aesthetics rather than morals. We do not deny that some legs are more ornamental than others; we do not wish to maintain that beauty has nothing to do with the matter; but we do insist that both the moralists and the aestheticians take a superficial view of the subject. It belongs to the realm of political economy, and we propose, if our readers will bear with us, to give a brief outline of our Philosophy of Clothes.

Men and women are distinguished in various ways: Some are rich, some are famous, some are well-born, and some are beautiful. Naturally each person prefers that form of society in which his particular excellence counts for most and naturally, therefore, the rich do all they can to promote the development of a plutocracy while the well-born look with favor upon every custom which tends to emphasize the importance of birth. But physical comeliness, the most immediately apparent of all the possible forms of human excellence, is not the necessary concomitant of any other. Let the millionaire, the philosopher, and the social leader descend to the beach, and they will discover that the social scale has been inverted in the twinkling of any eye. Here their various distinctions count for nothing. All eyes are turned toward the young Apollo who licks stamps for the millionaire and the young Venus who sold Madam that *costume de bain* which, alas, for all its chic, does not contribute enough to the total effect to compensate for her more striking inferiorities. Let her be dressed in her official uniform, give her her pearls and an evening gown which covers as much as it can without confessing a timidity, and she is at least in a position to assert in audible terms her claims to consideration. But on the beach competition is brutally simple and the little salesgirl wins an overwhelming victory.

Now this fact alone is sufficient to make clear the import of our theory, which goes deeper than the assertion commonly made that the human body, in its present deteriorated state, is not comely enough to be exposed with impunity. As a matter of fact a great many individual human bodies are still very lovely indeed, but society as a whole is unwilling to say: "Let each expose as much as he dares and each cover up as much as he thinks advisable," because society as a whole fears to give to beauty any greater advantage in the struggle than it already has. Even now, when custom and law require that the beautiful woman and the handsome man conceal a considerable number of their charms, wealth and blue blood have a sufficiently difficult time maintaining their claims, and if we all ran about stark naked every attractive daughter of the people would be as dangerous to the scions of prominent families as chorus girls now are.

Beauty is democratic. It does not follow wealth or power or position. Indeed it is more than democratic; it is anarchical because it mocks at every distinction except its own and it is no more dangerous to an aristocratic society than it is to one founded upon communistic principles. The commissar becomes as insignificant as the baron beside a pretty face, and would be no less completely extinguished if compelled to mix with a company where those blessed with a more fortunate physical endowment were radiantly nude. Beauty implies nothing else, but it is, all by itself, more than a match for all acquired distinctions. Hence nakedness implies, in more senses than one, a state of nature.

And much as we hate either to side with the puritans or to advocate anything which would aid the plutocrats, we are obliged to confess that there are moments when we are inclined to view with alarm any increase in public nudity. We balance the prospects of any pleasure which we might take in the aesthetic contemplation of the human form against the effect of general nakedness upon the social order, and we hesitate unhappily. For brains, wit, and achievement would suffer a decline in prestige quite as marked as that affecting wealth or position. The poet, the scientist, and the statesman would find it even more difficult than they do today to secure any social recognition when compelled to compete with sweet sixteen and the young athlete. Nor are our fears entirely the result of a disinterested concern for the things of the mind. Naturally we should prefer a society in which editors of liberal weeklies would stand very high indeed, and we are afraid that they would profit little from a general disrobing.

U. S. E.

M. BRIAND'S championship of the idea of a United States of Europe is likely to awaken considerable interest in a proposal which, while visionary enough if looked at as a whole, nevertheless indicates a direction in which Europe may eventually go. The idea is not, of course, original with him. Count Coudenhove-Kalergi started the ball rolling half a dozen years ago with his book "Pan-Europa," and Premier Herriot of France gave the scheme his support several years before M. Briand showed any particular interest in it. M. Briand, however, appears to have thought that the time had come to give the matter a practical turn; and by his speech at the Assembly of the League of Nations, on September 5, and at the luncheon four days later at which "between a pear and a piece of cheese," as he said, the cornerstone of a European union was declared to have been laid, he became the recognized head of a movement with which, ever since the completion of the anti-war pact, he has been particularly identified.

The distinguishing feature of M. Briand's speech was its frank contention that the proposed union must be political as well as economic. Admitting that an economic agreement would be "obviously the most important component" of the "connecting link" which he wished to see forged in the new federal scheme, and affirming his belief that "in the economic sphere an agreement can be reached," he nevertheless insisted that there should be also "a political and social link," although one so contrived, he hastened to add, as "in no way" to "affect the sovereignty of the parties involved." M. Briand, in other words, is out to obtain a real federal union with political as well as economic characteristics and powers.

The political feature of the project, we venture to think, may be dismissed as of no practical importance. The obstacles to political union in Europe are so many and so obvious that it would be a waste of time even to enumerate them; and while some of them, we hope, may be removed as time goes on, the fundamental difficulties are pretty certain to remain for a very long time. In economic matters, on the other hand, a good deal that would be useful might be done, if governments and peoples were willing, without going far into politics anywhere and without any formal organization labeled with a resounding name.

It would be quite feasible, for example, for states to lower their tariffs on a reciprocal basis and let international trade flow more freely, thereby developing markets for their own products, utilizing their natural resources to better advantage, and freeing themselves from the dependence upon other parts of the world of which many of them now complain. With the progress that has already been made in return to a gold standard it ought to be possible to reduce the number of national currencies—a step which would lift annoying burdens from business and facilitate the operations of exchange. A universal form of postage stamp might not be practicable, but passport regulations could certainly be made more uniform and less vexatious, business documents could be simplified and standardized, and commercial difficulties due to conflicting laws could be appreciably lessened.

A good illustration of what might be done to simplify international relations without infringing upon sovereign rights is already at hand in transportation. The international railway service of Europe, badly disrupted by the war, has been not only restored but considerably extended, and continuous service across frontiers has for some years been regularly maintained. International air transport has long since ceased to be a novelty in Europe and has found no serious difficulty in expanding throughout the Continent and to Africa. The traveler who journeys by railway from the Channel to Constantinople finds such things as customs and passports reduced to a minimum of annoyance, and only slight modifications would be needed in these respects.

One must, of course, take with some grains of salt the protestations of M. Briand and others that a United States of Europe is not being planned as a rival of the United States of America. The evidence, to one who has read the newspapers, looks the other way. It is matter of common knowledge that interest in a European union of some kind (not necessarily the elaborate scheme that M. Briand seems to have in mind) has been immensely stimulated by the aggressive inroads of American commerce and finance, and that American economic penetration of Europe has come to be looked upon as something akin to an invasion against which some defense must be set up. We are all for prosperity when it comes to American business, but if a European union, economic or political or both, could avail to bring the United States to its senses in such a matter as the tariff, it ought to be welcomed with open arms. Anything that would curb the arrogance of the Congressional tariff-makers and their business backers should be looked upon as a national blessing. We hope that M. Briand, accordingly, will go ahead with his plan as far as economic cooperation is concerned, and that the nations of Europe will support him. Political cooperation may be easier when some of the economic obstructions have been cleared away.

Divorce à la Yucatan

A YUCATAN divorce, granted to one party without the appearance or consent of the other, was recently declared illegal by the Mexican Supreme Court. The court held that the decree violated the national constitution and also the Yucatan civil code, which provide that marriage is a contract and hence cannot be dissolved at the request of only one of the parties. This judgment reversed the decision of the Yucatan Supreme Court, but will not be a recognized precedent until it has been followed in four more cases. It is the first time that a Yucatan divorce has been appealed to the federal courts, partly because Yucatan is several days' journey from the capital and almost considers itself sovereign, but no doubt also because relatively few Mexican citizens have availed themselves of the extraordinarily liberal Yucatan laws, notoriously a boon to "gringos." Until very recently, too, divorce was obtained almost as easily in the state of Morelos, immediately adjoining the Federal District. The picturesque town of Cuernavaca, where Lindbergh went a-courting, has always been the fashionable Mexican's week-end home, but since the divorce laws were passed it had become an even more fashionable cosmopolite tourist center, and Morelos decrees were known flippantly as "week-end divorces"; frequently it was added that the institution was a method of stimulating tourist trade.

Certainly both Morelos and Yucatan might almost have advertised their divorce laws along with their ruins and scenic beauties, in railroad and steamship folders, and in Yucatan a foreign woman arriving unescorted was almost immediately approached by a suave, accommodating lawyer. Nearly anywhere in Mexico, however, divorce is obtainable with more ease than in most States on the northern side of the Rio Grande, though as late as 1915 it was not even recognized legally on any grounds. The sudden shift in social viewpoint embodied in the constitution of 1917 was, as regards divorce, theoretically provided to match the advanced social thinking about labor and property forced by the revolution of 1910, and was not in itself the result of mass opinion or mass demand, as has since been demonstrated.

Even with laws under which divorce may be had for the asking, the Mexican aristocracy and bourgeoisie bind themselves indissolubly. Tradition and religion so far have been stronger even than cinema fashions. A few daring members of the ultra-smart set may ultimately follow Dolores del Rio's example, though they would almost certainly squirm a little under the religious and social stigma that divorce implies. Women of the middle classes will continue for a long time to be conservative, because as a rule they cannot cope with hostile opinion and with the still shaky legal standing of their sex, and are furthermore held back by the extreme difficulty of collecting alimony. Men of these classes seldom find a divorce necessary or desirable, and are quite commonly bitter stand-patters on the entire question. The lower classes are little aided or hampered by law in solving their matrimonial difficulties, and the Indian peasant has a code of his own. He could not very well be persuaded in any event to appeal to a court, which he associates inevitably with jail. It frightens him nearly as much as does a hospital.

It Seems to Heywood Broun

WITH the exception of the *Telegram* and the *World* the newspapers of New York have been strangely silent in their editorial comment on the Gastonia situation. In the beginning there may have been some reasonable explanation for this. Some of the Communistic propaganda for the accused men and women seemed to me ill-advised and alienating. There was no warrant for attacks upon the presiding judge before the trial began. And after the case came into court his rulings appeared to be wise and fair in practically every instance. The blunder of allowing an incipient lunatic upon the jury cannot be his alone.

But the good people of Gastonia seem to be intent upon building up the case for the accused strike leaders. The State's case, as far as it was revealed, seemed preposterous. There was no apparent evidence linking the prisoners with the dead chief of police. Even so I could not go all the way with radicals who said: "Here is another Sacco-Vanzetti case." After all an officer of the law had been killed by somebody in the tent colony and it was not monstrous that the culprit should be held if he could be identified. In the beginning it seemed to me that murder had been done, although I was just as hazy about the guilty one as the State's witnesses. Now I am persuaded that no conviction ought to be obtained even though some one of the strikers admits that he fired the fatal shot. The actions and temper of Gastonia officials and leading citizens give compelling evidence that a state of war existed in the mill town and that any striker who fired in self-defense had every reason to believe that he was threatened with violence and not due process of law.

We know now beyond a doubt that the officials of Gastonia have been from the beginning no more than the hired musketeers of the mill owners. A favorite device of the conservative press is to deplore the killings and kidnappings in North Carolina with the additional bleat that all concerned are in the wrong. I am willing to be shown that the Communist agitators were the first to strike the note of terror.

Another favorite contention of the conservatives is that Gastonia was a sort of happy valley until outside agitators arrived. It is true that the union was inspired by leaders from the North, but there is nothing reprehensible in this. The town contained a beaten, sullen, sweated group of workers too tired and worn by their daily toil ever to see a way out. I am myself no believer in Communist doctrine or in Communist methods. Quite often the party's activities in the labor field have been to further propaganda rather than to effect the immediate betterment of the workers concerned. It is quite true that many aggressive Reds are desirous of stirring up trouble so that they may prove to the world the injustices and inequalities of the capitalist system. But when men, women, and children work through terrific hours for pittances, when nursing mothers are docked for the few brief minutes which they spend with their children at the company shelter, when aged workers are turned out to starve at a moment's notice it can hardly be said that Communist agitators have fomented trouble.

There was deep cancerous trouble in the Carolina mills before any alien agitator set foot on the premises. It is tragic that the mother of five children should be shot down by an anti-Communist mob, but it is a fantastic perversion of logic to attribute her death to the people who organized the strike. Any woman with five small children to care for does not go bustling off to a strike meeting upon some mere caprice. If there had not been the deadly pressure of a grinding and torturing poverty upon Mrs. Ella May Wiggins she would not have been in the truck with other workers.

Personally I am all for combating communism. At the moment I have no desire whatsoever to see the experiment tried out in America. And the indictment against the mill owners of North Carolina must include the charge of stupidity as well as viciousness. Surely communism cannot be successfully fought by floggings, mob violence, murder, and trumped-up accusations. The men who forced industrial slavery upon the pitiful textile workers of Gastonia have made more converts to communism than the most eloquent orator who ever stood upon a soap-box. The ignorant fools who lashed the kidnapped Reds were putting their backs and shoulders into an effort to promote the spread of aggressive radicals. If a Communist agitator declares that capitalism is a criminal conspiracy to keep the worker in subjection his argument can hardly be undermined by hiring a thug to strike him down.

Of course, the complacent conservative will want to know why the Gastonia labor troubles were not adjusted in the calm and dispassionate manner which has marked much of the dealings between organized capital and the American Federation of Labor. I will not join my Red friends in their scorn for this body. The federation has fought many a good fight. I hope it will fight others. Even within my lifetime its leaders were assailed with most of the epithets now hurled against Communist organizers. But the American Federation of Labor has grown respectable and a little tired. Its lack of energetic missionary work is a proof of its success. By now it has become a sort of club and members reap great benefits. This aristocracy of labor is taking time out to consolidate its gains. If the Communists did not organize the workers of Gastonia, nobody else would.

Most impertinent of all is the Carolina contention that it was wrong for people to come in from the outside to meddle in affairs which did not concern them. North Carolina, say the proud and touchy citizens, is quite capable of taking care of its own problems. But the answer to that is simple. North Carolina didn't. It is silly for a State to shout about honor and dignity when armed mobs are parading openly through its towns crying out that they will lynch a lawyer who has committed no offense except to defend men and women from a seemingly unjust charge of murder. If North Carolina takes a proper pride in its new station among the wealthiest of American commonwealths why did it take no legislative steps to ameliorate the abominable economic conditions in the mills? God help the United States, or any other nation, when the cry of hungry children, the grinding of gaunt men, and the suffering of women can be classed as a local issue.

HEYWOOD BROUN

Maine Wins Its Power Fight

By C. C. NICOLET

Portland, Maine, September 16

MAINE, the country's traditional political barometer, did far more than exhibit its distrust of the Power Trust when, by a majority of 8,000 votes, it voted in its referendum September 9 against the regulated export of hydro-electric power. It voiced a deep-seated and growing resentment against the whole economic tendency of the day toward giant mergers and the combination of widely separated fields of activity under joint management.

For Maine in recent years has been the scene of a daring attempt of a small group of men to obtain control of the press, the banks, and the industries, as well as the water-power, of the State.

This is not primarily a project of Samuel Insull, who controls nearly all of the State's power, although Insull is a vital factor. The two chief figures in the movement are Guy P. Gannett and Walter S. Wyman. Gannett controls the Portland *Press Herald,* the Portland *Evening Express,* the Portland *Sunday Telegram,* the Kennebec *Journal,* the only newspaper in Augusta, the capital, and the Waterville *Sentinel.* These papers have no connection with the Frank Gannett papers of New York. Gannett controls the Fidelity Trust Company of Portland and the Augusta Trust Company of Augusta, two of the leading banks of the State, both of which do an extensive branch bank business, and several smaller but influential banks in other cities. He controls Financial Investments, Inc., recently organized to hold bank stocks. He has a finger in several mills. Wyman is president of the Cumberland County Light and Power Company and the Central Maine Power Company, which control most of the generating and distributing power in the State, and also of the New England Public Service Company, which controls the other two and is in turn a subsidiary of Insull's Middle West Utilities Company. Wyman is Insull's right-hand man in Maine, but his connections with Gannett are individual rather than in his official Insull position.

In recent years the Insull companies, spurred by Wyman, have invested heavily in textile mills, iron works, shoe factories, paper companies, and any other industries in Maine that they could get their hands on at a bargain. Most of the mills purchased had power sites. There was the combined purpose behind the purchases of acquiring additional power sites, creating a controlled market for Insull power and providing industrial control of Maine.

With the fact that the Gannett-Wyman combination directly controls at least two-thirds of the total newspaper circulation of Maine and is able, through advertising influence or other means, to keep most of the rest in line; that it can exert pressure, through its banks, on many of the leading business men and farmers who must remain in the good graces of the money lenders; and that a substantial percentage of Maine mill workers are employees either of Gannett or of Wyman, the 8,000 majority piled up against the Power Trust on September 9 becomes really impressive. It means that of the free vote of the State a large majority was against the Power Trust and the Wyman-Gannett combination.

The only newspaper in the entire State that actively fought the Insull interests in the export campaign was the two-year-old Portland *Evening News,* edited by Ernest H. Gruening. Two or three other papers were neutral. The rest all fell into line behind Wyman and Gannett.

Wyman made no attempt to conceal the fact that the whole export campaign was Insull-financed and Insull-conducted. Indeed, he seemed to find nothing questionable in the idea of a half million dollar political campaign by a financially interested company for approval of a State law. He explained that the Central Maine Company "regards the passing of this law as of the greatest importance to the people of Maine and to itself," and said that the company "would feel fully justified" in spending money if it felt like it. He bitterly resented, however, charges that the Central Maine was paying for the campaign.

In a campaign debate with Dr. Gruening, Wyman said the campaign fund was donated by the New England Public Service Company and represented profits from the sale of property of that company in Texas. Since New England Public Service is an Insull company and owns all but four shares of the common stock of the Central Maine, the distinction seems slight.

The power forces conducted an intensive campaign. In Central Maine Power Company envelops several pamphlets were sent to electricity consumers and others all over the State. Incidentally, they were printed in the job plant of the Kennebec *Journal,* one of the Gannett papers. Wyman formed "the Surplus Power Export Law Referendum Committee" to write to luncheon clubs and other organizations, "inviting" them to hear power speakers, most of whom were Insull employees. Mr. Wyman himself was the chief of the speakers. The Gannett press indulged in columns of ecstatic reporting of power-trust speeches, and ignored most of the speeches and statements of opponents of Insull. In the closing weeks of the campaign advertisements signed by Wyman and other power officials, urging votes for export, appeared daily in every newspaper of the State except the Portland *Evening News.* Ward heelers and politicians throughout the State were lined up on the "right" side.

Against these efforts, the anti-export forces had less than a dozen speakers and something under $1,000 to spend.

So certain did it seem in the last two weeks of the campaign that the Insulls would win because of their overwhelmingly superior political campaign that observers lost count of the politicians jumping on the bandwagon.

But the Maine voters turned out to be a canny lot of Yankees. They resented the slush fund. They resented the personal nature of the Gannett press attacks on all opponents of export. Above all, they resented the feeling that their banks, their newspapers, and their mills no longer were free. A few thousand doubtless voted against export of power on principle, because it is a twenty-year-old policy. There can be little doubt, however, that the great bulk of the anti-export voters simply took advantage of their first opportunity to slap Insull and the Wymann-Gannett combination.

Anarchy vs. Communism in Gastonia

By NELL BATTLE LEWIS

Raleigh, North Carolina, September 16

HATE which for months has been smoldering hotly in Gastonia against organizers of the National Textile Workers Union who last April called a strike at the Loray cotton mills there and who are charged with conspiracy resulting in the killing of O. F. Aderholt, Gastonia police chief, flamed into such a demonstration of mob violence during the week following the mistrial of the Aderholt case that the Raleigh *News and Observer* described it as "anarchy for the time being" by which the State of North Carolina "is dishonored and disgraced."

This outbreak of anarchy rose to a bloody and appalling climax on the afternoon of September 14, when part of a mob which had assembled to prevent a "Communist" meeting scheduled to take place in South Gastonia pursued a truck full of union members for five miles and murdered one of its occupants, Mrs. Ella May Wiggins, a member of the union and the mother of five children, the eldest eleven years old. On September 9, just after the mistrial, another mob had raided the union headquarters, kidnapped three union men, and beaten one of them unconscious, surrounded the Charlotte jail, and threatened defense counsel and others sympathetic with the defendants.

Mrs. Wiggins and other union members were driving from Bessemer City to Gastonia to attend the proposed meeting. In the Loray mill section the mob met them, turned them back, and in ten or more cars set out in hot pursuit of them. When the fleeing truck was suddenly blocked by a machine which drove in front of it, the mob fired a volley of shots, one of which struck Mrs. Wiggins in the left breast and lodged in her spine. She soon died. The mob chased other union members across the cotton fields, shooting at them as they ran. Those who stood their ground were not further molested.

In Gastonia where the union meeting was to take place several hundred men had gathered. About fifty officers and special deputies were present so far as is known, and the main effort made by the officers to prevent the threatened riot was to arrest, not the leaders of the mob, but Liston M. Oaks, publicity director for the International Labor Defense, and A. E. Grier, an employee of that organization, who was driving a car in which Oaks, Mrs. Oaks, Mrs. Mary Heaton Vorse, and a detective employed by the strikers defense had come to attend the meeting. Oaks was arrested for carrying a concealed weapon and Grier for "reckless driving." The mob then with threats and without interference from the officers drove away members of the National Textile Workers Union who had arrived on the scene, and no meeting was held.

From the time of the first riot on September 9 until the mob murder on the following Saturday it was clear that the overwhelming sentiment in Gastonia was for violently denying to the union members the rights of freedom of speech and assembly. This was shamelessly threatened by the Gastonia *Gazette* in an editorial that appeared a few days before the murder. Soon after Mrs. Wiggins was killed, Governor O. Max Gardner issued a statement denouncing the outrage and declaring that he would exert the full power of the State, if necessary, to compel respect for law and order in Gaston County. Seven alleged members of the mob, including the master mechanic of the Loray mill, were arrested the next day.

On the morning of September 9, Judge M. V. Barnhill ordered a mistrial of the case of the sixteen strikers and union organizers because earlier that day one of the jurors, J. G. Campbell, had gone violently insane. That night a mob estimated as including from 300 to 500 men assembled in Gastonia and raided the strikers' headquarters there, destroying Communist and other union literature and threatening to burn the building. After a similar raid on union headquarters at Bessemer City, a nearby village, the mob returned to Gastonia and kidnapped three members of the union. Part of the mob carried these men in cars out in the country in Cabarrus County and beat one of them until he fell unconscious. The rest of the mob, several hundred strong, also in automobiles, stopped in Charlotte, surrounded the Mecklenburg County courthouse, and with threats sought for defense counsel and other persons who sympathize with the defendants. It is reported that the mob was led by members of the Committee of One Hundred, an organization which is said to be sponsored by the Manville-Jenckes Company, owners of the Loray mill, and which has been actively hostile to the strikers.

The mob gathered in Gastonia with the avowed intention of breaking up a rumored mass meeting which was to be addressed by Hugo Oehler, Southern organizer for the National Textile Workers Union, and Vera Buch, Sophie Melvin, and Amy Schechter, the three women defendants in the Aderholt case who are at liberty under bond. According to John V. Voorhess, staff correspondent of the Charlotte *Observer,* when the speakers did not appear, there were cries of "Run them out of town!" and a riotous cavalcade of more than 100 automobiles was formed, led by a motorcycle policeman. This correspondent says:

"Thousands viewed the spectacle as the cars, with drivers dashing by red signal traffic lights, blowing horns, yelling and banging sides of machines, roared through town." Other reports mention blaring bands and flags. A few machines scattered, but the majority proceeded to the union headquarters near the Loray mill and the yelling occupants poured into the building where copies of the *Daily Worker* and other labor papers were thrown into the air and destroyed. There were also threats of firing the building, but these did not materialize.

"We're all 100 per cent Americans and anybody that don't like it can go back to Russia. . . . Long live 100 per cent Americanism!" yelled the mob.

After a similar raid at Bessemer City, the mob in 105 automobiles surrounded the boarding-place of Ben Wells, C. D. Saylor, and C. M. Lell, members of the union. According to the sworn statement of Wells, about 100 men entered the house and began to sing, "Praise God from whom all blessings flow." They then denounced the union

with much cursing and swore they would shoot every organizer who came to Gastonia. When Wells attempted to speak they dragged him out on the front porch before a crowd of about 500 men. There they put an American flag in his hand and ordered him to denounce the union. Wells, instead, told them that he was a British textile worker—he comes from Lancashire—who had come South to help organize the Southern textile workers and to fight against the conditions under which they work. Whereupon he was silenced and pushed back into the house.

He states that after this the leaders, among whom he identified the superintendent of the Loray mill, conferred and decided to go to Charlotte, "break down the prison doors and bring 'that red-headed bastard, Fred Beal, out and lynch him,' go to the Walton Hotel and get Bill Dunne (American Secretary of the Communist Party), and see that he met the same fate as Beal." Abducting Wells, Saylor, and Lell, the mob then started in cars for Charlotte. On the way, Wells says, they stopped at a filling station, and with a revolver pressed against each side of him, made him telephone to Hugo Oehler, the N. T. W. U. Southern organizer, to meet him on a certain street corner in Charlotte in twenty minutes. He was told to say that he was alone. When Oehler wished to know why Wells wanted to meet him, the abductors cut the wire.

When the mob reached Charlotte the three cars carrying the three union men and about fifteen members of the mob cut down a side street and went on into Cabarrus County. In his affidavit Wells continues:

> On the ride they asked me how much the International Labor Defense paid to knock Mr. Campbell insane. My answer was not to be so ridiculous. I was immediately blackjacked and knocked unconscious for one and a half hours. . . . They told me that they intended hanging me up to a tree and started playing with the rope and with their revolvers. . . . They told me that if they found myself or any other union organizer in the county his body would be found riddled with bullets.
>
> Nine miles past Concord they stopped the cars and pulled Mr. Lell and Mr. Saylor out of a third car and commenced talking to them. They brought me out of a car and immediately told me to pull my trousers off. Then they gave Lell and Saylor a belt apiece. They forced me to bend over and touch my toes and told them to start whipping me. This, of course, they refused to do and immediately somebody jumped on me, threw me on the ground, sat on my head, and about ten of them lashed me with branches from trees on my naked body. At that time a car was coming, and someone shouted, "The law is here!" They let me loose. Not knowing what I was doing at the time I ran about fifty yards and then collapsed. Saylor and Lell picked me up, brought me to, and then we commenced walking toward Concord.

A Cabarrus farmer, who with a friend was 'possum hunting along the creek banks near the road, states that he heard cars stop and several minutes later heard lashes and cries. When he and his companion called their dogs and went toward the sound the whipping ceased and the car doors shut. Upon reaching the road they found the three men, one of whom, the farmer said, had been beaten, but the others appeared unharmed.

Saylor and Lell in affidavits corroborate Wells's story. Besides the superintendent, they name other persons connected with the Loray mill as members of the mob that surrounded their house. The three walked to Concord, several miles from where the beating took place, and reported the affair at the police station. They later went to Charlotte where Wells was attended by a physician.

While the foregoing events were in progress the bulk of the mob had stopped in Charlotte. There they surrounded the Mecklenburg County jail where the thirteen strikers and union organizers accused of the Aderholt killing are confined, and invaded the Court Arcade in which are the law offices of Tom P. Jimison, chief counsel for the defense, and the headquarters of the International Labor Defense. Members of the mob are said to have stated that they were "out to get Tom Jimison" and the prisoners. It is also reported but not verified that some of the mob congregated around the apartment of Mr. Jimison (who was not at home) and searched hotels where defense counsel and members of the International Labor Defense were staying. None of the persons sought, however, was found, and no one was harmed.

In a telephone conversation the next day Governor Gardner ordered Solicitor John G. Carpenter "to leave no stone unturned in prosecuting," and the solicitor promised immediate and thorough investigation. The International Labor Defense plans to bring both civil and criminal actions against the members of the mob. In his affidavit Saylor declares that Solicitor Carpenter, together with A. L. Bulwinkle, attorney for the Manville-Jenckes Company and one of the counsel for the prosecution, was in one of the first cars carrying the mob which reached his boarding-house. Carpenter, however, states that he had no knowledge of the disturbance until he was notified at his home that it had taken place, after which he immediately investigated. Bulwinkle denies that he was a member of the mob. Solicitor Carpenter and George H. Mason, city solicitor for Gastonia, are both counsel for the prosecution in the strikers' trial.

The kidnapping of the union members and the murder of Mrs. Wiggins are all of a piece with events which have preceded them in Gaston County in recent months. Not long after the strike at the Loray mill was called last April a masked mob wrecked the strikers' headquarters, under the very noses of the State militia, which had been ordered to Gastonia ostensibly to keep order. Not one member of that mob was apprehended or punished. It is reasonable to assume that the indefensible indifference of the Gastonia authorities in regard to the first outbreak has been taken as *carte blanche* for persons hostile to the strikers to continue their lawlessness. However, on September 12 warrants were issued for the arrest of fourteen alleged members of the mob, including officials and employees of the Loray mill and police officers who took part in the raid on the strikers' headquarters on the night of June 7, when the police chief was killed. Practically all of these men were witnesses in the trial against the strikers for the Aderholt killing.

There is no doubt that these two outbursts greatly strengthen the contention of the defense in the strikers' trial to the effect that in the shooting affray in which the police chief was killed the guards at the union headquarters were defending themselves and their property, since the prevailing sentiment in Gastonia which was shared by the local officials assured them of no other protection. Hence, in seeking to harm the defendants the mob has helped them.

Dishonoring the D. A. R.

By HELEN TUFTS BAILIE

NO doubt many Daughters of the American Revolution are fervently hoping to see the blacklist controversy buried in oblivion. But like Banquo's ghost, it will not down. The blacklisting business was symptomatic of a much wider conspiracy to intimidate free thought, in which the D. A. R. have been mere agents. This conspiracy has been exposed, and is being neutralized; but the National Society, D. A. R., has still to set its house in order if it is to avoid repetition of mortifying experiences.

With what looks very like the tacit approval of the membership, officers of the D. A. R. can plunge the society into any project their whims or interest suggest. Indeed, officials definitely affirm that the society is managed "from the top down." Though they claim legality for their acts through the votes of delegates to the annual week's congress in Washington, these delegates come from their chapters uninstructed, and in fact quite ignorant of the measures they will be asked to ratify. Whatever the Resolutions Committee—Mrs. Henry B. Joy, chairman—has recommended, the delegates have promptly adopted, and usually without question or debate. The delegate who disagrees is unlikely to say so, for she well knows the irresistible momentum of the machine.

The system of exploiting large groups in the interest of small cliques is one of the discreditable phenomena of American life. This system has been in full swing in the D. A. R., where the Daughters have grievously failed to keep alive in their organization the spirit of democracy that animated their ancestors and that constitutes their heritage. Last April, just before relinquishing the reins of government, the president of the society lined up the D. A. R. in the "American Coalition"—Fred R. Marvin, secretary—which announces itself as composed of "sixty-three of the leading patriotic societies," joined together to "clean up" America, and "organized" at a banquet in New York City, where fifty-six persons "represented" the sixty-three societies! There are Daughters who have demanded that their society sever all connection with Mr. Marvin. Yet here they are pitched into his company again without so much as a by-your-leave. The inclusion of the National Society, D. A. R., in the rampantly militaristic Women's Patriotic Conference on National Defense was not previously acted upon by the membership of the D. A. R., or even by their delegates, and their inclusion in it is probably unknown to many Daughters. The D. A. R. organization is included by its managers among "patriotic societies meeting under the auspices of the Key Men of America" (Fred Marvin's creation), on April 18, 1927, to hear Martin Littleton, attorney for Harry Sinclair, deliver a speech on Radicalism in Washington—a shabby attack on Senator Borah, Senator Norris, and the late Senator La Follette.

In "The Common Enemy," a pamphlet by Marvin officially distributed throughout the D. A. R. at a time of crisis in our diplomatic relations with Mexico, there was a deliberate and inexcusable attempt to inflame the D. A. R. against Mexico.

William B. Shearer's "The Cloak of Benedict Arnold," written as we now know in the interest of shipbuilders and to stimulate demand for a big navy, was eagerly caught up by certain D. A. R. managers, who aided him in distributing it.

Progressively through these latter years the D. A. R. has become the tool of mischief-makers like these. Trade associations that fight labor legislation, politicians who seek private monopoly of public franchise, and invested wealth, distrustful of change, have long employed the services of hacks whose chore it is to divert public attention from buccaneering. These ingenious spirits have earned their living by trumpeting alarm for the safety of the Republic, an alarm that is based on no sound evidence, but that serves their masters well by sending an emotional public chasing after will o' the wisps instead of meddling in reform. Shipbuilders after contracts, and Brass Buttons, a strongly intrenched caste threatened with considerable abbreviation of prerogative, have found these hacks useful, and let them loose on the D. A. R. The membership of the society, stripped of initiative, have seen their national officers captured by a propaganda of hate and fear, instilled into the highly organized "subsidiary" State and chapter framework from the pens and tongues of Marvin, Mrs. Robinson, Hunter, Jung, Cashman, Shearer, Easley, Johnson, Welsh, etc.

In all this propaganda, two main ideas have run alongside each other—imminence of insurrection and invasion; and the prime necessity for substantial increase in our army and navy. The society has been made a cat's-paw for interests that mask their projects in the habiliments of patriotism.

The first suggestions for this line of "patriotic work" undoubtedly came to the D. A. R. managers from military and naval officers and retired officers with whom some of these managers have intimate connection. The "Spider-Web Chart," linking Jane Addams and Mrs. Catt with bolshevism and revolution, emanated from the office of General Amos A. Fries, until last spring head of the Chemical Warfare Service; Mrs. Fries was long publicity chairman for the D. A. R. Lists of speakers officially approved for D. A. R. platforms contain the names of many retired old desk-warriors, who have thundered to the Daughters against Frederick Libby and for preparedness.

The propaganda prepared by Marvin et al. was solemnly pushed into the D. A. R. as "education." The managers' notion of education was—not to invite study and research—but to exact implicit credence through "loyalty" to the "better informed" national officers. Systematic espionage of outside organizations and blacklisted speakers was demanded. All this is a matter of record.

The managers had been caught by a propaganda that describes any process of advance from the *status quo* as the breakdown of patriotism. In the D. A. R. organization this propaganda found conditions ideal. The full beauty of the D. A. R. system of education cannot be appreciated until you realize that the lists of banned speakers is balanced by lists of other speakers indorsed and urged—"speakers of the

highest order," declared the State Regent of Massachusetts, hard-pressed while exposure was at boiling-point, "who have been working for the ideals and objectives of our society."

Thus Mrs. Peabody defended E. H. Hunter, Mrs. B. L. Robinson, and others who were briskly working the Eastern chapters, untrammeled by competition or challenge within the society.

Mr. Hunter specializes in attack on the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom and on the Fellowship of Youth for Peace. He says he possesses the text of a slacker's oath required of W. I. L. members, an assertion fully disproved by the W. I. L., but not subject to denial in D. A. R. chapters. He asserts that the F. Y. P. is a "cult of nudity and free love," and similar elucidation of their principles by "Major" Johnson, Mrs. Robinson, and Marvin led to the shameful outbreak against them in Concord, Massachusetts. Hunter does not say where he gets his information about the F. Y. P. beyond pointing to what he calls their connection with the German Youth Movement: If the German Youth Movement is a cult of nudity and free love—and he says it is—and if the F. Y. P. is a part of that movement—and he says it is—then the F. Y. P. is a cult of the same sort. The craze for physical culture which swept through Germany and which is reaching these shores as infatuation with "sun-tan" has none of the connotations lodging in Mr. Hunter's simple mind; but he has been a D. A. R. educator, and Daughters, exhorted to loyalty toward their superior officers, have been expected to absorb his teaching.

Mrs. Robinson is the figurehead of a little group of women affiliated with the interests that lobby in Washington against reform in industry. These women profess to see religion and the home about to collapse because of what they call "feminism"—the "most alarming movement of the day." This group, old anti-suffragists, associated today as the Massachusetts Public Interests League, were subjected to indignant scrutiny by the public when they tried to spoil Maude Royden's tour in the United States. A typical example of Mrs. Robinson's tactics in anti-suffrage days—and they are still in use—was the following assault on Dr. Anna Howard Shaw.

As publicity chairman for anti-suffrage, Mrs. Robinson wrote fliers for the press. Under date of July 17, 1917, just after our country had gone into the war, when slurs upon the patriotism of suffragists were calculated to injure their cause, Mrs. Robinson wrote and sent out for publication the following statement: "At the suffrage convention on September 9, 1916, Dr. Shaw said: 'What is the flag but a piece of bunting?'" Mrs. Robinson tore that phrase out of its setting. As a matter of fact, what Dr. Shaw did say, as she stood in the Convention Hall in Philadelphia draped with the flags of the Allies, was this:

> This is the American flag. It is a bit of bunting, and why is it that when it is surrounded by the flags of all other nations, your eyes and mine turn toward it and there is a warmth at our hearts such as we do not feel when we gaze on any other flag?

The D. A. R. managers' claim of authority to record the entire D. A. R. membership in favor of the Big Navy bill of 1928 is based on the resolution passed by the D. A. R. congress in 1927, demanding that "the navy, as an essential part of the national defense, be maintained fully in the ratio of 5-5-3." The 5-5-3 program refers exclusively to battleships, whereas the Big Navy bill of 1928 was a cruiser-building program. Whatever the merits of the resolution, it is interesting to trace its history. The resolutions committee introduced in 1927 a motion that "the National Society of the D. A. R. reaffirm the declarations of the Women's Patriotic Conference on National Defense, as set forth in ringing resolutions hereto attached." To this carrying resolution were appended some fifteen resolutions that had just been passed by the W. P. C., which resolutions were preceded by long "whereases," and the whole, if they were read to the D. A. R. congress, occupied an unconscionable portion of congressional time. Even if read, the 5-5-3 item nestled inconspicuously in the welter, and Mrs. Joy recommended the adoption of the whole. Her recommendation was immediately carried, without question or debate. Yet D. A. R. managers seriously affirm that this important resolution was initiated by delegates, and is thus binding on every member of the society.

The National Defense Committee of the D. A. R., with Mrs. Walker at its head, came into being in 1926 through resolutions similarly put through. Said Mrs. Walker, addressing the delegates in April, 1927:

> Sunrise! Dawn! The new day of "Cooperation on National Defense" by the Daughters of the American Revolution is just beginning. The National Defense Committee in still in the morning hours of its existence. Proceeding toward noonday, it should in its natural course become an illuminating force in the nation, throwing light on the dark places, dispelling the gloom of misunderstanding, eradicating the cobwebs of conspiracy, banishing the bats of unbelief and scoffing, purifying the atmosphere of the elements of suspicion, insurrection, and violence. . . . Cooperate! Collect! Evaluate! Disseminate! This is our task.
>
> Picture the organizations at work to undermine the basic principles of our government, having millions at their disposal, trained people by the hundreds at their command. In some cases there are endowments insuring the future continuance of their activities. Surely the foes are already within America and thoroughly equipped and organized for action. . . .
>
> The routine of the Washington office of the Committee on National Defense includes:
>
> 1. An ever-growing correspondence reaching into all the States.
> 2. A digest of conditions throughout the United States by means of questionnaires.
> 3. Amassing comprehensive files on subversive subjects.
> 4. Supplying documentary information.
> 5. Research at libraries and information centers.
> 6. The collection and revamping of current data.
> 7. The reviewing of books and magazines.
> 8. Clipping newspapers and periodicals.
> 9. Preparing and escorting exhibits.
> 10. Mimeographing and reproducing rare material for more general distribution.
> 11. Publication of special material.
> 12. Stimulating activity in the States.
> 13. Interviewing hundreds of callers.
> 14. Supplying information to press, platform, and pulpit.
> 15. Giving speeches before chapters, State conferences, and other groups.
> 16. Meeting with committees and liaison groups.
>
> . . . To skeletonize the outlook for the future, our society seems to have an excellent background for the suc-

cessful promotion of a thriving Committee on National Defense.

It has a loyal membership.
It has organization machinery in every State.
It has a knowledge of fundamental historical facts.
It has a constituency quickly responsive to patriotic needs.
It has the confidence of government authorities.

Thus did Mrs. Walker sow the wind.

Her committee was enthusiastic. At the Massachusetts State Conference of the D. A. R. in Boston on March 15, 1927, Mrs. Hurd, State chairman of National Defense, said:

> A list of the names of individuals and organizations which seek to embody Communist principles in the management of our government has been forwarded to the regents of every chapter in the country as part of the work in overcoming these influences.

That same month, the blacklists came to my chapter.

The explosion that followed was long due. Not all Daughters are clay in the hands of the potter. Many of them belong to organizations they were told to suspect. Many were disgusted with the speakers sent to harangue them. There had been an undercurrent of protest for at least two years. No attempt was ever made to meet protest fairly and squarely. When the explosion finally came, the managers had no defense but to take refuge in denial and recrimination. They were tireless in covering up their tracks, and after shoals of resignations, the society has shaken down into apparent quiescence. A minority, it is true, are squirming unhappily, hoping for "a change" under new managers. But a vast number are bounded by the chapter, content with its social and often excellent patriotic activities, and really not caring what their national officers do.

Is the honor of the society dear to its members? In its dishonor each member shares.

In the Driftway

THE Drifter's attention has been caught by two dispatches, both from London, appearing on the same day in our newspapers. The first was in regard to the prohibition placed upon the appearance of Florence Austral, Australian prima donna, as a choir singer in the festival at Worcester Cathedral. She was barred by the dean because of having married a divorced man, John Amadio, noted flutist, and the latter arraigns the Church of England in a stinging statement in which he says:

> I was married, but legally separated from my wife. I was unhappy and without comfort. I loved Miss Austral and she loved me and we still love one another. We decided then that we must go through everything in the recognized legal way. I was divorced, and my former wife is now happily married to another man. I married Miss Austral.
>
> How dare the church criticize us? Supposing there had been no divorce? Supposing that we had not been brave and moral enough to take the matter to the courts, and lived the kind of life so many others are living today. What is the answer of the church to that? The treatment my wife has received makes it difficult to believe that there can be any comfort in religion. There must be thousands of people here thinking the same and wondering to whom to turn for sympathy.

* * * * *

AS long as the Church of England takes the position that it does on divorce its action against Miss Austral seems logical. But what a simple yet devastating argument Mr. Amadio makes against this position. The Drifter wonders how in an age of changing ideas in regard to sex relations—of new conceptions demanded by modern knowledge of psychology and anthropology—any church hopes to hold its membership while maintaining all the old conventions against divorce. Must not the church, if it is to survive, meet the newer ideas on sex at least half way? Perhaps not. It may be argued that to open the dike at all is to let the sea rush in. The best way for a church to hold its members may be to insist absolutely on all the old prejudices and ignorance. It is a fair prophecy that the fundamentalist churches will outlast the modernist ones. The modernists, having tasted of the Tree of Knowledge, may find themselves presently entirely outside the Garden.

* * * * *

WITH the future of the Church of England, or any other, the Drifter is not greatly concerned, but he is vitally interested in the progress of public sentiment in regard to ethical questions. An example is ten times as forcible as an argument, and Worcester Cathedral has probably done more for sex freedom by its action against Miss Austral than it can counteract with all the sermons that are preached under its roof in the next hundred years—if it lasts that long.

* * * * *

THE other dispatch which caught the Drifter's attention was one reporting the remarks of R. B. Kerr, editor of the *New Generation*, at the congress of the World League for Sexual Reform. Mr. Kerr talked about what England still calls spinsters and we used to revile as old maids. Significantly, the term has almost gone out of use in this country except as applied to a markedly fussy or old-fashioned individual. Mr. Kerr made the truly terrible statement that in England today 40 per cent of the women over thirty years of age are unmarried—a terrible statement, that is, in view of existing moral codes in regard to sex rights and relations. Spinsters, said Mr. Kerr, were the backbone of our humanitarian movements, but "there is no excuse for a system that excludes a large proportion of human beings from all that sex means." And finally: "The time is coming when the distinction between married women and spinsters will vanish," and "eugenic babies" will be so common in ten years that nobody will think them worth a comment.

* * * * *

NO, not in ten years, Mr. Kerr. The world doesn't move that fast. But it is worth remembering that twenty-five years ago the newspapers which paid cable tolls to reproduce Mr. Kerr's remarks would have ignored the entire congress as a gathering of cranks, if not criminals, and would have been afraid to print the speeches if they had been sent in free. Even today they will receive (as will *The Nation*) some shocked protests. But most of the readers will call for more, and the newspapers, knowing this, will supply it.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

One View of Palestine

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Is this Naomi? I have always been an enthusiastic reader of *The Nation*. Whenever and wherever justice was in shame, *The Nation* with its redeeming words served as a consolation. It seems, however, that when it comes to the Jews the angels of justice weep in heaven, but not on earth. Even the humanitarian hearts become then frozen cold.

The Nation always spoke like an apostle, pretending to be the conscience of this nation. The conscience of better America, however, has been reflected in the great humanitarian message of our President, Herbert Hoover. The lonely eternal Jewish nation will never forget what Herbert Hoover said in the time of this distress. When the tragic news came from Palestine, shattered to the depths of my soul I ran to buy *The Nation* with a hidden hope that here I should find the great "Accuse." I rubbed my eyes in shame. Is this Naomi?

In the issue of September 4 *The Nation* treats the Palestinian tragedy with an Olympian pseudo-scientific partiality. It has gathered nevertheless some information about the anti-Semitism of British administrative officials in Palestine.

In the next issue of September 11, on page one, an editorial says: "It is easy enough, thousands of miles away, to pick out mistakes in British administration and in Zionist policy," etc., etc. A politician dodging an issue talks that way. If the writer would be really interested in search for truth, not tens of thousands of miles away but only one mile away, he could have found poets, painters, soldiers, judges, workingmen who have lived in Palestine and studied the situation there and who know what *The Nation* does not want to know, namely: (1) That a few effendis are jealous of their position with the Arabian working masses whom they subjected to servitude and are against the Jews because they civilized their serfs and helped to raise their standard of living. (2) He would know that the same masses are not a nation but wild, nomadic tribes living even in the time of peace on loot. (3) He would know that the country was waste and desert for thousands of years and the Jews, in the last twenty-five years, introduced civilization and turned deserts into smiling countrysides. (4) He would know that there are many Arabian states spread all over the East while there are sixteen million Jews living under the same sun as *The Nation* writer who are countryless. (5) He would know that the British administration in Palestine betrayed the Jews. If England continues to betray the Jews and put obstacles in the way of rebuilding themselves and their homeland, and we find no outlet for our hunger to live and create, we shall have to join the forces of destruction. We shall have to teach our children "Oh God, hate England."

Rome fell! Judea lives! Beware of the eternal curses of an eternal nation!

New York, September 9 U. F. Rabinowitz

Another View

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Because 700,000 Arabs feel that they are being robbed of their homeland and exploited by 100,000 Jews, Palestine is today the scene of bloodshed and racial war, according to Dr. George Samne, editor of *La Correspondance d'Orient* and noted Arab authority.

"The grave events of the past week are not surprising," Dr. Samne declares; "their cause is an old sore and the incidents of the Wailing Wall were only a pretext for the ensuing trouble."

"The dominating indisputable factor is the crushing of the great majority of the people of Palestine by a small minority.

"I want to call attention to the report of Dr. Pritchett of the Carnegie Foundation which states: 'There are in Palestine 800,000 people, of whom 700,000 are Arabs. . . . The Zionist movement irritates the Arabs, who are asking themselves, not without reason, what is to become of them if Palestine is really transformed into a national home for Jews. . . .'

"That is the question in a nutshell," declares Dr. Samne. Those who wished to create a Jewish state in Palestine did not consider this at all. They did not reckon on the economic fact that the Arabs were "masters of the soil in their own land." "One of the great ideals in the World War was to give weaker peoples the right of self-determination. In violation of this Wilsonian ideal, Palestine after the war was placed under British protection, as a new state open to the Jews of the world. Thus a vast majority of Arabs were by a stroke placed under Jewish minority rule.

"It is a fact of capital importance that Jews themselves have manifested no eagerness whatever to leave the countries in which they live in order to reside in 'Zion.' They have thereby given proof of much more common sense than the Zionist politicians, who are collecting millions for a foolhardy Utopia and dumping it all into a bottomless well. . . .

"From a purely sentimental and idealistic viewpoint the Zionist movement should be encouraged, but as an economic reality it will always be a vacuum.

"I want the world to know that the present racial conflict in Palestine is not religious in any sense, but of a purely economic character. You might just as well have the American Indian repossess himself of America with the help of strong and influential friends. It is all unthinkable to the Arab world!

"I also want to point out that Jews and Moslems have always lived together on excellent terms in Palestine under majority rule—Mohammedan—which means Moslem rule, of course, and that the Jewish minority always enjoyed absolute and complete religious and economic freedom.

"In conclusion," says Dr. Samne, "it is well for the non-Arab world to know that Arabs also have some rights which Zionist politicians, British guns, and even your collected mighty American dollars must respect and heed."

Paris, August 29 Nicholas Klein

For Chicago Readers

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: *The Nation* Club of Chicago announces the opening of its 1929-1930 season with a dinner in its new quarters in the Cliff Tea Room, 120 S. Clark Street, on Saturday evening, September 28. A cordial invitation is extended to all readers of *The Nation* in and around Chicago. The charge is $1.50 per person. Mail your reservations to the secretary. Regular meetings of the club will be held on the second and fourth Tuesday of each month, beginning in October.

Chicago, September 21 Sol Greenberg, Secretary
1138 N. Rockwell Street

The Nation Radio Hour—Every Monday at 8 P. M.
526M.—WMCA—750 K.
September 23—Paul Blanshard

Books and Drama

Father and Son

By CARLETON DREWRY

Let him be proud awhile under
His armor, and unafraid:
Soon to go naked and blunder
Into the blade.

Let him be riotous and think,
Until the glass be lowered,
That life's most passionate drink
For him is poured.

He will learn in the lull
Of the years, my words be his:
Ah, life could be so beautiful,
Yet never is.

A Free Woman

By JAMES RORTY

The cows are in the barnyard,
The sheep are in the pen;
And she has filled her pilgrim's scrip
And takes the road again.

Something high and something blind,
Lean, and stripped of fear.
Stranger, not for you or me
Is the Devil's Dear.

Not for you and not for me—
Who then will she find
Adrift on moving water
Or borne on blowing wind?

In earth the small seed quickens
To flower in its place
And beckon air and water—
This is its state of grace.

Never the devil's doxie
Shall rest from journeying
Nor dooryard gardens blossom
Nor sober churchbells ring.

But lonely men will startle
Hearing the devil's laughter
And leave their sour curds and go
Mad and follow after;

And roadside stones will shiver
And whimper to be free,
And rotting ships will stretch their sails
To plough the devil's sea;

Forgotten graves will render up
Their unforgotten pain—
The dead men would be shriven
Before they die again.

Something high and something blind—
We praise it with our fear.
Stranger, we'll be sooner dead
Than the Devil's Dear.

The Triumph of Time

The Captive. By Marcel Proust. Translated by C. K. Scott Moncrieff. Albert and Charles Boni. $3.

Répertoire de Personages de "A la Recherche du Temps Perdu." Par Charles Daudet. Paris: Nouvelle Revue Française.

THOSE impatient persons who insisted upon taking "A la Recherche du Temps Perdu" at a single gulp were perhaps less wise than those who have been content to wait for the English volumes as they have appeared one by one. The vast work certainly gains something if the experience which reading it affords is spread out over years; and some sense of duration, of changes taking place in time, is necessary for the appreciation of its full effect. Nor need one, now that an index is provided in the "Répertoire," fear that he will forget any necessary details, since he may by its aid easily refer to the most significant passages concerning any character.

"The Captive" yields to none of the previous volumes in interest or beauty. The first half, concerned chiefly with the inward life of the hero during the period when he was attempting to satisfy the demands of his morbid jealousy by exercising the most minute surveillance over every detail of Albertine's life, is one of the most curious of the many analyses of abnormal emotional states which the work contains; but the second half, dealing more largely with other personages and including a magnificent account of the musical soirée which M. de Charlus arranged for the Verdurins, is even more interesting, since Proust's power of creating character and atmosphere is, despite the greater attention which has been paid to his subjective analyses, perhaps the most remarkable of his gifts. It is obvious that even his own personality interested him hardly more than that of the cruel, perverse, and yet charming Charlus (certainly the most fascinating character in the long list of his dramatis personae) who is here exhibited in all the magnificent insolence of his social genius.

The form of "Cities on the Plain" seemed to me to be determined by its author's conception of society as an artificial institution whose arbitrary standards supplied him, as novelist, with those necessary lines of reference which he could not discover in any rationally defensible scheme of ethics; the form of "The Captive" seems to be, on the contrary, determined by something more closely related to the conception referred to in the key-words "Temps Perdu" of the general title; by, that is to say, the sense of a certain instability as so much the most striking of human characteristics that the discontinuity of experience becomes the most significant feature of one's personal history.

Proust was doubtless led to his all but obsessive interest in the contrast between the absolute value of our desires while they last and the rapidity with which they can, nevertheless, utterly disappear, by his own experience with the complexities of the sexual passion. Though assigning a wholly romantic value to this last he nevertheless completely dissociated the idea of love from the idea of permanence, and his realization of the

fact that a change in his dominant desire made, in effect, a new person of him led him to notice how many similar if less striking examples of the same phenomenon are to be observed when we consider the interests, opinions, and even manners of a man. And at last it came to seem to him that it was folly to speak of himself, of Albertine, or of Charlus as though any one of them were an entity maintaining its identity while time flowed past, and that a novel could be significant only if it were everywhere dominated by the sense that even the personalities for which the constantly recurring names stand are as fluid as the medium through which they float.

I have no way of knowing to what extent Proust was aware of the fact that this dominant concern of his was related to the concern with space and time or the absolute and the relative, with the different aspects of which so many of his contemporaries have been busy. I do not know whether or not he realized that in accepting time as a universal solvent he was rendering it impossible to set up, even within the realm of a single work of art, any of those monumental personalities or passions or principles which give to classic works the air of existing in some eternity exempt from the destructive influence of the flux which makes all merely human things insubstantial and trivial. But whether he realized it or not, he should be the arch enemy of all who hold any classical conceptions of either personality, art, or morals. Others have struggled to rescue something from the flood; they have cherished at least the delusion that there are certain rocks around which the waves break. But his is a universe in which every molecule is fluid.

For Proust, memory is the only enemy of time. It alone links what we are with what we were, and hence it gives a false sense of continuity to our lives. Through its aid, the time that is past may be recovered after a fashion, and to recover it is a necessity if we are to seem to ourselves to have any enduring identity. But even memory rather collects than joins together, and what it gives us is a bag of dissimilar fragments. The aggregate of them is what any one of us calls himself, but it remains only an aggregate, not a meaningful whole. Hence to remember is the last expedient of the man who feels himself dissolving in the eternal flux, even though it leaves him aware that memory alone serves to separate even the detritus of himself from the common ruin into which the passions and purposes of each moment are thrown by the next.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

An Imperfect Philosophy

Gestalt Psychology. By Wolfgang Köhler. Horace Liveright. $4.

AMERICAN psychologists have long suspected *Gestalttheorie* of concealing a philosophical doctrine at the heart of its argument, and for that reason most of them have made little effort to understand it. Their suspicion must now certainly be substantiated by Wolfgang Köhler's treatise, at the same time that Köhler's explicit formulation of the philosophy underlying gestalt psychology must challenge their characteristic disinclination to consider any theory too obviously tainted by "philosophy."

The challenge is threefold: first, in that the early chapters contain a critical examination of the naive objectivism of the behaviorists, and of the over-simplified mechanism common to both the traditional mentalistic structural psychology and the most radical materialistic behaviorism; second, in the development of the principles of gestalt psychology as a special case of a general ontological theory of *Gestalten;* and, third, because the experiments which Köhler reports cannot be understood without reference to the theory in terms of which they were conceived and executed. This last point is, perhaps, most penetrating, for it is the dominant tendency in American laboratories to make the experiment the thing, as if it were an agency of revelation to be invoked, but never to be understood as the mere creature of a methodology which, in turn, is the formulation of theoretical postulates in terms of instruments and arbitrarily controlled situations. Köhler's book should stop the familiar controversy as to whether the experiments of the gestalt psychologists prove anything new. They prove nothing, and least of all the theory, unless to prove means to illustrate, to demonstrate, or show by a spectacle what has already been said by analysis.

The philosophical theses from which the details of gestalt psychology, including the experimental results, can be deduced assert, first, that nature is a hierarchical organization of whole-part structures; second, that nature is experience and that the distinction between matter and mind derives from the analysis of experience, the differentiating concepts of physics and psychology being intellectual constructs rather than descriptions of existent entities, such as "physical objects" and "mental states"; third, that all relations are internal and hence parts and wholes are reciprocally determinative and determined; and, lastly, that natural events are always a development of such whole-part structures, and therefore all processes of change can be understood as the occurrence of wholes (patterns or *Gestalten*) internally determined.

The critical argument of Köhler's book is implied by these postulates. Behaviorism distinguishes, in terms of a naive epistemology, between objective and subjective as equivalent ontologically to physical and mental; and, viewing the organism and its behavior as members of the physical world, it applies thereto the simple concepts of classical mechanism: atomism, external relations, and efficient causality. Hence the analysis of all behavior into the mechanisms of reflexes and conditionings, the latter being only accidental combinations of reflexes. Introspective or structural psychology is founded similarly on this seventeenth-century "natural philosophy," dealing with sensations instead of reflexes, and the complexes produced by the accidental association of sensations instead of conditional reflexes. In short, Köhler here applies to the traditional psychology of both kinds the same type of criticism which Whitehead has made of Newtonian physics. The "constancy hypothesis" which Köhler points out as underlying the doctrine of pure sensations is a special case of the fallacy of simple location in classical mechanics. Köhler's dynamism is equivalent to Whitehead's organic mechanism.

The positive construction of gestalt psychology also follows as an application of these fundamental assumptions to traditional psychological subject-matter. Perception, association, and reproduction are dynamical part-whole processes, analyzable in terms of the properties of organized wholes. Perceptions and memories are not products of the fortuitous contiguities of past experience but are intrinsically determined by the circumstances of their occurrence. On its descriptive and experimental sides, gestalt psychology seeks to classify these conditions phenomenologically and to create them in the laboratory under control.

This construction is crucially defective, however, in both philosophical and psychological respects. Köhler abandons the phenomenalism of his critical chapters by using the old realistic dichotomy of the structures in the perceptual field versus the physical objects perceived in order to discuss the correspondence of physical and psychological *gestalten;* and adopts a form of atomism by treating the physical media of light and sound as constituted by "indifferently" related elements, thus contradicting the fundamental thesis of the ubiquity of organization. On the psychological side, the inadequacy arises not only from

the forced rendering of act, impulse, and emotion in terms of passive cognition, but also from the subtle equivocation of "sensory field" and "visual field." It might be suggested here that the gestalt psychologists would profit by an attempt to translate the Freudian metapsychology as a dynamism of emotion and motivation, as well as by a study of Brentano's basic concept of the psychic act.

The trouble with gestalt psychology is not that it is too philosophical, but that its present formulation is philosophically not competent enough. It has made no effort to undertake a part-whole calculus. It has failed to understand itself in terms of relevant theory, both contemporary and historical. An instance of the former is its half-hearted and unclear adaptation of the phenomenological approach of Husserl, for which Köhler often substitutes a confused phenomenalism. Its somewhat arrogant pretension to originality, also, has prevented it from seeing that its insistence upon formal as opposed to efficient causality, and its analysis of the objective forms of cognition are Aristotelian doctrines. To recognize this would not be merely a matter of just historical perspective, for what is at once the most perplexing and the central concept of gestalt psychology would be illumined if "insight" were conceived as the "active intellect" of the *De Anima*.

MORTIMER J. ADLER

Realism and Mannerism

How Like a God. By Rex Stout. The Vanguard Press. $2.50.

THE qualities of this first novel are real and exciting, but the attention is liable to be diverted from them by the undue prominence of two affectations. The first is the telling of the story entirely in the second person: a continuous retrospective soliloquy addressed to himself by the hero. Three hundred pages of this have one of two effects upon the reader: according to his temperament he is either irritated (almost, one might say, insulted), in which case the fine emotional values of the book are blurred; or he becomes habituated to the point of being unconscious of the innovation, in which case it has no particular value. The second affectation is a more serious one as it is bound up with the very structure of the book. As William Morton Sidney mounts a flight of steps to kill a woman (whose identity is not revealed until almost at the close of the story), he goes back over his unsatisfactory past life, recalling step by step some incident in which one of five unusual women has figured. The ascent of the flight of stairs cannot possibly require more than five minutes; yet we are asked to believe that Sidney can relive in his mind, in more or less logical sequence, dozens of complicated encounters, conversations, soliloquies. It is useless to term this "a mere convention," for it is upon the assumed reality of this "convention" that Mr. Stout clearly bases much of his intended dramatic effect. It is unreal; and that is all there is to it. Furthermore, the suspense in which the reader is held as he tries to guess which of the five women "you" are to murder is of the detective-story order, and accordingly unworthy of many of the author's carefully conceived psychological nuances.

Reworked so as to fall into the straightforward pattern of a direct third-person narrative, "How Like a God" would lose some of its sensational aspect but it would gain in genuineness. Even with all its trickery weighed in, however, it is an unusual book. The central character is remarkably conceived: a successful business man who all his life has been dominated by a wearisome good fortune and who, his energy sapped by an ease he never should have enjoyed, is unable to extricate himself from a horrible sexual dilemma except by murder. The Dostoevskian situation is resolved without recourse to melodrama and is related in a style icy with self-contempt. The book is a trifle too long (the plot and idea are much better suited to the dimensions of the novelette), but it is thoroughly interesting and has an air of maturity about it few American first novels possess.

CLIFTON P. FADIMAN

Finding Borrow

George Borrow. By Samuel Milton Elam. Alfred A. Knopf. $3.

MR. ELAM has read every word written by George Borrow and almost every word written about him. This biography, he says, is based on what Borrow wrote of himself, and one wonders at Mr. Elam's choice of subject. There is so little love in this labor! It would be difficult to upset the facts that Mr. Elam selects as evidence of salient qualities in Borrow's character. Borrow *was* an amateur philologist despite his genuine feeling for language. He was a doubter, though he sold the Bible for profit. When he knocked his man out, it was by accident; and when he made love, it was by innuendo in Armenian. But Isobel Berners, who spoke in English, would not thank Mr. Elam for the violent hands he has laid on that scene in the dingle.

"George," writes this author, "understood that literatures are not builded of statistics." Neither are portraits. Dissection is the job of a surgeon, not a creator. Mr. Elam contends that Borrow contributed nothing to literature but "The Bible in Spain." But the Borrow "clique" that Mr. Elam mentions is perhaps not so small as he imagines. It includes even poets who don't refuse the name of literature to "The Romany Rye" and "Lavengro." "Finding Borrow," says this author, "was a hard job; George wrote so much." Borrovians will wish that Mr. Elam had let George do the job for them—as indeed he did.

NORAH MEADE

Lincoln Legends

Myths After Lincoln. By Lloyd Lewis. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $3.50.

WRITING in the staccato paragraphs of an ultra-modern news reporter, Lloyd Lewis has assembled in a single volume virtually all of the sporadic folk-tales that have sprung up, provincially, about the name of Lincoln, since his death, and that of John Wilkes Booth, his destroyer. He prefaces his house of myths with a portico of one hundred and fifty pages in order to introduce his reader to his somewhat faulty interpretation of Lincoln's simplified plan of reconstruction, to narrate the incidents leading to the tragedy at Ford's theater, and to describe the events of the President's funeral train from Washington to Springfield, through a succession of cities seeming to rival one another in exhibitions of patriotic emotion, "half circus, half heartbreak." He has scanned the newspapers and books of the period for the public reaction to the assassination in the pulpit, the press, and the Cabinet, and he plays up the war-worn Stanton's panicky fear of the Confederacy's connection with Booth's fanatical crime. He accents the well-known ground of advantage the radicals in Congress saw in the event for the success of their iron attitude toward the South's reconstruction in the Union.

Booth's story as an actor, his murder of the President, his temporary escape, his death by Boston Corbett's pistol-shot in Garrett's Virginia barn, his secret burial, and the trial and punishment of his accomplices are told with journalistic freedom and fluency. Mr. Lewis fills in his narrative with many

interesting sidelights and character sketches. In the wake of numerous minor myths, reverberating out of the national shock from the tragedy, several larger stories have gathered head and persist to this day, especially in the South, where the psychology has seemed to be better suited to their credulity. Among Lincoln's putative fathers Patrick Henry (who died before Lincoln was born) and John C. Calhoun, with several others, have had their provincial following. The abortive attempt of Chicago counterfeiters to steal Lincoln's body, in 1876, started the rather widely spread story that the tomb at Springfield is empty.

Probably the most persistent myth of all is the story that Lincoln's slayer was never taken; that his announced burial by the Secret Service was a scheme to claim the $50,000 reward proclaimed by Stanton. Several Booths have appeared here and there in the South. All Lincoln students are familiar with "The Escape and Suicide of John Wilkes Booth," written with elaboration and apparent seriousness by Finis L. Bates, a Memphis lawyer, in 1907, accounting for Booth under the alias of John St. Helen, in Texas, as early as 1872, and identifying St. Helen with a drug addict by the name of George, who, on his deathbed in Enid, Oklahoma, in 1902, announced himself as the original Booth. A few years ago, a romance by a Southern novelist, based upon the Bates book, revived interest in this fake Booth.

Careful students of Lincoln and of the events of the Civil War period have continually run against these Lincoln and Booth myths, and have been interested in the credulity of the myth-loving folks in communities where they are nourished. Lincoln, because of his great humanitarianism, has been America's best subject for legendary creation. But myths cannot flourish or become national in our day of shrewd and enterprising publicity. Mr. Lewis's tabloid presentation of the Lincoln-Booth folk-tales, Barton's "Paternity of Abraham Lincoln," and Wilson's recent "John Wilkes Booth" are but a few illustrations of the point.

LUTHER E. ROBINSON

Railway Pioneer

Trails, Rails and War. The Life of General G. M. Dodge. By J. R. Perkins. The Bobbs-Merrill Company. $5.

ALTHOUGH this volume has been published under the auspices of the Historical, Memorial, and Art Department of Iowa, it by no means represents the best in historical treatment. General Dodge, while not a brilliant military officer, was a pioneer engineer in the development of railroads, shrewd, farsighted, and able. A graduate of Norwich University in 1850, this Massachusetts boy early sought the West and drifted easily into railroading, beginning as a surveyor and settling by 1857. From then until the Civil War he was profoundly absorbed in the problem of transcontinental railroad construction. Never a radical Abolitionist, he was utterly opposed to the rendition of slaves from free territory and early in the struggle saw the military value and necessity of depriving the South of the services of its slaves.

Entering the army as a lieutenant-colonel of cavalry, he speedily became colonel of the Fourth Iowa, which he led at Pea Ridge, and later brigadier and major general, to be severely wounded near Atlanta when commander of the Sixteenth Army Corps. Constantly he was drawn away from purely military work to undertake the most difficult engineering feats. If it could be done, Dodge could do it, usually quicker than anybody else. His wound terminated his active military service, and he was made commander of the Department of Missouri. After the war he took to the building of the Union Pacific Railroad many of his former officers and men. Always he won the respect and admiration of all with whom he came into contact. He remained as chief of the Union Pacific until 1870, eight months after the road was finished.

Although interested in military affairs all his life, Dodge, like Sherman, Sheridan, and Grant, was anything but a militarist. Indeed, he considered the World War "a great crime" and scorned the suggestion that it would "make the world safe for democracy." Fortunately for his happiness General Dodge died before the United States entered the war.

This is not the definitive life of this admirable pioneer. It is not thorough and often not clear in its statement of Dodge's movements and work and there are numerous slips in names and titles which should have been caught.

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

Books in Brief

The Middle Ages. By Edward Maslin Hulme. Henry Holt and Company. $5.50.

Professor Hulme has based his book upon a set of outlines for the medieval period which Professor George L. Burr, of Cornell University, printed some years ago for the use of his classes, but which unfortunately have never been published. Teachers who have seen the outlines have recognized in them an extraordinarily able guide to the events, and particularly to the spirit, of the Middle Ages, and Professor Hulme has ventured, he tells us, to rearrange or depart from them in only a few minor respects. The last two chapters, however, on medieval art, learning, and literature, are new. The book, accordingly, is distinguished by its emphasis upon the cultural aspects of the period, the development of the church, the universities and schools of thought, and forms of social life, and the contacts between Western Europe and its eastern neighbors. The style is simple, the narrative is not overcrowded with data, and controverted topics are judiciously presented. The volume is the latest addition to the American Historical Series which Professor Charles H. Haskins, of Harvard, is editing for college or university use.

The Encircled Serpent. By M. Oldfield Howey. David McKay. $7.50.

Like the proverbial ass between two bales of hay, Mr. Howey has been the victim of fatal hesitation. In bidding for the attention of a large group of readers he has produced a work hardly lively enough for the layman, and not sufficiently detailed to form a real contribution to the special literature of his subject. Mr. Howey has painstakingly traced the use of serpent symbolism in the religions and folk-lore of all ages. His adherence to a general outline has not prevented the inclusion of interesting, if extraneous, material regarding the part of the serpent in primitive art, medicine, necromancy, and cosmogony. The result is an impressive mass of data, arranged with a good deal of ingenuity but a very imperfect appearance of scholarship.

La Vie de François Rabelais. Par Jean Plattard. Paris et Bruxelles: Les Editions G. van Ouest.

For a writer who is read no more than François Rabelais, he is astonishingly much written about. When Victor Hugo, who followed the fashion and wrote a good deal about him without reading him much, qualified him as "Rabelais que nul ne comprit," he placed him very justly. His difficulty is no doubt one reason for his appeal to scholars. From 1903 till 1913, Professor Abel Lefranc published his *Revue des Etudes*

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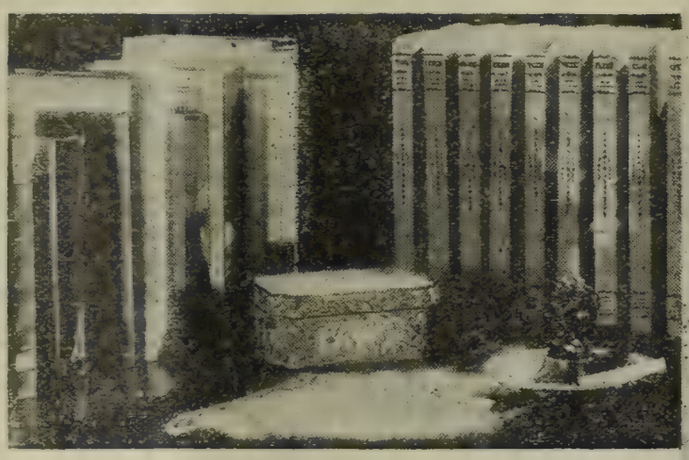
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Rabelaisiennes, dealing with Rabelais from cover to cover. Since 1913 that publication has been the *Revue du Seizième siècle,* but Rabelais is still a principal theme. Professor Plattard is a disciple and collaborator of Lefranc's, and his large octavo volume "L'Œuvre de Rabelais (Sources, Invention et Composition)," published by H. Champion in 1910 and crowned by the Academy, now has a fitting companion volume in this generously illustrated compendium of all that is known about the zestful old scholar's life. That is not much, but the book sets a large and always careful background of sixteenth-century culture and customs. It is one of the handsomest books ever printed, and no doubt will remain for a long time the authoritative reference life of the profane Benedictine monk whose temperament and influence show so many points of similarity with a less profane German Augustinian monk of the same generation, by the name of Martin Luther.

Old World Masters in New World Collections. By Esther Singleton. The Macmillan Company. $10.

Miss Singleton in arranging her book was guided by what all must agree is an excellent principle, namely, that of beauty. Art, to her, is "something to refresh the mind," and she feels sure that many will welcome a book in which not the slightest suggestion of suffering enters. Hence she has eliminated all crucifixions, pietas, martyrdoms, and tragedies. Besides the criterion of beauty she uses that of the dollar. She gives the latest sale price of twelve pictures, the lowest of which is $206,850, while the total value of the pictures discussed in the book "soars beyond the millions into the billion dollar class." The book is only ten dollars.

Four Faces of Siva: The Detective Story of a Vanished Race. By Robert J. Casey. Bobbs-Merrill. $5.

The mighty temples of Cambodia, rediscovered in the Malay jungle less than a century ago, are to the Old World what the Maya cities are to ours. Degenerate descendants of the powerful Khmers fear the spell of the cities where their ancestors once ruled; and modern historians have difficulty in puzzling out the story of this people. At their height the Khmers must have numbered millions; they built scores of cities, and temples with façades five times as wide as that of Notre Dame; they carved literally miles of intricate and delicate bas-reliefs in stone which must have been hauled a hundred miles by man-power and lifted, in twenty-ton units, to a height sometimes of two hundred feet. And then they died, leaving descendants with few traditions of their greatness and no explanation of their fall. Mr. Casey tells the story ecstatically and colorfully, so breathlessly indeed that the reader is sometimes at a loss to tell what is history and what is Mr. Casey's literature.

The Day of Doom, or a Poetical Description of the Great and Last Judgment. With Other Poems. By Michael Wigglesworth. Edited with an Introduction by Kenneth B. Murdock. With Drawings adapted from early New England Gravestones by Wanda Gag. The Spiral Press. $7.50.

The first of a series of reprints from older American literature, this is not only an exquisite piece of bookmaking—the head and tail pieces by Wanda Gag alone being worth one's money, and the press work being of a most distinguished sort—but a product of scholarship as well. Mr. Murdock knows New England theology so well that he can say just what is worth saying in his introduction about this perhaps most famous of all our early poems. That it is a monstrosity of faith he recognizes; but he can explain that faith better than most students could, and he has written half a dozen wise and amusing pages.

Drama

Ship-Shape

MOST producers are willing to take a chance on anything which they genuinely believe to be a masterpiece. They will beat the big drum for art when the gesture can be made convincingly heroic, but on all minor occasions they prefer—understandably enough—the sure thing. Mr. Arthur Hopkins has, however, the distinction of almost invariably risking the novel. He is so impatient with stereotypes that even his less ambitious attempts are very likely to have at least the charm of the unusual, and though even he finds masterpieces rare he may usually be depended upon to keep out of the beaten track. His reputation is enviable and he has sustained it by the production of an unclassifiable comedy, founded upon some incidents in "Peregrine Pickle," entitled "The Commodore Marries" (Plymouth Theater). One-half of the audience finds it delightful; the other half is resentfully bewildered, not because the play is either obscure or especially profound but simply because it is not, in plot or intention, precisely like any other seen during the last season or two.

The Commodore referred to in the title is retired and a little bit mad. He has transformed his house into the semblance of a ship, and he maintains a crew which rings bells at appropriate times, speaks in seaman-like fashion, and even, occasionally, reefs imaginary sails when a storm arises. Everyone

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is happy with song and drink until the Commodore takes it into his head to get himself married to an ageing female of the neighborhood who has scant sympathy with the ways of the sea. She instals a crayon portrait in the place where the mast used to be, she defiles the cabin with a sofa, she abolishes the pleasant institution of the watch. Worse than that, she deprives both commander and crew of their freedom, and when at last it is discovered that she is "robbing the ship's stores" she is condemned to walk the plank—i.e., go out by the front door. When she has gone, sanity reigns once more in the mad household.

Now "The Commodore Marries" is not without its tincture of philosophy. On the metaphysical side this philosophy is distinctly Cervantesque, since it implies that if we do not like the world as it is we are at perfect liberty to imagine it to be something else and to cultivate some sensible sort of insanity like that which the Commodore had so successfully achieved; on the ethical side its teachings are even simpler, and may be summarized in the form of one dogma and one commandment: "Women are a nuisance. Chuck them out." But intriguing as this philosophy is, the success of the play depends less upon it than upon the rapidity of the action and the fine flow of animal spirits. Kate Parsons, the author, has devised a gorgeous language for her central character. She has filled his mouth with salty oaths and all manner of high astounding terms. She has made of him a most fascinating Don Quixote, and she has had, moreover, the good fortune to have the role interpreted by Walter Huston, who gives one of the finest performances seen here in a long time, submerging his personality completely in the part and making a memorable figure out of the absurd, pathetic, and ingratiating old man.

Every reader of old novels and old plays knows that there is a kind of extravagant and usually brutal farce for which we have almost completely lost the taste. With our ancestors it seems to have been responsible for a considerable part of the entertainment which they got out of Rabelais and Cervantes as well as Smollett, but we are likely to find it something of an impediment to the enjoyment of such authors. The loud guffaw, the eager delight with which they anticipated the execution of the elaborate practical joke, do not arise in us at the appropriate moment, and we find ourselves rather embarrassed than diverted by the antics which follow. Under the circumstances one would hardly expect the success of a play founded on "Peregrine Pickle"; one would fear mirthless proceedings like those which commonly make far too large a part of revivals of the "Merry Wives" or adaptations from Dickens. But Miss Parsons has somehow succeeded in translating Smollett into modern terms. She is robust, extravagant, and boisterous, but she is all these things in a fashion which has no suggestion of antiquarianism about it; and there is not, indeed, anything in the play itself which suggests any non-contemporary source. What she has done is to assimilate the fun of her author and then restate it in a form to us more readily comprehensible than that of the original. That is no small achievement and, to my mind at least, it makes "The Commodore Marries" very much worth seeing.

"Houseparty" (Knickerbocker Theater) is all about a corpse hidden in the closet of a fraternity house while the festivities appropriate to the event referred to in the title were in progress. It has moments of effective melodrama, but there is an unending stream of collegiate chatter too literally appropriate to the tongues of sophomores to be other than exasperating, and there are innumerable epigrams some of which constitute crimes hardly less serious than murder and certainly less easily pardoned than the involuntary homicide responsible for the corpse above referred to. Exampla gratia: When one rah-rah boy has likened a flapper to Helen of Troy another exclaims: "Is this the mouth that staunched a thousand lips?"

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

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International Relations Section

Life and Property in the Caribbean

II. Protection of Property

By JONATHAN WICKWIRE

IN examining the case for the protection of American property, there appear reasons for suspecting that it is the Latin-American republics which need protection against the Americans owning property within their borders rather than the reverse.

It is a rather curious fact, and possibly a relevant one, that many of those Americans who are often lauded for the benefits they have conferred on Mexico and the other Caribbean countries have records here at home of which their friends are less proud, or at least, less talkative. Let us examine a few outstanding cases.

There is the case of Edward L. Doheny. Mr. Doheny was for a dozen years at the front of every movement for intervention in Mexico, with Albert B. Fall as his mouthpiece in the United States Senate and in the Cabinet. Harry F. Sinclair also has been an ardent supporter. Both Doheny and Sinclair have large property interests in Mexico, and Doheny's have been much larger than they are now. Both have large property interests in the United States, though both have suffered recent reverses.

Of one property interest of which Doheny recently has been unburdened, the Elk Hills lease, the United States Supreme Court recently said:[1]

> The contracts and leases and all that was done under them are so interwoven that they constitute a single transaction, not authorized by law and consummated by conspiracy, corruption, and fraud.

Of the Fall-Sinclair Teapot Dome lease the same tribunal said:[2]

> The lease and agreement were made fraudulently by means of collusion and conspiracy between them.

It seems a fair assumption that men who would attempt to mulct their own government by "conspiracy, corruption, and fraud" might not be too tender of the moralities in dealing with weaker foreign governments and peoples.

It seems a pity to destroy the myth so carefully nurtured by his attorneys and press agents that Edward L. Doheny ventured into Mexico, risking his life among bandits and tropical fevers, and discovered for himself the petroleum which has since enriched hundreds of his countrymen, many Europeans, even some Mexicans, and Mexico itself, netting Mr. Doheny some 40,000 per cent on his investment during the twenty-five years he has been in the field.

Here are the facts for which Mr. Doheny personally vouched at the second annual meeting of the American Petroleum Institute in Chicago in 1921, in a speech later embodied in a handsome leather-bound book published by his Pan-American Petroleum and Transport Company for circulation among his friends.[3] "Our previous successes in California," said Mr. Doheny, "led to our going on this prospecting trip in a private car, traveling with passes."

As a matter of fact, Mr. Doheny traveled into Mexico on a private train, as the guest of the late President Don Porfirio Diaz, screened even from the annoyance of flies and mosquitoes, from the Mexican border down into Vera Cruz and Tamaulipas. There, at appointed stops, he was met by competent escorts who guided him short distances, three miles in one case and five in another, to oil seepages and chapapote beds known even to the ancient Aztecs. Mr. Doheny may be credited, at most, with knowing a good thing when he saw it.

This de luxe prospecting trip was made in May, 1900. Within a year, before his first well was brought in, Mr. Doheny had acquired title to 450,000 acres of choice oil lands. By 1906, when his great Cerro Azul gusher stunned the petroleum world with the wealth of its production, he had acquired an additional 600,000 acres. Another 350,000 acres was added to his holdings from time to time, bringing his total claims to 1,400,000 acres. His investment risk in this enterprise, loosely estimated at "hundreds of millions" in his interventionist propaganda, appears, in fact, to have been almost as negligible as the risk to his life.

Mr. Doheny, moreover, told the American Petroleum Institute that he and Canfield, one of his partners, "advanced a large part of the $3,000,000 invested before income began in 1910." How much is a "large part" of $3,000,000 and what were Messrs. Doheny's and Canfield's respective contributions to this "advance" is unimportant now, as the loans long have been repaid. Careful research has disclosed a maximum of only $800,000 original permanent cash investment by Doheny and his associates up to 1910, when the various companies they then had organized began to pay their way and show profits. Presumably, Mr. Doheny had invested $400,000 of this, since he owned 51 per cent of the stock of the companies. It was this $400,000 which, having yielded during the fifteen-year interim approximately $25,000,000 in dividends, developed into the $140,000,000 interest in the Pan-American Petroleum and Transport Company which he sold to the Standard Oil Company of Indiana in 1925.[4]

Such was the profit from a property which, according to Fall and Doheny, was constantly in danger from bandit chiefs and grafting officials, saved from destruction and confiscation only by constant diplomatic pressure upon Mexico by the United States Government. Few American concerns operating in the United States under the most stable conditions can show such a record during the same period, which included the profitable years of the World War.

Some American undertakings in the Caribbean region, it stands to reason, must have miscarried, but the record for the major enterprises, as disclosed by the study of Moody and other financial authorities, is one of consistently generous

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[1] 279 U. S., p. 456.
[2] 275 U. S., p. 13.
[3] "Mexican Petroleum, 1922." Copyright by Pan-American Petroleum and Transport Company; edited by W. J. Archer.

[4] New York *Times*, 1925, March 11, 1:2; March 12, 29:4; April 2, 1:8. Cf. Carleton Beals in *New Republic*, February 23, 1927; Moody's Industrials. The Standard Oil Company of Indiana, the former chairman of whose board, Robert W. Stewart, was involved in the liberty-bond deals of the notorious Continental Trading Company, has long had a princely stake in the Caribbean region, to which it added in 1925 by the reported purchase of Mr. Doheny's Mexican interests for $140,000,000. Of this amount, $40,000,000 is said to be withheld pending proof of title to some 1,400,000 acres of land long in dispute between the Mexican Government on the one hand, and Mr. Doheny and the American State Department on the other.

profit. Most of them started with small capital, often with none save the enterprise and experience of their founders, and their present huge investments generally are the result of reinvestment of surplus earnings, not of original hazardous investments of large sums of North American money.

Take the case of William C. Greene. He founded what is now the Greene Cananea Copper Company, reported by Moody in 1926 as having assets of $55,771,820 and as having earned that year $584,456 net profits after carrying $5,460,664 to surplus account. Something of the source of this great investment may be gained from the report of the directors of its predecessor, the Greene Consolidated Copper Company, already a healthy infant in 1901, on a then recent acquisition of land upon which are located the rich Elenita and Alfredena mines.

"All of these mountains," runs the report of the fourteen directors meeting at El Cananea, Sonora, that year, "are heavily covered with a growth of pine timber and are a portion of the land recently purchased by Mr. Greene for the company. The timber alone is worth many times the purchase price of the lands."

Or study the history of the United Fruit Company,[5] with its present immense interests scattered throughout the Caribbean region. This great concern, with a present investment of a quarter-billion dollars, had its origin in 1870 when Captain L. D. Baker, a Cape Cod trader, brought to the United States the first recorded cargo of bananas in an eighty-five-ton schooner and profitably disposed of it. Apparently there were no excessive profits in those early days of the banana trade, for it was fifteen years (1885) before Captain Baker was able to organize the Boston Fruit Company with the small capital of $20,000; by 1890 this had been increased only to $100,000.

Probably competition had something to do with this slow growth. Captain Baker had barely got under way when a rival appeared in the person of Minor C. Keith, who went to Costa Rica as a youngster of twenty-three to work on a railroad contract undertaken by his three brothers in 1871. The three brothers died of tropical fevers, but Minor Keith was of tougher metal, and, the railroad contract lagging, took a chance in the newly founded banana trade, making his first shipment in 1872, just two years after Captain Baker had made the start.

His was not the only competition Captain Baker had to meet, however. During the twenty-seven succeeding years 114 concerns entered the business. The fight for trade was fierce, with no quarter given, and only twenty-two of these firms remained to be gathered in when, in 1899, Captain Baker and Mr. Keith decided to consolidate their interests as the United Fruit Company.

This concern was organized with an authorized capital of $20,000,000. Of this amount $11,230,000 was subscribed, though only $1,650,000 of this was cash, the balance consisting of allowances of $5,200,000 for Captain Baker's Boston Fruit Company holdings and $4,000,000 for the Keith properties. One year later, in 1900, the United Fruit Company made its first report, showing assets of $16,949,753, a gain of more than four million dollars for the year, and declared its first dividend of 10 per cent on the subscribed capital.

[5] "The Story of the Banana," 1921, edited by Philip K. Reynolds and published by the United Fruit Company.

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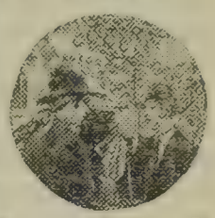
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It would be impracticable to go thus minutely into the history of all the great American enterprises in the Caribbean. Just a word, however, about the sugar industry, next to petroleum the favorite American investment in the Caribbeans, with two typical situations taken at random from among dozens that might be noted.

The Santo Domingo-Porto Rico Sugar Company reported, for 1926, $32,000,000 assets under a $16,000,000 capitalization. It had produced 181,000 tons of sugar that year, compared with 61,000 in 1912, and its operating earnings were $3,243,000, compared with $46,000 in 1921. The Cuban Dominican Sugar Corporation nearly doubled its production between 1921 and 1926 and quadrupled its annual revenue, from $5,008,061 to $20,033,000.

Turn now to a brief but significant statistical survey of the petroleum industry in Mexico during the years when that country was torn by revolution and the pressure here for American armed intervention was continuous, beginning in 1912 and becoming almost overwhelming at its peak in 1921, under the urging of former Senator Albert B. Fall in the early months of the Harding Administration. Note the incidence of increase in interventionist propaganda with that of Mexican petroleum production gains.

Production in Mexico, more than 85 per cent of it by American companies in the later years of the period, is given in millions of barrels: 1912, 16.5; 1913, 25.6; 1914, 26.2; 1915, 32.9; 1916, 40.5; 1917, 55.2; 1918, 63.8; 1919, 87.0; 1920, 163.5; 1921, 194.7; a gain of nearly 1,200 per cent.

It seems evident that cries for intervention for the protection of American property in the Caribbean region are, as a general rule, simply demands that Americans be protected in their efforts to increase already generous, sometimes unconscionable profits, and by methods which would not be tolerated even in that paradise of profits—the United States.

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THE CHIEF NEWS development of the first few days of the Senate's inquiry into the activities of William B. Shearer at the naval limitation conference at Geneva in 1927 was a disclosure that in addition to anti-disarmament propaganda American shipbuilders had spent $143,000 in this country in lobbying for the Jones-White merchant-marine act. This was admitted by Clinton L. Bardo, president of the New York Shipbuilding Company (owned by the American Brown-Boveri interests), and we join with Senator Borah in demanding that in due course the Senate bring to light all possible details in regard to the use of this huge fund. So far as the Shearer propaganda goes, it is pleasing to hear Charles M. Schwab express pacifist sentiments and to learn that neither he nor Eugene Grace, president of the Bethlehem Shipbuilding Corporation, knew about the hiring of Mr. Shearer at the time it was done. It is easy to believe that. The upper executives of our big-business firms can't know all that goes on—and it is part of the technique of such organizations that they shouldn't. Mr. Bardo and Samuel W. Wakeman, vice-president of the Bethlehem Shipbuilding Corporation, made no such disclaimers. Of the interview at which Mr. Shearer was engaged Mr. Wakeman said: "I was sorta jazzed off my feet," while Mr. Bardo admitted he was "impressed." Both insisted that Mr. Shearer was sent to Geneva merely as an observer. If that were true stockholders would have a good case against Messrs. Wakeman and Bardo for wasting money on an unnecessary and profitless object. But Mr. Shearer was less up in the clouds. He knew exactly what he was hired for and he did it.

IF CUBA HAD BEEN CAPTURED by a labor dictatorship and controlled as completely as it is today by the reactionary regime of President Machado, our marines would have invaded Havana long ago—and legally they would have justified their action by the Platt Amendment to the Cuban constitution and by the Permanent Treaty between Cuba and the United States giving our government the right to intervene at any time "for the preservation of Cuban independence, the maintenance of a government adequate for the protection of life, property, and individual liberty." Everyone familiar with conditions in Cuba in recent years knows that the Cubans have not had such a government; free speech and a free press have been destroyed, and political opposition has been suppressed by every illegal device from bribery to murder. But, since Machado is a friend of American sugar, banking, and power interests, the protests against his tyrannies have resulted thus far in nothing but occasional headlines in the American press. (Cuban editors who voiced opposition have been mysteriously killed.) Under the circumstances we welcome the discussion caused by the appointment of Harry F. Guggenheim as ambassador to Cuba. Regardless of the merits of Mr. Guggenheim, it is good that his appointment brought the outrages of the Machado regime to the floor of the Senate, where they should have been ventilated long ago. If Secretary Stimson can follow up the discussion with a few pointed questions addressed to the Cuban Government, we may yet learn the truth about the imprisonment of the aged American business man, Joseph E. Barlow, and the bribery of Cuban legislators by lottery profits.

MORE TIME FOR TARIFF debate has been demanded at Washington, so the Senate is meeting at eleven o'clock instead of at noon, with the possibility of night sessions looming in the offing. In view of the fact that income-tax returns from hundreds of corporations have been called for, ostensibly to enable the Senate to learn how far the corporations are likely to be affected by the new schedules, there seems to be no good reason why the debate should not run on indefinitely. Senator Blaine of Wisconsin, insurgent Republican, has served notice that if any attempt is made to jam the bill through without plenty of time for consideration there are enough opposition Senators to block that procedure, and has broadly hinted at the possibility of a filibuster. The game of filibustering is always a dangerous one to play, and legislative business of all kinds

usually suffers while the sport is on, but the threat may have the effect of making the sponsors for the Smoot-Hawley bill cautious. President Hoover, meanwhile, lies low and says nothing except through his friends, these latter, however, taking occasion to point out that he had said his say when he urged a limited tariff revision to help agriculture and that it is for Congress to draft a bill that will meet his wishes. It is entirely proper for the President to remind Congress that it, and not he, is the legislative part of the government, but if Congress flouts Mr. Hoover's request and passes a bill that he does not want, and he then signs the bill because he would rather have some bill than no bill at all, he will share with Congress the odium of another tariff monstrosity.

VISCOUNT CECIL has had to compromise with the Assembly of the League of Nations, and we are rather glad, under the circumstances, that he has. The noble lord tried to commit the Assembly to a resolution which called for the application of the same principles to the reduction of air and land armaments that were applied to naval armaments, a reconsideration of the decision of the Preparatory Commission to exclude consideration of trained reserves and war stocks, and an assertion of the authority of the League over any disarmament treaty that should be made. The compromise leaves Great Britain free to bring up these matters before the commission or in a conference, but without the Assembly's prior indorsement. If the real purpose in urging the resolution was to disassociate the Labor Government from the concession which the Baldwin Government made regarding reserves, the purpose was probably achieved, but from any other point of view the debate must have been embarrassing to Mr. MacDonald. There will be, of course, no completely satisfactory reduction of armaments until land and air forces as well as war vessels are included, but with France and Italy openly opposed to going into the question of armies and reserves now, and both of those Powers cool toward the proposed naval conference, it is better to center attention at the point at which something may possibly be accomplished, namely, the limitation of naval armaments. If the fleets of the great naval Powers can once be regulated, it will be easier to restrict armies and reserves, but there would be grave risk of failure if an attempt were made to do everything at once.

THE BRITISH MANDATE for Irak, or Mesopotamia, will be relinquished, and Irak admitted to membership in the League of Nations as a theoretically free and independent state in 1932, if the promise of an official announcement made at Bagdad on September 19 is fulfilled. Under the terms of the mandate, British supervision of Irak was to continue until 1950 unless before that time Irak was admitted to the League, but the exercise of the mandate has been the occasion of increasing irritation between the two governments and Great Britain has agreed to recommend to the League Council at its meeting next year that the relation be terminated. There is a string to the promise, however, for it is reported that Great Britain may decide to retain garrisons at a number of points to safeguard its communications with India, and the troublesome question of the control of the Mosul oil fields awaits a treaty settlement between the two countries. Something less than complete independence, accordingly, seems to be planned. We have never been enthusiastic over the mandate idea, and the prospect of another small state, independent enough to take part in political combinations but not independent enough to be wholly out from under the thumb of a great Power, does not appear to augur well for peace in the Near East, but we welcome nevertheless the promise of a considerably larger measure of independence. On the other hand, what Great Britain looks forward to in Irak it may have to consider in Palestine, where British administration is also being sharply criticized; all of which suggests that a mandate may be easier to take than to get rid of.

ONCE MORE the American Federation of Labor has lost a Southern textile strike because of what Norman Thomas calls "its ox-cart tactics in an automobile age." The strikers in the Baldwin and Clinchfield cotton mills of Marion, North Carolina, returned to work with no increase in wages and with no promise that the men originally discharged for union activities would be reinstated. The workers will be permitted to establish the fifty-five-hour week instead of the sixty-hour week by popular vote, if they so wish, but since reduction of hours would mean a commensurate reduction of wages to workers who are receiving about $12 a week, this is an empty privilege. The charges of rioting made against sixty strikers and leaders during the conflict will be pressed. In regard to this outcome at Marion we reiterate what we said at the end of the Elizabethton, Tennessee, strike—that to accept such a settlement and pretend that it is worth fighting for is a dangerous thing for any union to do. The mildest thing that can be said about the national leaders of the American Federation of Labor and the United Textile Workers in connection with the Marion strike is that they displayed almost criminal sluggishness. (This does not apply to the local leader, Alfred Hoffman.) Although the Executive Council of the A. F. of L. was in session during the strike, it devised no centralized plan for helping those in need, leaving the problem almost entirely to the independent Emergency Committee for Strikers' Relief. We hope that the leaders who allowed this Marion strike to collapse will get the condemnation they so richly deserve on the floor of the A. F. of L. convention when it meets in Toronto in October.

MEANWHILE THE COMMUNISTS in the South are getting all the front-page publicity not because they have succeeded in organizing any large number of Southern workers, but because their militant tactics have aroused wildly fanatical opposition. On September 17 three anti-Communist terrorists kipnapped and severely beat a Southern organizer of the left-wing union, Cleo Tesneair, and dynamited some union property at King's Mountain, North Carolina, near Governor Gardner's home. The situation has become so much like a civil war that the New York *World* declares: "For the sake of saving human life and the avoidance of futile bloodshed and violence, the Communist Party should withdraw its organizers from Gastonia, North Carolina, and suspend its propaganda." But what is civil government for if it will not protect unpopular agitators who are attacking the prevailing system of industrial control? If lawless mobs of reactionaries are allowed to

drive out the Communists, their action will be a precedent for the smashing of every future militant movement against the industrial feudalism and racial arrogance which dominate the South. Granting that the Communists have been extremely foolish in pretending that a strike which collapsed three months ago is still in progress, foolishness is not a crime on our statute books. Moreover, it must be admitted that the Communists, by their hyperbolical tactics, have done more in the last ten months to advertise the grievances of Southern mill workers than the constitutional labor forces have done in ten years.

FEDERAL HELP for every farmer who needs it was probably the expectation of most of those who supported the creation of a Federal Farm Board and the expenditure of $500,000,000 to make farming pay. What seems likely to happen is that federal aid will go, for a time at least, chiefly to farmers who have large farms and raise staple crops of wheat, corn, or cotton, while mixed farming on small farms will be left to get on as well as it can without government help. The Rhode Island Commissioner of Agriculture, Harry R. Lewis, speaking at the recent meeting of the New England Council at Hanover, New Hampshire, declared that New England was facing a crisis comparable to that which appeared when free lands in the West were opened seventy-five years ago. The Western farmers, already producing on a large scale and with their cooperative marketing associations strengthened under federal direction, will be able, according to Mr. Lewis, to intensify greatly the competition which in New England has long been severe. Ultimately, he thought, the outcome would be beneficial, but the immediate outlook was dark. What is true of New England is true of the whole Northeastern section of the country—a region whose centers of dense population create large markets for food but where small-scale mixed farming is the prevailing agricultural type. There are small farms, too, everywhere: of the 6,371,640 farms in the United States in 1925, 2,417,227 contained less than fifty acres each. It will be interesting to see how the Farm Board, which is spending $10,000,000 a week to boost agriculture, will deal with this phase of its problem.

STOCK DIVIDENDS and voting rights have become matters of general interest now that some millions of persons in the United States are holders of securities, and anything that goes to clarify those matters for the common man is to be welcomed. One trouble with the stock dividend has been that it was not always possible for an investor to ascertain, without the help of an expert accountant, whether the dividend represented earnings or surplus hitherto undistributed and hence a return of profit on the investment, or whether it represented merely a split-up of shares which did not affect either the value of the property or the volume of its earnings. Non-voting stock, on the other hand, has been criticized on the ground that it gave the holder no voice in the management of the corporation. The president of the New York Stock Exchange has recently announced that the Exchange will not only exclude non-voting stock from listing, but that it will also endeavor to obtain from the corporations whose stocks are listed such information as will enable the investor to tell whether stock dividends represent a capitalization of current or past earnings or "merely split-ups involving an expression in a new form of what was already his." This is sound business procedure which it is to be hoped all the other stock exchanges in the country will hasten to follow.

WHO ARE THE INHABITANTS of Boston? Where do they buy their books? Do they come to New York to see their plays? These queries arise as a result of the recent banning of Eugene O'Neill's "Strange Interlude" from presentation in a Boston theater. It is unnecessary to repeat what has been said before about the play's quality, about the playwright's eminence, about the respectability of the producing company—the Theater Guild of New York—or about the fact that the play received the Pulitzer Prize in 1928 as the most outstanding dramatic presentation of the year. "Strange Interlude" thus suffers in Boston the fate of Theodore Dreiser's "An American Tragedy," Sinclair Lewis's "Elmer Gantry," and H. G. Wells's "The World of William Clissold." Boston now has the distinction of having put on its *index expurgatorius* four of the best known living writers in English. One might, of course, take the time to make up a list of twenty-five of the most distinguished writers of the entire world, living or dead, with the almost complete assurance that all of them would receive the disapproval of Boston's purity societies. But it would not be worth the trouble. As long as books banned by the authorities can be bought surreptitiously in Boston—as they are bought—and as long as the people of Boston do not care enough about their reputation for good judgment and sanity to protest against the actions of their censors, whoever they may be, and demand that these same books be sold openly as they are sold in any civilized place, Boston, we offer, deserves just about what it gets in the way of literature.

SOME ELEGANT SIDESTEPPING has been done by a number of persons as a result of an announcement by the Rev. William S. Blackshear, rector of St. Matthew's Protestant Episcopal Church in Brooklyn, that he preferred to have Negroes worship elsewhere than under the roof of his particular tabernacle. The Right Reverend Bishop of New York, Mr. Manning, declared that the matter was one for the individual diocese; the Right Reverend Bishop of Long Island, Mr. Stires, replied to a protest by the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People that "no organization outside the church has the right to call upon a bishop to rebuke one of his clergymen." However, in a letter to that association, lately made public, the bishop comes out handsomely for no discrimination and quotes Mr. Blackshear as saying that he did not mean to exclude the colored communicants from his church, but merely wished to suggest that they might get on better in their own. If this is an honest change of heart on his part, or if he was actually misunderstood, it is good news. And if the bishop is quite sincere in saying: "It is my personal conviction that we must avoid drawing any such line [the color line] in the house of God or at the Lord's table," then we must apologize for suspecting him. But he was too slow in making his statement, and his public rebuke to Mr. Blackshear is a little too tender. A dash of pepper might help next time and a show of honest and entirely Christian indignation.

Naval Reduction—Hoover Style

IN his speech at the dinner of the Pilgrim Society in London a few weeks ago Ambassador Dawes, after trying to explain how the Hoover "yardstick" might work when applied to the problem of Anglo-American naval parity, insisted that any agreement about naval reduction that might be reached ought to be so simple and clear that the average person who knows nothing about naval technicalities could understand it. Elaborate arrangements and complicated formulas, he made bold to say, would only confuse the issue and the moral effect of actually calling a halt in naval building would be lost.

Anyone who has tried to follow in the newspapers the course of the naval negotiations as they appear to have been carried on at Washington may well wonder why Mr. Dawes's sensible warning has not been taken to heart. A worse job of publicity, as far as keeping the public informed and winning its support for a great international undertaking go, has never been put over on the American people, and the newspaper correspondents who have had to wrestle with the "news" of the disarmament plan are entitled to sympathy. It is still far from clear to what extent anything like agreement between the American and British governments has been reached, but it seems worth while, without trying to forecast the future, to point out what appears to be the main thing that Mr. Hoover and Mr. MacDonald will find it necessary to talk about.

According to a table issued on September 14 by the Bureau of Naval Intelligence at Washington, Great Britain is to be credited at present with 1,345,232 tons of naval vessels of all classes and the United States with 1,293,972 tons. So much of this tonnage as is comprised in capital ships need not be considered, since its distribution was regulated by the Washington conference, and the question of aircraft carriers, destroyers, submarines, and auxiliary vessels has been kept in the background as yet. The controversy has centered on cruisers, of which Great Britain is credited with 401,791 tons and the United States with 300,500 tons. The British cruiser strength is represented by 52 cruisers built, 7 under construction (work on two has lately been halted), and 3 authorized: a total of 62. The American cruiser strength is represented by 10 cruisers built, 13 under construction, and 10 authorized: a total of 33.

In a semi-official statement given at London on September 16, Great Britain was represented as prepared to content itself with 15 cruisers of the 10,000-ton class, carrying 8-inch guns and having a total displacement of 146,800 tons, and 35 cruisers of about 6,500 tons, carrying 6-inch guns and having a total displacement of 192,000 tons. The United States on its part, the statement declared, desired 21 8-inch gun cruisers of the larger type, the 10 present cruisers of the Omaha type—7,000-ton vessels with 6-inch guns—and 5 new cruisers of the same type. The total British tonnage by 1936, when this arrangement would have been carried out, would be 339,000 and the total American tonnage 315,000. The British Government, however, considered that American needs would be met by 18 instead of 21 8-inch gun cruisers, representing about 30,000 tons, and it was this difference, the statement affirmed, that remained to be adjusted.

The alleged discrepancies in the London statement between the British and American tonnage claims, apparently due to different methods of measurement, are of no special importance save as they illustrate the bungling way in which the business of publicity has been managed. The crux of the matter is the cruiser tonnage. If the London version of the state of the negotiations is correct, Great Britain, which at the Geneva conference insisted that it needed at least 70 large cruisers, has now agreed to get on with 50, but the much-heralded aim of parity is to be attained only by continued naval building by the United States. The United States, in asking for 36 cruisers, is asking for three more than it now has built, building, or authorized. This, at the moment, is naval reduction, Hoover style. Great Britain is to stop construction, scrap vessels as they wear out, and so bring down the volume of its naval tonnage in cruisers. The United States is also to scrap worn-out vessels, but it is to go on building until about 1936, by which time, while it would still have some 24,000 less cruiser tons than Great Britain, it would have six large cruisers more than the British and a cruiser tonnage greater by 15,250 tons, according to the calculation of the Foreign Policy Association, than it would have had if the full program of naval construction adopted by the last Congress had been carried out.

So much for the cruiser situation. The Anglo-American agreement, however, whatever it is or is to be, is only a preliminary to a five-Power arrangement in which Italy, France, and Japan, it is hoped, will join. On September 17 it was announced in London that invitations were on their way to Paris, Rome, and Tokyo for a five-Power conference at London in the third week of January. The invitations, it was stated, emanated from the British Government, but similar invitations from the American Government would follow. The next day Washington announced that there would be no American invitations, but that Great Britain would be left to sponsor the conference, while British "official sources" denied that any invitations had been sent or that the time or place of meeting had been decided.

Probably there will be a conference, probably it will be held at London, and probably France, Italy, and Japan as well as the United States will attend. If the tone of the French and Italian press is an indication of the attitude of the French and Italian governments, France and Italy will go to London with no enthusiasm, and Japan may disturb the proceedings by asking for a somewhat larger tonnage ratio than it has under the Washington agreement. Both France and Italy are engaged in a large program of naval building; both set much store by the submarine, which Great Britain would like to abolish; both are suspicious of an Anglo-American entente of any kind; and both are irritated at having been left thus far at one side. It is to be hoped, however, that there may be an agreement, and that the navies may at least be kept from growing larger even if they do not rapidly grow any smaller.

Red-Baiters

The officially declared purpose of the Communists is to wipe the white man's civilization from the face of the earth.

If the Reds can carry their plans to a logical conclusion they will kill off the majority of the white men in a world revolution and appropriate the white women to breed a mongrel race.

This is the bald and unadorned truth, and the sooner that Senator William E. Borah and other congressional stuffed-shirt champions of Soviet Russia realize this fact the better it will be for the world in general.

NO, gentle reader, this is not a quotation from *Liberty*, the *Saturday Evening Post*, or the Gastonia *Gazette;* it is from a news story circulated by the International Labor News Service whose president is Matthew Woll, vice-president of the American Federation of Labor. This news service, sent out from Washington under the direction of the man who has been the intellectual czar of the A. F. of L., is received everywhere in American labor circles as the semi-official expression of the labor movement.

Mr. Woll and his underlings have become so obsessed with an anti-Communist spirit that they have no more sense of proportion than the Lusk Committee or A. Mitchell Palmer during the height of the post-war hysteria. They sent the above statements, which were part of the description of a dance of Negroes and whites in a Chicago hall, to Southern papers just after the American Federation had welcomed the Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters into membership. It is not necessary to describe the reaction of Southern whites against all progressive labor activity among Negroes after such provocation.

Recently, with the prisoners in Gastonia facing the possibility of the electric chair, the International Labor News Service sent to its clients the following statements in an editorial:

> Some people think the American Federation of Labor spends too much time fighting the Reds. Such people are blind to the issue or totally ignorant about it.
>
> In Gastonia some Communists are to be tried for murder. If Americans—or Russians—tried to do in Russia what these Reds tried to do—or threatened to do—in America there would not be any trials. There would be just some quiet shooting.
>
> It is to be hoped that the Gastonia Communists will be tried for murder, not for communism. In Russia they would be tried for counter-revolution, not for murder.

Whatever pious qualifications may be tacked to it, such a statement in the present inflamed condition of Southern opinion is a direct incitement to "some quiet shooting." Granted that the Communists have grossly exaggerated the sins of the American Federation, such veiled appeals to Fascist tactics are inexcusable.

In a letter addressed to President William Green of the A. F. of L. we asked for a complete copy of the above editorial and expressed ourselves as loath to believe that the federation would stand behind such provocative statements. He replied: "The International Labor News Service is not published by the American Federation of Labor. We are not in any way responsible for any matter published therein." We are glad to hear that, and we hope some one in official power in the federation will inform the hundreds of labor editors throughout the country who take Matthew Woll's service that it is in no sense a federation service. But what of Mr. Woll? He continues as vice-president of the A. F. of L. and dominates its educational policy while serving as acting president of the National Civic Federation. The only effective way for labor to repudiate Matthew Woll's news service is to repudiate Matthew Woll.

Reforming the Calendar

AGITATION goes on steadily for the reform of our allegedly cumbersome and unwieldy method of reckoning time. There are the International Fixed Calendar League and the National Industrial Association for Calendar Reform. George Eastman of Rochester, New York, is one of the most ardent champions of the latest proposal, which in brief suggests the introduction of thirteen months of twenty-eight days each, with a day left over for some special holiday or other. The months would always begin on the same day of the week, and business houses urge that many advantages would accrue from the orderly repetition of months and days.

There are, of course, all sorts of more or less frivolous objections that might be raised to this system. Thus we have tenants who pay rent every month complaining of thirteen rent days instead of twelve, and wage slaves who earn their stipends weekly crying that they will still get only fifty-two pay envelopes while their fellow-workers who are paid by the month will get one more than they did before. Of course difficulties like these are not really very serious. Yearly rentals come out the same whether divided into twelve or thirteen equal parts; and salaries would quickly become adjusted to the new schedule. If business honestly believes that it would flourish more energetically under the new system, there is only sentiment to stand in the way of its adoption. And sentiment, in this or perhaps any other age, fights a losing battle with expediency.

Thus it is probably only a question of time until the calendar by which European and American peoples now live will be superseded by a more uniform and more easily calculated system. We shall still have to remember that it takes the earth 365 days, 5 hours, 48 minutes, and 46 seconds to make one complete revolution around the sun. We thus have something under a quarter of a day to account for in our calendar reckoning of a year as 365 days. In the present Gregorian calendar, adopted in 1582 and subsequently intercalated, elaborate adjustments were made to account for the extra days and hours. Thus we have leap-year, or an extra day added every four years, except on the last year of the century, which is a common year—except in centuries divisible by four, which are on the contrary leap-years (except that the years 4,000, 8,000, 12,000, etc., are common years). This is complicated enough, and most people who turn on their desk calendars the leaves of the days and months have forgotten it if they ever knew it. And even this system misses out on a day once in two hundred centuries.

It is unfortunate, particularly for our business organi-

zations, that the sun is not more regular, and still more sad that the moon takes 29½ days to wax and wane. How simple if it were an even twenty-eight! Then if the earth's orbit about the sun could be tightened up a little, we should have an orderly year by nature, and could proceed to impose it on the many other nations of the earth who have calendars still different from our own. There are actually in the world at this moment primitive peoples who reckon time by natural phenomena; who watch the harvest or the winds or the rains and name their divisions of the year after them, instead of after Roman emperors or Roman numerals. There are peoples who do not believe that January 1 is New Year's Day, and indeed, except for the accident which made the Roman consuls take office on that day, it would not be. If business wanted to be strictly logical it would insist that the year be dated from the first robin or better still the first straw hat. Then as the sap rose we should number our days in orderly and regular procession. When the year was at its lowest, the hour before the advent of spring, we should number the last day. This might occasion a further complication to determine just when the dead line should occur. But by taking thought it could undoubtedly be done. The President of the United States takes office March 4. There is at present no earthly reason for his doing so on that date; what better justification for it could be found than to make that the first day of the New Year?

Exit Another King

IN its report on the sinking of the steamship Vestris the British Board of Trade shattered a popular idol. It made plain to the public what sailors and ship-owners already knew, that the sea captain, once monarch of all he surveyed, had dwindled to a shadow of his former glory. The Vestris sank, the court of inquiry said, because she was overloaded. Of course the captain was aware of this condition before he left the dock; he knew, indeed, that it was a habit of the agents to send the ship to sea overloaded. But he could do absolutely nothing about it, and he knew that too. When caught in a savage storm the captain waited six hours too long before sending out his S O S, the court concluded, but it censured him mildly, pointing out instead that the instructions from the owners made it inevitable that he should think rather more of salvaging his ship than of the duty of saving the passengers and crew.

In the days when ships were sent out chiefly for war or discovery they were commanded by nobles and soldiers—non-professional seamen. When, about 1700, trade became a more important reason for ships than war or discovery, subordinates who had previously been only pilots or sailing masters began to emerge as professional ships' commanders. By 1750 the ship's captain had acquired a mate and no longer worked as one of the sailors in handling the vessel or loading cargo. By 1800 the captain had a couple of mates and no longer stood a watch; he had become a king aboard, with power of life or death over his subjects. For the next half century, at least, his power continued to grow. He arranged for his own cargoes and he fixed the rates; he became a trade scout abroad. He had ships built and rigged as he wanted them. He received large commissions and shared in the ownership of the vessel under him. In the British East India Company captains wore cocked hats and sidearms, and sparkled in uniforms of blue and gold. They were allowed part of the cargo space for handling merchandise on their own account, and with salary, commissions, and private trade made as much as $50,000 a year. A ship of 1,200 tons carried a crew of as many as 130 persons, four or five times the number to which such vessels were later reduced. The captain had six mates, and he and each of his officers had a personal servant. Writing in a recent issue of the *Nautical Gazette,* James Hanna says of the American sea captain of the middle of the nineteenth century:

> If he so desired he took his wife to sea with him, and the only intimation that the owner might receive of this would be a bill for a double bed. The famous Williamson sailed from Baltimore with a harem of three. He [the captain] could no longer be discharged or otherwise dispossessed of his ship, providing he owned a share or more in her. No laws curtailed his power; he became responsible to God alone, and these were not particularly God-fearing men.

But the beginning of the sea captain's decline was near. The steamship had arrived, and although the sailor would have none of it, fate forced it upon him. The sea captain wanted nothing to do with its engines, and so a new tribe of seafarers came in to take charge of the inwards of a vessel—and grew in importance. Then came the marine cable, limiting the captain's activities when in port. Governments stepped in too, insisting upon inspecting and licensing him. Owners saw a chance to reassert themselves. They appointed agents at home and abroad to look after sailings and cargoes; they cut the captain's pay, commissions, and perquisites. Port captains, port engineers, and port stewards were put above him. Shore-living stevedores took over the loading of the ship. Regular schedules and courses were laid out for him to follow, and finally, with the coming of wireless telegraphy, the actions of the so-called ship's master began to be controlled at sea as well as ashore. The captain's pride was further humbled by laws restricting his authority over the crew, until now (shades of the old New England bucko skippers!) he can no longer hit, or even curse, the most provocative member of the ship's company without making himself liable to legal action. Meanwhile modern safety devices have been rendering the navigating skill of the bridge officer of less and less importance. The radio direction-finder, the fathometer, the gyro compass, the mechanical mile-indicator are making the guiding of a ship surer but more automatic. As Mr. Hanna unkindly says of the modern sea captain's relation to his ship: "It would not make a penny worth of difference if he were left behind by some mischance when she sailed," And he goes on to remark of this fallen monarch:

> I have seen him, hundreds of times, perplexed by doubts not of his own making; troubled by fears which he cannot do anything about and harassed by conditions that he cannot change. I have seen him dispossessed of his quarters by a friend of the claim agent, and with his pillow and blanket hunting a place to sleep. I have seen him cursed by his engineers and derided by his seamen. I have heard him bawled out by a stock clerk who might well have been his daughter, and I have heard him inveigh bitterly against the sea and everything connected with it.

It is a sad picture. Let us turn it toward the wall.

It Seems to Heywood Broun

WHAT'S the matter with Boston? I think the answer is miscegenation. I have in mind no phase of the Negro problem, but rather the destructive coalition which has been made between the old New England stock and the Irish-Catholic infusion. Whenever Boston bars a book it is customary for cartoonists to picture a Puritan in a tall hat burning witches. Let us waive the quibble that the Puritans actually burned no witches and merely killed a few by a process known as "pressing." My point is that the onus for Boston's backwardness cannot justly be placed at the Puritan door-sill. Among the individuals chiefly responsible for agitation against magazines, plays, and books we find such names as Curley and Fitzgerald who are not likely to have had kin on the Mayflower.

Accordingly, I wish to make my indictment double. There has been much wailing about the diminution of native stock in Massachusetts. The old names dwindle. The Lowells and the Cabots talk more than they propagate. Yet it seems to me that there is still strength in the strain. Be there so much as one drop of Puritan blood in a union and there is at least a chance that the resulting offspring will be blue-nosed. Boston is the most predominatingly Catholic city in the United States, but though the Irish have made a complete political conquest of the Minute Men they have lost the savor of their own faith in the victory. The Church of Rome in its long history has harbored many Puritans, but in the vast domains of the world today it is for the most part a comfortable congregation. Personal liberty, for men at least, has flourished in Catholic communities. Only in Boston has the church sold out to Calvin.

Surely no general indictment can be drawn against the denomination, for Baltimore, which is almost as strongly Catholic as Boston, remains the capital of the Free State of Maryland so eloquently celebrated by Mr. Mencken. To be sure, there has been for centuries an Index, but books have been very sparingly banned for sprightliness or overfrankness in sex questions. The reformers of the church have been almost exclusively intent upon discouraging more theological heresy. For instance, the great painters who served the popes and cardinals never seemed to be limited in their attempts to get exciting flesh tints. The smut-hunting Catholic is false to the traditions of his faith. Perhaps some cognizance must be taken of the fact that the Irish Catholic is not close kin to his fellow-communicants in other parts of the world. Many of us make the mistake of speaking always of the Catholic church as if it were all of a piece. So it may be as to creed and ritual but the texture of its elements is divergent. Between a German and an Irish Catholic there is, as far as temperament goes, almost as great a gap as that which yawns between hell and heaven. It is in America alone we find that curious hybrid the Presbyterian-Catholic.

Yet no attack should ever be made upon the Irishman without recognition of the factors which have brought him to his present estate. "If you cure a neurotic," said a well-known psychiatrist, "there is grave danger that he will merely accept health as a new symptom." Liberty may cause the same uneasiness in the heart of an oppressed people. The Irish fought, bled, and died for independence, and when this commodity had been won among the earliest concerns of the Free State was the passage of the most cruel and silly censorship law which any civilized country has ever known.

Plays and novels have celebrated the fact that the black Irish of Ulster are a dour and a crabbed folk hard ridden by the tyranny of conscience. But there is not as general a recognition of the fact that the Catholic inhabitants are actually close kin of their Protestant countrymen in all spiritual matters. The gay and carefree Irishman is a monstrous fiction invented by English authors opposed to home rule. I care not whether he comes from the North or the South, give any Irishman sufficient beer and he will weep into it. St. Patrick may have driven out the snakes but he left the consciousness of guilt behind. Censorship is, of course, a form of flagellation. We scourge those things which we repress and fear and upon this common understanding the black Irish and the blue New Englanders of Boston have combined to bruise creative American literature.

Though Cambridge is a political entity it is close enough to Boston to exert a powerful influence at such times as Harvard possesses strong leadership. Dr. Eliot constituted a liberal force which served to check some of the wilder excesses of Boston's fanaticism. A. Lawrence Lowell has not measured up to this role. There is great misunderstanding about the character of the present head of Harvard University. After the Sacco-Vanzetti case many got the impression that here was a man lacking in mercy and kindly instincts. Not to mention understanding. This is a false picture. President Lowell means well but he lacks courage. Where the current flows there goes A. Lawrence Lowell. It is not in him to leap waterfalls.

In speaking of the Puritanism of Boston it is well to distinguish between thought and deed. In the matter of conduct Boston is liberal enough. Within the confines of the town one may live many a novel which he would not dare to write. Even before prohibition Boston was adept at liquor hypocrisy. A twelve o'clock closing law in the matter of liquor sales meant very little since it was the custom of waiters in restaurants to turn back the hands of the clock after the manner of the United States Senate in a late session. Vice has generally been pretty open in the Hub. The only rule was that nobody should mention it. The word Hub brings to mind the extraordinary fact that Boston was once considered the intellectual center of America. All this must have ended about the time Emerson died. Realistically minded theatrical managers have known for a generation that no show could make money in Boston without a chorus.

And in my youth I remember that a favorite figure of the comic men was little Johnny Boston Beans. He wore horn-rimmed spectacles, knew long words, and read Ibsen. Of course there never was a Johnny Boston Beans and there never will be. Even if he knew the long words he couldn't read Ibsen. The Watch and Ward Society woudn't let him.

HEYWOOD BROUN

Zionism and the Peace of the World

By AMEEN RIHANI

THE peace of the world depends in a large measure upon peace in the heart of the world, in the Near East. And peace in the Near East depends in a greater measure upon the settlement of the question that has caused in the past ten years three uprisings in Palestine. The cradle of the Prince of Peace is still today, as it was in the past, a victim of Satanic humor. It is rather the cradle of a Jewish-Christian-Moslem belligerency that seems to be eternal. But should it be? Is there no end to it? That depends, not so much upon the military power of Great Britain to keep peace between the Arabs and the Jews, as upon the moral courage of the British Government to revoke its own decision about Zionism and make good its pledges to the Arabs.

According to these pledges, made in January, 1916, to the Sherif Hussein, who was then the Sherif of Mecca and afterwards became the leader of the Arab movement, Great Britain was to help the Arabs, if they joined the Allies, to establish an empire that was to include Iraq and Syria and Palestine. The Arabs joined the Allies, kept faith with the British, and contributed valiantly to their success. Indeed, without their cooperation in the Hejaz and across the Jordan the rear of General Allenby's army would have been cut by the Turks and the campaign in Palestine would have met with disaster. After the victory, in November, 1918, the British and the French governments in a joint declaration promised the Arabs "enfranchisement complete and final" and a government that was to draw its authority from "the initiative and free choice of the native population." But this "free choice" was flouted when at the conference of St. Remo Great Britain and France received their shares, in the form of mandates, of the spoils of war. Palestine fell to the British, whose Government, in November, 1917, forgetting its pledges to the Sherif Hussein, issued the Balfour Declaration for the establishment of a Jewish national home in Palestine. Thus the pledge to the Jews is sandwiched between two pledges to the Arabs! And the irony of fate is that the Turks, who were conquered by the Arabs, have now a government of their own and are masters in their own house, while the Arabs north of the Peninsula are chafing under a peculiar form of foreign domination. Another instance of the irony of fate. King Hussein's dream of an Arab empire became a nightmare of British disloyalty, and he, the friend and ally of the British, was subsequently exiled by the British to Cyprus.

But the fall of Hussein in September, 1924, did not mean the end of the Arab movement. Its present leader is King Abd 'ul-Aziz ibn Saud, the conqueror of the Hejaz and the absolute ruler today of three-quarters of the Peninsula. His attitude toward the mandated countries in the North is unmistakable. He has never been in favor of foreign domination of any kind. But his policy is not that of his predecessor. Ibn Saud does not indulge in proclamations and protests. When he cannot act, he is silent. In the treaty he concluded with the British Government in May, 1927, he not only kept Akaba out of it, but also Syria and Palestine. He neither recognizes nor opposes the mandate system there. He has, however, expressed himself clearly upon Zionism. But he will wait to see how his friends the British are going to settle the question. If it is settled to the satisfaction of the Arabs, he will remain silent. If it is not—he will also remain silent. His silence in the former instance will be, as it were, static. In the latter it will be dynamic, and it will require a strong army to stem its energy and keep it from flowing across the Jordan.

The Zionists have realized this, and they have demanded of the British Government that an adequate military force be stationed in Palestine. Zionism, therefore, cannot feel secure and cannot prosper—cannot even exist—without an army strong enough to defend it. Which means, if the British Government complies with the demand of the Zionists, that the bitter feeling between them and the Arabs will increase and the cradle of the Prince of Peace will continue to be a cradle of strife and war. Indeed, it will mean continuous uprisings, not only in Palestine, but also in Syria and Iraq and along the desert borders.

Moreover, the Near East has always been and is more so today a field of political rivalry and jealousy for more than two of the European Powers. Russia and Italy still watch with expectation the political developments in their former spheres of influence. Even if the European Powers swear eternal friendship and peace among themselves, the continuous disturbances in the Near East will draw them into the vortex and eventually plunge them into a war, not with each other perhaps, but with the Eastern Powers around the scene of conflict. Turkey in the North, Persia in the East, Arabia in the South, here are three nations that are growing in power, under their three respective dictators, who never looked with favor upon European domination in the East.

I am not of those who believe in a Moslem world as a single unit. I am not of those who threaten Europe with a Moslem war. Pan-Islam, after the reign of the Caliph Omar, was never again realized, not even in the heyday of the Caliphates of Damascus or Bagdad. And Pan-Islam today is a bugaboo. But if war is waged against the Arabs there will be a Moslem uprising against the British in India, against the French in Syria, even in Morocco, against the Spanish in the Rif, against the Italians in Tripoli. And Zionism in Palestine will be the cause of it all.

There is no exaggeration, therefore, in the belief that the peace of the world depends in a large measure upon peace in Palestine. Let the more intelligent, the more reasonable, the more far-sighted Zionists consider this. Let them furthermore reconsider their claims to Palestine. What are these claims? Fundamentally, they are historical and religious. Because the Jews once conquered and ruled Palestine they believe that they still have a claim to it. On the same ground it may be rightfully claimed by the Egyptians, by the Persians, by the Greeks, and by the descendants of the Romans, the Italians. On the same ground Spain may rightfully claim Mexico and South America; and with more

reason the American Indian would have a right to establish a national home in New York.

Even after the Arab conquest the Crusaders occupied the country on and off for two hundred years, and the descendants of Richard the Lion-Hearted or Godfrey of Bouillon have as much right to it as the Jews. But let us suppose that the British or the French were still in occupation of the Holy Land. Do you for a moment believe that they would give it to the Jews for a national home? The historical claim is preposterous.

Let us consider the religious claim. The prophecy of the Old Testament, we are told, must be fulfilled. I say it has been fulfilled, and it is being enormously fulfilled right here in New York. For Zion is not where once was a Jewish temple and where there is not today even the ruins of a Jewish temple. Zion does not consist in agricultural colonies and economic concessions. Zion is a spiritual ideal. Wherever the Scriptures are, there is Zion for the orthodox Jew. And wherever there are great opportunities for the acquisition of wealth and power, and for the enjoyment of life and liberty and the pursuit of happiness, there is Zion for the mundane Jew, who is not unlike his Christian or Moslem neighbor anywhere, except perhaps in his capacity for acquisition and his exquisite delight in calculation.

If there is anything divine in these qualities, the Jews are the chosen people. And if they really believe that they are, they would be abusing the divine favor by segregating themselves in Palestine. The world is rightly their home. And they should be everywhere, as they have been since the Dispersion, not as a punishment to Israel but as a blessing to mankind.

Indeed, the desire of the Jews for a national home in Palestine implies an escape from their present state. But the higher desire, it seems to me, should imply a discovery. The Jews should discover themselves and realize their position in the world. They form today the financial bridges and to a great extent the intellectual links between the nations of the world. It is in their power to promote the highest ideal of mankind, far higher than the ideal of Zion.

The intellectual Jews everywhere are in the vanguard of the internationalism that is the harbinger of universal peace. Their allegiance is more to an idea than to a nation. Without a geographical nation themselves they have the power to help destroy the barriers between nations. This should be the goal of their achievements as a chosen people.

But will the British Government continue to defend Zionism to the end? And will the British taxpayer shoulder the burden of another war in the Near East for the sake of the Zionists? Americans, too, should consider the consequences. This country is on the eve of a naval pact with Great Britain, and President Hoover has expressed himself in favor of a Jewish national home. With American interests increasing in the Holy Land, therefore, and with American Jews agitating for Zionism there and bringing pressure to bear upon the Government here, might not the United States be also drawn into the conflict? In any event there can be no lasting peace in the Near East with Palestine as a national home for the Jews.

The Rights to a Jewish Home Land

By BERNARD FLEXNER

THE connection of the Jewish people with Palestine runs back over 3,000 years. Despite 2,000 years of exile, the country of the Book lives in the soul of the People of the Book and its memories cherished in poetry and prayer have never died. While many earlier attempts founded on religious and messianic hopes were made by the Jews to return to their ancestral land, the present national movement dates from the nineteenth century. Under enormous handicaps the Choveve Zion (Lovers of Zion) attempted small settlements in the early eighties and due to the sympathetic and generous support of Baron Edmond de Rothschild managed to survive. The great impetus to the movement came with the founding of the Zionist Organization by Herzl in 1897.

With the World War came the Balfour Declaration. All the Allied and Associated Powers formally placed themselves on record as favoring "the establishment in Palestine of a national home for the Jewish people" provided, of course, that nothing should be done to prejudice the civil and religious rights of the non-Jews. Some politicians perhaps might have been influenced by the exigencies of the war, but liberal statesmen like President Wilson, General Smuts, and Lord Robert Cecil viewed the establishment of a Jewish home land in Palestine as one of the few great constructive achievements of the period.

The Balfour Declaration was made in the light of the problem of world Jewry; it was not merely a pledge to the relatively small part of the Jewish people who might settle again in their ancestral land, but to the 14,000,000 of Jews throughout the world who willed for their people a home land and who would be expected to give ungrudgingly and generously to make that home land possible.

The Balfour Declaration was translated into the Mandate for Palestine under the League of Nations with Britain as mandatory. In the last ten years the Jews, in carrying out their part of the undertaking, have brought into Palestine capital estimated at $50,000,000. The Jewish settlers in Palestine have increased from fewer than 60,000 in 1919 to more than 150,000, about half of whom are on the land. Irrigation projects have been started; electric power and light have been made available; provision has been made for the development of the resources of the Dead Sea; a university has been founded.

The cooperative idea is strong in the Jewish settlement; the Jews are toilers, not mere entrepreneurs. The exploitation of Arab labor is frowned upon, and the Jewish trade unions are anxious, both as a matter of justice and for their own protection, to raise the standards of Arab laborers. While much of the capital imported into the country has been directly applied to Jewish settlement, it has also necessarily widened the markets for Arab products. It has vastly increased the taxable resources of the country which are uti-

lized for the benefit of all. Much of the health work has redounded to the benefit of the Arab population; the Jewish hospitals and clinics are open to all, irrespective of race or creed. In 1927 38,414 visits to the clinics of the Hadassah Medical Organization were made by Moslems and 4,650 by Christians. Hundreds of Arab patients are annually admitted in the Hadassah hospitals. The terrible ravages of malaria have been effectively lessened primarily through Jewish efforts and Jewish finances. So outstanding has been the malarial work that the League of Nations has sent an international commission to study the methods used and their results. Land has in no case been taken from the Arabs. Sales have indeed been made by Arabs to Jews, but large areas still remain undeveloped and available for settlement. High prices, judged even by American standards, have been paid for land purchased and the rights of the Arab peasants have been rigidly respected. The new intensive methods of agriculture have benefited both Arab and Jew.

With the unrest in the Near East as a result of the Great War and with misrepresentation as to the Zionist plans widespread, it was natural that there should be some feeling and even distrust between Arab and Jew. Despite friction here and there, since the coming into effect of the Mandate and the definite statement of its mandate policy by Great Britain in 1922, until the recent riots relative tranquillity prevailed. The High Commissioner as late as July this year reported to the Mandates Commission of the League of Nations that he believed the relations between the Jews and Arabs had improved, except for the incident of the Wailing Wall, and that the Arabs, heretofore hostile to the Jewish National Home, seemed ready to collaborate with the mandatory Powers. The dispute about the Wailing Wall seems to be a matter that should lend itself to judicial or arbitral settlement. And it is a matter for the British Commission of Inquiry to determine to what extent the recent savage outbreak burst inevitably from national passion, and to what extent it was inflamed by agitators sending out mendacious reports that Jews had attacked defenseless Arabs and invaded their holy mosque, and holding out promises of loot and plunder.

Much has been made of so-called broken promises of the Allies to the Arabs. Whatever promises may have been made in regard to strictly Arab lands, there seems the gravest doubt that any of these extended to Palestine, a very small country compared to the great Arab provinces. The promises relied upon rest mainly on a letter from Sir Henry McMahon dated October 24, 1915, to the Sherif of Mecca, who subsequently became King Hussein of the Hejaz. This letter expressly reserved and excluded from its scope the territories "lying to the west of the district of Damascus." While more exact language might have been used, the British Government has solemnly declared that Palestine was thus excluded from an independent Arabia (British White Paper, Cmd. 1700).

Emir Feisal, the leading spokesman of the Arab world at the Peace Conference and representative of his father King Hussein of the Hejaz, wrote on March 1, 1919, to Felix Frankfurter, then in Paris in the interest of the Zionist cause, this most significant letter:

> I want to take this opportunity of my first contact with American Zionists to tell you what I have often been able to say to Dr. Weizmann in Arabia and Europe. We feel that the Arabs and Jews are cousins in race, have suffered similar oppressions at the hands of Powers stronger than themselves, and by a happy coincidence have been able to take the first steps toward the attainments of our national ideals together. We Arabs, especially the educated among us, look with deepest sympathy on the Zionist movement. Our deputation here in Paris is fully acquainted with the proposals submitted yesterday by the Zionist Organization to the Peace Conference and we regard them as moderate and proper. We will do our best in so far as we are concerned to help them through. We will wish the Jews a most hearty welcome home.
>
> With the chiefs of your movement, especially with Dr. Weizmann, we have had and continue to have the closest relations. He has been a great helper of our cause and I hope the Arabs may soon be in a position to make the Jews some return for their kindness. We are working together for a reformed and revised Near East and our two movements complete one another. The Jewish movement is national and not imperialist; our movement is national and not imperialist; and there is room in Syria for both of us. Indeed I think that neither can be a real success without the other.
>
> People less informed and less responsible than our leaders and yours, ignoring the need for cooperation of the Arabs and Zionists, have been trying to exploit the local difficulties that must necessarily arise in Palestine in the early stages of our movements. Some of them have, I am afraid, misrepresented your aims to the Arab peasantry and our aims to the Jewish peasantry, with the result that interested parties have been able to make capital out of what they call our differences. I wish to give you my firm conviction that their differences are not on questions of principle but on matters of detail such as must inevitably arise in every contact of neighboring peoples and as are easily adjusted by mutual good-will. . . .

While the existing population is, of course, predominantly Arab, Palestine is not solely an Arab country. It is a land sacred to Moslems, Christians, and Jews, all of whom in varying numbers make it their home. Its capital city, Jerusalem, even before the war, had a small majority of Jews. However sympathetic with Arab nationalism, one must recognize that the Arabs have not been trained in the art of orderly, stable, and democratic government. As good a friend of Arab nationalism as Colonel T. E. Lawrence has referred to the outstanding Arab leaders, including Ibn Saud, who has recently supplanted King Hussein, as "the precarious princes of the desert." While many Arabs are well educated, the masses are still largely illiterate. The peaceful and just adjustment of social and economic relations among effendi, fellaheen, and bedouins will tax the best Arab statesmanship in strictly Arab lands. The delicate religious and national problems in Palestine have proved difficult for as experienced a governing power as Great Britain. Even those most friendly to Arab nationalism should not seek to impose so complicated a task as the inter-racial government of Palestine upon the Arabs.

The Jews seek only, within the economic possibilities of the country, a national home for their people, where they can live and work as Jews at peace with themselves and their neighbors. They do not seek this to the exclusion of the Arab. With the quieting down of agitation, with the better education of all classes, with increased social and economic contacts, the present difficulties will be solved.

Vare's Last Triumph?

By LOUIS FRANCIS BUDENZ

Philadelphia, September 22

IF power of animation could have been granted William Penn, as he stands aloft on Philadelphia's City Hall, a cynical smile would have crossed his features on the eighteenth day of September. The Mackey-Greenfield make-believe war on "machine-politics," which was in reality an inter-machine struggle for control, ended in crushing defeat for the rebels. The candidates of the House of Vare swept into permanent places on the Republican ticket, therefore eventually to land in office, by majorities ranging from 150,000 to 200,000 votes. The old familiar cry of "Down with the Boss"—which had been heard in more resounding tones in these primaries than since the time of mild-mannered, white-whiskered Blankenburg—has again been hushed. Out of the hubbub of battle William S. Vare emerges victorious and "gratified."

That coveted seat in the United States Senate, vacant because of alleged Varian corruption, again beckons Philadelphia's political dictator. In this "vindication" at the hands of his Christian city he sees renewed hope that the December decision of the august upper house of Congress may be in his favor. Rugged exemplar of Old Tammany tactics in Republican guise, he has fought his way through many another tight hole and come out on top. Police intimidation, threats of the loss of job, and millions of dollars in "charity" have been used impartially by him to pave his way to power and keep him there.

Ironically enough, this very victory of his has about it the odor of defeat and decay. It is largely of interest, indeed, because it marks one more step in the decline of this ruler of the Quaker City—whose family has reigned in that domain for over a quarter of a century. In this primary, William S. Vare took a step backward out of the divided household revealed within his own organization. His hopes of being "'vindicated" in the Senate are in vain. With his gradual passing from the scene, there disappears the last of the outstanding old-time political bosses, making way everywhere for the new ballot-box overlords chosen directly from the sleek manufacturing class. The crude methods of his school are out of date. The end of Vare will roughly mark the end of an epoch.

The very man who now challenges the Boss's supremacy is an ironical reminder of the significance of this struggle. Harry A. Mackey has been of late years a Vare man, one of those nearest to the throne. He was the campaign manager of Vare's attempt to get a seat in the United States Senate, still remaining vacant. As a reward, he received the Mayoralty of Philadelphia from the organization. A high-pressure executive by instinct, he made of the Vare bid for a job a holy crusade for the right to imbibe pre-Volsteadian fluids. Staid and hardened ward leaders were moved to a Billy Sunday pitch of enthusiasm by his methods. Card-indexing has even invaded his flowery addresses—certain standard phrases and figures of speech being used, with slight modification, for this and that occasion. This makes for the maximum oratorical effectiveness with the minimum of effort. A past master at opportunism, he has run for the State Senatorship on the Democratic ticket, afterward entering the ranks of reform, to issue forth again as a mighty man of the regular organization.

Mackey's eyes are on the Governorship. So everyone admits. Why, then, does he not rely upon the "Chief," whom he sought so vigorously to clothe with the sacred toga? Vare is a liability in the interior. His long-cherished dream to dominate the great empire of Penn's Woods is shattered. There are throughout the State numerous colonies of religious sects, departing from the conventional in appearance and custom. They set themselves up there, years ago, attracted by the tolerance of Quaker rule. They have given Biblical names to countless towns—Nazareth, Bethlehem, Ephrata, Mount Bethel, Emaus. The Sunday-school movement has also swelled in volume like a rushing river throughout Pennsylvania. To all of these good folks Philadelphia is a modern Babylon and Vare a high priest to the evil god Baal. Then, there are a number of Democratic cities and counties at whose polling places an "independent" might thrive, but to whom a Philadelphia-machine-made candidate would be anathema. Thus it is that Mackey seeks to throw about himself the mantle of "reform," which Boies Penrose knew so well how to don when opportunity required in his warfare with the Vares.

Overvaulting ambition was Vare's stumbling-block. The Presidential bee had stung Governor Brumbaugh unto political death. It had been the undoing of Gifford Pinchot. It had persuaded the latter by its buzzing to cast aside his reformer's instinct and to compromise with the Old Guard, running as an Old Guard candidate to the National Republican convention of 1924. Then, having got him out in the open, the professional politicians proceeded to knife him, an "independent" from their own ranks overwhelmingly defeating the then Governor. But Vare paid no heed to these handwritings on the wall. Brumbaugh was his brother Ed's creature; Pinchot was an accident. He marched on to the disastrous campaign against William B. Wilson, in which Wilson was apparently elected and Pennsylvania in reality went Democratic for the first time since the Civil War. Only a combination of the most heroic and anything-but-heroic efforts in Philadelphia saved the Varian face, and led to the contest which still requires him to be dubbed "Senator-elect."

Shattered in health from rough usage by the Senate, the Boss retired to Ventnor, eagerly watching the turn of events. Those that followed immediately were not to bring much comfort. In the Al Smith upheaval in Philadelphia in 1928 a blow was struck at the heart of his political power. The State Senatorship in the First District had come to be almost an heirloom in the House of Vare. From that base for twenty-five years the three brothers had successively operated. First, George; then, Ed; then, Bill; then, Mrs. Flora Vare, Ed's widow, had occupied the seat. In 1928 it was to be lost to a Democrat, "Larry" McCrossin of the printer's union, its present occupant.

Such reverses were little to be expected. When Boies Penrose passed on, for better or for worse, Philadelphia's ruler seemed the logical man to take over full control of the State. In the west, however, a new power was arising—the Mellon machine. With it were associated none of the crude traditions of ward organizations built up in the back rooms of saloons. Mellon's connections with the Overholt Distillery were forgotten in popular awe at his magnificence as a Master Millionaire. Not the smell of stale beer, but the odor of Big Business sanctity surrounded his meager person. The Vares had come into business through politics. Small truck farmers originally, they had first collected swill for their pigs, then had contracted for it, and finally had become general contractors, profiting from public works. Mellon, on the other hand, had come into politics through business. He was of the New Order, of the invisible government become visible. In the first real tests between the two powers, Mellon came off the victor. He made his brother and banking partner, W. L. Mellon, State Chairman of the Republican Party. He put Reed, the corporation lawyer, in the Senate and Fisher, the banker, in the Governor's chair, over Vare's opposition. He backed George Wharton Pepper, an able member of the bar tinged with the slightest touch of salmon-colored liberalism, for the Senate in 1926; and only the irregular Pinchot irruption probably insured Vare's own personal triumph in those primaries. When it came to the election, Fisher had little trouble in reaching the Governor's mansion in Harrisburg, while Vare has never yet attained the longed-for domicile in Washington.

Paradoxically enough, Vare, this staunch champion of the Wets, who went up and down the State appealing for the right to drink as one wills, is a member in good standing of the bone-dry Methodist church. He has presented an entire church edifice to the Abigail Memorial Methodist Church, in memory of his mother. It is another paradox that his outstanding opponents in this present fight should be hitherto loyal Vare lieutenants, while his own leading strategists are veteran Penrosers. Chief among the Mackey men stands Albert M. Greenfield, worth marking down for future political reference. Shifty and alert, Greenfield has risen to almost complete dominance of the Philadelphia real-estate market, and his wealth exceeds perhaps the ancient Stotesbury millions. Rightly or wrongly, he is given credit by men "in the know" for Vare's sudden and surprising announcement for Hoover at Kansas City. It was he, it is said, who urged such action, on the fast-moving train that took the Philadelphia and Pittsburgh clans westward. If any man is looking for Vare's crown in the future, that man is Greenfield. The Mayor and he have succeeded in securing startling defections from among the organization captains, the most notable being that of County Commissioner George F. Holmes, credited with being a wily guide in the crooked windings of Philadelphia's political highways and byways. Political observers are much puzzled over the somersault of the super-regular Holmes, in itself another indication that Vare's rule is declining.

Of the triumvirate of old Penrosers who now lead the fight for Vare, Sheriff Thomas W. Cunningham is the most shrewd and picturesque. Affectionately called the "judge" because of his long service as a magistrate, he has all the hardihood of the old campaigner concealed beneath a benign, soft-spoken personality. With the experience of his over seventy years of life, he was able to do that which Harry Sinclair failed in: openly defy the inquisitorial Senate. The source of his $50,000 contribution to the 1926 campaign still remains a high-class mystery, probably never to be unraveled. Of magnificent physique, he can weather many a threatening storm and is a man made to serve master minds with faithfulness and acumen.

Of the questions that troubled politicians and observers in the late primaries, the most vital was: "Where do Mitten and Grundy stand?" Mitten was something of an issue in the fight, both sides equally berating him. That added to the murk in which the electorate went to the polls on primary day. It is Mitten's job to keep on good terms with his numerous traction, taxicab, and other ventures. Without that certain grip on the political apparatus that so many local public-utility interests have in other places, he must rely on his ceaseless pamphleteering and on shrewd underhand manipulations, at both of which he is adept. Like many another municipality Philadelphia has been plagued with a "partnership" arrangement with the traction interests, in which the public seems to have come out second best. Mitten divides his foes among "the common people" by streams of publicity—pointing to the cleanliness of his cars, the efficiency of his service, and his much-advertised "settlement of labor troubles." Across the way from the City Hall stands the Mitten Bank, watchfully on guard over his interests. This is symbolic of the Mitten attitude, and with his usual strategy he placed sacrificial calves on both rival altars. While he personally cooperated with Cunningham and Company, his son and heir, Dr. Mitten, aided and abetted the rebellion.

As to Grundy, one suspects that he has made his choice for Vare. This is indicated by the antics of "Hampie" Moore—J. Hampton Moore, ex-Congressman and ex-Mayor. "Hampie" has bolted the Independent Republican League, that "reform" creation of Penrose, declaring that it has betrayed "independent" principles in its alliance with the Mackey group. In such warlike pronunciamentos Moore is probably the phonograph for Grundy, whose faithful servant he was in Congress, being indeed the real author of the Fordney high-tariff bill. Two sacred principles lie close to Grundy's heart: an ever-mounting tariff for the welfare of American manufacturers and ever-decreasing legislation for the welfare of the working classes. The most class-conscious man in the United States, he looks upon government as the servant of the manufacturing group, and Mackey brought upon himself the undying Grundy hatred by his surprisingly liberal policy as chairman of Pennsylvania's first Workmen's Compensation Committee.

Many political observers foretold that the Mackey slate was in for a good lacing. Tenacity, physical and moral, is a trait of the "royal family." For years before his death, Ed Vare suffered from a serious illness making it extremely painful for him to engage in any activity. And yet, every day he remained for hours at his desk, receiving the long line of satellites who attend upon a boss. Bill did not show the white feather and smote to earth the incipient rebellion. Nevertheless, it will be a hollow victory. Weakened by it and by those preceding reverses, he will be unable to overcome the growing hosts of Mellon in attempted control of the Commonwealth. Despite his good turn for Hoover, the seat in Washington is farther away than ever it was before.

Behind the Southern Textile Strikes

By MARION BONNER

"WE'RE fightin' for our rights. We didn't want no strike. We went to the president and asked him to give us a ten-hour day without cuttin' our wages and to take back the fifteen men and women he fired for joinin' the union. He said: 'You pull a strike and I'll give you fifty dollars apiece.' In half an hour the power was shut off and the spindles and looms deserted."

A thin, wiry woman with a pinched face that looked at least ten years older than it was, was talking to a group of faculty and students of the Southern Summer School for Women Workers in Industry. On July 11 when the school began its session of six weeks at Burnsville, North Carolina, about six hundred and fifty men and women joined the United Textile Workers Union and went on strike against conditions in the Marion Manufacturing Company. Some of the strike leaders, knowing that the Southern Summer School was teaching economics, public speaking, and health, brought seven girls over the forty miles of beautiful mountain road to the school.

As the woman talked in an earnest, spirited manner with a vocabulary termed by some scholars as Elizabethan and by others as illiterate, a group gathered about her. Five girls from Elizabethton, Tennessee, who had been in the strikes in the Glanzstoff and Bemberg silk mills, mountain born, too, understood her and nodded approvingly. Girls from cities, in some cases making no more than ten dollars a week, but dressed in silk and speaking the language of cities, looked at her half in amusement, half in admiration. Some of the girls from Marion, seeing the amused glances, became self-conscious and whispered that they wished "J—— wasn't so talky."

But J—— was carried away by her cause. "You ought to see some of them children. They're a right pitiful sight. Some of their legs ain't no bigger than that"—and she measured with her fingers. It was not difficult to believe: her own legs were not much larger, nor were those of five of the seven. Like many of the mountain poor they were underweight and appeared undernourished and prematurely aged. "At thirty-five you're old in the mill. They begin to lay you off or put you on sweepin'." She spoke proudly of the spirit of the people. "We'll stick in spite of the scabs until we get our rights. The farmers are helpin' us. One man I know pointed to his tater patch and said to the union folk: 'You see them taters. As long as there's a tater, help yo'self.'"

Gradually her intelligence, earnestness, intensity won the respect of most of the students. Other girls from Marion emerged from their protective shells and grew communicative. Sensitive, proud, feeling a chasm between themselves and some of the girls who had lived in the cities, they would often anticipate superiority and at first were on their guard. Girls who felt superior because they had toilets and bathrooms in their houses and did not have to draw their water from a street pump, and who had gone through several years of high school and had heard of grammar became interested in the struggle of these women of Marion to get better conditions and began to listen attentively to their speeches.

In their own picturesque language they described their early life on the farm.

"My earliest remembrances bring sorrow to my heart," wrote J—— in her autobiography. "I was reared in a poor home. It consisted of mother, father, four girls, and two boys. My father worked at a sawmill and my mother toiled hard raising little truck patches around our log cabin. I had lots of work to do at the age of five, for mother was out working most of the time and I had the babies to care for. Often father and mother would get up at four o'clock in the morning, cook breakfast, and then father would start long before day carrying a pine torch to see by to earn bread to keep us alive."

Here is another story of a worker's childhood, typical in the mills that have recently been opened in the South and have provided employment for the poor whites. From their stories they have never lacked employment since they were old enough to watch babies.

"My father was a poor farmer and had to work hard. In the summer he would make a crop and in the winter he would go to the woods, cut and haul cross ties to the road, set traps along the creek banks, and catch furs to sell. My mother had to work hard, in the house and in the field. When I was old enough I had to look after the smaller children, and I did not get to go out and play."

"I did not get to play" comes like a refrain to many of the life stories not only of the seven Marion girls but of the other twenty-eight.

One of the Marion girls described her work on the farm. "We raised corn, potatoes, cane, and tobacco. We also had lots of hay to take care of. My two older sisters married, and my two older brothers got jobs and left home to make wages. That left just my sister and me out of a family of eight large enough to work. My mother's health failed her and so my sister and I had most of the housework to do and to help father on the outside. We got up at four o'clock every morning to get the house-work done, the cows milked, the chickens fed to get to the fields early. We would hoe corn all day long, come home at night and help mother get supper. Very often she would have beans picked or apples gathered so we could string beans after supper or peel apples to be dried. I have helped father saw wood time after time and I have driven a team of horses day after day hauling rock, hay, corn. After we got our crop planted father would get a job somewhere and tell us what he wanted done on the farm."

Those who have known life back in the mountains, on poor hillside farms that furnished inadequate nourishment to the large families living on them, know too the inadequacy of the mental food. Interference of work at home, short terms, teachers not too well trained—it is amazing that they learned to read, write, and figure. The following experience related by one of the girls from Marion is representative.

"I started to school at the age of seven. The first three or four years I attended regularly but after I got large enough to work and after my sisters married and my older brothers left home, I was in school a day or two and out a day or two. I was kept out of school to help take fodder, gather corn, hand tobacco, and take care of all the crops. We had only six months school the first five years of my school days. Our school building had only one room. There were two teachers and about eighty pupils. The room was very noisy. We had straight back benches with two or three students on each bench, and the students talked more than they studied. I went to school until I finished the eighth grade. I couldn't go any farther in school at home in the country. I told my parents I had a desire to go to high school, that if they would buy my clothes I would work my way through school, but they would not consent. They told me they needed me to help at home. I went off badly discouraged.

"Two years ago I told father and mother I would get a job in a factory and work and get enough money to go to school. I went to work in the cotton mill. I made $9.35 a week. I paid $5 a week for board and I also had my laundry bill and insurance, so after all I didn't get the money to go on to school."

Of course, some girls are glad enough to stop school and go to work as soon as possible with the hope of getting clothes and beaus, but the girls who are sent to the Southern Summer School for the most part are almost pathetic in their desire for an education.

In the hope of bettering their conditions the girls left the farm and went to live in the mill village of East Marion. Here is a description given by one of the students. "There are families of eight and ten living in three-room houses. Roofs on many of the houses leak. Most of the houses need repairing and painting. There are dry-pit toilets strung up at the back door of all these houses. The water the people use is drawn from pumps. There are but two or three pumps on each street and on part of the mill village there are sixteen families that use water from two pumps. The company recently built a Y. M. C. A. It has a swimming pool, a ten-pin alley, library, sewing and cooking department, shower baths, and a basket-ball court. The people of the village pay ten cents for a shower bath, ten cents for bathing in the pool, and ten cents for a game of ten pins. The only store that most of the working class ever trade in is the company store, for most of them eat up today what they work out tomorrow."

Conditions that would make many of us shudder were related by the thirty-five students; the girls from Marion could tell a story of the longest working day and of the most unsanitary conditions.

"The employees work ten, eleven, and twelve hours and twenty minutes. The day weavers and those that work in the clothroom get one hour off for lunch, the other departments less. The floors are not kept clean. Men and women use tobacco and spit on the floor. The floors are cleaned only in the day time. The toilets which sometimes overflow are cleaned only in the day time. The weaveroom is very hot, has bad lights, has bad ventilation, and is very noisy. There are but few seats provided for the workers and no washroom."

One of the girls gave this account:

"I work twelve hours and twenty minutes a day and I am completely worn out at stopping time. Men and women who work in the mill are weak and sallow looking, some of them just dragging along half dead and overworked until they don't know what it is to take a rest and feel good. The average workingman or woman makes from $1.60 to $2.70 a day, and some have families of from three to seven and sometimes more depending on them for a living. The employees of the mill walked out on a strike on July 11 for shorter hours and for the same pay they were getting for longer hours. Do you blame us for striking?"

Between Marion and Burnsville there was continual communication. At an interstate labor conference held at the Southern Summer School under the auspices of the North Carolina Federation of Labor, Alfred Hoffman, an organizer of the United Textile Workers, Tom Tippett and Bill Ross, leaders in the Marion strike, talked about Marion. A. J. Muste, who gave several lectures at the school, made a talk in Marion to the strikers assembled on the hillside. Most of the teachers and students in the school went to Marion, saw the picket line, and marched in parade with the workers. To some of the young strikers the strike meant excitement, a chance for the spectacular; to some of the older ones it meant a chance to rest; to most of them it was a reaching out for more tolerable conditions of life and work not only for themselves but for their families and neighbors.

To the court in Burnsville came the test of the injunction against the Marion strikers. Two girls who attended the school were named in the injunction but their names were crossed out when the company's lawyers discovered that they had been in attendance at the school. Far more vivid than reading a textbook was sitting in the courtroom with the judge listening to long and passionate charges against the strikers and to emphatic denials by the lawyers for the strikers. The school with notebooks in hand sat until the judge upheld the injunction against illegal picketing and added the right to legal picketing. The students were puzzled by the terms "legal and illegal picketing," but the judge did not stay to answer.

At the end of six weeks, strengthened by rest, balanced food, exercise, study, self-expression through class discussions, speeches, plays, friendships, the girls rode back to Marion. The other twenty-eight girls started to other parts of North Carolina, to South Carolina, Virginia, Kentucky, Tennessee, Maryland, and Georgia. These thirty-five students with the twenty-five who attended in 1928 and the twenty-five in 1927 may seem small against the large number of workers who have not attended any classes since they left school at fourteen, fifteen, or sixteen, and who feel mystified, helpless, caught in fast, powerful, inescapable machinery and poverty. It is only a small group, but from it will come leaders. Letters come to the faculty: "I am telling the girls I work with about diet and exercise"; "I have been promised a chance to speak to the union next week"; "I am trying to get a group together to study labor problems"; "we are going to give one of the plays we had at the school"; and so on.

This small group of women from the Southern Summer School for Women Workers in Industry are playing an important part in the fight against economic slavery in the South.

All Quiet on the Northwestern Front

By J. O. MEYERS

FOR five days St. Paul, Minnesota, high on the hills above the Mississippi, took on a war-time atmosphere with the arrival of two thousand Veterans of Foreign Wars who settled down here for their thirtieth national encampment.

What do they think about, these survivors of many battles? What is their vision for a new world? What do they want for America? Preparedness—more guns, more cruisers, more destroyers. They say with a President in office who has halted the building of the fifteen cruisers, with the national defense "emasculated by the inertia of Congress," there are new dangers facing us.

Of some two hundred resolutions offered during the encampment the first, occupying four days of the convention, called for adequate national defense: a separate air force, adequate air defense, retention of the Citizens' Military Training Corps, the building up of a national guard composed of youth trained in the corps.

Eugene P. Carver, Jr., past national commander from Boston, said, in his first statement to the press: "Scrap obsolete ships, scrap obsolete armaments, continue the fifteen-cruiser building program!" That keynote was repeated throughout the convention. "We stand for a navy second to none," reads one of the resolutions which was passed. "If the 5-5-3 ratio cannot be carried out as regards submarines, cruisers, and destroyers by agreement, we favor the immediate building of ships in these classes." Another reads: "We favor the prompt and immediate carrying out of all the provisions of the National Defense Act."

These veterans, all of whom have seen active service in foreign lands, many of them now maimed and crippled for life, are not yet glutted with war. They cry: Bring on the youth of the country. Make up, within the next ten years, a national guard comprised of "the boys" (*sic*) trained in the Citizens Military Training Corps! That is the proposal which the veterans will study during the coming year.

The method of bringing up the youth of America as youth was reared in pre-war Germany came in for commendation in two resolutions, and in another which urged retention of the training-corps system.

In spite of Mr. Carver's warning that "we veterans should not concern ourselves with anything not directly connected with national defense or veterans' affairs," the veterans turned, on their final day, to a debate on prohibition, tabling a resolution for outright repeal and voting unanimously for a national referendum on the prohibition question.

"Give us our rights!" they shouted, when, without permitting debate on the repeal resolution, the chairman called for the vote. Immediately the convention hall was a mass of shaking fists, waving arms. The crowd, gone wild, surged madly toward the rostrum, demanding to be heard. The chairman of the resolutions committee, trying to make himself heard above the cries of the outraged veterans, begged his "comrades" not to pass a resolution calling for outright repeal. "If you do, every newspaper in the nation will come out tonight with the headline: 'Vets Demand Whiskey.'"

I look about the hall and read the veterans' lapel buttons with their ribald slogans: "When I'm full take me home!"

On that last day a gray-haired, commanding figure came forward to speak and received an ovation. He was Thomas J. Walsh, United States Senator from Montana. The spirit of his words was so utterly opposed to those speeches and resolutions that went before, that, coming from any other man, they would have been shouted down. He decries those who attack forms of government other than our own. Bolshevism, he says, has its origin in the abuses of those who exploit the labor of others. We need not fear it here unless we permit the existence of conditions of oppression which obtained in pre-war Russia. He condemns those who see everywhere the menace of war unless there is preparedness. His words do not pass quietly. He is greeted with an applause that is like the booming of cannon—this from the hands of those very men who, a moment before, were bellowing for a more adequate defense. Do they understand what he is saying?

I sit at the press table, wondering. One of the more liberal of the veterans leans toward me. "A bunch of bookkeepers out for a big time!"

Do these veterans itch for war? Is it in their blood? Ask them. Here are two who have seen service throughout the world conflict. They say: "Us, buddy? Yep, give us war. It's a man's game." Do they hunger for the thin, clear notes of bugles, the rhythm of marching feet, the boom of martial drums? Watch them as they swing happily down two and a half miles of St. Paul streets. Is it possible that the men who have felt the tearing of bullets into flesh, who have seen their companions shot down one by one have learned nothing from that man-made hell? There can't be any truth in the proverb about the burned child.

In the Driftway

THE Drifter counts himself among the original anti-noise champions, and he is always ready to break a lance, a pencil point, or a typewriter keyboard in the cause. He is glad, therefore, to salute Robert Ferrari, a lawyer of New York City, who recently haled one of his neighbors into court, where he was ordered to modify somewhat his zest for turning on at all hours an unusually strident radio loud-speaker. The radio seems to have become one of the most generally annoying noises of all our city babel, and it would be interesting if it were to turn out to be the straw that broke the camel's back. There has not been any genuine conviction in the past on the part of any large number of persons that noise was an evil. Therefore, there has never been any effective public opinion in favor of its abatement; the protestants against noise have been numbered among the cranks. So-called civilized society has been slow to come of age in the matter of racket. Children and savages love noise; they like to make and to listen to sheer din. And since we

are still mostly children and savages, we are inclined to pooh-pooh the doctrine, however well supported scientifically, that noise is definitely a menace to community health.

* * * * *

SO it is interesting to note the repercussion which Mr. Ferrari's action has had on the public and the press of New York City. There have been numerous shouts of approval in the correspondence columns of the newspapers, and several journals have devoted special articles to the subject of noise. Indeed the New York *World* cut loose with a series of articles, in the first of which it was boldly asserted: "New York has at last become militantly noise-conscious." The Drifter is not so optimistic about it as that. But if New York has not yet become quite "militantly noise-conscious," it is at least showing hopeful signs of irritation in regard to the frightful hubbub in which it is obliged to work, play, and sleep. The city's health commissioner, Dr. Shirley W. Wynne, is sympathetic toward efforts to reduce noise, though at the moment he doubtless feels himself rather powerless to do much. As a matter of fact, a sufficiently united public sentiment would immediately give him power, because American law gives a health department almost unlimited authority wherever it can convince a court (for which the support of the general public is essential) that its action is necessary for the protection of life and health. As the New York *World* says editorially:

> We are predominantly a mercantile nation. It is very hard for us to grasp the idea that anything can be allowed to interfere with the citizen who has a chance to make a sale. Thus, if one citizen has bananas to sell, we take it for granted that he must be permitted to cry them in the street. If another citizen has radios to sell, we take it for granted that he must be permitted to turn a loud-speaker out of the doorway, even if a whole neighborhood is reduced to nervous prostration. If still another citizen has a building to sell, we take it for granted that he must be permitted to do anything connected with the manufacture of that building, no matter how noisy it may be; turn his steam shovels into the vacant lot, turn on his riveters after the shovels are done, operate his derricks after the riveters are done. And the ghost of the sale lingers long after it is completed. When the huckster finishes his day's work, repairs to the apartment he has rented in the building that has been completed after so much noise, and turns on the loud-speaker that he bought from the radio store, we have some curious hesitancy about proceeding against him, our feeling being that he has paid his hard-earned banana money for the radio, and it would be a pity if he were not allowed to enjoy it.

* * * * *

THAT is well put. Even where a given individual is harassed to death with the racket about him, he hesitates to invoke such powers of the law as are clearly his because he doesn't want to be considered a kill-joy or opposed to "progress." New York City has an ordinance making it unlawful to play the piano after eleven o'clock (or is it ten?) which either does apply, or could be made to apply, to radios. But in every community the rule of "live and let live" must have considerable sway. In the old days the piano ordinance was never invoked against an occasional late party, and we must allow the radio at least as much freedom. But once we convince ourselves that noise is an evil, some of it can be stopped. THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

We Accept

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: My attention has not been called to the very gracious reproduction of our *New Yorker* advertisement on the Hotel Delmonico—one of the holdings of this company—in the editorial columns of *The Nation*. In fact, I read it with a great deal of enjoyment, marred only by the fact that in your reproduction of the advertisement, you neglected to insert the illustration. But then I realize that, with the exception of Art Young and Hendrik Willem van Loon, *The Nation* seldom goes in for illustrations, and so I was satisfied.

That you may be put at ease immediately, I must rise and point out sadly that the rental is $45,000 by the year. By the day it's a mere $123.03; by the hour, no more than $5.15. To show my deep appreciation, won't you come there some time and spend an hour with me? The $5.15 will be on me!

New York, September 5 BERNARD A. BERGMAN

Correction

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: There was an error in my article, Rum Running on the Detroit River. I said Mr. Mellon was the official head of the seven government agencies involved in prohibition-enforcement work here. That was a mistake. The immigration forces come under the Department of Labor. Mr. Mellon is the official head of only six. I was aware of the error when the proofs came, but neglected to correct it.

Detroit, Michigan, September 4 MORROW MAYO

A Sin of Omission

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: As Washington correspondent of the Portland (Maine) *Evening News,* the editor of which is your former managing editor, Ernest Gruening, I cannot let your statement in the August 28 issue concerning power news go unchallenged.

In that article on opinions handed down by the new solicitor of the Federal Power Commission, Charles A. Russell, you state that the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* and the Baltimore *Sun* were the only newspapers to give adequate accounts of the "confidential summary with suggestions on the Federal Water Power Act and its administration" and on Solicitor Russell's rulings.

I wrote and the Portland *Evening News* printed four stories, each of which was more than a column in length, on this situation. I believe that not even the two papers commended in your article gave so much space.

I should also like to call your attention to the excellent work now being done by the Portland *Evening News,* beginning with its issue of August 21, in revealing the preventable and utterly inexcusable deaths from "bends" on the $15,000,000 Wyman Dam being constructed on the upper Kennebec at Bingham, Maine, by an Insull company. The news of these fatal accidents was suppressed until the Portland *Evening News* investigated and revealed them, and then brought out the fact that precautions such as are required under New York law and are taken by most construction companies building dams,

bridges, and tunnels would have prevented all fatalities from "bends" or compressed-air illness.

Washington, D. C., August 26 RUBY A. BLACK

[We are glad to recognize the courage and enterprise of the Portland *Evening News*. Probably the major credit for exposing the confidential memorandum should go to the Federated Press which scored a scoop July 29 and furnished copies of the memorandum to daily papers.—EDITOR THE NATION.]

That What

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: On page 275 of your issue for September 11 a correspondent quotes a sentence from you as follows: "Who knows but what as a result of the Cleveland disaster Paris may be snuffed out in the next war with the gas which proved so efficient at Cleveland?" Your correspondent then says: "Here are two errors in English: the 'what' and the 'which' should both be 'that.' "

The Oxford Dictionary, both under But C. 30. and under What C. 5. b., quotes the conjunctive use of "but what," by reputable authors, of dates from 1753 on. For instance, Washington Irving writes: "My aunt would waddle through mud and mire, over the whole town, but what she would visit them"; Trollope writes: "Nor am I yet so old but what I can rough it still"; Du Maurier writes: "Not but what many changes had been wrought." The editors of the dictionary consider the usage "still dialectic and colloquial"; but that is widely different from your correspondent's attribution of "error."

On the second point of your correspondent's criticism, the use of "which" to introduce a clause defining its antecedent, you are so abundantly justified by usage that I will only quote King James's translators: "And God made the firmament, and divided the waters which were under the firmament from the waters which were above the firmament." (Genesis i. 7.)

Ithaca, N. Y., September 9 CHARLES E. EDGERTON

Edison and Electric Lights

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: There seems to be a common delusion, fostered by the group which exploits the name of Edison as a valuable trade-mark, that Edison invented the electric light and that in some way the world is indebted to him in that respect.

The first house lit by electricity was that of a Mr. Hammond in South Kensington, London, in 1877. The City of Geneva had a municipal electric light system in 1879. Swan, of Bromley in Kent, England, invented an incandescent bulb used before Edison was heard of, but I believe that he was one of several who were simultaneously experimenting among whom was Edison. But Edison beat him to the Patent Office in 1882. I don't think anyone else was thinking of patenting so much as of the scientific value of the invention. The group which exploits Edison, patents every conceivable device on the chance that some day they may exploit it on a technicality.

In 1882 or later the Edison group successfully challenged the priority of Swan with the result of a compromise in the "Ediswan" lamp. One of Edison's patents had proved a snag in the Swan production. For some time there was difficulty in the wiring because the system was a series like that of Christmas-Tree lights where if one breaks all go out, and Edison's supporters claim that he was the first to strike the loop system of wiring now universally adopted.

Edison's real fame depends on the phonograph. There is no question in regard to that, and out of it emerged the dictaphone and every sort of telegraphic recording.

Alameda, California, September 5 COURTNEY ROWLAND

The Cleveland Campaign

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Mr. Browdy, in his report in *The Nation* concerning the Cleveland campaign to amend the city charter, has some of his facts very well in hand, but in others of his statements appears to have been a victim of someone not particularly well informed upon the local situation.

It is difficult to understand how any man, presumably of liberal opinion, can believe that any form of municipal government which denies opportunity to the electorate to choose their chief executive is "progressive." If the people are not to elect this, the most important to them of all of their officials, may we not inquire whom are they to elect?

As a matter of fact Cleveland has had, under manager-plan operation, by far the most costly and extravagant, and, I believe, the most corrupt administration it has ever known. For example, the housekeeping expenses of the city government, the job which the city manager here supposedly is hired to do (and paid $25,000 per year for doing) were about $5,200,000 more in 1926, the third year of manager-plan operation, than they were in 1923, the last year of operation under an elective mayor. The increase was nearly 40 per cent, and the increase in population about 7 per cent. These figures are those of the Bureau of Municipal Research, supported by the Community Fund.

In the current year the manager has illegally diverted $563,000 from the earnings of the municipal light plant to general fund expenditures, and if he is compelled by the courts to restore this money to its proper place, as I think he will be, he will have a deficit of at least this amount in his budget.

The people of Cleveland, in a campaign of shameless misrepresentations, were induced to vote $2,500,000 for a stadium. As Mr. Browdy intimates, the project is primarily one in the interest of a group of bankers who, probably for some very good business reason, became owners of the Cleveland American League Base Ball Club. It is proposed to build this stadium upon the Lake Front where the railroads have not yet "acquired an option upon the riparian rights," but where they will acquire all of the public rights if Mr. Hopkins can engineer this for them as he has been attempting to do since 1925.

Mr. Browdy touches lightly on the recent scandals. In one of them a well-known political lawyer, who has been known to have the manager's ear since he has been in office, received, from the owner, $47,000 in cash for presenting the opportunity to the city to buy a parcel of land for $365,000 which, within a year, had twice been offered at sheriff's sale in foreclosure for less than $210,000. And the city has no use for this land.

Now all of this is sordid and not worth repeating except as a warning to liberals that the so-called manager plan of operation of city government is an indefensible fraud upon the fundamental principles of democracy. No Tom Johnson, no Sam Jones, no Grover Cleveland, no Brand Whitlock, and no Peter Witt will ever develop under the city manager plan. We in Cleveland who are attempting to defend the principles and to carry on as best we may the work of Tom Johnson know too well the absolute futility of hoping to raise money or to develop public sentiment in a campaign to elect twenty-five councilmen, or in fact any councilmen who, as a minority, can prevail anything against the power of the privileged interests.

Cleveland, Ohio, September 3 EDGAR S. BYERS

Books, Music, and Drama

Laboratory Still Life

By MARK VAN DOREN

This apple now, and this smooth block of wood
That long ago forgot the watery tree
(The round red thing remembers in its wet heart,
The patient cube is mindless and immortal);
Set them on the table and declare
Their density, position, form, and mass.
Bring the new brain that walks on calipers
(The little bow-legs caper while you wait);
Bring the ruled retina, and pads of paper,
And take the sharpened pencil from its sheath.
Now weigh them well, the apple and the wood;
Let the mind's least antennae touch and write
(And writing, not remember what they touched).
There will be only figures at the finish,
Bodiless worms that if you stoop and peer
Cross-edgewise of the chart you will not find.
It is a flight of moths from skull to paper,
And back to the bone again, the hollow room.

Whereas the deep eye innocent of numbers
(Moist eye moving in a world of shapes,
Warm eye wonderful in child or man)
Sees only a bright apple and a cube.
The deep eye looks, and there is nothing more
Than a red apple with a watery heart,
Than a blank face of wood that has forgotten.
The deep eye looks, and not a word comes forth.
Nothing is here for counting or dividing,
Nothing to understand; nothing to add.
Only the red round face grows redder, rounder
(Does it remember the dark rain and the cows?)
And the six flattened cheeks widen a little,
Complacent of their enduringness indoors.

A Socialist Looks Ahead

The Next Ten Years in British Social Economic Policy. By G. D. H. Cole. The Macmillan Company. $5.50.

THE old order changes. Mr. Cole himself has changed from the early confident writer of Guild Socialist programs for the reform of society. He is still the draftsman of social plans, but these are no longer blueprints of a world run by committees of politically minded workingmen, but are appropriately labeled "British—for the next ten years." With a refreshing and entirely engaging honesty Mr. Cole confesses that he has a recantation to make: "I am fully aware that . . . I am going to unsay a good deal that I have said—and said with as strong a conviction of rightness—in the past. . . . "Self-government—the conscious and continuous exercise of the art of citizenship—seemed to me not merely a good in itself—which it is—but *the* good—which it is not. . . . The workers, when they had abolished capitalism, would go quietly to sleep, and leave industrial administration to those whose tastes and capacities lay that way." Substitute political for industrial administration, and it will be seen that what Mr. Cole has recanted is precisely the basic principle of democracy in so far as democracy spells popular rule. This is surely a significant act of accommodation to the post-war and machine-age criticism of democratic institutions and their glorification of the amateur.

Mr. Cole's entire book, moreover, shows how completely the philosophy appropriate to the world of the industrial revolution has become stale. Although the proper Labor policy, in Mr. Cole's opinion, is not one of protective tariffs and imperial tariff preference, it is not the protection but the tariffs ("the wrong method") to which he objects; prohibition of sweated or undesirable imports is the method he would adopt. In fact, Labor is nationalistic compared with finance. The old-fashioned Liberal of the Manchester School believed in capitalism, but he believed also in free competition. His disciple in the business world resisted trusts and cartels; resisted organization, certainly resisted compulsory organization; he was jealous of his firm's trade secrets. Mr. Cole is entirely in accord with the spirit of the present age in welcoming large-scale organizations and rationalization, but being a politically minded Englishman, not an economically minded American, where business concerns will not assent to improvements of methods he freely calls in the state to compel them. Mr. Cole, however, goes further. He quite correctly perceives that the trade unions themselves are far more Liberal than Socialist, at least in the philosophy of their acts if not of their words, since no one is more jealous of craft secrets. A Labor government, however, must not hesitate to go forward with a scheme for a National Labor Corps and, confident in the orthodoxy of its socialism, must not hesitate to overrule trade-union objections. Trade unions, moreover, are to rely more upon experts in industrial psychology as advisers and abandon the obscurantism which feared the experts even when bringing gifts. For the rest, "the younger generation has no such dread of discipline as afflicts a good many of its elders."

The scheme which Mr. Cole maps out, with its readiness to resort to large-scale organization and its confidence in experts, is marked by a presentation of socialism far more intelligible to the modern business magnate than to the old-fashioned trade unionist. It may be said that this means that the modern world has come round to the Socialist view and that socialism, or at least non-individualism, is the inevitable issue of the industrial and social conditions of this modern world. But the socialism which Mr. Cole depicts for us has undergone several very remarkable modifications in the direction of capitalist prejudice—so much so that the capitalist might be tempted to say in his heart "Pshaw!" or even "there is no Marx." The gifted author of "The Intelligent Woman's Guide to Socialism" demands equality of income all round. Mr. Cole asks, as an immediate plan, for nothing of the kind. He recommends schemes for family endowment (a proposal which has received much praise from quarters above suspicion in their conservatism) and for a central trades board to lay down basic minimum in wages, but he frankly admits that not the employer but the workman demands difference of reward according to difference of work, and that "he would never work hard except for a financial incentive"—which, in the present form of social life, where public spirit is weak, the community heterogeneous, and every man is obliged to look out for himself, seems very probable. Further, Mr. Cole explains at length that the essence of socialism is not public ownership of mines, railways, and the rest but public control over their organization. "The vital factor for socialism is not the direct administration of industries and service, but the control of policy." Provided that it exercises this control, "the less the state has to do directly with its detailed administration the better." If

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the ready invocation of the state by Mr. Cole, Socialist, would cause Herbert Spencer to turn in his grave, this doctrine of controlled private ownership in the recessional of Mr. Cole, Guild Socialist, should cause the wraith of Marx to shriek aloud over Highgate Cemetery. It is Mr. Cole's merit that he keeps closely in touch with the needs of living men instead of being bewitched by ghosts. His book is one that no business man who keeps his eye on his own times can afford to ignore.

GEORGE E. G. CATLIN

Faith and Things

The Love of the Foolish Angel. By Helen Beauclerk. Cosmopolitan Book Corporation. $2.50.

Five and Ten. By Fannie Hurst. Harper and Brothers. $2.50.

THE first selection of the Book Society in England has just been further honored by the Book League of America. It is a tale of the love of Tamael, a little angel who permitted himself to become involved in celestial sedition because he loved Lucifer, for the beautiful Syrian maiden Basilea. There are moments when the author seems about to grasp one of the various situations the book offers her. Perhaps the most fertile is the conjunction of Antioch's mourning for the death of Adonis with Tamael's Christian abhorrence of his own quite theological wickedness. There are also moments when one seems inclined to grant the contention of a reviewer charitably trying to give point to the book, that liking for it depends on "the quality of your feeling for the age and the art of faith," concluding that one is to read it in the spirit with which one approaches Fra Angelico and St. Francis. But the author seems to me, in the many passages dealing with Shamyris and in the few with Laura the Roman general's wife, to know too well how to pander to the popular appetite for sensual horror to deserve this gentle interpretation while the various fertile situations afforded her slip so constantly through her hands that the whole celestial machinery comes to seem only a rather cumbrous device for the manipulation of a quite ordinary little plot. The prose flows easily and rhythmically, with few poignancies or revelations or immediacies to impede its course. I remember one. She says of a young girl that her heart was as hidden as a lettuce.

"Five and Ten" is big with an idea. A man who amasses a great fortune by the sale of "things" is eventually crushed and frustrated under the things his fortune brings him. One can see Miss Hurst chuckling delightfully over the notion and then charging into it like a Big Bertha. The result is a preposterous book, even though every event of importance in it was taken from the headlines of some paper, and even though the characters' voluble, hectic conversation, all pursued, I should judge, at the top of their lungs, bears the marks of every modern inventor of slang from Ring Lardner to Will Rogers. Here is emotion. Here is good red blood. Here is, or are, guts.

Quotation beggars description. "A sort of tremor, faint as a blue flame, seemed to burn along the pale wick of her lips, making them flicker." "After the boiling turmoil of a morning that held a conference on the feasibility of installing soda-water fountains in the West of the Mississippi areas, a complicated discussion with three architects on the standard fronts of Rarick stores, a long-distance telephone conversation with the Chattanooga real-estate office on a ninety-nine-year lease for a second store, and the consummation of an order for one hundred thousand bathing-hats, *to walk with Gerkes through the sarcophagus of his mind* was like emerging from noisy sunlight into the green twilight of the Italian cypresses Rarick was fond of transplanting, in long aisles, from Sicilian hillsides to his own." (The italics are mine.) Jennifer, the product of a Tarrytown finishing school, observes to her father, because he asks her to stay home for one dinner: "I wish I had the guts to go out and scrub floors for a prostitute, rather than put up with being treated like one here." "The eyes of young Lopez, above the cocktails he tossed off, were over her face with the sweetishness of an anaesthetic mask." Rarick stood "on the hearthstone of a vaulted fireplace that had been lifted out of the palace of a Milanese Sforza, a small man who was forever to be dwarfed by the Gothic grandeur through which he moved, and yet to whom the Druid twilight of such splendor was to become a fetish."

ALICE BEAL PARSONS

Mr. Munson on Style

Style and Form in American Prose. By Gorham B. Munson. Doubleday, Doran and Company. $2.50.

AMERICAN literature, as Norman Foerster has pointed out, is largely a product of the romantic movement, and American criticism, as far as it has had any vitality at all, has been almost exclusively impressionistic. As a result the path of the judicial critic is strewn with difficulties, since he has no sustained tradition to give substance and point and intelligibility to his dogmas. He is driven, unless he is most cautious, to take over bodily some system or other which he vainly tries to assimiliate. If he is intelligent and at the same time willing to make drastic sacrifices in order to identify himself with the tradition he has adopted, he may, like T. S. Eliot, achieve a lifelike imitation of the real thing. If he confines himself to general ideas instead of trying to evaluate particular books, he may, like Irving Babbitt, develop a homogeneous and useful body of doctrine. But the danger always is that the judicial critic will be merely eclectic, pedantic, and half-baked.

The case of Mr. Munson exemplifies the plight of judicial criticism in America. Mr. Munson, after writing a book on Waldo Frank, turned his attention to Robert Frost, whose poetry he studied to rather good effect in the light of the academic humanism of Babbitt and More. Nevertheless, despite the measure of success which Munson attained in this study, one questioned a little the thoroughness of his understanding of humanism; and this doubt was increased by the essays on Babbitt and More published in Mr. Munson's next work, "Destinations." One could not help wondering what Professor Babbitt and Professor More thought of their new disciple, and one was curious to know where Mr. Munson would break out next.

Now comes Mr. Munson's most ambitious effort, a treatise on a subject which has been a stumbling-block for some of the ablest critics of both England and America. Mr. Munson's method is to discuss prose as used for criticism, philosophy, fiction, humor, the drama, autobiography, and experimentation; and he includes samples of the various types. He points out characteristics of rhythm, vocabulary, and form, and tries to demonstrate that "style is behavior." His principal guide in the analysis of prose technique is Saintsbury; the source of his generalizations, his psychological pronunciamentos, and his classification of prose styles is A. R. Orage.

But, though Mr. Munson has prepared some impressive machinery, he manages to accomplish singularly little. On the technical side he says not much more than is to be found in any good textbook on freshman composition; in his general approach to literary problems he is muddled and unconvincing. That he makes some acute observations cannot be denied, but he has given us no new insight into the major problems of form, and he has not even tried to do what his title promises, namely, to discuss the aspects of his problem that are peculiar to American literature. Most of the weaknesses of the book trace back

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to Mr. Munson's failure to understand the dangers of the judicial critic's task. He still believes, it appears, that one can create a tradition by adding together the ideas of Babbitt, Plato, Orage, Saintsbury, and the Mahabharata, and that converts can be won if one assumes the tone of a fussy old schoolmaster lecturing to docile but moronic pupils. The chief accomplishment of the book is to prove that he is mistaken.

GRANVILLE HICKS

Americans at the Front

Without Censor. New Light on Our Greatest World War Battles. By Thomas M. Johnson. The Bobbs-Merrill Company. $5.

MR. JOHNSON has added another to the growing list of books of the "now it can be told" class. This is not, however, a sensational contribution, but a useful and valuable study of American military achievements in France contrasted, in the light of later events and enemy testimony, with the reports sent out at the time to misinform the American people. Especially interesting are the author's accounts of the stratagems used by the American High Command to deceive the Germans, as when it went to the length of picking a commander for an alleged attack upon the Germans near the Swiss frontier. A major general was actually picked for this job and sent to Belfort and all possible preparations made in such a way as to mislead the Germans while the actual offensive was being planned for the Aisne-Marne. With the same thoroughness Mr. Johnson, who was the New York *Sun's* correspondent at the front, gives the real history of the "Lost Battalion," which was of course never lost but merely "beleaguered," as the Germans said. Indeed, it could have retreated early in the fighting had its commander wished to violate his orders. The future historian will hardly be able to improve upon Mr. Johnson's narrative either as to this particular dramatic episode or the general army policy in the matter of news, or the handling of our troops in battle. But Mr. Johnson's story of the condition of unreadiness in which the Germans were caught in the St. Mihiel salient would have been more complete had he read the recently published account of General von Ledebur of the German army.

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

Contrasting Cultures

Oriental and Occidental Culture: an Interpretation. By Maurice Parmelee. The Century Company. $4.

SINCE every American traveler who has seen a sampan, a ricksha, or a pagoda seems ready to talk volubly about Eastern civilization, it is surprising that Mr. Parmelee's work is the first book in English to sketch in a complete outline the fascinating contrast between Eastern and Western culture. Bertrand Russell pictured certain phases of Chinese life with an almost naive adulation; Katherine Mayo drew a tory bill of indictment against India; Mr. Parmelee steers between these two extremes with a sure hand. He has produced an analysis of contrasting cultures that is compact, meaty, and illuminating—one of the most valuable books that has been written about the Orient.

We commonly say that our civilization is "higher" than that of the Orient, and Mr. Parmelee's survey seems clearly to justify our conviction. No beauty of ancient paintings or ecstasy of religious contemplation can make up for the human suffering of Oriental life, the starvation of the common worker, the twelve- and fifteen-hour day, the illiteracy and disease. Only an erratic aesthete like Lafcadio Hearn could balance a Japanese temple against a tractor and choose the temple. The trouble with most Westerners who act as purveyors of culture to the Orient is that they do not appreciate the limitations of our economic superiority. They assume that greater excellence in plumbing establishes a presumption in favor of our monogamy, our gun-boats, and our fundamentalism. Mr. Parmelee cuts through these assumptions with his keen analysis of the values in Oriental life. The East, he concludes, has much to teach the West in tranquillity, in clothes, and in sexual standards. About the latter he says:

> Without borrowing the sacrifice of the individual to the family system, the Occident may well learn from the Orient a franker recognition of sex and a more adequate means of satisfying the sexual need. Western writers usually denounce early Oriental marriage for the evils often associated with it, but ignore the greater evil of belated Occidental marriage. A good deal of Occidental legislation is directed toward the postponement of mating, such as the laws placing the age consent at sixteen or higher, some of the laws concerning seduction and rape, etc. The West should, on the contrary, endeavor to facilitate normal mating at an early age by encouraging the economic independence of women as well as of men, and the free use of contraceptive measures.

Incidentally, Mr. Parmelee does a real service in helping to deflate the Western image of Gandhi. The great leader of the non-cooperation movement has done much to give Indian Nationalism emotional intensity, but his attack upon the encroaching machine is childish and sentimental.

PAUL BLANSHARD

The Kept Young Man

Chéri. By Colette. Translated by Janet Flanner. Albert and Charles Boni. $2.50.

COLETTE WILLY is about sixty-two now. Some French critics have charged her with being only a maudlin popular novelist; others have hailed her as the most vital writer of her generation. Before his death in a hermetically sealed sickroom Marcel Proust said that she was one of the few writers endued with the power of tears. The thirty volumes of stories, sketches, and dialogues which she has produced are chiefly marked by banal plots, but the style and outlook are imaginative and profound. She can be at one and the same time rhythmic, brutal, and delicate in a paragraph which often resembles a teeming passage from nature itself, by virtue not of labored descriptions but of rare divination. In other words, her method is as remote as possible from the literary, realistic, and psychological mannerisms of Paul Bourget and Anatole France under whose shadow she grew to womanhood.

Colette portrays herself in nearly every book she writes. She keeps her aloofness but she spares none of her major or minor frailties. Like D. H. Lawrence, she searches for stigmata of generic humanity, and what she thus unearths she shares with us in a half-naive, half-sophisticated poetry. When she deals with landscapes, gardens, flowers, animals, trees, she merges completely with her subject. She is not a beyond-the-life writer; she is quite content to dwell within the burgeoning terms of life itself.

Such a novel as "Chéri" reveals the vast gulf that yawns between our civilization and the kind that is now passing away in Europe. The theme of the older woman who keeps a handsome young gigolo, in this case the son of one of her closest friends, is by no means new or startling. That Chéri and Nounoun, or Léa, should be irrationally in love does not sur-

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prise us; that they should ring such infinite changes in the give-and-take of their emotions, that they should so fuse and rush apart, does make us pause. Colette is sturdily visual and tactile; yet where a young post-war writer, either French or American, would be precise and sharp she is blurred and wistful. But the germ of survival is certainly within her.

PIERRE LOVING

France and the Poles

Et Demain? France, Allemagne et Pologne. Par Pierre Valmigère. Paris: Eugène Figuière. 10 frs.

ONCE the question of reparations and the Rhineland is settled it is inevitable that the center of European international discussions should swing east. Unless a German dictatorship should arise to interrupt the trend of Western European affairs as it has been since the Locarno treaties, the future subjects of policy and negotiation are certain to be the very points which those treaties left open, for which they could provide only a means of settlement for the very reason that the *status quo* was not acceptable. The questions of the eastern frontiers of Germany, the Corridor, and Upper Silesia are undoubtedly the coming questions. The book of M. Valmigère is a straw in the rising wind. Its thesis is briefly this: France has acquired Poland as an ally largely as a counter-weight to Germany. Poland is not a counter-weight but a weight, and will pull France down into struggles with which France has no concern whatsoever. The interests of France and Germany are one, and based on a civilization common to Western Europe and absent from its eastern fringe; to maintain this joint heritage a policy of rapprochement is desirable, leading to a federal state which would restore Charlemagne's ancient capital at Aix-la-Chapelle.

To prove his case M. Valmigère examines the present Polish-German relations, the problem of the minorities and of the Corridor, and also, as a related matter, the Anschluss. His discussion is an extraordinary combination. He documents his statements with the figures of the Upper Silesia plebiscite, with the speeches of Stresemann and Zaleski at the Lugano meeting of the Council, etc.; at the same time he attempts to discredit the Poles by story-mongering of the familiar women-and-children type that has become almost laughable since the war. The book has a certain importance, however, as further evidence of the existence of a group in France bent upon questioning the genuineness of security obtained through Polish alliance.

H. D. HILL

America's Fate

Who Will Be Master, Europe or America? By Lucien Romier. Translated from the French by Matthew Josephson. The Macaulay Company. $2.50.

M. ROMIER was the founder and for some time the editor of *La Journée Industrielle,* one of the leading economic journals of Paris, and later, for two years, editor of the *Figaro.* The present book is the outcome of an extended visit to this country in 1927, undertaken with the object of discovering wherein and why America was outstripping Europe. So large a part of the book, however, is taken up with generalized observations, partly descriptive and partly theoretical, that one must be prepared to read a good many consecutive pages in which no mention is made of either of the regions which it is the primary purpose of the book to contrast. M. Romier's general thesis, on the other hand, is quite clear. Collectivism is displacing individualism, and politics is giving way to economics. What counts for most now is the mass, bent upon money-making, and less and less conscious of any difference between those who administer capital and those who create it. The doctrines of socialism, in so far as they posit the existence of a class struggle, have no application to this dominant regime. The chief danger of the proletariat is not that it may be crushed by capital and the "interests," but that it may come to represent a mere uniformity of individual thought and effort.

The material supremacy of America seems to M. Romier to be due primarily to the possession of a great area, undivided by national lines and rich enough in resources to enable it, especially by means of a protective-tariff policy and restriction of immigration, to go its way without much regard to the rest of the world. Its material progress will continue, M. Romier thinks, beyond the power of Europe to prevent it. The price that America has paid, however, for its prosperity, and the price that it must continue for some time to pay, is a backward intellectual life and a laggard interest in art and social refinement. At these points Europe, burdened though it is with nationalistic rivalries and family or cultural traditions, still holds the lead. We shall still garner in overwhelming measure the fruits of an enormous economic activity, and the pressure of the economic trend is hardly to be escaped, but the older world will continue to excel in the things of the spirit.

WILLIAM MACDONALD

An Unusual First Book

A mon gré. By René Glotz. Paris: Au Sans Pareil.

"A MON GRE," introduced to the literary world under the patronage of Georges Duhamel, is the first book of a Parisian author, twenty-five years of age. In a fly-leaf accompanying the volume Duhamel writes:

> I pity the man who, finally free from the bonds of adolescence, does not dash to the discovery of liberty, even were that liberty to bring him back to the spring-board of departure a wiser man. Let him dash, then. Let him struggle. In the confused and prodigious opulence of youth let him try to make his first choice. Art is choosing. . . . Before all those who are going to read it and love it, I have read the first book of René Glotz and I cannot think about it without emotion. Yes, I pity the poet who does not exclaim at the start of adventure: And now, as I like it (à mon gré).

Since the publication of "A mon gré" it has gone through a number of editions and has been hailed with great enthusiasm by French critics. In what does the originality of the book lie? The author himself tells us a little of his purpose in the "Préludes où l'auteur cherche le *la*" and much more in a page at the very end of the book. In that last statement René Glotz says:

> This book is not a novel; a beginner felt like looking for something else. The rule followed in "A mon gré" is the apparent exclusion of all rules, a formula as broad and supple as inspiration itself. The subjects succeed each other, simply sketched, and are at once sacrificed for other sketches. This book is like a storehouse where the raw material of books is piled up; a reality where potential ones as well as non-potential ones are still dormant. . . .

"A mon gré" is about fairy tales, music, poetry, painting, philosophy—in fact one can think of few phases of life which are not touched in this book. It seems almost incredible that it is a first book and the product of so young a man. Nor should the reader carry away the impression that it is the work of a dilettante. There are depth of thought and of feeling, sensi-

bility and profound sincerity; from the first page the author wins the interest and the sympathy of the reader. The style is classic, pure, free from affectation.

HÉLÈNE HARVITT

Fiction Briefs

Roux the Bandit. By André Chamson. Translated from the French by Van Wyck Brooks. Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.

Regional literature in France leaps with an unchecked vitality singularly unaware of the mainstream in Paris, which is today, as it has nearly always been, self-conscious and civilized. Within itself, however, regionalism contains the germ of all movements and explosions and at the same time adheres to none. In M. Chamson's book neither *locale* nor mannerisms handicap its general appeal, for there is a quality in the plan and reach, as in Turgenev's "Sportsman's Sketches," that lifts it above time and place. Roux is a conscientious objector who vanished into the notches of the Cevennes Mountains at the first call of his country in the late war. He stayed in hiding until he became a warm legend in the valley —at first a symbol of treacherous revolt to the clan and later, as the villagers and the vine-growers grew tired of the unending struggle, something of a hermit-saint. When at last he is caught, after three long years of unspeakable privations endured in the fastnesses of the mountains, and given a twenty-year sentence, the taint of criminality has dropped away from him, and his martyrdom has fixed itself as an organic motion in the hearts of the valley people. The simple story is told by a peasant who talks to the author in the intervals of hunting. It is natural for the peasant to talk unhindered, and as he talks to lay bare the racial attributes bred by a region which lies close to the Spanish border: meridional extravagance, adoration of the land, and a touch of earth-born fantasy. The book loses as little as possible of the original flavor in Mr. Brooks's exemplary translation.

The Sun Cure. By Alfred Noyes. Cosmopolitan Book Corporation. $2.

Mr. Noyes has deserted poetry long enough to state his playful reaction to one of mankind's latest health fads. A very earnest vicar loses his clothes and his snobbery as the result of his first sun-bath. This description of his idyllic sojourn on the moors is full of satire and farce, and many references to elves and the better-known poets. It is, in fact, as supremely silly as only the British know how to be.

The Boroughmonger. By R. H. Mottram. Little, Brown and Company. $2.50.

The author of "The Spanish Farm Trilogy" has written an urbane tale of high finance in East Anglia during the first half of the last century. A parliamentary candidate is boosted on the shoulders of the church and the small-town banker into a position of functionless importance. There is just the right dose of "love" to carry the story along. In form it is a cross between Anthony Trollope and John Galsworthy. Mr. Mottram's prose is impeccable, but it carries an empty message.

The Grand Manner. By Louis Kronenberger. Horace Liveright. $2.50.

Mr. Kronenberger has chosen a most sentimental theme and treated it with what may be termed a most witty gravity. His chief figure seems made for the melancholy and wistful touch: Rudolph the Fourth of Hedenstrom, whose royal life was one long series of disillusionments because his romantic

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temper was out of tune with the progressive, democratic spirit of his age. Mr. Kronenberger, seemingly without any effort, avoids all the opportunities for emotional writing. He is interested solely in his Stracheyan problem: the soul-portraiture of a royal personage. Even if he did not possess the gift of irony, he could not produce the teary emotional effects that seem so pat to the story because he is too preoccupied in noting the curve of his chief actor's career to think of playing to the gallery. This very absorption, perhaps, while it purifies Mr. Kronenberger's style, tends occasionally to devitalize it. At its best, however, it possesses a stimulating dry quality reminiscent of Stendhal. On the whole, a very promising first novel.

Overshadowed. By Eugene Lohrke. Jonathan Cape and Harrison Smith. $2.50.

This novel is a study of the "genetrix" influence where the mother seals the son's fate by bidding him answer a war call in which she hears an echoing command from generations of ancestral generals and statesmen. Darrow's military career makes a sinister record of moral incompetence and physical and mental degradation enacted along the Western Front and the Rhineland. Sardonic in its implications and malevolent in its revelations, the book bears about it a heavy atmosphere of black magic, of things furtive. The style is suave and practiced for a first novel and well fitted to such a theme, but the facility is the kind that is apt to prove inflexible when adapted to more intricate plots.

Barbarian Stories. By Naomi Mitchison. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.50.

What made a barbarian? To judge from these candid, adventurous tales of races that harassed the Roman legions even after conquest, it was the absence of Christian sentiment, of that non-utilitarian value that Christianity has tried to impose on women and children, on men's lives and deeds. Mrs. Mitchison succeeds with extraordinary force and subtlety in creating this distinction without any recourse to comparison. Such a psychological achievement, combined with the virtue of a graceful use of archaeological details and the gift of rapid, vivid narration, makes these stories of antiquity rivals of the best in similar contemporary fiction. There is only one major fault, the same fault that so marred the author's study of Anna Comnena—an occasional condescension to both readers and characters. The story of The Barley Field, Dorset, Early Bronze Age is no less barbaric than the story of The Goat, Cardiff, A.D. 1935, but it is much less convincing because much less is taken for granted by the author about both her audience and her subject matter.

Music

Music in Vienna

THE stream of music that used to flow out of Vienna is now hardly a trickle, but the performances of existing music have not diminished in quantity, and in six months I witnessed performances of opera, poorly set and staged, which were worth traveling to hear. Not, I agree, for the singing; but certainly as products of the entire ensemble of orchestra, chorus, and singers governed by the conductor. The Vienna Opera ensemble is in the position of an orchestra with a foundation of good strings and brass but poor solo woodwinds; as in most Continental cities there are only a few first-rate voices, the rest ranging from mediocre to, in one or two cases, downright atrocious. This means simply that in a per-

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formance some of the singers will be conveying the conductor's musical purpose in outline, leaving color, above the bare minimum, to be imagined. But the occasionally present chorus is excellent, and the framework of the performances is provided by an orchestra which I have not heard equaled in an opera house. I almost exclaimed from surprise and pleasure when I heard the first sounds from the pit; and I still wonder that an overworked body of men should be capable, on occasion, of work of such vitality and sensitiveness, such rich sonority and string tone. The occasions are those when a good conductor is in charge; and I must make the same reservation concerning the performances as a whole. Not only does the style of a performance depend upon the conductor, but the elements of a fine ensemble must be controlled by him to produce fine ensemble quality, especially when one of the elements is weak. And so the extraordinary performances in Vienna are those conducted by Richard Strauss; others conducted by Schalk are ragged and slovenly, and the orchestra is almost unrecognizable.

When one comes to orchestral concerts one finds a rather unexpected state of affairs for a city like Vienna. The famous Vienna Philharmonic is the orchestra of the Opera, and can give only eight subscription concerts a season, leaving the bulk of orchestral concerts—including those of the Society of Friends of Music and other organizations—to be supplied by the vastly inferior Vienna Symphony. In the opera house the Philharmonic is exceptional; in the concert hall it is not. The American who remembers the Philadelphia or Boston Symphony Orchestra can hear that the Vienna Philharmonic, considered merely as an instrument to be played on, is not their equal. Nevertheless, the disparaging reports that have been brought back to America of this and other famous German orchestras are not true. We tend to forget that the sumptuous tone of the Philadelphia orchestra leaves a rather wide margin of mere luxury above mere necessity; and if the German woodwinds please only the Germans, an unprejudiced listener must admit that its strings and brass, its sensitiveness and plasticity born of perfect discipline, make the Berlin Philharmonic, for example, a superb instrument. Not much less can be said for the Vienna Philharmonic: its strings are even finer, but all its wind instruments are less good, and its discipline is less perfect because it is not, like the other, a concert orchestra. It does not play so well in the concert hall as it does in the opera house, because it gives a concert only eight times a season after only two rehearsals, on these occasions under a visiting conductor; and it is then the instrument Furtwängler makes of it as he conducts it. This was demonstrated by the difference in the sound of the orchestra when it played in the "Magic Flute" under Strauss after it had played the Jupiter Symphony under Furtwängler.

What is true of the technical side of the performance is true of the interpretative side: the performances of the Vienna Philharmonic are only as good as Furtwängler can make them. Koussevitsky would produce intelligent, intelligible performances of Debussy even with this unsympathetic orchestra (its performance of "Nuages" and "Fêtes," which was ghastly, was announced as its first!); Furtwängler seems to share the inability of most German conductors, solely because of their education, to make the notes of such music convey musical sense. Since this only confirms the opinion of the Philharmonic's audience that the music has no sense, his limitation is not a limitation at all in Vienna; whereas it would be a serious objection to him in New York. And even the defects of his performances of the German music which he does understand and conduct well are simply ignored or impatiently denied because of the fascination of his personality. He enjoys in Germanic Europe a status which is phenomenal and excessive, the product of an enthusiasm that impressed me as wholly uncritical.

This brings me finally to the Viennese audience, which pre-

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sents a curious contradiction. Whether it is at a recital, a symphony concert, or the Opera that one listens to people talking, they give the impression of being unusually well equipped to listen and judge. One is surprised, therefore, by their behavior during performances: they talk in conversational tones, make nuisances of their librettos and scores, and consume candy noisily. It is even more surprising to find them uncritical. After a first-rate performance the applause is tumultuous and one's neighbors exclaim *fabelhaft!;* after something third-rate or fifth-rate the applause is tumultuous and one's neighbors exclaim *fabelhaft!*

B. H. Haggin

Drama

Chekhov's World

MISS EVA LE GALLIENNE opened the third season of her Civic Repertory Theater with a production of Chekhov's "The Sea-Gull," and as one watched the faithful audience gather one realized again that Miss Le Gallienne, without the adventitious aid of any sort of glamor, has succeeded where so many have failed. Her playhouse is dingy without being picturesque; her actors are competent without being Broadway favorites; and her advertisements, flouting the dictum of experts that the prosperous American public is not attracted by low prices, stress the fact that tickets are cheap. She invites people to come as unself-consciously as possible for no purpose except that of seeing good plays intelligently performed, and though many remarked in the words of her own favorite Ibsen that "people don't do such things," in this case they certainly do. Meanwhile the marble palace uptown which was to provide a suitable house for the performance of worthy drama under the patronage of all sorts of distinguished people is, I believe, at last to be torn down.

No happier choice could have been made than that which fixed upon "The Sea-Gull" as the play with which to open the new season; for though it was seen here last winter in a different production it is a work which even the professional playgoer is glad to witness again and again if only for the purpose of attempting once more to put his finger upon the secret of a charm which would be absolutely unique in the theater were it not for two other plays contributed by the same master. Certainly that charm is the charm of the mood generated by Chekhov's sympathetic and yet amused contemplation of his passionately futile puppets. Certainly the eye which noted so accurately their foibles was seconded by a spirit which understood because it shared their sense of helplessness. But what is the quality which makes his diverse characters all members of the same delightfully preposterous family, and how does he manage to make us see them as both laughable and heart-rending?

I once tried to answer the first of these questions by remarking that all the members of the weary society which he pictures are alike in that each, although almost mechanically pursuing love, fame, or honor, has outgrown all real belief in the importance of the end he is seeking and writes books, makes sacrifices, and even commits suicide more because he is following the patterns established by a previous generation than because he has any genuine faith in the importance of the abstractions which command any of these lines of conduct. Without being very deeply romantic or heroic he acts—with a wry smile—as though he were both, simply because he does not know any other way to act, and, let us say, gives up life for love not so much because he thinks the sacrifice worth while as because he does not think that he is sacrificing so very

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much. Another way of saying the same thing would be to say that he belongs to a race in which a certain vivacity has survived after the will is dead; that he continues, therefore, to have all the charm of delicate feelings and of quick intelligence without in the least knowing what to do with the life which has been granted him to live.

It is, moreover, because Chekhov sees his characters in this light that he is able to make their melancholy stories both sad and laughable. If tragedy is the thing which naturally results when we take human passions at the value which they seem to have for the persons who feel them, and if comedy is, on the other hand, the equally natural result of contemplating human actions with the cold eye of critical intelligence, then these personages of his demand some treatment which shall hover ambiguously between the two. The pattern which they follow is the pattern of tragedy since passions lead them to calamity, but it is only at moments that even they feel these passions to be great enough and important enough to justify the pomp of the form usually thought appropriate to such emotions. The detachment with which they criticize themselves invites the historian to see them in the perspective suggested by their own disillusion, and to laugh a little as they seem on the point of doing. Doubtless this futilely delightful group was the one which gave its characteristic flavor to pre-war Russia, but only Chekhov seems to have perfectly defined it.

Miss Le Gallienne's production is, on the whole, very satisfactory, and it is particularly effective during the two strongly dramatic scenes which emerge from the generally subdued course of the action—the scene in which the successful author Trigorin explains to the gushing young lady what it means to be a hard-working novelist of whom everybody says: "He is talented, charming—but he is not as good as Tolstoy"; and that in which the same Trigorin, quite aware of the trick which is being played upon him, is won back by his old mistress when she begins to assure him that his works are incomparable. The best individual performances are contributed by Merle Maddern as the spoiled actress, and by Jacob Ben Ami who plays Trigorin with the same thick accent which has for long been his curse but who seems to have conquered the mannerisms which have usually marred his performances on the English stage. In general it may be said that the first act is interpreted in too lugubrious a fashion but the remaining three strike very neatly the difficult tone required.

"Remote Control" (Forty-eighth Street Theater) has its scene laid in a broadcasting studio and is perhaps the most entertaining of the recent murder mysteries. "Murder on the Second Floor" (Eltinge) deals in the more subdued English fashion with a similar gruesome crime. "A Comedy of Women" (Craig), written and produced by the leading actor, is explicable only on the assumption that the latter had a longing to exhibit himself on the stage as one of those irresistible males whose chief trouble arises as the result of the fact that ladies will insist upon forcing their way into his apartment and pulling out one another's hair in disputes over his favors. The less said about the embarrassing proceeding the better.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

Neither thrilling melodrama nor sophisticated comedy, Lee Wilson Dodd's "A Strong Man's House" (Ambassador Theater) provides thin entertainment. Mary Nash, as the female crook first betrayed and hardened and then redeemed by the power of Love with a capital L, acts sometimes with extreme genuineness and power and sometimes with an artificiality that ought to make even her lover suspect her. The thesis of the play, in addition to the uplifting of Miss Nash, is that the hero is equal to ten of his old reprobate of a father because his heart is pure. Which is all right as far as it goes, but its goal is not, evidently, successful polite comedy. D. V. D.

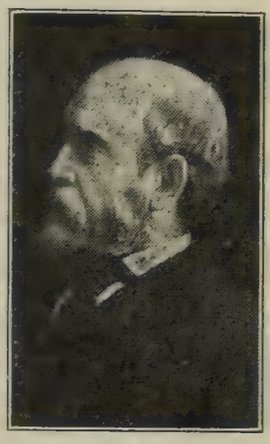
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International Relations Section

A New Status for Egypt

By ELIZABETH P. MacCALLUM

EGYPT is standing again at the threshold of one of those momentous decisions which it is called upon at rather frequent intervals to make. The Prime Minister, Mohammed Pasha Mahmud, has only recently returned from London with certain proposals "for a lasting and honorable settlement of the Anglo-Egyptian question." A parliament is about to be elected which is to determine whether or not these proposals shall be accepted as the basis of a future Anglo-Egyptian treaty. If they are accepted, Egypt is to have sweet foretaste of that emancipation from British control for which its leaders have long been yearning. If, on the other hand, the proposals are rejected, British and Egyptian pessimists who despair of settling Anglo-Egyptian problems except by force, one way or the other, will probably find their ranks appreciably enlarged.

Certain groups in England have expressed amazement at the far-reaching character of the concessions the Labor Government has offered to Egypt during the Parliamentary recess. It was probably his critics at home, therefore, whom Mr. Ramsay MacDonald had in mind when he made his recent statement on Anglo-Egyptian relations to the League Assembly in Geneva. He implied on this occasion that the modifications in the policy of the British Government were due neither to the charity of Downing Street nor to the truculence of Nationalist leaders in Egypt. His policy was a policy appropriate to a nation which for many generations has been nurturing free institutions among its own people. If Great Britain delayed too long in performing the "act of recognition" Egyptians so much desired, there might accumulate in Egypt political forces which would eventually present Great Britain "not with a request but with an ultimatum." To make peace with Egypt while there was still time to do it with honor and self-respect—this was wisdom.

With the abstract theory thus propounded by Mr. MacDonald at Geneva even some of the most conservative of his predecessors in office have declared themselves to be in hearty accord. But hitherto there has always intervened between the theory and its practical application that too-familiar phrase about the unripeness of the times. The applause with which the Assembly received the British Prime Minister's statement about Egypt this year was probably a spontaneous tribute to the government which had proved its ability to recognize mellowness when confronted with it.

The new proposals are in part as follows: The British Government has indicated its willingness to terminate the military occupation of Egypt; to support Egypt's request for membership in the League of Nations; to intrust to Egypt responsibility for protecting the lives and property of foreigners and the interests and rights of minorities in the country. An alliance is to be effected between the two countries, Egypt promising to afford Great Britain all the facilities and assistance in its power in case of war or menace of war. Great Britain undertakes to use all its influence to obtain a modification of the capitulatory regime in Egypt, so as to secure the application of Egyptian legislation to foreigners and so as to transfer to the Mixed Courts the jurisdiction of the existing consular courts, under conditions which will safeguard the legitimate interests of foreigners. Each country is to be represented in the territory of the other by an ambassador, the office of British High Commissioner in Egypt being abolished. (Already the Labor Government has caused the resignation of a notoriously autocratic High Commissioner and replaced him with an official whose tastes and experience make it improbable that he will seek a policy of deliberate coercion.)

Proposals which interest foreigners as well as Egyptians in a vital way deal with the protection of the Suez Canal, the officering of the Egyptian army, and the retention of foreign officials in the civil administration and in the police department in Egypt.

British troops are to be withdrawn from Cairo as soon as suitable quarters are provided for them in the Canal Zone. Here they will remain to guarantee British lines of communication, although the presence of these forces is not to constitute in any manner an occupation or to prejudice the sovereign rights of Egypt. Foreign aircraft is to be prohibited from flying over the canal zone.

British officers are to be removed from the Egyptian army; but a British military mission will tender it advice. British advisers are to be appointed in the future as in the past in the Departments of Justice and Finance, but henceforward they are to be selected by the Egyptian Government in agreement with the British Government, receiving their appointments as Egyptian officials from the Egyptian Government. For at least five years from the coming into effect of the proposed treaty the Egyptian Government is to retain a certain European element in the city police, but the European Bureau of Public Security itself is to be abolished. In case of a later reorganization of the police force, the British Government may provide assistance, either through individual experts or a police mission, in establishing the Egyptian police on a new basis.

The vexed question of the Sudan is not settled by the new Anglo-Egyptian proposals. The status of that country is not to undergo any immediate change. But if things go well Egypt may be permitted to send back to the Sudan at the time of the British evacuation of the valley of the Lower Nile a battalion of Egyptian soldiers to take the place of that battalion which was dismissed from the Sudan by the British at the time of the assassination of the Sirdar, Sir Lee Stack, in November, 1924.

Consternation filled the editorial columns of a number of newspapers in the Antipodes when the proposed treaty terms were published. The cry was raised that the Suez was no longer safe. A cheerless suggestion was also made that the Egyptian Nationalists, once restored to power, were quite capable of pandering to the mob by violating the treaty and adopting an anti-British policy. These views, reproduced in the London *Times,* have not escaped the attention of the British Government, which, however, shows no indications of having been moved by them to change its policy in the least degree. Dissatisfaction with the proposed arrangement was expressed in another quarter when Judge Crabitès, American representative on the Mixed Court in Cairo, issued a guarded warning in a dispatch to the New

York *Times*, suggesting that the scheme provided insufficient safeguards for the interests of foreigners, whether resident in the country or merely passing through it.

Whatever the ultimate fate of the proposals, at least this much may be said of them that they constitute a distinct departure from British policy of the past. When Saad Pasha Zaghlul, militant Nationalist leader, went to London just five years ago to discuss Anglo-Egyptian relations with Ramsay MacDonald, then Prime Minister and Minister for Foreign Affairs, the conversations terminated abruptly almost as soon as they began. Zaghlul Pasha had asked for withdrawal of all British troops from Egypt, a relinquishment of the British claims to protect foreigners and minorities in the country, and of the claim to share in the protection of the Suez Canal. He demanded also the withdrawal of British judicial and financial advisers from the Egyptian administration and the disappearance of British control over the foreign policy of Egypt.

Mr. MacDonald refused to entertain Zaghlul Pasha's demands because they offered no security for British imperial communications, for the defense of foreign interests in Egypt, or for the protection of minorities; neither did they settle the question of the Anglo-Egyptian condominium in the Sudan, nor provide guaranties that some other foreign Power would not step in and assume a position in Egypt analogous to the one Zaghlul Pasha was asking Great Britain to relinquish. And these were the points on which Great Britain had declared in 1922 that it must have satisfaction.

Zaghlul Pasha died before there was any indication that Great Britain would compromise on any of the reserved points. Anti-British feeling in Egypt was resulting at the time in rioting, occasional bloodshed, and constant political obduracy. Sarwat Pasha, the Egyptian statesman who appeared in London three years later to talk over Anglo-Egyptian relations, succumbed like Zaghlul Pasha to the strain of negotiation and disappointment. But Sarwat Pasha before he died got quite a bit further than his Nationalist forerunner. He succeeded in negotiating in a friendly spirit with a Conservative Government in England, and he brought home a draft treaty in the secret pocket of his portmanteau. But that draft treaty did not survive the first discussion accorded it some time later by his Nationalist colleagues in the Egyptian Cabinet, and he had to resign.

Why is it that the British Government has decided at this precise juncture to suggest new terms to Egypt which go far beyond anything offered before? Is it because such action harmonizes with the political philosophy of the Labor Party? The apprehension expressed by Conservatives leads one to believe that the proposals may be in a sense a party measure. But it must not be forgotten that it was the Labor Party which in 1924 refused to do for Egypt the very things it now offers to undertake. Further explanation of the present change in British policy must be sought in Egypt.

Fourteen months ago Mohammed Pasha Mahmud, an Oxford-trained Liberal, came to power as the result of political scandal centering in the person of the former Prime Minister, the accredited leader of the Nationalists. Almost immediately the new Prime Minister persuaded the King to dissolve Parliament for a period of three years, because of what he considered its complete preoccupation with selfish, partisan interests. He undertook a wide program of reform. Legislation by royal decree was easy to secure and relatively expeditious. The catalogue of his achievements during the past year is in marked contrast to the record of his predecessors in office. Without any general press censorship or prohibition of political meetings, public security has improved, while crime, political and otherwise, has decreased. An agreement for the conservation and distribution of the Nile water supply has been entered into with the British Government, whereby Egypt's right to exercise a preponderating influence on the general development of works designed to store the waters of the Nile even in territories outside Egyptian administrative control is recognized. A commission has been at work studying plans for eliminating stagnant ponds, providing all villages and towns with pure drinking water, and meeting the housing shortage. State lands have been divided among peasants in small hoidings for which payment is to be made on easy terms. Hospitals are planned for villages and larger communities.

The Nationalists, deprived of the position they recently held in the country, have protested vigorously against the suspension of the constitution. But the inhabitants as a whole have not joined in the protest, having lost during the regime of the "business Cabinet" a good deal of that extreme sensitiveness to political stimulation which was formerly so marked a feature of their life.

Just what the political strength of the Nationalists now amounts to it is impossible to judge. It is not an altogether easy task that Mohammed Pasha Mahmud has before him in any case. In the present period of suspense the most that can be said of his achievement is that it has enabled Great Britain at last to go half way in meeting Egyptian demands.

***The Nation* Radio Hour—Every Monday at 8 P. M.**
526M.—WMCA—750 K.
September 30—Henry Raymond Mussey

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THE SECOND WEEK of the inquiry of the Senate committee into the anti-disarmament propaganda of William B. Shearer at the naval limitation conference at Geneva in 1927 brought up more mud from bottom but failed to give the public much further information in regard to responsibility for what took place. On page 378 we print an article on the investigation. Subsequent to the writing of this article Drew Pearson, a Washington correspondent who was at the Geneva conference, testified in regard to the conduct of our naval experts. Mr. Pearson said that Admirals Reeves and Schofield and Commanders Frost and Train often talked with Mr. Shearer. Admiral Reeves expressed the hope that the Geneva meeting would fail and the others said they did not want a repetition of what happened at Mr. Harding's Washington conference. Admiral Reeves later denied the words attributed to him, but the reported attitude of these naval officers runs true to type. It is precisely what should always be expected when navy men are intrusted with work in which they do not believe. Mr. Shearer's own testimony was less illuminating than might have been expected. Describing himself as "American, Christian, Protestant, Nationalist," Mr. Shearer contradicted Charles M. Schwab's assurance that he knew nothing of the employment of the propagandist. On the contrary, Mr. Shearer said, his work at Geneva had its origin in a conversation between him and Mr. Schwab. All told it is a pitiful picture of the "efficient American business man" that has been unrolled in Washington. Even after largely discounting the stories of the shipbuilders, these men appear like a lot of muddling and incapable schoolboys. They reached an important decision and pledged considerable money after a fifteen-minute interview in which, as one of them put it, they were "jazzed off" their feet. And then they forgot all about it and failed to read their representative's reports when sent in. Some day the myth of the "efficient American business man" is going to join the story of Washington and the cherry tree and that of Jonah and the whale.

WHAT IS NEWS? On September 28 Lieutenant W. J. Lyster, coal and iron policeman, was acquitted of the particularly brutal killing of a miner, John Barkoski, for which he was standing trial in Pittsburgh. [The story of the killing was told in *The Nation* of February 27.] The details of the attack, described by eye-witnesses, were almost too revolting to print; the plea was self-defense, and one of the exhibits was a scratch about an inch and a half long which the defendant testified he had received on the shoulder and which witnesses at the trial corroborated; the Pittsburgh Coal Company which employed the policeman was enough disturbed by the affair to "recompense" the wife of the dead man by making a payment to her of between twelve and thirteen thousand dollars. Yet in spite of the evidence, pointing to a sadistic frenzy on the part of the policeman, and notwithstanding the defendant's record, which included similar outbursts in the past, the jury found him innocent of the charge of murder. The judge discharged the jurymen with a reprimand for their incompetence in not finding the defendant guilty. This, we submit, is a good news story. Yet so far as we have been able to discover, not one New York newspaper covered the trial; the Associated Press, when questioned, was vague on the subject and thought that "something had come in about it." Some evening newspapers of Monday, September 30, reported the bare announcement of the acquittal from a United Press dispatch, but no data about the trial itself. What is news? If a policeman kills a miner, is it news? Would it be news, say, if a miner killed a policeman? *The Nation* will carry a full account of the amazing trial and acquittal in next week's issue.

THE DEFENSE SCORED a notable victory at the beginning of the second trial of the sixteen strikers and Communists of Gastonia, North Carolina, for the murder of Police Chief Aderholt, when nine of the prisoners were freed and the charges against the seven others were reduced from first-degree murder to that of second degree. That means at least that no prisoner will go to the electric chair, and it indicates the great weakness of the prosecution's case. The holding of the seven prisoners also suggests prejudice on the part of Solicitor Carpenter and his associates against the Northern Communist leaders, for the evidence against some

of the prisoners who were freed appeared to be stronger than against the Northern leaders, who were held. At the opening of the second trial it seemed that if it were conducted as fairly as the first, there would be an acquittal. Meanwhile, though, Judge Thomas J. Shaw of the Superior Court of North Carolina has issued a ruling against one of the Communist leaders that shows how near to the dark ages a judge of our courts may be. Ben Wells appeared before Judge Shaw to tell how he was kidnapped and flogged by a band of anti-Communist zealots. When he was part way through his testimony a lawyer for the prosecution started the following colloquy: "Do you believe in God?" "No." "Do you believe in the Bible?" "No." "You don't believe in a God who will punish you if you tell a lie?" "No." Whereupon the prosecuting attorney declared that the witness had disqualified himself, and Judge Shaw agreed with him. Strangely enough, Judge Shaw's ruling agrees with North Carolina precedent in such cases, since a decision in 1856 held that an atheist cannot properly take the oath.

THE DETENTION of Ernst Toller for twenty-four hours on Ellis Island was just another curious example of the workings of our immigration law. In accordance with the law it is customary to hold at Ellis Island aliens wishing to be admitted to the United States if they have been in prison in another country. Mr. Toller served a five-year sentence following revolutionary activities in Munich in 1919. When the immigration authorities discovered that Mr. Toller had been a political prisoner instead of an ordinary felon, they decided that the rule did not apply to him and he was released. Of course Mr. Toller's passport was visaed, presumably by an American consul in Berlin familiar with the regulations of the immigration service here; one might have thought that news of Mr. Toller's "political" offense might have preceded him, particularly since he did not wish to take up his residence here but merely to come in as a visiting alien; it might even have been conceivable that he should have been received as a distinguished guest to this country. But here we admit that our imagination is running away with us. The immigration service knows nothing about distinguished German poets; it knows only "radicals," "dangerous ideas," "convicted criminals." Its manifest duty is to protect American citizens from wicked aliens who may overturn the United States government. To that end it is willing to sacrifice common sense and common good manners—and incidentally further to rile European nations already sufficiently put out by American customs.

AFTER A GREAT DEAL of diplomatic jockeying Great Britain and Russia have agreed to resume governmental relations with each other. The resumption of relations with the Soviet Government after two years of backstairs communication is nominally a victory for the Russians, because they had insisted that they would not make any pledges about debts to British subjects or about Communist propaganda within the British Empire until official recognition had been granted to them, and on this point Arthur Henderson finally yielded. But, before agreeing to resume relations, Mr. Henderson won his contention that a list of the things to be discussed should be agreed upon, and Russia will now be compelled to face the debt and propaganda issues squarely. In view of the practical values involved, the Russians are likely to sacrifice most of their Communist propaganda within the empire for some long-term credits on purchases from British firms. Such a bargain would not be a bad one for them, because Moscow propaganda in Great Britain has always been a dismal failure and the Communists know that revolutionary propaganda in British territory will not stop when their own agents are officially withdrawn. For downright revolutionary gusto there are probably no agitators in the Kremlin who can beat the native British propagandists from the Clyde and South Wales —and no British government can shut their mouths or deport them.

GIICHI TANAKA, who died on September 29 in Tokyo, will be remembered chiefly because during his two years as Japanese prime minister he brought the Orient to the brink of another war by his "strong" policy in China. More of a fighter than a statesman, Tanaka represented well that class of professional soldiers, the samurai, from which he sprang. He was passionately patriotic and dreamed much of the expansion of his beloved empire. Because he died during one of the worst political scandals in the history of Japan, he has been compared to Warren G. Harding, but in characteristics and policies he was much more like Theodore Roosevelt—without Roosevelt's genius for catching the imagination of the masses. The political party which Tanaka led, the Seiyukai, is now in a state of collapse because his chief lieutenant is in prison for bribery and many of his other helpers are involved in scandal. We would like to believe that the passing of Tanaka and the exposure of his party meant a new era in Japanese politics, but there is little foundation for such a hope. The major Japanese parties have been soaked in corruption so long that they are quite indistinguishably black, and the Japanese Diet has been too weak to control the army and navy. While the Japanese liberals like to compare their Parliament with the British House of Commons, it is evident that democracy in Japan and Great Britain will not be comparable until the militarists are subordinated to civilian control, and until the emperor and the clique surrounding him are stripped of some of their ancient "rights."

THE AUSTRIAN REVOLUTION that was to be ushered in on Sunday, September 29, did not come off, notwithstanding the several hundred meetings intended to put the Government on the defensive and open the way for a Fascist regime dominated by the Heimwehr. Chancellor Schober, before he took office, was known as "the world's best chief of police," and a strong display of force kept the situation from getting out of hand. The constitutional crisis, however, continues. The announcement by Chancellor Streeruwitz, on September 20, that a bill providing for fundamental changes in the constitution designed to strengthen the authority of the state would be presented to Parliament was followed, five days later, by the fall of the Ministry and the formation of the Schober Cabinet. The new Ministry also favors constitutional reforms, among them one which would change the political status of Vienna from that of a province to that of a city, thereby weakening the influence of its present Socialist administration; but as the Government has declined to yield to coercion, its relations with the Heimwehr, whose leaders would like to break the Socialist power altogether, still hang in balance. In the Tyrol,

it appears, the Heimwehr is a legal organization and ready to serve as an emergency police, and the provincial governor has announced that its arms, which have been deposited with the government, would be turned over to it "in case of need." The desire of Austria for a foreign loan holds out some hope of a peaceful solution of the complex political difficulty.

THE AUSTRALIAN ELECTION on October 12 promises to be pretty nearly a straight contest for and against the continuance of the federal arbitration court for industrial disputes. Compulsory arbitration of industrial grievances has existed in Australia for more than a quarter of a century. Each state has a court of its own and in addition there is a federal tribunal, intended chiefly for the settlement of troubles which extend beyond the limits of a single state. In spite of the long history of compulsory arbitration in Australia, it has not been accepted as a settled issue, and the federal court especially has been under fire. The fall of Premier Bruce's Government recently was precipitated by that issue, after the Cabinet had been in power less than a year. In the coming election the Labor Party will support the federal arbitration court, although considerable elements among the workers distrust it as likely to be used against them. Mr. Bruce's organization, the Nationalists, will oppose the court, presumably with the backing of the Country Party, which represents the wealthy landowners. Labor has 31 members in the federal Parliament as a result of the election last November, while the Nationalists have 29 and the Country Party 13; there are 2 independents. The Nationalists gained their members largely by using the bogy of revolutionary Communism against Labor, while Mr. Bruce governed through the support of the Country Party. The latter deserted him when it thought he was vacillating on the issue of the federal arbitration court.

THE NEW YORK STATE Federation of Women's Clubs, after a survey, has announced that a young couple can marry safely on $1,000 and get along quite nicely on $50 a week. The good ladies of the federation have established a bureau at which they will tell any young couple how it can be done. There are several million wage earners in and around New York who are not so much interested in how to live on $50 a week as in how to live on what they get, which averages far below the minimum figure of the women's federation. It is true that wages in the United States have gone up more rapidly than the cost of living (Professor Paul Douglas estimates that the real annual earnings of employed American workers increased 28 per cent from 1914 to 1927), but there is still a great gap between what the workers get and what the standard American family needs to maintain itself at a decent level. Our manufacturing workers average about $25 a week in wages and all the best statisticians tell them that they need at least $40 to support a normal family. We wish that the ladies of the New York federation would puzzle over that.

NOW THAT WE ARE TALKING of disarmament, wouldn't it be well to disarm and demobilize the brigade of men whom a flunkey press insists upon referring to as generals or colonels or majors in consequence of some military connection during the World War, or since? The only persons who should be known by military titles are active or retired officers of the regular army—professional soldiers. At a convention soon after the World War, the American Legion wisely voted to abandon the use of the military titles that its members had borne temporarily during the conflict, but unfortunately the resolution has not been lived up to, for which the newspapers are doubtless chiefly responsible. To attach military titles to the names of men who were officers for a few months a decade ago is bad peace psychology and poor democracy. And it is still worse to extend the custom to young men who have more recently become members of the officers' reserve. We are moved to write on the subject because of the silly way in which the press recently referred to the marriage of "Major" John Coolidge. Major John Fiddlesticks! It is a bore to read of our ambassador to London as "General" Dawes and it is tiresome to hear the son of ex-President Roosevelt referred to in the newspapers as "Colonel." But "Major" John Coolidge is incredible.

THE PARIS DESIGNERS have been trying for years to hide not only the feminine knee but the feminine ankle as well. The short skirt, which is the most distinctive characteristic in the modern woman's dress, is the target each season for the heaviest shots from Paris. Though a healthful desire for variety may have something to do with these attempts, the only real reason, so far as we can make out, is to force women to buy a complete new wardrobe. Styles on the whole have been so stable for the last few years that the same dress might be and has been worn a second or even a third season; and that is not profitable for dress designers. This year the campaign has been intensified and has succeeded to the extent that Fifth Avenue windows and the newspaper advertising pages are filled with skirts lugubriously long. An up-to-the minute reporter on styles tells us that the woman who would follow the styles this year must, as the designers have designed, throw away all her last season's clothes, including hats. (A brim, my dear, is nothing less than a *faux pas.*)

BUT THERE ARE RUMORS of rebellion. We have heard that the stores behind those lugubrious Fifth Avenue windows are also filled with long skirts, for the reason that American women—and men—don't like 'em! And recently we saw in a New York newspaper an advertisement of a New York store, which included two drawings and ran somewhat as follows: "Above is pictured one of our latest Paris models. Note the long skirt, the round neck line, and the fitted bodice." "However," the advertisement went on, "we realize that there are many women who do not like long skirts, who do not look well in a round neck line, and to whom the fitted bodice is not becoming. We have therefore made our own interpretation of this Paris model, which is pictured below." The skirt was short, with only a bit of a dip at one side to show just how long a skirt can be in this land of the brave and home of the knee. The neckline had a modernistic angle. The material was apparently the only thing the two gowns had in common and, according to our judgment, the "interpretation" left the Paris creation far behind, trailing its silly long skirt in the dust. The big skirmish of the women's-dress season will be fought out at the hem-line. The short skirt is more than a fad. It typifies this generation. On with the rebellion.

MacDonald Comes to America

IT is a genuine pleasure to welcome Ramsay MacDonald to this country both as an individual for whom we have the greatest respect and as the Prime Minister of the Labor Government of Great Britain. Mr. MacDonald is a rare thing among politicians: a man whose personal worth sheds more luster upon him than does his office, important as that is. Mr. MacDonald had the intelligence to see the World War in advance as many others now see it in retrospect—a conflict not only unspeakably cruel but inexpressibly futile. And he had the courage to say what he thought at a moment when it cost him everything in the way of reputation and position that men hold dear—a moment when most of those who are now welcoming him so loudly would have passed him on the street without a nod. Surely nothing succeeds like success; it can justify even pacifism.

Thus *The Nation,* as a fellow-unbeliever in the religion of war and nationalism, is glad to welcome Mr. MacDonald the individual. And it is also glad to greet him not as the governmental head of a great country, since nincompoops often hold such a position, but as the leader of a Labor Government which seeks to supersede the present industrial system with something better. Nor does it make our welcome less warm to recall that Premier MacDonald belongs to the particular wing of the Labor Party which believes in the eventual elimination of the profits system.

And we pause for a moment of quiet laughter at the spectacle of our conservative press, our 100 per cent patriots, our anti-labor employers, our profiteers of Big Business, our Herbert Hoovers and our Jimmy Walkers, our peanut politicians and our me-too rabble shouting vociferous huzzas over the visit of a man whose pacifism they abhor and whose political economy they fear more than the plagues inflicted upon Egypt.

Much was said in advance of Mr. MacDonald's sailing in regard to the bearing of his visit on naval limitation. In fact a final accord in that respect was generally conceived to be the chief purpose of the journey. As our readers know, we are not over-enthusiastic on that point. The suggested limits for cruiser tonnage—discussed in our last issue—seem to call for some reduction by Great Britain, but as far as we are concerned permit the completion of our present building program, and then slightly more. At the same time, if competitive building between Great Britain and the United States can be stopped for the future, the gain is real, and the better feeling between the two countries which the naval negotiations have produced is in happy contrast to the ugly mood left by the breakdown of President Coolidge's conference in Geneva in 1927. On the eve of sailing for this country Premier MacDonald let it be known that he deprecated the emphasis that had been put on his trip as a means to obtain naval limitation; he wished that the wider significance of his visit should be realized. As a matter of fact, an Anglo-American agreement on naval limitation is likely to hinder rather than help the proposed five-nation conference on the subject this coming winter. France, Italy, and Japan are exhibiting considerable irritation over taking part in a meeting in which two of the parties have already made certain decisions. England and America would probably have done better either to attempt only a mutual arrangement in regard to navies or else to have left the whole subject open for consideration by the five nations in question at the proposed conference.

As to the wider aspects of the MacDonald visit to America, they are seen much more clearly on the Continent than here. Europeans understand that the gesture means that Great Britain is definitely turning to the West; the entente with France is to be abandoned and one is to be sought with the United States. The break with Europe, at least, was already made plain by the way in which Mr. Snowden bludgeoned his fellow-conferees at The Hague in regard to the Young Plan. Mr. MacDonald now makes the rest of the program evident. The United States, of course, has less either to gain or lose by an Anglo-American entente than has Great Britain. We are the cock of the world's walk, politically and industrially, and we act the part. Self-reliant and self-contained to an extraordinary degree, we care only mildly for the friendship or aid of any other nation. The situation of Great Britain is altogether different. Of itself it is decadent industrially and probably its future lies in becoming a nucleus of a great overseas federation made up of the colonies and the self-governing dominions. Yet geographically Great Britain cannot escape from Europe, and it is a question if it can gain enough by any other kind of orientation to compensate for the loss of European friendships. It may be argued, of course, that the Anglo-French entente has been dying ever since the World War and is now undependable. Yet as long as Great Britain places the store that it does on access to the Mediterranean and control of the Suez Canal, it can ill afford to lose even the tenuous cooperation of France.

Of course no formal entente with the United States is expected; the idea is rather to obtain mutual understanding and concerted action in regard to certain world problems—Russia and China, among others, perhaps. We confess to considerable fear for the Labor Government in such an arrangement. The Labor Government is pledged to a better and more democratic industrial system at home and to a freer and more honest diplomacy abroad than that of its predecessors. We are convinced that Mr. MacDonald personally is sincerely devoted to such a program. Yet we fear for its success if he is looking for much cooperation with the United States. For the America of today, we say with regret, is an empire of business which has come to be regarded as the stronghold of reactionary industrialism. Puffed up as it is after ten years of unprecedented material expansion, the United States is in no mood to be conciliatory toward the views of others, and we surmise that such agreements as it makes will be mostly on its own terms. Liberal and intelligent as President Hoover has shown himself to be in many respects, he is fundamentally the super-salesman of a great factory which is run for the benefit of a privileged few.

We welcome Mr. MacDonald to this factory, but we hope he will not mistake its shining machinery and its glib sales talk for liberty, equality, and fraternity.

Insurance by the Bucket

A CORRESPONDENT chides us because in the issue of September 11, when we wrote in laudatory vein of the life-insurance companies that had passed the one-hundred-billion mark in the face value of their policies, we did not discuss the shortcomings of American life insurance. After some reflection and investigation we have concluded that the point was well taken. To say without qualification that 65,000,000 American policy-holders have one hundred billion dollars in life insurance is to convey the totally wrong impression that our common wage-earning families are protected by insurance to the amount of several thousand dollars each. The truth is that our workers have relatively little insurance protection and that the hundred-billion figure of the life-insurance companies is padded with many billions of paper policies which are worthless to the workers because eventually they will be allowed to lapse.

The worst abuses in the life-insurance business occur in the field of industrial insurance, which includes only those small individual policies on which payments are made weekly and monthly. To call them life-insurance policies at all is a misrepresentation, because they are really burial-insurance policies, but they comprise a substantial part of the one hundred billions of "life insurance" totals. Two companies alone, the Prudential and the Metropolitan, carry twelve billions in industrial insurance, with average policies of $214 and $169 respectively, paid for in tiny driblets of five cents a week and up. The overhead cost of collecting such insurance payments is prodigious, and it is precisely in this field that the victims can least afford to pay a large overhead.

The man who pays, let us say, $10 a quarter for an ordinary life-insurance policy in any of the great standard companies is not in need of sympathy. His money is safe, the company is carefully guarded by our insurance laws against the more obvious forms of fraud, and frequently he receives a goodly dividend check as his share of the mutual profits—although he might make a wry face at the word "mutual" if he knew that Frederick H. Ecker of the Metropolitan received a salary of $197,000 in 1927 even before he was president of the company, or that Darwin P. Kingsley of the New York Life has a stipend of $112,500. It is the working-class fathers and mothers who pay five, ten, and fifteen cents a week for industrial insurance who are caught between the upper and the nether millstones of their foresight and their poverty. In this class of insurance the chances are about eight or nine to one that the family which starts payments will never collect the full value of the policy.

Some startling figures that go to substantiate this were published recently by George L. Knapp in the *Railway Clerk*. Mr. Knapp pointed out that in 1927 the Prudential Insurance Company allowed industrial insurance to lapse amounting to fourteen times as much as the money which it paid out in death claims on policies of this class. Death claims were paid to 248,776 families while 2,190,932 families lost their policies, presumably because they could not keep up payments. These figures, however, omit the important fact that almost 700,000 families managed to revive their tiny policies after they had lapsed, so that the ratio of finally lapsed insurance to death claims paid was about nine to one. But that ratio is appalling enough, especially when we note that it applies also to the Metropolitan's industrial insurance. Of course, the policy-holders do not lose the full face value of their policies, but they do lose all or part of what they have paid in. Nobody knows just what these cash losses are, because the insurance companies do not publish figures concerning them. We invite the Metropolitan and the Prudential to disclose through our pages their own figures of the actual cash loss of their industrial-insurance customers, or any other mitigating facts concerning the practices which we have described.

Selling coal by the bucket is not a crime, nor is selling insurance by the same method, but it is tragically wasteful, and the community is responsible for it more than the insurance companies themselves. We in America have not appreciated the fact that the forethought and savings necessary for economical insurance are impossible for millions of our wage-earners because their pay is too low or irregular. (Probably 30 to 40 per cent of them have no insurance of any kind, and who can blame them?) A man receiving the average American manufacturing wage of about $25 a week cannot protect his old age and at the same time support a family. Our States or the federal government should do for him what the government of almost every other civilized nation does for its workers, protect his old age by its own insurance.

How About the Indian?

PRESIDENT HOOVER named a noted educator, Ray Lyman Wilbur, as Secretary of the Interior. He named two Quakers, business men of large affairs and philanthropists, as Commissioner and Assistant Commissioner of Indian Affairs. Six months have passed—three months since Commissioner Rhoads and Assistant Commissioner Scattergood took office. What is to be done to relieve and emancipate the Indian?

The knowledge of excessively bad conditions became a commonplace before March 4 last. Among the outstanding facts were the slow starvation of 25,000 children in compulsory boarding schools of the Indian Bureau; neglect of health and medical services, resulting in a tuberculous death-rate among Indians seven times greater than that of the general population; denial of practically all civil liberties to Indians; the handling by the Indian Bureau of tens of millions a year of Indian money without accounting or court review; and a shrinkage in the value of the Indian estate through acts of the government as guardian.

Secretary Wilbur has made various announcements of policies; they have appeared impulsive, even whimsical. In part they have been self-contradictory. The reservations, Secretary Wilbur has stated, are to be broken up. Indians are to be made self-supporting. Indians must cease to live as charity wards of the government. They must be "weaned"—"be handed a pickle and allowed to howl."

As a policy of diminishing the Indian Bureau's czarship over Indians and their property, the Secretary's plan can be heartily welcomed. Those in his confidence believe that the extension of constitutional rights to Indians is one of the Secretary's main aims. The description of Indians as pauperized dependents is wide of the mark and highly

unfortunate. There are no such Indians, aside from the aged and infirm who are sometimes meagerly rationed, and children in the compulsory boarding schools of the Indian Bureau. And even among these, thousands are supported not by the government, but through tribal and individual funds belonging to themselves. Indian property has for so long been regarded as a pork barrel that Secretary Wilbur appears unconsciously to have taken for granted that Indian property is government property. Indians who farm and graze their own lands, or who live on the yield of their own estates, are not paupers supported by the government.

The Indians are owners of more than 100,000 square miles of land. Added to their grazing and farm areas, which include hundreds of thousands of acres of irrigated or irrigable lands, are forests valued at more than $100,000,000 and numerous other resources including water-powers and various minerals and oil. What is Secretary Wilbur's intention? Does he intend, for the Indian's spiritual welfare, to bring about a confiscation of this Indian property? His statements, with one exception, have this implication. The exception is a highly important one. Secretary Wilbur has declared for a policy of enabling tribes of Indians to incorporate as modern business corporations, operating their tribal estates on corporate lines. That single policy, if executed, would go far to establish Indians in American life without bureaucratic domination and without a confiscation of their property.

Secretary Wilbur declares for "decentralization of the activities of the Indian Bureau as rapidly as possible. Viewed over a period of years the Indian agent with his abnormal powers shall be dispensed with. In so far as it is feasible, the problem of health and education for Indians shall become a responsibility of the various States. The Indian as rapidly as possible shall have full responsibility for himself." These are wholesome words and hopeful undertakings, if they can be divorced from the other policy announced by Secretary Wilbur of forcibly allotting all Indian property into individual ownership in line with the disastrous policies of earlier years. But even here the Secretary's announcements have been contradictory. Declaring for the independence of the Indians, he yet has made public a letter in which he forecasts a renewed use of governmental authority to prevent them from making public showing of their native ceremonies.

Are the protections of the Bill of Rights to be extended to Indians? Is the spending of millions of Indian money without the consent of the Indians and without accounting to be stopped? Is the food allowance for children in the Indian boarding schools to be made sufficient and wholesome? The allowance, according to the Institute for Government Research, has been on the average eleven cents a day. Is compulsory child labor for Indians, in and out of the boarding schools, to be stopped? Are day schools to be progressively substituted for boarding schools? Is the family and religious life of Indians henceforth to be respected? Are convincing steps to be taken toward reducing the extravagant infant death-rate and tuberculous death-rate of Indians and toward curing the 60,000 who are known to be suffering from infectious trachoma?

The confidence felt in the new officers will be held or lost according to the answers given to these and similar questions.

Murder in a Maze

A YOUNG girl of nineteen marries a young man of twenty. The young man subsequently explains that he had, before their marriage, taken her to a doctor to "get her out of trouble"—not of his own making—and then had married her because he loved her. But all does not go well in this youthful match: the young husband is radio mad; the young wife, after several months of completely unsatisfactory wedded life, leaves her partner for other conquests. On the first anniversary of their marriage he visits her in her furnished room in New York, trying to effect a reconciliation and bring her back to the four-room flat they had once lived in. They dine together, return to the flat, he opens the door for her, and as she enters she says: "It looks like the same old dump." The young man is outraged, he strikes her, she strikes back, and the first thing he knows she is dead at his feet. Their romance is ended.

This is the story of Earle Peacox and his wife, Dorothy. The august State of New York set out to prove that Peacox was a murderer, that he deliberately enticed his estranged wife to his flat with the intention of killing her. To that end it lent dignity to this pitiful, sordid romance by bringing in all the panoply of the law and the courts, by introducing lawyers, a judge in his robes, a jury of twelve men who solemnly listened to Earle's recital of his thoughts and feelings on the fatal night and as solemnly prepared to decide what those feelings really were, regardless of how he described them. The young defendant alternately wept and stared stolidly ahead of him; when the verdict of murder in the second degree was announced, he seemed relieved.

What lies behind this murder? Not the mind of a killer; of that everyone can be reasonably sure. Rather an age in which the old authorities and traditions—most of which can be gratefully spared—are gone, and no new ones have arrived to take their places; when a young man and woman are bound no longer by fear of punishment here or hereafter and have not yet the necessary integrity themselves to make rules of conduct by which, in a society of individuals, they must live. An age, moreover, when without standards they have a facility for moving about from place to place and an opportunity for material sustenance and mechanical amusement unprecedented in history. In other words a complete irresponsibility and a dangerous power to exercise it.

It is not unlikely that such a period is inevitable in the education of a free people, and that instead of being filled with despair at the spectacle we should be filled with hope. Before we had the machine we had authority—of the church, the home, the state. These authorities maintained themselves because the people they governed knew very little about the world and saw almost none of it. Now they know and see more, and their knowledge is extended every day. There will come a time, possibly, when this knowledge will become so extensive as to be selective; when the important thing will not be to get somewhere in a car, but to get somewhere for a fixed and important purpose. Meanwhile we have young men and women, and often older ones, wandering around in a kind of maze of things to do, of places to go. But at least they are doing something and not nothing; they are moving and not standing still.

It Seems to Heywood Broun

THE most interesting part of the discussion aroused by the case of the Rev. Mr. William Blackshear lies in the comments supplied to newspapers by letter-writing clients. It is relatively unimportant whether a small group of Negro worshipers attend services at St. Matthews Church in Brooklyn or elsewhere. I might even add that it does not seem to be vital if they abstain from churchgoing altogether. But the implications of the case are extensive. Here in a dramatic form we have a test of the sincerity of organized Christianity. In spite of the stalwart stand taken by a few preachers here and there it seems obvious that the average professing Christian of today has not the slightest intention of attempting any actual experiment in living the life suggested by Jesus.

Palpably the rule of the ancient order is extremely difficult. I would not care to argue with anyone who said frankly that orthodox and fundamental Christianity was impossible under modern cultural conditions. There can be no denial of the fact that the rules of conduct established were outlined for people living under conditions quite unlike our own. But even in the beginning there was never any pretense that the way of Christ was easy. Fishermen gave up all that they had—a few small boats and a net—to follow the leader who had inspired them. Rich men wept when they learned what they must do to gain salvation. Even in ancient Palestine the doctrines of Jesus were thoroughly revolutionary and his service demanded radical sacrifices on the part of all.

Accordingly, it is quite irrelevant for Mr. Blackshear's defenders to write in and say: "'How would you like to have colored people sitting all around you during the church service every Sunday in the year?" Some of us can answer frankly that we would have no objection whatsoever. Undoubtedly some could say with equal truthfulness that they would be embarrassed even though they tried with all the good-will in the world to stifle an inner feeling of race prejudice. But those who find it difficult to sit at God's altar shoulder to shoulder with Negro worshipers ought to be reminded that it is also difficult for camels to pass through a needle's eye. Neither literalists nor interpreters of holy writ can find any sanction whatsoever for segregation within the church. Mr. Blackshear should take his Bible to bed with him sometime and consider Paul's description of the heavenly state: "Where there is neither Greek nor Jew, circumcision nor uncircumcision, Barbarian, Scythian, bond, nor free: but Christ is all and in all."

This seems to me an explicit exposition of the spirit of the primitive church, the church which was nearest Christ's own living example. It seems to me, then, that Mr. Blackshear and those associates within the church who support him ought to have courage enough to renounce the label Christian and pick one more appropriate. Much good might be done by religious leaders bold enough to say: "Some part of Christ's teaching we accept and some we reject." They might even be in all fairness allowed to call themselves neo-Christians. On the other hand it is the rankest sort of hypocrisy for any man to put on a surplice and urge all within the sound of his voice to follow the Master when what he means is that his congregation should go only a small part of the journey. Much has been said in the last few weeks about viewing the Blackshear controversy "realistically." Practical men always rush in with oil when waters grow turbulent. But here again I must protest that there is every indication that Jesus Christ was a fanatic and an idealist.

Most amazing of all is the contention of a few correspondents that white and black should not mingle at the altar rail because church membership involves certain social activities in which it would be embarrassing to have Negroes present. This seems to me a curious evaluation of the various phases of Christianity. Upholders of this point of view say in effect that the Rector's tea and muffins are of more importance than the body and the blood of Christ. If the Episcopal church is a club devoted to ethical and religious interests well and good. I think there should be exclusive organizations devoted to pursuits more interesting than contract bridge. But let these segregationists come out into the open. Miscegenation may be an evil thing. I don't know. The people who feel that it is important and vital to preserve the purity of the white race have every right in the world to crusade for such a policy. But they have no right to work for such an end under the banner of Jesus Christ who never seems to have been the least bit troubled by the presence of dark-skinned men around him. If a black man was good enough to carry the cross on the road to Calvary it seems quite preposterous that Negro parishioners of St. Matthews Church should be abruptly urged to take a walk down the street and find another edifice for themselves.

The irony of the whole dispute lies in the fact that what is probably the nearest approach to fundamental, primitive Christianity exists among the American Negroes. The message came to them, as it must have come to the multitude in Palestine, as something nascent and alive. They were all of them converts like the apostles themselves. The emotional quality of religion which animated the church in its early days is gone today except in the meetings of Negro congregations. In other words the exclusion of these devout worshipers is a process of weeding out true Christians in the interest of comfortable club fellows.

Here at hand there lies a letter to the New York *Evening Post* from a woman who says: "Just what do you people writing about the church and the Negro question really know about Negroes? Do you actually invite them to your teas, and have you ever really asked a Negro to join your church? . . . We of the South love our Negroes . . . and they love us. They are like children to us."

The good lady then goes on to argue that because of the backward mental qualities of the Negro he must be discouraged from attending white churches. For his own good, of course. No Southerner ever puts a slight upon a Negro without contending that he is trying to help him. But this is a curious disqualification which the good lady from the South has seized upon. "Like children," she says. "Of such is the kingdom of heaven," said Christ.

HEYWOOD BROUN

Mr. Shearer Likes a Big Navy

By ROBERT S. ALLEN

Washington, September 30

MANY fantastic tales have been unfolded to Senate investigating committees by business men, but none more unconvincing or condemnatory of both their business and public ethics than the collective story related by the heads of the three great American shipbuilding corporations before the Naval Affairs subcommittee that is investigating their employment of William B. Shearer and his activities in lobbying against naval armament reduction. Executive after executive took the witness stand and solemnly told the committee that although they had hired Shearer to do propaganda and lobbying work for them in Washington in 1926 and 1928, before and after the Geneva naval conference, they had employed him at a very considerable increase in pay to attend that international gathering—at a time when they had unfinished government warship building contracts—solely for the purpose of "observing and reporting." Morever, they declared that although Shearer was thus dispatched to set up an innocent "observatory" they had, they confessed, been totally indifferent to his numerous reports and letters, and the few communications from Shearer that had more or less accidentally come to their attention they had viewed with contempt and disgust and had hardly read.

Further, despite this strong opinion of his dispatches, not one of the three officials who had hired him—Clinton L. Bardo, president of the New York Shipbuilding Company, Samuel W. Wakeman, vice-president of the Bethlehem Shipbuilding Corporation, and Frederick P. Palen, vice-president of the Newport News Shipbuilding and Drydock Company—had communicated with him while he was in Geneva, and all were extremely anxious that his connection with them should be kept in the utmost secrecy. They paid him jointly, they testified, $25,000 for the Geneva job and $7,500 for previous lobbying in Washington, and the Newport News Company told of having given him an additional $8,000 for lobbying work on the fifteen-cruiser bill after the conference. Yet not one cent of this money is to be found recorded on their books as going to Shearer. All of it, they admitted, was transmitted through an intermediary, Henry C. Hunter, counsel for the shipbuilders' association, who testified that he performed this unusual service not in a professional capacity but as a personal favor and wholly without "attaching any significance to it."

All this these executives of corporations whose aggregate properties are worth many hundreds of millions of dollars and who have built, are building, and expect to build fighting ships for the United States navy did "casually," without the knowledge or approval of their superiors, without any inquiry as to the man they were employing, after only a few minutes' deliberation, and entirely without any interest in Shearer's views on naval matters and international relations.

"I think," said Mr. Bardo, "my ordinary business judgment was disarmed by the familiarity Mr. Shearer showed with his subject."

"I was jazzed off my feet by a supersalesman," explained Mr. Wakeman.

And so solely to ascertain the "trend" of the conference, according to Mr. Bardo, who saw three of the Shearer reports; and "I did not know what we might get but I hoped we could get some information that would be of value to us," according to Mr. Wakeman, who perused five of the reports; and "to furnish us information of possible use in making our bids on cruisers," to quote Mr. Palen, who said he never got any of the reports, they contracted to pay him each a third of $25,000 and turned him loose on the disarmament conference. Improbable. Yet no more fantastic than the pious testimony of Charles M. Schwab, chairman of the board of directors of the Bethlehem Steel Corporation, who joyfully announced his willingness to scrap his vast armor-plate and shipbuilding plants to bring peace on earth and who fervently declared that such "interference" was contrary to every principle of his company; and who, in the next breath, admitted that although it had been brought to his attention that Shearer had been employed for such work by his company he had done nothing about it except to remark to "his boy," Eugene G. Grace, president of the Bethlehem Steel Corporation, that it was "most unwise"—a reflection Mr. Grace earnestly assured the committee he heartily concurred in although he admitted he had as yet taken no disciplinary action against the responsible subordinate. Not only has he not taken such steps, but Mr. Grace testified that he had personally authorized a contribution of $10,000 from his company to Mr. Bardo's for its $140,000 "development" activities in Washington in connection with the four-day liner scheme of the Trans-Oceanic Company. Included in the list of expenditures of this fund were such "development" items as $24,000 for hotel bills in Washington, $6,000 to Ivy Lee, and advances to the president of the Trans-Oceanic Company, L. R. Wilder, amounting to $36,000, of which Mr. Wilder in turn related he had given Shearer $4,000 as an "artist in oils."

An amazing story. And yet this in substance is the tale unfolded under oath by these witnesses before the investigating committee. As if they had rehearsed it beforehand, these mighty figures of America's shipbuilding business, the builders of the nation's merchant marine and fighting craft, all on the witness stand strove to portray themselves, apparently to avoid a far blacker suspicion, in the roles of fools and victims. "I went along with the others," "I realize now it was a foolish thing to do," "a ridiculous idea": with such admissions they labored to gloss over their deliberate suppression of Shearer's employment over a period of three years.

Yet if they were innocent of any deeper purpose and unaware what Shearer did at Geneva, he at least had no doubt as to his mission, as his numerous boastful reports to them clearly disclose. And the record is not quite clear that they sent him abroad for so innocuous an intent as they would have one believe.

"You really did want something more than plain ob-

serving done?" Senator Allen finally demanded of Mr. Palen after a lengthy cross-examination.

"Yes," he admitted.

Shearer's reports and letters and the testimony of Drew Pearson, an American correspondent who covered the conference, certainly prove that. Shearer went to Geneva, set up a luxurious establishment in an exclusive residential section, entertained lavishly, obtained from the correspondent of the New York *Daily News* and the Chicago *Tribune* credentials which admitted him to the press quarters, in the closest intimacy with the naval members of the American party issued voluminous daily press releases containing authoritative navy figures, and carried on a "poisonous" anti-British propaganda. And so pervasive and influential were his activities that he was hailed in the English and European press as having been "the man who broke up the conference," a title he himself modestly does not deny. All this he did on the $25,000 furnished him by the three shipbuilding corporations, while emphatically denying at that time that he represented them and while posing as the disinterested and unpaid representative of such patriotic societies as the Daughters of the American Revolution and the Native Sons of the Golden West.

The committee saw fit to give the shipbuilders the "break" on the story; to permit them to put out their alibi before the charge by their accuser had been laid against them. Its explanation is that it desired to develop the case in that way so as to make more effective the Shearer charges. The muddling and inconsequential examination of the witnesses by the chairman, Senator Shortridge, Republican from California, and the casual questions of Senator Allen, Republican from Kansas, certainly lend color to the widespread comment in Washington that they are not too anxious to carry on vigorously. The questioning throughout by the whole committee has been extremely haphazard and faulty. Senator Robinson, Democrat from Arkansas, alone displayed vigor and aggressiveness.

Yet even with this cart-before-the-horse sort of procedure the evidence is clear that Shearer had no doubt about what he had done for the shipbuilders or was to do for them, either in Washington or at Geneva. As he vociferously, if boastfully, related to them in scores of communications, reports, and conversations he had served them well and they had got "value received" for their large outlays. And when they got cruiser contracts and shipbuilding subsidies through the Jones-White merchant marine act he wanted at least his percentage. That they were not altogether surprised by his claims is sufficiently shown by their attitude toward his later letters to them—letters either not answered or, when replied to, admittedly written with advice from counsel.

The story of these secret machinations is tragic enough, but its greater significance is the danger to which the peace of the whole world is exposed by such business ethics. They are essentially no different from the operations of those international forgers who have been exposed in the past few years, the authors of the fraudulent Zinoviev letter, the Hearst Mexican documents, the forgeries that were brought to light last year in Germany alleging that Senators Norris and Borah were in the pay of the Communists.

Edward F. Grady, himself a legislative agent for the American Federation of Labor, declared several years ago that over 2,000 lobbyists were operating in Washington. He stated that he personally knew at least 100 lobbyists who received remunerations in excess of that received by the President of the United States—$75,000 a year. They are not all secretive or gumshoe, but there is no check or restraint. Unless they are asked or volunteer the information Congress and the press have no way of knowing who and what they represent. Shearer, secretly in the employ of the Newport News Shipbuilding Company at $500 a month and claiming $1,000, ranged the corridors of Congress and the office buildings last session while the fifteen-cruiser bill and the Jones-White act were under consideration, measures profoundly affecting the peace and prosperity of the American people.

Eruptions about lobbying are not new. The famous Mulhall investigation precipitated by President Wilson's charges against the tariff lobby is still remembered in the capital. Senator Watson, one of the central figures in that inquiry, is today majority floor leader and chief spokesman for the Smoot-Hawley tariff bill. Every session sees a demand for lobby curbing, yet not a line is to be found on the statute books. Last session the Senate passed a registering bill, only to have it pigeonholed by the Republican bosses of the House. Citizens have a right to be heard on legislation, but there must be some discrimination between legitimate representation and criminal and secret lobbying. Otherwise the whole lesson of the navy-lobby exposé will be lost, as have those of many other scandals in the past, and the country may well look forward to even more dangerous machinations.

The Climb

By GEOFFREY JOHNSON

Unbeaten still, and fighting all the way,
Through frozen irons of the earth I rose
Till a pale crocus fetterless I lay,
A purple shadow on the fainting snows.

Still climbing in the scale of life, I wore
At length the likeness of the patient ox,
Dragged the laborious plow of years, and bore
The goads of mockery, suns that split the rocks.

Still unrepulsed, my will attained to man
And wore his robe of flesh like Hercules,
And wrestling nobly with the pain that ran
Throughout it, passed in a great flaming breeze.

A flame, to flaming ramparts of the world
I sped; the raiment for the new elect
Swirled in the wind, like autumn foliage swirled,
And a voice cried: "For thy new life, select"—

Then I remembered how you still below
Faced the gray rain on memory summer hived:
I paused a moment at those robes aglow,
Then down I dived as never swallow dived.

The College and Main Street

By E. C. WILM

IN the numerous recent attempts at college reform in the pages of the magazines a basic point has been usually overlooked, namely, that the college, like the church, is not a thing apart, a sort of temple shining on a hill, but represents a cross-section of the community. Therefore all hopes for any thoroughgoing reform of the college are likely to prove illusory until the society of which it is a part has itself undergone radical changes. Formerly a college education was for the few elect, whom a family tradition of culture and social prominence, or else an inherent ambition for knowledge and eminence, brought to the college campus. Today the college degree has become the objective of hundreds of thousands of high-school graduates whose main qualification in the majority of cases for a career of scholarship is the ability to pass a set of rather perfunctory high-school requirements and the financial ability of their parents to stand four additional years of economic non-productivity. The result is an enormous drop not only in student intelligence, but, what is at least equally essential, in the spirit and purpose of the youth making up our college population. In the words of one of them, doubtless somewhat exaggerated, the student body is made up of "soda clerks, newsboys, shoe salesmen's sons, and preachers' daughters. . . . The vast majority of us have never acquired reading habits or cultural background. . . . Culture is vague and foreign to the majority of us, brought up on Sunday comics, movies, and *Saturday Evening Posts,* in drab and smug middle-class homes."[1]

The result is what might have been anticipated. Both the matter and the manner of the college exercises are adapted to this mass of inert mediocrity, and the small minority of students whose thought is on anything beyond athletics, fraternities, and the social trivialities with which the week-ends are filled become indifferent and cynical, often losing whatever interest they may have had in intellectual pursuits. To be known as a scholar or a conscientious student is often a matter for reproach, and to cooperate in any way with the instructor is interpreted as an act of disloyalty to the student clan.

Nor is this all. Enough time has passed since college education became popular for disquieting numbers of this inferior type of student to have found their way into the faculty, with the result that it is often difficult to tell the younger member of the teaching staff, either by his manner, language, or attainments, or by any other sign, from any of the more robust and complacent of the undergraduates, or from his brothers in the Rotarian International. He is likely to be more familiar with the wisdom of Henry Ford or of Dr. Frank Crane than with the sentences of Montaigne or of Emerson, and books and the quality periodicals command a small part of his time and interest compared with the newspaper, the radio, the movie, and the motor car. Enter the average faculty house, and you will hardly find a picture or a book to distinguish it from any of the "drab and smug middle-class homes" from which the students themselves come. The refreshing candor of Mr. Graham deserves an equally honest confession on the part of the teaching staff that a disproportionate number of us too have enjoyed only the most slender intellectual and social advantages, and in spite of the usual college training supplemented by an all-too-brief period of graduate study, we have, like the students themselves, "never acquired reading habits or cultural background," or any mentionable fund of scholarly equipment of any kind. That the intellectual decline among the students of which we hear so much is equally marked in the faculty is shown by the fact that the better class academic functions in the college are all but ignored by faculty and students alike. In my own college, faculty as well as student attendance upon public college lectures, concerts, and the higher class dramatic performances has dropped almost to a zero point, the most important event of the year, from an academic point of view, the annual Greek play, going almost entirely unnoticed. Nevertheless, the football and basketball games, and the inevitable "pep" meetings are attended by practically the college as a whole, and a faculty bridge club, meeting regularly throughout the year, enjoys an attendance, I am told, of some thirty persons. These remarks are not made in special criticism of my own college, as similar conditions obtain, I believe, in nearly every college in the country. It is generally known that in many colleges the athletic coach is the highest paid "professor" in the place.

Turn through the textbooks produced in such a bewildering variety during the last decade or two, especially in history, sociology, philosophy, psychology, and education, and you will not fail to remark the almost complete absence of real intellectual distinction or of any superiority of taste or of style. If style is indeed the "ultimate morality of the mind," as Professor Whitehead has called it, these barren and wearisome divagations evince a mediocrity symptomatic of the present state of our educational institutions, and forecast a future of our national culture by no means reassuring. The traditional ideals of scholarship seem destined to give way more and more to a crude specialism as a type of "efficiency" whose melancholy connotations are familiar even to the most casual observation.

For these and similar reasons I see little help in the frequent suggestions for smaller colleges and smaller subdivisions, in order to counteract the evils of mass education of which so much has justly been said. There would be good hope of real training, many think, if the teaching force were increased sufficiently to penetrate the student body, so as to make a real contact between teacher and student. There is a certain grim humor in these suggestions. The device of engaging additional instructors and thus reducing the size of classes is likely to prove worse than useless unless the additional instructors are men of weight and of genuine teaching power. But this is unfortunately not always the case. What actually happens is illustrated by a case which recently came under my observation in which a course numbering about three hundred students under a man of national reputation was divided into three sections, of one hundred

[1] H. J. Graham, the *New Republic,* May 22, 1929, p. 15.

each, two of the sections being handed over to youthful instructors, one of whom was only a year out of college.

The situation is obviously a difficult one, and the usual method of dealing with it is to limit the student's extra-curricular activities in such a way as to cause least interference with regular college exercises. The remedy, however, must strike deeper, because the cause lies deeper. People play in the absence of serious work, and there is good reason to believe that the college curriculum does not always furnish students with sufficient work to keep them healthfully employed. Investigations carried on in various parts of the country have shown that the time students put in in actual study is disreputably small. This is especially true in institutions where social and artificial motives for study prevail, rather than utilitarian and practical ones. It is a fact familiar to every observer that there are in every college and university courses in which the amount of study is practically negligible.

The two things that have probably done most to foster this condition are the lecture method of instruction and the elective system. The lecture method still has unique advantages in the hands of a skilful and forceful teacher. But when it degenerates into a mere dictation exercise it becomes an unholy bore and a veritable intellectual death-mask, smothering interest and the free play of thought. The lecture method leaves the mind idle both during and after the lecture, at least until the inevitable quiz, when, by dint of a rapid review of notebooks and tutorial assistance, the brain is plastered with the necessary ideas wherewith to pass the examinations.

The elective system competes strongly with the lecture method as a debilitating influence upon many students. No one, of course, wishes to return to the curriculum of an older day, with its single-gauge course of study for all students, irrespective of their tastes or capacities. The rapid multiplication of the sciences and arts and the great specialization of social functions have rendered the old system of complete prescription obsolete. Nevertheless, there are obvious difficulties inherent in the elective system which must be frankly recognized, and if possible solved.

The theory of the elective system is that it enables the student to choose the studies suited to his native genius and interests, with a view to his future vocation. Unfortunately, the student's genius often shines with an uncertain light; and actual experience shows that his choice of studies is determined to a large extent by a variety of considerations which have no discoverable relation to his native tastes or endowment, or to his future life-work; for example, exigencies of schedule, the reputation of the course as a "snap course," a vague romantic interest in subjects like sociology or philosophy, a desire for novelty, the wish to be in the same class with certain other students, and a number of other motives which are disillusioning to those who had expected the student at once to fall in with the lines of his natural genius and his future vocation.

President Lowell once voiced a somewhat general sentiment in favor of rehabilitating intellectual competition in the college with a view to increasing interest in studies. "By the free use of competition," he reminds us, "college athletics have beaten scholarship out of sight in the estimation of the community at large, and in the regard of the student bodies." I wish, however, to call attention to the fact that any plan to encourage competitions, whether through honor examinations, scholarship fraternities, and the like, will only aggravate some of the inherent difficulties of the elective system. In fact, fair competition is rendered well-nigh impossible under this system for the reason that college courses differ greatly in difficulty, and that we have at present no system of examining and grading which is sufficiently objective to make the results of the competition a true indication either of the character or the scholarship of the student entering into it. I have personally known students of feeble intellectual strength to make Phi Beta Kappa by carefully side-stepping every course which required genuine mental ability and continuous application, while other students of real mental energy and a conscientious regard for their own ultimate good failed of election because they chose the more solid studies and the more conscientious and exacting instructors. This is not an infrequent occurrence, but an extremely common one, especially in coeducational colleges, and in colleges where a large range of electives, including cultural, scientific, and practical studies, is freely offered.

I have pointed out what seem to me some of the graver problems the college will have to solve if it is to enjoy the respect of the better elements within the college itself and in the community. The means of dealing with them have already by implication been suggested, but they may be briefly summarized as follows:

1. The first requisite of a successful marriage, according to Keyserling, is to choose the right partner. The first step, likewise, in planning a successful college is to stiffen considerably the entrance requirements, admitting only such students as are qualified in intelligence and purpose to profit from a thorough college training. 2. Advance the salaries of professors to a point where they will attract men as able as any to be found in law, medicine, engineering, or invention. As a concrete basis, I suggest that a college of a thousand students should have on its staff at least ten men drawing a minimum salary of $12,000. 3. Abolish intercollegiate athletics and foster intra-mural sports and games for all students. 4. Abolish fraternities, allowing the social life of the institution to establish itself on the natural basis of existence obtaining outside the college walls. 5. Correlate the courses of study in a manner to avoid duplication, and to secure an orderly advance in knowledge and proficiency in the line of a self-chosen department of study. 6. Reduce free election to a minimum. 7. Abolish the traditional unit and marking system, which diverts the student's mind to an extraordinary degree from the matter of instruction itself, substituting therefor final examinations to be held by examining boards, preferably from outside the college teaching body, all degrees and diplomas to be awarded only on recommendation of such boards. 8. Abolish honorary degrees.

The subjects of which I have spoken are such as relate primarily to the inner life and administration of the college. There is a further issue of far-reaching importance for the future of the college, namely, its relation to certain practical and religious influences which have in the past affected its work in an illegitimate and injurious manner, and from which it will have to free itself, if it is to enjoy more than a perfunctory existence, rehearsing past knowledge and past prejudices, if it is to become a living force.

Ella May's Songs

By MARGARET LARKIN

Charlotte, North Carolina, September 30

ELLA MAY WIGGINS died on September 14, shot through the heart on her way to a union meeting in Gastonia, North Carolina. The meeting was never held, for an armed mob turned back the workers and all possible speakers and killed Ella May. I want to tell the story of Ella May and the songs she used to sing at union meetings and in the tent colony of the strikers, during this bitter fight to organize the Southern textile workers.

I met Ella May three weeks before her death at a barbecue and "speaking" the workers were holding in the woods. She was a "sightly" woman, rather short and round, with bobbed brown hair and fine eyes. She was only twenty-nine years old, but Southern mill workers age early. Her face was lined with fine wrinkles; her cheeks were sunken, but her chin was firm and determined. She held the smallest of her five children in her arms and told me about herself.

"I'm the mother of nine," she said. "Four of them died with whooping cough, all at once. I was working nights and nobody to do for them only Myrtle. She's eleven and a sight of help. I asked the super to put me on day shift so's I could tend 'em, but he wouldn't. I don't know why. So I had to quit my job and then there wasn't any money for medicine, so they just died. I never could do anything for my children, not even to keep 'em alive, it seems. That's why I'm for the union, so's I can do better for them."

Ella May wrote what she called "Song Ballets" of the union and the strike. She had never had much schooling, for she went into the mills when she was very young, but she had a great fund of that native intelligence and feeling which is so common among these Southern workers. Besides this she had a tradition of song. The old mountain ballads, which had their roots in English balladry and which still flourish in strange, twisted versions among the remote hill folk, were a part of her heritage.

She had a clear, true tone in her untaught voice. She sang from the chest. Full throated, unmodulated, her voice rang out in the simple monotonous tunes. As she sang of the union, the strike, the leaders in jail, she observed the conventions of each tune carefully. In one song she would hold the last note of the line an extra measure. In another, where the old tune called for it, each line would end with an indescribable upward lift of the note, a kind of yip, like the little yelp with which cowboys vary their riding songs.

When this "furriner" first heard her sing

> Come and join the textyle union-un!
> Also the I. L. D.-ye!

I felt the astonished delight with which the collector of folk-songs always recognizes a new find. But the packed audience of five hundred workers standing close together in an oak grove heard Ella May's yips gravely. She sang with great seriousness, just as if she were making a union speech, "Come and join the I. L. D.-ye" in tones of fervent exhortation.

I. L. D., of course, stands for International Labor Defense, the organization which has been in charge of the legal defense of strikers, and particularly of the sixteen charged with the murder of Chief of Police O. F. Aderholt, killed on June 7 when he led a raid on the union tent colony. The admiration of the workers for the I. L. D., which can cope with the dreaded "laws," is unbounded and many have joined its ranks whether they belong to the union or not. Consequently all union sympathizers hereabouts have come to be known simply as "I. L. D.'s." Incredibly quaint to Northern ears this earnest refrain, "It will help you, fellow-workers, if you will join the I. L. D.-ye!"

As I began to get acquainted with workers in Gastonia and Charlotte I heard more "Song Ballets" which had been "'posed" by various poet-singers. At first I thought that they must be parodies of songs their authors knew. So I asked the singers to give me the original words in every case. I found that phrases from the originals or from other familiar ballads were sometimes incorporated into these, but that the heart of the song was always the author's own. In most of them the first stanza is borrowed directly, and suitable changes made. But this only gets the singer over the first hurdle—the "Come all you people if you want to hear" stanza—and with his audience gathered and his theme announced the poet branches into original composition.

Ella May's most popular song, "Chief Aderholt," is built on this plan. It is remarkable for its complete recital in a short space of the high points of the story. Better than a hundred speeches this song, in the ringing tune of "Floyd Collins," recalls to the people that fatal night, the reign of terror that followed it, the struggle, and the ultimate triumph of the union. As in every one of Ella May's songs, it also expresses her faith in the union as the only power she ever met that promised her a better life. "So we can wear good clothen and live in a better house":

> Come all of you good people and listen to what I tell;
> The story of Chief Aderholt, the man you all knew well.
> It was on one Friday evening, the seventh day of June,
> He went down to the union ground and met his fatal doom.
>
> They locked up our leaders, they put them in jail,
> They shoved them in prison, refused to give them bail.
> The workers joined together and this was their reply:
> We'll never, no we'll never let our leaders die.
>
> They moved the trial to Charlotte, got lawyers from every town,
> I'm sure we'll hear them speak again up on the union ground.
> While Vera she's in prison, Manville Jenckes in pain,
> Come join the textile union and show that you are game.
>
> We're going to have a union all over the South,
> Where we can wear good clothen and live in a better house.
> Now we must stand together and to the boss reply
> We'll never, no, we'll never let our leaders die.

It is curious to think how the little handful of organizers from the National Textile Workers Union have passed

into legend already. Fred Beal, Vera Buch, George Pershing are names which will be heard for many years in the South.

While Vera she's in prison, Manville Jenckes in pain . . .
. . . . . .
Up in old Loray, on the sixth floor so high,
Where Beal and Pershing found us, ready to die.
. . . . . .
Let me sleep in your tent tonight, Beal,
For it's cold lying out on the ground.

The itinerant workers of the cotton mills are carrying these names and the story of the union in Gastonia into every section of the textile South. These songs that begin "Come all ye workers" and end "Let's stand together, workers, and have a union here" are destined to be the battle songs of the coming industrial struggle.

What propaganda could better describe the infamy of the bosses than this stirring ballad by eleven-year-old Odel Corley?

Come all you scabs if you want to hear
The story of a cruel millionaire.
Manville Jenckes was the millionaire's name,
He bought the law with his money and frame*
But he can't buy the union with his money and frame.

Told Violet Jones if she'd go back to work,
He'd buy her a new Ford and pay her well for her work.
They throwed rotten eggs at Vera and Beal on the stand,
They caught the man with the pistol in his hand,
Trying to shoot Beal on the speaking stand.

They took Beal to the Monroe jail,
They put him in a dirty cell,
But Beal and the strikers put up a darn good fight,
We'll make the bosses howl and hear old Manville say,
"It aint no use fighting the union this way."

And here is the heart of the problem "'posed" by Ella May with the revolutionary title of "The Big Fat Boss and the Workers."

The boss man wants our labor, and money to pack away,
The workers wants a union and the eight-hour day.

The boss man hates the workers, the workers hates the boss.
The boss man rides in a big fine car and the workers has to walk.

The boss man sleeps in a big fine bed and dreams of his silver and gold.
The workers sleeps in a old straw bed and shivers from the cold.

Fred Beal he is in prison a-sleeping on the floor,
But he will soon be free again and speak to us some more.

The union is a-growing, the I. L. D. is strong,
We're going to show the bosses that we have starved too long.

I tried to analyze the strange persuasiveness of these songs. Their curious mingling of old and new is the true reflection of the lives of the workers. Mountain people, with the habits of peasants, they are suddenly confronted with modern industrialism, a giant that sprang to life in the South full grown. Within their time the textile mills have been built. Mill agents searched them out on their poor, rocky farms. They learn to adjust their leisurely, disorderly life to the regimented order of the mill. They began to want things the people around them had. They took wage cuts; they felt the iron of the speed-up system. They found poverty in the midst of plenty more bitter than the communal poverty of the hills. Then a strike, and swift, brutal experience of a struggle with the boss and the "law." No wonder it all burst out in song, and that the songs bear that primitive beauty that taught poets seldom capture.

When Ella May was buried they sang one of the most beautiful of her songs. As many workers as could crowd into the battered old cars in which they go looking for work from one mill to another followed her body over the muddy red roads to the cemetery. Crowds of workers came through the cotton-fields on foot. Six members of her local union lifted her coffin. Three others spoke, local organizers who were just "hands" a few months ago. "You all knew our sister, Ella May. She was one of our best workers, and we'll feel her loss, I reckon. Her death is on Manville Jenckes and on North Carolina, too. She died for us and the union. We must go on fighting; we must get our union." They spoke words like these. Truly revolutionary words, bare of all ornament, full of earnestness and feeling.

The rain had drizzled down on the open grave. The startling red earth of this country was heaped up beside it. As they flung the first clods on Ella May's cheap casket, a friend began to sing her song—that song in which she had told why she believed so passionately in her union. At the head of her grave stood her five little children.

We leave our home in the morning,
We kiss our children goodby,
While we slave for the bosses
Our children scream and cry.

And when we draw our money
Our grocery bills to pay,
Not a cent to spend for clothing,
Not a cent to lay away.

And on that very evening,
Our little son will say:
"I need some shoes, dear mother,
And so does sister May."

How it grieves the heart of a mother,
You every one must know,
But we can't buy for our children,
Our wages are too low.

It is for our little children
That seems to us so dear,
But for us nor them, dear workers,
The bosses do not care.

But understand, all workers,
Our union they do fear,
Let's stand together, workers,
And have a union here.

* Frame-up.

In the Driftway

"WASTE not, want not," said Benjamin Franklin, but although his wisdom is theoretically much reverenced in America, nobody in practice has ever paid the slightest attention to this particular adage. On the contrary, the philosophy upon which Americans act is that it doesn't matter how much runs away at the spigot so long as they keep the reservoir full. And it is fortunate for this thing called "prosperity" that such should be the case. For waste is the essence of modern industry, and if ever we seriously curtail it we shall kill the goose that lays the golden egg. Stuart Chase wrote a book a year or so ago called "The Tragedy of Waste." It is a good book, but the title is askew. Waste is no tragedy unless one conceives of our present industrial system as a failure. (It happens that the Drifter does, but as the great majority of his fellow-citizens do not, his viewpoint may be ignored.) The most sensible words on waste that the Drifter has seen in a long time appeared lately in the *Capital Journal* of Salem, Oregon:

> As saving is necessary for spending, so wasting is essential for production. It is not what is needed and necessary that operates our factories, but what is unneeded and unnecessary. Our industries would function but a fraction of their time if confined to necessities, and all would have as much leisure as primitive man, without his comfort, did not the waster absorb the surplus, create markets for the non-essentials, and so provide occupation for the masses. . . .
>
> Who keeps the auto, the radio, the tobacco, the cosmetic, the oil, the bootleg, and other great industries prosperous? Who but the waster who buys what he doesn't need and often cannot use? Times are good when everybody wastes and bad when tight-fisted thrift prevails.

* * * * *

THERE is an editor who knows what he is talking about. We love to chatter about efficiency in this country, but fortunately for business we do no more than chatter. If efficiency were a reality, its first consequence would be to knock the props out from under modern industry, which in essence is the most incredibly wasteful (and perhaps also the most unsatisfactory) system of supplying the material wants of the world that mankind has ever devised. No, the Drifter is not interested in the elimination of waste. Not that he is interested in "prosperity" either, but as long as it is our national ideal the Drifter would rather see it going 100 per cent, as in America, than only about 50 per cent, as in Great Britain. If the Drifter had any confidence that (without abolishing the profits system) less waste would give the mass of the people more effective leisure, he would be for it. But he can see no evidence for such belief. The theory that we are progressively gaining more leisure is an illusion whose only support rests on figures showing that working hours in various industries have been growing less. But we forget that work has also been growing more intense and that greater fatigue largely offsets our larger amount of spare time. We forget also that modern workers frequently have to live at a distance from their place of employment and waste much time and strength in getting back and forth. And finally we forget that a vast number of extra activities have grown up in connection with our work and our material existence which absorb so much time that it would be hard to prove that the great majority of Americans have any more—if as much—effective leisure as they had a hundred years ago.

* * * * *

RATHER sadly the Drifter calls to his support certain sentences from the report of Mr. Hoover's Committee on Recent Economic Changes in the United States, where it is written that after the World War "It began to be recognized not only that leisure is 'consumable,' but that people cannot 'consume' leisure without consuming goods and services, and that leisure that results from an increased man-hour productivity helps to create new needs and new and broader markets." And furthermore "there are new wants which will make way endlessly for newer wants, as fast as they are satisfied."

* * * * *

A CHARMING vista, is it not? And with that in mind the Drifter is for going the whole hog. As long as we are satisfied to continue our present industrial system, by all means let us be as wasteful and prosperous as possible.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Long Skirts?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: It was gratifying to feminine vanity—for the moment—when a recent issue of *The Nation* set women up as a good example to men in the matter of dress reform, showing how we had attained light, loose, attenuated, and unencumbering garb while men still sweltered through the hot season in heavy woolens of ancient tradition. Unfortunately the gratification is short-lived, and the victory of common sense over habit, which it represented, is doomed to defeat, if the women now allow themselves to be once more swaddled in long skirts for the benefit of the pockets of manufacturers and style dictators. The prophecy from this latter source to the effect that within the year women will be wearing ankle-length skirts seems just a bit too arrogant to be left unchallenged by any fair-minded believer in freedom, male or female. Would we passively give up the vote, or any other rights finally obtained after long struggles? Then why give up the comfort, economy, and freedom of movement which the short skirt has meant to us?

There is a general murmur of dissent among women over the new fashion forecasts, yet few have the courage to stand out as individuals against the mode. Many business women—and they are the group most benefited by the short skirt—cannot afford to look unfashionable for fear of losing their jobs. Among the many women's social clubs and business organizations which have stood for progress and become a recognized force in social development there surely must be some capable of rising to the emergency of our threatened freedom and organizing a movement against the long skirt, or at least passing resolutions to boycott it. For such a movement there are innumerable backers only waiting a chance to become articulate and to make the term "American independence" mean something a little more concrete to the average woman.

Scarsdale, New York, September 21 LUCIE R. SAYLER

Incompetent Teachers

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: As head of a department in a teacher-training institution my task is helping to prepare teachers for the elementary schools. These teachers make up 60 per cent of those who answered Professor Manly H. Harper's questionnaire, which you commented upon in the issue of *The Nation* of July 24.

When you say "they [teachers] are in the main inconsistent, muddle-headed, willing to ignore facts, ignorant of the progress of history and science, and completely subservient to constituted authority" you make a statement which, in my opinion, is absolutely true of the large majority, the 60 per cent. Why may we apply these harsh adjectives to the elementary school-teacher? The answer to this question may be found, in part, if we consider the sort of person who becomes an elementary school-teacher and review a few characteristics of the professional training of elementary teachers.

At the institution where I am employed the typical entrant is a girl seventeen years old, rather frail in physique, mediocre in intelligence, and lacking in social adjustment. She has graduated from a small high school, her knowledge of subject matter is rudimentary and scrappy. She is not sure of the difference between except and accept and she says "he don't." She has been born and brought up on a farm. Her life has been economically insecure and intellectually sterile. The livelihood of the farmer and his family is at the mercy of frosts, pests, and markets. Real money is a novelty. The yearning of a girl (and boy, too,) under such circumstances is for escape from this economic uncertainty. Going to normal school offers the desired escape. At the end of the three-year course, tuition and books free, lies a teaching position—$1,200 a year! No more drudgery, no more privation, no more debt. So this girl thinks and so her family think. Sending their daughter to normal school is often the vicarious satisfaction of the parents' thwarted ambitions and social longings. In many cases the family regard such a course for their daughter as an investment from which they expect (and usually get) some financial return.

The consuming desire for economic and social security and the fear of failing to attain it lead to almost unbelievable submissiveness in these students preparing to be teachers. Unreasonable academic demands, courses with antiquated content or devoid of intellectual substance, even personal indignities, will be "swallowed" lest protest, independent thinking, or complaints imperil the chances of getting a job. Such submissiveness in students invites pompousness and bullying in some of the teachers on the normal-school faculty; hence develops a vicious circle. Further consequences of this situation are an exaggerated emphasis on personal relations between students and faculty members, politics, and flattery. The places of honor in student organizations go to those students who have stood closest to the faculty advisers, and have been most "helpful and cooperative," i.e., most submissive. Recommendations for a teaching position, when not based on personal appearance, are based largely on this "helpfulness."

After graduation a few students gain their intellectual and social equilibrium but the habits of submissiveness, of order-seeking, are so deeply incised in most of them that when they become teachers in the field they keep on thinking "helpfully," as Professor Harper has revealed in his questionnaire. Here we see one of the interesting paradoxes of American life: we "intrust the task of making better citizens out of our children than we have been" to young girls, many of whom are economically, socially, and intellectually inferior to the children they are teaching.

What is the cause of this situation? some one may ask. The cause is not educational primarily, it is essentially economic. As long as economic insecurity characterizes elementary schoolteaching, just so long will teachers be recruited from the ranks of the followers, the yes people, the self-seekers. "I'll do anything, think anything, believe anything," pleads the teacher, silently and sometimes orally, "only don't fire me." As long as the dominant emotion of a teacher is fear of losing her job, fear of a return to drudgery and privation for herself and members of her family which might result from losing her job, so long will she be "inconsistent, muddle-headed, willing to ignore facts, ignorant of the progress of history and science, and completely subservient to constituted authority."

New York, July 26 Walter H. Galloway

For Thomas

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In the four years since I have been voting I have become addicted to the worst kind of ticket "scratching." Communist and Tammany, Republicans and Socialists, all have at some time or other got my vote. The current municipal campaign in New York, however, has given me the desire to vote a straight party ticket, the Socialist ticket. I am what is known as a "*Nation* liberal," and among the thousands of others like me in New York there are many who probably feel as I do. The 1929 La Guardia is no better than Walker, so why not vote for Thomas? Let all of the liberal Democrats and liberal Republicans get together and form a non-partisan Thomas Committee. Anything that can be done in that direction will command widespread support.

New York, September 9 Bernard Postal

Conservatism and the Classics

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Education deserves better treatment by *The Nation* than your schoolmarm's article. Why is *The Nation* so reactionary when it comes to this topic?

I do not at all mean to imply that the schools should not be criticized. They are practically worthless from the point of view of what I thought *The Nation* wanted: a more intelligent view of public affairs, a democracy in reality, a freedom of speech that does not imply speech without action that might count for something, a respect for individuals that goes beyond the present kotowing to successful go-getters. But I have been much too complimentary. For what does your schoolmarm want? Scholarship! Culture! The classics and a strict mastery of facts. That superintendents make fools of themselves in talking about democracy, or anything else for that matter, is known by the veriest child. Still *The Nation* has implied at times that a democracy in fact would not be undesirable, but a return to the classics, Mr. Fadiman's culture, is reactionary and unrealistic. If *The Nation* wants to talk about the schools, let it talk from the point of view of the light they fail to throw on any of the problems which *The Nation* has grappled with. Your classically educated Bostonians were the ones who decided the fate of Sacco and Vanzetti.

Detroit, Michigan, August 26 Ethan E. Edloff

***The Nation* Radio Hour—Every Monday at 8 P. M.**
526M.—WMCA—750 K.
October 7—Paul Blanshard

Books, Music, Drama

Stable Boy

By BERT COOKSLEY

His eyes are cool, his mouth is wide,
  His hands the rose's red,
And no thing in his heart has died
  For want of Beauty fed.

His stalls are scrubbed, his troughs are sweet,
  His mares are satin bound
And wait his nearing step, and greet
  Him with a gentle sound.

The champ of teeth and smell of hay,
  The leather on its nails,
The stamp of hoofs, the broken neigh,
  The clunk of feeding pails—

These are his Beauty—dear and young
  And loved within his home;
Robed in a halter, crowned in dung,
  Her wand a curry-comb.

White Knight

By EARL D. TODD

He lived as one who heard strange music played,
Sonorous, resonant, yet far away,
And neither faltered nor was ever swayed
By any little clamor of the day.
And we were troubled when he walked too near;
We kept quite still, remembering the tale
Of one who being stainless knew no fear
Of evil things to bar him from the Grail.

We were of earth and took the earth's delight.
We ate and drank and sinned; we neither heard
God's hungry children calling through the night
Nor for the black sheep's victim had a word.
He lived a prayer, and we grew big with pride;
There was a world of weeping when he died.

The Permanence of Marriage

Marriage. By Edward Westermarck. Jonathan Cape and Harrison Smith. $1.50.

What Is Right with Marriage. By Robert C. and Frances Williams Binkley. D. Appleton and Company. $2.50.

IN the first of these books the veteran historian of marriage takes a few more than a hundred pages of masterful summary to state the results of his study; in the second a young college instructor and his wife collaborate upon a theory designed to explain why matrimony continues to be a desirable institution.

Professor Westermarck is, of course, concerned primarily with what may be called the morphology of marriage. He describes for us the forms which it has assumed at different times, and his attitude is primarily that of a man too familiar with the infinite variety of custom to risk the deduction of an imperative. Among the Wapokomo, for example, too early marriage is prevented by the rule that a man may not take a wife until he has killed a crocodile; among certain tribes in Southeastern Asia he must prove himself a man by acquiring at least one human head. These customs have proved themselves good because they have existed, and as for us, we have our own. If they are not always reasonable, why, reasonableness is not usually the most striking characteristic of the *mores* of any people.

The Binkleys are, on the other hand, very much concerned with the question of what we ought to do. They have not only read the classical treatments of their subject, but they are sufficiently up to date to cite both Dr. Hamilton's recent study and the imaginary experiences recorded in Miss Delmar's "Bad Girl." Married and convinced that, for them at least, marriage is good, they feel the need to defend this conviction against the innumerable criticisms of the institution. There must be, they argue, something right as well as a good many things wrong with marriage.

Obviously, they say, no individual ever took a wife merely because he was convinced of the social or biological usefulness of the family. A man is not, for example, very likely to become a father for no reason except a realization of his duty to continue the human race, though he may very likely want to beget a child of his own. To say this is to say that the thing right with marriage must be something which concerns the individual. In order to explain what it is, our authors develop a conception of the "domestic man" which they put alongside those familiar abstractions—the economic, the political, and the biological man. This *homo domesticus* is not the creature whose actions are motivated exclusively by his desire for food and warmth, neither is he the creature who responds to nothing except biological urges. He is an organism which demands, in addition to security and sexual satisfaction, a kind of personal and non-transferable relation which depends upon what they call a "paramount loyalty" felt toward a particular person not himself. Marriage continues to be useful (despite the fact that many of the ends which it once served can now be attained without it) chiefly because marriage provides the most favorable conditions for the expression of this "paramount loyalty"; and an individual marriage may be said to have failed, not when it is childless or when one or both of the parties have been sexually unfaithful, but only when one or the other has ceased to feel more loyal to the other than to any other person.

Now, elaborate and cumbersome as the machinery of this theory seems even when lightened by the humor and intelligence of its propounders, it is only on the basis of some such assumption as the one which it makes that the belief in the permanence of the institution of marriage can be based. Economic security, sexual satisfaction, and even parenthood are nowadays to be had by both men and women outside of marriage. Neither the economic, the biological, nor the political man is any longer forced to marry, since his needs can be satisfied outside the institution and since the social pressure directed against those who violate the particular set of taboos surrounding it is obviously on the wane. Only the *homo domesticus* (if he exists) needs matrimony.

The one conclusion which Professor Westermarck draws and which he here expresses in words very nearly identical with those which he formerly used to conclude his monumental work is one which implies very much the same thing. "If," he says, "the main thesis of this little book is correct, if mar-

riage is not an artificial creation but an institution based on deep-rooted sentiments, conjugal and paternal, it will last as long as these sentiments last. And should they ever cease to exist, no laws in the world could save marriage from destruction." Although to say that may seem at first sight to say no more than that what will happen will happen, much can actually be deduced from the wise words. If they were properly digested they ought, for example, to disabuse a considerable part of mankind of the strange idea that anything useful is accomplished by stringent divorce laws. No one ever heard of attempting to meet the menace of tuberculosis by closing all the sanitariums or of combating typhoid fever by forbidding the doctors to treat it.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

Hogarth's Rake

Berrington, or Two Hundred Years Ago. By Sir Edward Abbott Parry. William Morrow and Company. $2.50.

IN June, 1735, Hogarth published his series of engravings known as "A Rake's Progress." Following his custom of inserting portraits of contemporaries into his scenes, he used, for the hero of this group, the likeness of one Nic Berrington, at the moment the most notorious beau of the West End, a man who in turn had been protege of the infamous Jonathan Wild, pickpocket, highwayman, blackmailer, gambler, and adventurer at the court of Caroline, Princess of Wales. A man better known, more completely the epitome of his age, or more representative of the obvious pursuits of the eighteenth century the artist could not have chosen. Yet the pictures tell only half the tale; the end is as unexpected as the beginning is natural, for Nic Berrington, bankrupt but indomitable, married a Baptist, migrated to Georgia with Oglethorpe, and became one of the founders of a new nation.

Sir Edward Parry in his biography, which contains merely the English episodes, has laid a banquet not only for addicts to the eighteenth century but for all who favor excitement, romance, and adventure. It matters little that some of the delicacies are neither verified experiences in Berrington's life nor new to the general reader; that hanging at Tyburn, cuddling at Bartholomew Fair, and thieving along Cheapside are familiar to those who know Gay, Defoe, and Hogarth; because no recent historical novel of the times offers such variety or serves it with such seasoning. A Jacobean street-bully spits thrice in the face of a Hanoverian princess, an "Established" mob burns a "Dissenter" chapel, a condemned bishop extends his ring to the faithful only to have a clever hussy steal it. Not one class but all classes, from the smuggler-farmers through the respectable glovemakers and lawyers to the rouged courtiers, are mingled and revealed. The whole dazzling age is encompassed in one man's life and is made into a composite picture that is convincing because the bare facts are more amazing than any fabrication.

That such phrases as "good Queen Anne" and "honest English laughter" appear at first to be affectations and later pass unnoticed is adequate evidence of the success of the author's pseudo-heroic style, and of the balance maintained between subject and method. Incidents multiply with rapidity, characters appear and disappear only to reappear unexpectedly, pathos succeeds melodrama, farce gives way to tragedy. But Sir Edward does not satirize; he is amused by his hero, one moment a princess's escort, the next a prisoner on a boat bound for Virginia; he takes delight in describing a generation which sought excitation behind a mask whether on the highway or at a ball, and he has sympathy for the last truly riotous Englishmen before evangelism and romanticism paved the long, narrow road of Victorianism.

FLORENCE CODMAN

The Tariff Grab

The Tariff on Iron and Steel. By Abraham Berglund and Philip G. Wright. Washington: The Institute of Economics of The Brookings Institution. $3.

IN these uncertain days of tariffs and rumors of tariffs, when the senatorial and editorial protagonists and opponents of the new tariff bill are giving the lie to each other through clenched teeth and the public patiently hopes for the best, this new study is most timely. Dispassionate in tone and judicious in temper, the book throws a flood of light over the industry which comes first to the minds of most people whenever the word protection is mentioned.

The authors had prepared their study before the new tariff bill was introduced. They do not, therefore, give explicit consideration to the iron and steel schedules contained in the measure which is now before Congress. Yet from the fundamentals of metallurgy and economic geography, through the technical processes of iron and steel production to the contemporary trends of output and sales, they bring to a focus most of the facts on which a tariff policy for iron and steel should be based. The tariff on iron and steel is not one problem. There is a wide variety of iron and steel materials and of products in various stages of manufacture, each of which possesses commercial characteristics as peculiar to itself as are its chemical properties. Proceeding inductively and without regard to Ricardian generalities, each problem is studied in its own terms.

The simplest case is that of pig iron. The United States produces slightly more than half of the world's output. During recent years the European export price has been consistently lower than the domestic price in this country. Since 1922, there has been an annual excess of imports over exports, although in no year have the imports amounted to as much as 2 per cent of the domestic output. The relatively low importation of this material is not due to the present duty of seventy-five cents a ton. The reasons are to be found rather in the cost of transportation to this country, and in the fact that tremendous economies are effected in steel plants by conveying pig iron directly from the blast furnaces to the converters or open-hearth furnaces without permitting it to harden into pigs. The paradoxical character of a tariff on pig iron is further demonstrated by the fact that an excess of exports of this material existed throughout the period of no protection which terminated with the tariff act of 1922.

The American prices of rails, steel ingots, castings, and tonnage products of all kinds have remained consistently higher than those of corresponding European products. In spite of this condition, production in this country has increased steadily, reaching its peak during the current year. In all of these classes exports have been greatly in excess of imports notwithstanding the relatively high domestic prices. One conclusion which may be drawn from available data is that price comparisons are worthless in determining tariff rates. There is no apparent relationship between prices and costs. In an industry so strongly affected by overhead costs, "dumping" is a common expedient. And even if adequate cost data are secured (which is not probable) tariff-making is further complicated by the problem of selection among the various costs. Shall we, for example, in calculating the costs, assume that coke is made in beehive ovens or in by-product ovens? Should the Bessemer or the open-hearth method be accepted as basic? An implicit but unavoidable conclusion from the present study is that steel prices in the United States are determined more by what the traffic will bear than by costs of production. Years ago Professor H. L. Moore demonstrated that steel prices are low

when production is low and high when production is large. The present study offers further testimony to the strategic strength of the steel manufacturers.

Our position in the production of the ferro-alloys is distinctly less favorable. With the single exception of molybdenum, the domestic ores of these materials are of lower grade than those produced in other parts of the world, and the economies of large-scale operation—which are of primary importance to our manufacture of ordinary classes of iron and steel—do not apply to the processing of these materials. With reference to the tariff, however, it should be recognized that the ferro-alloys are raw materials which are used in the manufacture of special grades of steel, and that the protection of our inferior ores constitutes a heavy burden to the manufacture of these grades. How great this burden is may be inferred from the present duty on ferrotungsten of forty-five cents per pound of tungsten content. The Hawley bill would raise this rate to fifty cents. It is possible that the recent acquisition of large supplies of Russian manganese by the United States Steel Corporation and the Bethlehem Steel Company may be prophetic of a change in tariff policy toward the ferro-alloys.

This book makes an impregnable case against the tariff act of 1922. Its significance for the Hawley bill is unquestionable. HORACE TAYLOR

A King and His Colony

Léopold of the Belgians. By Comte Louis de Lichtervelde. Translated by Thomas H. Reed and H. Russell Reed. The Century Company. $4.

THE chief reason, the translators tell us, for offering this book in English dress is that it corrects the impression, particularly current in this country and England, that Leopold II was only "a picturesque old man with an enormous beard, whose love affairs and African exploitations made 'news' a quarter of a century ago." The love affairs and the beard do not figure prominently in Count de Lichtervelde's narrative, but Africa does, and it is by the treatment of that episode that the value of the book may in large part be judged.

Leopold was early possessed by the idea that "Belgium must have a colony." In 1869, four years after he became king, he cast a glance at the Philippines, and after the Franco-Prussian War looked over the Spanish possessions in the West Indies and studied the openings for European penetration in China. The opportunity came in Africa, not yet partitioned among the European Powers and much in the public eye in the seventies because of Stanley's expedition in search of Livingstone. The humanitarian interest in the abolition of slavery which showed itself at the beginning was not wholly a smoke-screen for political ambition; but in 1877, after Stanley had reached the mouth of the Congo by crossing the continent from east to west, Stanley and Leopold joined hands and the work of political and economic exploitation went rapidly forward.

The evolution of the Congo project, of which Count de Lichtervelde gives a commendably clear account, eventually transformed what began as a personal adventure of Leopold, with the aid of international bankers, into a national enterprise, although the differentiation does not appear ever to have become so complete as to save Leopold from widespread and severe personal criticism on financial as well as administrative grounds. When it comes to the treatment of the natives, however, Count de Lichtervelde is a partisan and an apologist. He admits, of course, that under the decree of September 21, 1891, reserving to the state the ivory and rubber produced on the public lands, the natives "were made to pay the impost in kind" and that this "led in practice to the installation of forced labor." Sir Roger Casement and E. D. Morel (the latter appearing in text and index as Ed. Morel) are represented, however, as the "professional leaders" of the agitation which called attention widely to the Congo atrocities; it is noted as "a curious thing" that "these valorous defenders of the black race showed a perfect indifference to the abuses which debauched all the other colonies of the world"; and their "interested motives," the Count declares, "it is impossible since the war to deny." On the question of maladministration Count de Lichtervelde is less prejudiced, and while his account of the finances of the Congo enterprise leaves much to be desired in matters of detail, it makes reasonably clear the grounds of the open hostility which Leopold had to contend with in Belgium as well as elsewhere.

The rest of the book offers a readable sketch, prevailingly laudatory, of Leopold's efforts to improve the defenses of Belgium, his experiences with the Liberal and Catholic parties, his relations with his ministers, his elaborate building programs, and his generous use of his wealth. Leopold's last years were bitter enough. "He was vilified in Parliament, in the press, in public meetings, and the masses, if they admired him, certainly did not love him." He died in peace, but abuse followed him. The religious ceremony at his funeral was "one of incomparable majesty," but outside the church "the procession lacked dignity," and "to tell the truth the citizens were not mourning at heart." A section of the press busied itself with the occupants of a nearby villa where lived the King's mistress, "peddlers sold filthy papers even in the neighborhood of the Palace and along the route of the funeral procession, and no wave of public indignation resented these supreme insults." The ivory and rubber of the Congo had come high. WILLIAM MACDONALD

Books in Brief

A Girl in Soviet Russia. By Andrée Viollis. Thomas Y. Crowell Company. $2.50.

This book is a jolly and colorful piece of reporting. The author, a Frenchwoman, wandered about the Soviet Union for three months, and she describes with humor and imagination and fine human feeling her adventures and observations in the cities and villages. In her modest foreword she points out that her narrative is merely a reporter's account, perhaps not always "deeply accurate" but at least impartial. This merit, unusual in descriptive volumes about the new Russia, the book may justly claim. It is unfortunate that the publication of the American translation was so long delayed. The statistical material given is now three years old. Despite this serious handicap the book gives a well-rounded picture of the Soviet scene.

Deep Song. Adventures with Gypsy Songs and Singers in Andalusia and Other Lands, with Original Translations. By Irving Brown. Harper and Brothers. $3.50.

Mr. Brown in other books has written of the gipsies in America whom he knows both by experience and by scholarship. He goes now to Spain for the texts, and in some cases the tunes, of gipsy popular songs. His translations of several hundreds of these are of genuine value, as are the appendices wherein he tells us how—short of a visit as delightful as his own—we may make the acquaintance of this world.

Jacob H. Schiff: His Life and Letters. By Cyrus Adler. Two volumes. Doubleday, Doran and Company. $10.

Although more than eighty thousand public and private letters were at his disposal Dr. Adler offers us only the most barren and superficial account of an interesting and powerful personality. The financial transactions in which Schiff participated are inadequately explained, the part he played behind



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the political scenes barely hinted at, and the romance and difficulties of his position as a pioneering Jewish figure in Wall Street are not even indicated.

A Man Scans His Past. By M. Constantin-Weyer. Translated from the French by Slater Brown. The Macaulay Company. $2.50.

Across the interval of war and post-war peace a Frenchman looks back upon the twelve years of his life that he spent in the Canadian Northwest. With his vivid but appraising Gallic pen M. Constantin-Weyer has written a hardy romance, a tale of the great open spaces refreshingly unencumbered by either exaggerated deeds or sentiments, a story in which the pitiless struggle of frontier and frontiersman is allowed to play its drama without recourse to theatrical invention. "A Man Scans His Past" is to be recommended as a virile, finely written narrative and as a revealing study of the Latin tradition transplanted to colonial soil.

The International Aspects of Electrical Communications in the Pacific Area. By Leslie Bennett Tribolet. The Johns Hopkins Press. $2.50.

The United States was late in looking for cables, and Britain still holds a virtual monopoly of subsea lines in the Pacific; in the radio field, too, American capital has had to fight a constant battle against British. In China a new era will dawn when the British monopolies expire, at the end of 1930; perhaps the solution will be such a joint agreement as that by which an Anglo-French-German-American consortium peacefully controls the radio business in South America. Ultimately such consortiums may have to face native resentment of alien control; immediately they safeguard the peace of the world. Mr. Tribolet, who was attached to the American delegation at the Radio conference in Washington in 1927, in this doctoral dissertation gives a straightforward history of the long controversies. His point of view is occasionally a little emotionally Yankee.

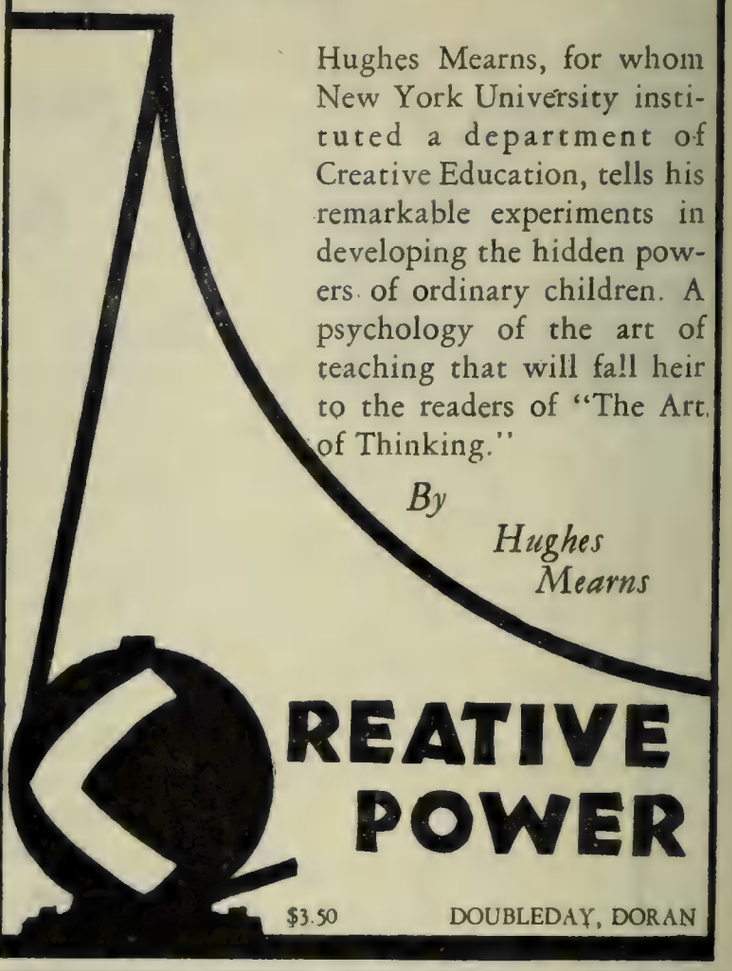
Music

The Viennese Audience

"WE Germans," said the widow of a well-known music historian proudly, "do not need Debussy; we have Schubert and Beethoven"; or—to bring the argument up to date—Reger, Mahler, and Pfitzner, who also make Debussy superfluous. And this because, in the words of a Viennese musician, *"We* do not merely listen to the sounds and effects; we ask how do the chords move, what are the rhythms, how goes the counterpoint." For the German, that is, music is sweaty: the technical complexities, however sterile, of Reger, or the technical virtuosity, however impotent, of the Strauss of today. The German does not observe as a critic what Reger does not observe as a composer—"the difference," as Professor Tovey has put it, "between analytical theory and the practical conditions of creative work"; he is a pedant who has yet to learn that one does better merely to listen to the effects than merely to ask how goes the counterpoint. But this pedantry makes him, in his own eyes, the most understanding of listeners. He reasons also that music is a racial product, therefore that German music can be understood only by Germans as French music can be understood only by Frenchmen. Nor can the traditions of its performance be acquired by musicians of other races, so that only in Germany does it sound as it should.

Now the Viennese simply carries this nonsense a step further: the music, the traditions, are not German but Vien-

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Paul de Kruif

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HARRY HANSEN says in the *World* that the story of the rise and fall of the seven iron-hunting Merritts, is "a great American drama"—WALTER YUST hails Paul de Kruif as "a writer who can give a side of beef hanging in a butcher's shop dramatic intensity."—The *Sun* heads an enthusiastic review, "The Story of Submerged and Forgotten Heroes,"—and *The Telegram* calls it "as delicious a piece of satire as has ever been done."

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nese; hence even Furtwängler fails with Bruckner, and the Adolf Busch Quartet with Schubert; good German singers develop into great German singers when they come to the Vienna Opera; Furtwängler achieves his most successful performances with the Vienna, not with the Berlin Philharmonic; this orchestra has not the tone even of the Vienna Symphony and gets only a pat on the head for its discipline (a quality which the Viennese affects to despise as Prussian and as one which robs the *interpretation* of plasticity). Hence, also, when the Viennese madly applauds a third-rate singer at the Opera or the dry, scratchy, pedantic Rosé Quartet, it may be that sheer love of music makes him uncritical, or that he is demonstrating how very critical he is, and that music has mysteries which are revealed only to Viennese performers and listeners—to whom one must add Viennese critics, whose ability to make small things appear big and simple things complicated is at times stupefying.

The Viennese, then, will not understand that what he had to teach has been learned; he will have it that he is still holding the torch, that the war which impoverished and humiliated him could not take away supremacy in the things that matter most—culture, manners, beauty and charm of women. His attitude is that of the impoverished aristocrat toward the *nouveau riche* whom he formerly looked down upon, particularly toward the German, to whom he always felt superior and who has come out of the war better off than he. Today the Viennese finds it easier to be just to the Milan Scala company than to the Berlin Philharmonic.

The prevailing notion of America is that it has the money to command talent, but is not able really to appreciate it. A few Viennese, very conscious of their breadth of mind, concede that high standards and genuine understanding exist in America; but they expect Americans to concede that Viennese standards and understanding are superior to all. This an American who has come to Vienna to study will naturally do; and this done, his discernment is praised and he is flattered out of his senses. As a result, a more critical attitude encounters first amazement and then anger. When an American—in what he is reminded is the best musical society in Vienna—criticizes Furtwängler's performances he is asked literally what he knows about it. When he characterizes the Viennese attitude toward the music Vienna does not hear or the American orchestras it has not heard as arrogant, he is told that as a visitor he is arrogant in presuming to judge Vienna's music or its Philharmonic even after hearing them, and that he will learn better when he has lived in the city long enough. As voices grow louder the quiet confident arrogance of the beginning becomes angry and personally offensive: what he considered the finest performances at the Opera, those of Mozart and "Tristan" under Strauss, are characterized as "the worst, of course"; he is told the place for his taste is Berlin; he is asked to say on his honor whether he came to Vienna prejudiced; his word to the contrary is doubted at first; meanwhile the actual arguments are an affront to his intelligence. Not that he is argued with; he is simply told: for one thing that on racial grounds French music must be foreign to the Viennese—which is bad anthropology; and that therefore only the Americans, with no music of their own, can be musical internationalists—which is bad logic. Also, that he may not judge Reger without having studied the scores a few years—which is silly enough; but when he points out that he had not found this necessary for Beethoven, he is told that in his own lifetime Beethoven almost starved because his music was not understood—which is bad history. He is told not only nonsense, but contradictory nonsense, what with the necessity of being annihilated at every point: when he says that the Viennese get an inadequate idea of Debussy or Bloch from the performances they hear he is told that performance cannot obscure the quality

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of music; when he points out that America, on the contrary, has got its idea of Bruckner from Furtwängler, among others, he is told one does not hear the authentic Bruckner from Furtwängler.

Curiously enough, when the battle is over it appears that Furtwängler, since his American visits, has *not* been quite the same; that the Vienna Philharmonic *is* overworked; and so on. These, apparently, are things which the Viennese may admit among themselves, but which an American should not notice and has no right to speak of. B. H. Haggin

Drama

A New Comedy

ALL who go much to the theater soon develop a sixth sense through which they become aware of the mood of the spectators. Neither laughter nor applause, grossly audible though they are, always mean as much as they seem to mean, but the effluvium which arises from a happy audience is unmistakable.

It is a pleasant thing, this odor of success, and not for many months has it hung so heavily over any auditorium as it did the other evening when "Strictly Dishonorable" (Avon Theater) was revealed to the public. Hardly had the curtain arisen before there faded from the assembled faces that air of resigned dubiety with which the unknown is generally awaited in the theater, and by the time the first act was drawing to its conclusion a perfect rapport had been established between the stage and the pit. Here was a quiet little comedy written in a language and conceived in a spirit exactly suited to the mood of those who were witnessing it. Communication was established instantaneously; it seemed precisely the thing for which the auditors, without being quite aware of the fact, had been waiting. They went half-way—more than half-way—to meet it. They took it on their laps. They hugged it to their bosoms. And the author, a certain Mr. Preston Sturges who was responsible last season for one not very successful play, should be a happy man.

The action of the piece takes place in a speakeasy and, later, in an apartment just overhead. The chief characters are a bibulous judge, an Italian tenor, and a little girl from Mississippi who finds herself stranded in this unfamiliar environment. But none of these facts is sufficient to convey any hint of the charm of the play, for to get that one must imagine a dialogue bubbling with shrewd humor and an almost faultlessly directed performance sponsored by Brock Pemberton. One must imagine, besides, a general atmosphere at least as knowing as that which characterizes the work of the very best Broadway playwrights, together with all the evidences of a refinement and sophistication such as only a very few (Philip Barry and S. W. Behrman, for example) have exhibited. If one can imagine all that, one will begin to get some idea of the reason for the enthusiasm of an audience weary of the noisy vulgarity of the usual American comedy but quite properly delighted to see an aspect of contemporary life so expertly treated.

"Strictly Dishonorable" is, to be sure, slight enough. Obviously it is no eternal masterpiece to go triumphantly down the ages. One must, moreover, confess that the plot, though very smoothly developed, is not as original as the treatment which it is given. But to me at least the play seems evidence of the fact that a native comedy of manners is at last developing in our theater; that what may be called the classical tradition of such comedy is merging with the tradition of the indigenous

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popular drama to produce something which will, sooner or later, be worthy to be put beside the really great specimens of the genre.

Hitherto the two tendencies—toward "polite" comedy and toward the exploitation of the most characteristic aspects of the contemporary scene—have been for the most part quite independent of one another. From the days of Charles Hoyt, through those of George Cohan, and down to the present of Philip Dunning et al., the writers who have best caught the superficial gestures of our civilization have been unable to rise above the level of their subjects. Their forms have been crude, their spirits essentially naive, and their wit of the sort which expresses itself in what is currently known as a wisecrack. Those who, on the other hand, aspired toward literature have generally suffered from a derivativeness. Their scene is commonly one of those drawing-rooms inhabited by people who might belong to the good society of any time or place, and the manners that are exhibited are predominantly those which belong to a literary tradition rather than to life, just as the epigrams which they discourse are quite certain to have more of the odor of the lamp than the real savor of current speech.

But there are, as I say, signs which promise an end of this unfortunate condition. Plays are appearing in which the vitality of the popular drama seems to have united with a genuine sophistication. They begin to assume the polish of polite comedy without becoming in the process mere imitations of the European product, and when the promise of these signs has been fulfilled, when we have something as flavorsome as "Broadway" yet as completely infused with the true comic spirit as, let us say, "The Second Man," then American comedy will have come of age. Meanwhile I salute Mr. Sturges as one who seems likely to bring that happy day measurably nearer.

Michael Gold's "Fiesta" (Garrick) cannot be said to promise anything so important. Its author has a real gift for catching the spirit of those "workers" with whom he is so much concerned, but his play as a whole is decidedly clumsy and unlicked. By far the best scene is that of the Fiesta itself, and that scene is enlivened by some excellent dances staged by Tamaris.

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International Relations Section

Communism and Peace

By HARRY W. LAIDLER

EUROPE was again occupied this summer—fifteen years after the outbreak of the World War—with a large variety of movements against war and imperialism. Among these movements that of the Second Anti-Imperialist World Congress at Frankfort was one of the most spectacular.

On July 20 some hundreds of men and women, boys and girls arrived at Frankfort, the picturesque city on the Main, the former home of Goethe and the Rothschilds and —shades of the Rothschilds—the present center of German Communist agitation, to attend the Second Anti-Imperialist World Congress. They were met at the station by young, fair-haired German Communists and registered at a nearby hotel. For the first three days I chanced to be an interested spectator at this gathering.

The conference began with a session devoted to the youth—two or three score of them, from the Continent and from Asia and America. The meeting was opened in the midst of the Russian-Chinese crisis. Rust, representative of the Young Communist International, spoke on this crisis. He told the young delegates:

> All the great imperialist Powers are preparing for war. They feel that they are losing out in their fight against communism and are thus urging on the East to overthrow the Soviet Republic. No state except Russia would have shown such patience in the face of Chinese provocation as the Soviet Government is now showing. They talk about Red imperialism. The task of the anti-imperialist youth is first of all to struggle for the defense of the Soviet Union, and, secondly, to fight for the national independence of the colonies. In case of war, the enemy is not the workers in the opposing countries, but the capitalists in one's own country. All the workers all over the world should raise their weapons against the enemy, capitalist militarism. Should Chinese troops cross the Russian frontier, the whole anti-imperialist youth is prepared to defend the Soviet Union.

Rust sat down amid great applause.

Other speakers hurled their anathemas against imperialist America, against the Social Democrats, against pacifists, against the MacDonald Government, and even against the leadership of James Maxton of the British Independent Labor Party and chairman of the general conference. One lone anarchist from Holland who declared that militarism should not be fought with militarism and that the Soviet Government, by formerly encouraging the Chinese in military preparedness, had helped indirectly in bringing about the present military dictatorship in Russia, was so vigorously denounced during and following his address that he left the conference.

The main conference opened in the Frankfort Hippodrome on Sunday morning. The walls were covered with long red streamers against imperialism and for the freedom of oppressed peoples. The dictator of the conference, if a dictator there was, was the well-to-do Communist member of the German Reichstag, Willi Münzenberg. James Maxton presided but did little more until his concluding address the end of the week. Henri Barbusse, fresh from a sick bed, made an impassioned speech, urging the delegates not to compromise in their fight against imperialism. Gupta represented the National Indian Congress, Katayama the small group of Japanese Communists, and delegate after delegate from Asia, Africa, and Latin America described the wrongs under which he suffered in his respective country. The great proportion of addresses were communist. Melnitschansky of the Russian Trade Union Congress received, perhaps, the most enthusiastic ovation, while the main keynote address was reserved for William Pollitt, leader of the left-wing remnant of the British trade-union movement. Pollitt denounced the National Indian Congress and the Egyptian Nationalists for their recent "capitulation to imperialism," scorned the non-cooperation policy of Indians, told the colonial people that only by revolt could they get national independence, declared that the British Labor Government was the worst foe of the anti-imperialist movement, urged Maxton to leave the "compromising and vacillating elements" in the I. L. P. and join with the Communist movement, and declared that the Soviet Government was the only friend of the colonial people.

Ford, a Negro from America, more recently from Moscow, told the delegates that the American Negro was on the point of revolt, while a delegate from Nicaragua brought the delegates to their feet when he unfurled from the rostrum an American flag, which, he declared, had been snatched from an American marine in Nicaragua, "the first victory of the anti-imperialistic forces."

Several non-Communists spoke. Karl Lindhagen, Social Democratic Mayor of Stockholm, was permitted, as "good window-dressing," as one delegate expressed it, to read a paper on how to mobilize against war without the use of Communist methods. His message was received in silence. Benjamin Marsh told the delegates how little communism there was in the United States. The delegates followed Marsh with a pained expression. Kirkwood of Scotland and others argued against committing the League to a Communist policy. Finally Maxton threatened to resign if they brought before the Assembly the resolution they were considering condemning the policy of the Independent Labor Party, and Gupta from the National Indian Congress protested against a proposed resolution condemning the non-cooperation policy of the Indians. To keep peace, the Communists heeded these protests. Unfortunately, Roger Baldwin, member of the League's Executive Committee from the United States, was incapacitated during the conference and unable to present to the delegates at the general conference his point of view.

The Frankfort conference, on the whole, despite its non-Communist elements, might be said to be representative of the Communist approach to the problem of peace. Its activities were supplemented on August 1 by those of the Communists throughout the Continent who held numbers of mass meetings directed against imperialism and capitalistic wars.

The agitation of the Communists is not an agitation against war as such. Communists everywhere bitterly oppose pacifists and are ready at any time to justify war on the part of a proletarian dictatorship. Capitalist wars alone should

be opposed. And yet even there, many members of the Third International believe that the coming of communism throughout Europe is dependent on the breaking out of a new capitalist European war. In the present stabilized situation they see no chance in most countries of a successful revolt of the workers. Another big war, however, would lead to untold destruction of lives and property, to untold misery of the workers, to the breakdown of economic and political machinery, to the shift in the power of the classes. Under these conditions the workers, they argue, might be induced to train their guns against the capitalist class instead of against workers of other nations, and, as in Russia, a proletarian revolution might result. Another war, they feel, would also give a chance to the oppressed masses in the colonies to fight against British and other imperialisms and to weaken non-Communist empires at the expense of the Soviet Union. This being so, many unconsciously believe that the sooner the war comes the better. Unconsciously, perhaps, they strive to convince themselves and their followers that war is inevitable, inevitable, among other reasons in their opinion, because peace movements led by liberals, laborites, Social Democrats, and other non-Communists are insincere and impotent. They see peace, therefore, only after Europe has waded through the blood of another war, and during that war they want no pacifists on their side, they want only those who know how to shoot straight and on the "right" side. Among the subject peoples in Asia and Africa, furthermore, they see no independence except through open revolt.

Under these circumstances, Communist agitation against imperialism is likely to be a double-edged sword. To the extent that it undermines the faith of the masses in progress through peaceful parliamentary, trade-union, cooperative, and educational action, to that extent it may be said to be creating a militarist state of mind and be an encouragement to both civil and international conflict. To the extent that it provides an effective warning to those in control to set their houses in order both in their domestic and international relations, such agitation is a factor in world peace.

Contributors to This Issue

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THE WARM AND EARNEST welcome given by the throngs on Broadway to the Prime Minister of Great Britain when he landed in New York was notable in itself, but it was especially gratifying since it was a welcome to a man of peace. The famous street, which has so often witnessed the adulation of the military, on this occasion took to its heart the man who more than anyone else in Europe today typifies in himself the spirit of good-will, of peace on earth, the finest internationalism that we know. True, the President of the United States ordered cruisers to meet his ship, and a battalion of infantry to present arms when he came ashore, but they were unnecessary and out of taste, though they were meant as additional evidences of friendship. It is too early at this writing to record anything that has come out of the conversations between Prime Minister and President. If we still have our doubts about the actual practical results, if we would still solve the whole problem by sinking all the naval vessels and mustering out the battalions without fear of any nation, and without the slightest regard for preparedness or parity, we are certain that the visit of Ramsay MacDonald will be not without achievement. That will, however, lie rather in the domain of psychology than in any other field. We believe that when the Prime Minister leaves he will have done much to change the whole attitude of the two peoples toward one another, and will, therefore, have lessened the force of the propaganda of the paid patrioteers, the talking jingo admirals, and the newspapers that continue to seek to coin dirty pennies by rousing the fears of the public and stimulating national animosities.

THE DEMORALIZATION of the Administration forces in the Senate was strikingly shown when Senator Norris, chairman of the Judiciary Committee, appointed as members of the subcommittee to hold the lobby investigation Senator Caraway and Senator Walsh of Montana, Democrats, Senators Borah and Blaine, insurgents, and Senator Robinson of Indiana, regular Republican. To add to the joy of the occasion, Senator Caraway announced as one of the first subjects of investigation the lobbying in favor of the tariff bill. The spectacle of Senators Walsh, Borah, and Blaine cross-questioning Mr. Joseph R. Grundy, with Senator Caraway on the alert to gain any possible partisan advantage involved, and only the feeble Robinson of Indiana wringing his hands at sight of the probable embarrassment of the Old Guard forces, is a prospect to be welcomed with glee by all honest men. The subcommittee as constituted is not unlikely to dig up facts that will constitute effective ammunition against the pending bill, already shot full of holes by the Democratic-insurgent combination. Senator Norris's sensible words about lobbying suggest that the inquiry, so far as he can control it, will not run into hysterics.

THE INTERNATIONAL PAPER COMPANY, anxious to prove that it was not a great big monster trying to get control of poor innocent newspapers, has, with the sale of the Boston *Herald* and *Traveler,* got rid of its last incumbrance and can draw a breath of fresh air, free from the danger of further Congressional investigations. It is true, of course, that the International never had any desire to control the editorial or news policy of the papers it owned. Everybody is perfectly aware of that. But for a time, in spite of this general air of detachment, things were pretty hot. The future of the Boston papers, however, is not so bright as it might be. For they have fallen out of the frying-pan into the fire, out of the ownership—but not control—of the International into the hands of a group of bankers—Eastman, Dillon and Company, Tucker, Anthony and Company, and the First National Corporation of Boston. These corporations are offering stock in the papers for public sale; the papers ought to make money; it is unlikely that they will make money if some editorial writer or reporter gets too rash in his criticism of the *status quo* or, more specifically, of any advertiser in the newspaper. What will be the result? The *Herald* and the *Traveler* are not free papers now any more

than they were free under the ownership of the International Paper Company. We have no free press when a newspaper is run as a business enterprise, primarily to make money for somebody. The International might just as well have saved itself the trouble of the sale.

THE BLOODCURDLING TALE that comes out of Colorado State Prison, which ended with the murder of seven guards, the death of four convicts and the suicide of their leader, and the destruction by fire or machine-gun attack of half a million dollars' worth of prison property, makes a fitting climax to the series of prison outbursts that have occurred in this country during the last few months. For it should be evident that no five men could maintain the sort of hideous and bloody siege held to by these five convicts, or could for seventeen hours keep up the bloodthirsty spirit of revenge necessary to kill seven of their jailors and finally themselves except under prison conditions that are unendurable to mortal flesh. These men were enemies of society, and upon society, in the persons of their jailors, they took a dreadful revenge. But society again, in the persons of prison wardens, chairmen of "crime committees," penologists, and all persons who are directly or indirectly concerned with the incarceration of men convicted of crime, should consider carefully where the feud started. As long as we have a prison system which seeks to "reform" prisoners by punishing them, as long as we have prison labor unpaid except occasionally by wages that are only a fraction of those paid outside the prison, as long as we have monotony, silence, bad food, foul cells, and on top of all this long prison terms with no hope of earlier release, we shall have desperate men willing to take any incredible and bloody chance to get out. Death for them is preferable to prison. We might take the trouble to inspect the enlightened penal systems of other countries—Germany, Mexico, England. We might take time off to review our whole prison system, with the notion that perhaps the Mosaic law is not the best foundation for it. If we do not, there is no telling what extremes will be upon us.

SIX MORE STRIKERS have met violent deaths in North Carolina's cotton mill war, and the feeling is so bitter in the Marion and Charlotte districts that more violence may be expected at any moment. The Marion massacre—and it deserves to be called that—cannot be blamed upon the Communists, for they were many miles away at the time and the strike at the Marion Manufacturing Company mills was led by the United Textile Workers of the American Federation of Labor. A local sheriff and several deputies became hysterical when a few strikers gathered in front of the mill early in the morning and refused to move on. Every impartial witness agrees that not a single shot came from the strikers' side, but the deputies poured a fusillade into the strikers' ranks and continued to fire while the men were running away. Four of the six men killed were shot in the back. As a result of the massacre Sheriff Oscar Adkins and fourteen of his deputies will face charges of murder, and thirty-two of the strikers will be tried for conspiracy and rebellion. It is a pity that the real culprit in the whole tragedy cannot be placed on trial. R. W. Baldwin, owner of the Marion Manufacturing Company, had recently made a settlement with his workers after a long strike, and then had so openly and ruthlessly violated that settlement that the starving mill workers were driven to desperation. Nothing can punish an employer for such treachery except possibly the outraged public opinion of the country; and we hope that Mr. Baldwin and other Southern mill owners of his stripe will be held up for public inspection by a Senate investigating committee. At Washington Senator Wheeler is fighting vigorously for his resolution calling for such an investigation, but thus far he has been blocked by the tariff hogs and by Senator Overman of North Carolina.

AT CHARLOTTE, NORTH CAROLINA, the seven Communists and local strikers who are on trial for second-degree murder in connection with the death of Police Chief Aderholt of Gastonia face a less friendly jury than they faced at their first trial, which was brought to an abrupt end by the insanity of one of the jurors. Fundamentalist farmers dominate the present jury and all trade-union members have been eliminated; in the first trial the jury contained four union members. The fact that the prisoners do not now face the possibility of the electric chair may be an actual handicap to them because many jurors tend to convict men for second-degree murder on less convincing evidence than would be required for a first-degree verdict. It is evident as the case progresses that the prosecution cares more about convicting Fred E. Beal, Communist strike leader, than all the other prisoners collectively. Every effort is being made to prove that Beal by his speeches at strike meetings and his orders to picket leaders deliberately incited the strikers to violence on the night of Chief Aderholt's death. Fortunately for Beal, the evidence against him seems even weaker than against the other defendants. He was not discovered with a gun, although his life had been repeatedly threatened, and his alleged appeals for violent action seem to be nothing more than general exhortations to act militantly and to resist attack. That any labor leader should face the danger of thirty years in prison for such utterances is a proof of the animus that lies behind the prosecution.

WHEN BRITAIN'S LABOR CABINET negotiated a compromise agreement with the Prime Minister of Egypt they knew perfectly well that they were dealing with a mere puppet of empire. Mahmoud Pasha, member of a minority party, came into that high office only after Lord Lloyd, British High Commissioner, had set his imperial veto upon rule by a Wafdist Cabinet. Now Mahmoud has resigned, and the Wafd, the Nationalist Party, which won an overwhelming victory at the last election, seems likely to sweep the country again at the election which is now imminent. It is easy to point out how cleverly the Wafdist politicians manipulate the ignorant masses in Egypt; the fact remains that, rightly or wrongly, the bulk of Egypt of all classes supports this Nationalist Party. Rumors come from London that Nationalist leaders, while they denounce the compromise agreement today, have privately assured the British of their willingness to accept it once they are in office; but to bank upon such secret contradictions would be to play with fire. The utmost friendliness of attitude on the part of the Labor Cabinet cannot charm away the existence of fundamental and dangerous contradictions of interest between England and Egypt; if the present leaders of the Wafd should

accept a treaty which gave full dominion over the Sudan to Britain and left English troops in complete control of the Suez region, another party would surely rise to confound them by insisting that they continue to demand what they have hitherto demanded. More trouble lies ahead.

THE RESUMPTION OF DIPLOMATIC relations between Great Britain and the Soviet Republic leaves a good many matters to be settled by negotiation. A commercial treaty, claims arising out of intervention, debt settletlements, fisheries, and the attitude of both governments toward the treaties of 1924 must still be considered to the satisfaction of both parties. The only thing that is really settled is the propaganda pledge which has been exacted by Mr. Henderson for Great Britain from the Russian Ambassador to Paris, presumably for the Soviet Government. The pledge, word for word the same as that included in the treaty of August, 1924, is binding for both parties, but it is evident that Communist propaganda in the British Empire is what it is designed to prevent. It is as follows:

> The contracting parties solemnly affirm their desire and intention to live in peace and amity with each other, scrupulously to respect the undoubted right of a state to order its own life within its own jurisdiction in its own way, to refrain and restrain all persons and organizations under their direct or indirect control, including organizations in receipt of any financial assistance from them, from any act, overt or covert, liable in any way whatsoever to endanger the tranquillity of the British Empire or the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics, or intended to embitter the relations of the British Empire or the Union with their neighbors of any other countries.

This is less the language of diplomacy than that of simple justice and common sense. But it has not been the openly avowed policy of the Communist International. Whether the Soviet Government can prevent propaganda remains to be seen; meanwhile it is good to see again a commercial, financial, and one hopes a social truce.

A NEW REBELLION has started in China and this time it seems to have more than transitory significance, because it represents the original leaders of the Kuomintang who headed the Nationalist movement at Hankow two years ago. Since the Hankow and the Nanking Nationalists agreed to unite at Nanking in 1927 these original Kuomintang leaders have stayed aloof from the government, bitterly resenting the fact that Chiang Kai-shek had turned a democratic movement into a personal dictatorship. Now they have decided that the time is ripe to recapture the Nationalist movement, and they have issued a general manifesto against Chiang containing ten indictments that range all the way from graft to murder. Nominally the civilian leader of the new revolt is Wang Ching-wei, who headed the Hankow Nationalist Government of 1927, but since he is virtually exiled the present leadership falls upon the famous General Chang Fak-wei, whose "Ironsides" were the backbone of the Nationalist army in its advance from Canton. Whatever may be the fate of the military forces in revolt there can be no doubt that the new rebellion will have great political significance. The left-wing and right-wing forces opposed to Chiang Kai-shek have at last been welded together into a formal group. They contain the best brains in China and the most worthy pioneers of the movement which Chiang captured. Technically they seem to represent the majority of the Nationalist Party, but it is not likely that they can gain control of Nanking except by military conquest. And at the military game Chiang Kai-shek seems still to be the master.

ACCORDING TO MELVIN J. BALLARD, member of the Council of Twelve of the Church of Latter Day Saints, as reported in an Associated Press dispatch, citizens of the United States during the past year have been robbed of $2,650,000,000 at the points of guns, swindled out of over $6,000,000,000 by dishonest promoters, and indirectly separated from $100,000,000 by embezzlement on the part of dishonest public officials. We are glad that our faithful statisticians are at last giving us adequate data to judge the comparative efficiency of private and public industry. We assume that none will question the correctness of Mr. Ballard's figures. If our arithmetic is right, they prove that private enterprise is eighty-six and one-half times as efficient as public, or as the esteemed National Electric Light Association would put it, 8,650 per cent as good. On this basis let's figure a little ourselves. Our national income is somewhere around ninety billions. Let the government-operation camel once thrust his nose into the tent, as he has done in Ontario, and this luscious figure will straightway be divided by eighty-six and one-half, reducing it to a little more than a billion, and we shall have just about ten dollars apiece to live on for a year. We commend our computation to the Public Relations Counsel of the power companies, whose one desire, as we have learned from their literature, is to render larger service.

IT IS AN UNMIXED PLEASURE to call attention to the approaching celebration of the seventieth birthday of Professor John Dewey, noted elsewhere in this issue. Appropriately enough, it takes the form of a discussion of Professor Dewey's work in the three fields of philosophy, education, and general social progress. For the better part of a half-century this great scholar has been quietly building his ideas into the thinking, the education, and the social organization of the American people, and doing it all so unpretendingly that it is hard to realize how different things would have been if John Dewey had not been there. He has influenced the thought of students more profoundly, perhaps, than has any other American, living or dead. There is no school in the United States today that is unaffected by John Dewey's courageous experiments in the educational field and by the spread of his ideas among our teachers. His trust in the experimental method and his constant readiness to learn have been an unfailing source of encouragement and inspiration to workers in the most diverse fields of social reform. His is a combination of mind and spirit such as comes but once or twice in a generation. It is a pleasure to turn from the doings of lesser men to pay tribute to one who has lived completely as a part of this twentieth-century America of ours, appreciating to the full all that is good in it, yet never for a moment overwhelmed by the rush of that which will not last. As the most appropriate contribution that it can make to this celebration, *The Nation* will publish in its next issue a critical evaluation of Professor Dewey's philosophy.

Stresemann

THE death of Gustav Stresemann is a misfortune which reaches beyond the boundaries of the country whose Chancellor and Foreign Minister he had been, on and off, since 1923. For Herr Stresemann will go down in history as one of the foremost statesmen of the post-war period, one who rendered service of profound value to Europe as well as to Germany. It is not surprising that Prime Minister MacDonald was reported as being deeply shocked when the news came to him on the Berengaria. In the work of preparation for Locarno, which MacDonald initiated, there was no one who collaborated more warmly than Stresemann or acted as promptly. We have repeatedly expressed our belief that the voluntary and complete German renunciation of Alsace and Lorraine, together with Germany's readiness to give up all idea of revenge for its terrible defeat and its willingness to agree to permanent peace on the Rhine, was one of the greatest acts of statesmanship of modern times. For this the credit belongs to Stresemann. It was he who, taking advantage of the spirit created by MacDonald, initiated the Locarno Pacts. It was he who insisted that Germany enter the League of Nations and achieved that aim. It was he who at a private conference with Aristide Briand brought him to agree to that pact of security and peace between their two countries which should have been signed at least a generation before.

More than all this, Stresemann got his own country to agree to these acts. Everyone who witnessed the bitterness of the early German post-war feeling, or who was in Germany during the days of the cowardly and criminal French invasion of the Ruhr, marveled that Stresemann and Hindenburg could so revolutionize German policy. It is no wonder that on his fiftieth birthday the former was widely acclaimed as the man who had saved Europe from economic warfare and from deliberate preparation for another world disaster. Briand, MacDonald, Stresemann—how different would Europe be today if these men had stuck to the old diplomacy, had talked revenge, had brought into their discussions the recriminations in which the Germans at least might justly have indulged!

Stresemann's own achievements are the more remarkable because they were attained despite a personality and a manner which at first antagonized many who came in contact with him. He seemed to embody some of the unpleasant qualities for which German statesmen have been noted. But the better one knew him the bigger he seemed, and the more attractive—he could be delightful. Certainly he rose steadily in the estimation of those with whom he had to work. If the applause which greeted his first appearance in the League of Nations was given more to his nation than to the man, that was not the case later. He was in wretched health last month and postponed his great speech to gain strength, yet it was profoundly impressive, partly because it went beyond the usual range of foreign ministers into speculative fields. But the Assembly had learned to like the man for himself. It knew that if he at first sought his country's entrance into the League for the advantage which would accrue to Germany, he had become profoundly interested in the League itself and its development. It recognized, too, how greatly he had grown in stature and how deeply he had become intrenched in the regard of men like Ambassador Houghton, Lord D'Abernon, the recent British Ambassador to Berlin, MacDonald, and Briand. If he was aggressive he was also downright, and more than all he could rise above narrow nationalism and see things from the point of view of all Europe.

All of this makes Stresemann's loss to the world great indeed. It is even greater for Germany itself. For he more than anybody else, with occasional vital assistance from Hindenburg, held things together by the power of his personality. The inability of the many German parties to sink party differences in the face of national emergencies, the threat to parliamentary government offered by their mere number, the bitterness of the opposition of the Nationalists and of the Communists—all these have made many people wonder whether the Reichstag itself was not doomed to go the way of legislatures in Spain, Italy, and elsewhere. We wonder where it will be possible to find a successor to Stresemann, someone whose force and persuasiveness will bring the Reichstag to accept, for instance, the Young Plan settlement, who will be able to take the lead in a peaceful Europe as Stresemann did. Germany is no more suffering from an over-supply of great men than are the other countries of the world. It is an open secret that President Hindenburg's great age has made him ready to lay down his office before very long, before the infirmities of the eighties decrease his usefulness and weaken his mental powers. It is difficult to foretell what man or what kind of man will be his successor. There were those who thought that it might be Stresemann. Not that the office would have appealed to one so active and vigorous, but that his delicate health might have made it best for him to take the easier position. While the Nationalist threat to invoke a national referendum for the purpose of rejecting the Young Plan agreement is not yet dangerous, it is undeniable that the man who could best have knocked that foolish proposal on the head is no longer here.

There must, therefore, be deep mourning in liberal and republican circles that Stresemann has had to go at the early age of fifty-one, and that there is in sight at this moment no one of a similarly dominant and brilliant personality. If Germany itself has as a whole recovered so remarkably from the effects of the war, it is undeniable that there is still great and far-reaching suffering in certain classes, that agriculture is in certain sections far from prosperous, and that industry is steadily imperiled by the difficulty of obtaining foreign markets. There are still problems, still financial burdens to appal the ablest of statesmen. Stresemann's successor, when he is found, must be a patriot in the truest sense, he must have a rare ability to cooperate and a detached and profoundly wide vision of the European scene if he is in any way to take the place of the man whose death is today deplored not only by the wisest statesmen but literally by millions of people, in Germany of course, but also throughout the world.

Mr. Shearer's Tale

THE Senate's inquiry into propaganda by American shipbuilders at the naval limitation conference at Geneva in 1927 was interrupted at a crucial point by the visit of Ramsay MacDonald. At the conclusion of the hearing on October 1, with William B. Shearer still on the witness stand, the investigating committee decided on a temporary recess in order to prevent the possibility of any embarrassing disclosures during the stay of the British Prime Minister. Such caution was perhaps unnecessarily thin-skinned, but there is good reason to believe that the public already has the most important part of the story. The shipbuilders had the first say, and it was a pitiful piece of self-revelation. In fact their performance might aptly be entitled the Shipbuilders' Follies of 1927. Taking their testimony at its face value, the high executives of the three companies involved disclosed themselves as gullible and careless in the extreme. Had Mr. Shearer been able to follow the shipbuilders with a quiet and reasonable story, it would have been convincing even without much documentary proof. But Mr. Shearer turned the follies into a melodrama. His flamboyant exaggerations detracted from the substantial element of truth behind his accusations and are, we fear, going to make it easy for the shipbuilders and other persons involved in the disreputable proceedings to escape with only slight loss of face.

In the last day of the hearing before adjournment, Mr. Shearer described briefly the "amazing secret British document" which he said was signed by Sir William Wiseman, "the chief British spy in America" during the war. The Senate committee decided not to make the document public until it resumed its sessions, and this is just as well for, according to an article in the London *Observer* by S. K. Ratcliffe, a well-known British journalist, the "document" was never anything but a joke. Says Mr. Ratcliffe:

> It is nothing more or less than a lark, a joke, a squib . . . turned out ten years ago by an amusing and unusual Irishman who had done service for England during the war. . . . I suppose that it was planted on Mr. Shearer, but that does not make it any more than a still bigger hoax.

Which merely proves that persons of Mr. Shearer's turn of mind cannot be baited with impunity. They refuse to see a joke if it interferes with their pet notions.

Mr. Shearer did let out one precious morsel, even if not germane to the main issue, on the last day of his testimony. He said that after the shipbuilding companies dropped him William Randolph Hearst gave him $2,000 a month to propagandize against the League of Nations and the World Court. This employment continued until the Senate announced its inquiry, whereupon Mr. Shearer was dropped like a hot potato. Mr. Hearst had been ready enough to use Mr. Shearer—and no questions asked—as long as his personality was clouded in secrecy, but the moment the dogs began to bark an unctuous letter arrived from one of the publisher's managers, cutting Mr. Shearer off the pay-roll and righteously chiding him for not having been more frank in revealing his past.

But all of Mr. Shearer's exaggerations should not blind the public to certain vital facts which are now beyond dispute. Mr. Shearer went to Geneva secretly in the pay of three American shipbuilding companies, and he disseminated propaganda hostile to the success of the conference. This propaganda was more or less supported by at least four of the American naval officers at the conference and was extensively used by some of the American newspaper correspondents. The record of the latter is far from clean. Correspondents who felt that their newspapers were hostile to, or indifferent toward, genuine disarmament found Mr. Shearer's information and interpretations excellent background for their dispatches. It is not credible that they swallowed it whole to the extent of which Mr. Shearer has boasted; newspaper correspondents are not in the habit of swallowing anything whole. But neither is it possible to believe that they checked up all his information in the way that some of them have since insisted that they did. There could not have been either time or facilities for that in the rush of filing daily dispatches. Certain correspondents were ready, like Mr. Hearst, to use Mr. Shearer without asking embarrassing questions. And not the least shameful revelation of the Senate's inquiry is the knowledge that certain of our great newspapers printed dispatches which purported to be news, but were in fact well larded with propaganda paid for by American shipbuilders.

Flexing Down the Tariff

ONCE more has the Senate vindicated its right to be called the one remaining deliberative body in the government of the United States. After a three weeks' debate, some of it of high order, on the so-called flexible provisions of the tariff, it voted by the unexpected majority of 47 to 42 to take away from the President his present power, upon report of the Tariff Commission, to raise or lower duties which failed to "equalize differences in cost of production" here and abroad, and determined to vest in Congress, where it belongs, the responsibility of changing rates. Only last week the President, breaking his long silence on the tariff bill, had demanded that this power be left in his hands "in protection of the public interest." The Senate had already refused to do the President's bidding in connection with the export debenture provision of the Farm Relief Bill and the national origins clause of the Immigration Act. Now for the third time, and on this occasion in a thoroughly good cause, it asserts its prerogative of independent thought and action. Of course the battle must all be fought out again when the bill goes to conference, and as the President will have behind him the sheep of the House, safely shepherded by well-trained protectionist wolves, he may yet get his way just as he did in the export debenture fight. For the present, however, he is beaten, and though his defeat was due in part to factional differences in his own party, yet the better brains and the better argument of the Senate were against him.

The so-called flexible provisions, as we have suffered from them since 1922, are in theory arrant economic nonsense and in practice a dishonest blind enabling a protectionist President to raise rates with supposed scientific sanction. If anybody doubts this sweeping statement, let him read in

the *Congressional Record* of September 25 Senator La Follette's devastating historical review of the work of the Tariff Commission under the flexible provisions of the Fordney-McCumber Act. With the same passion for an overwhelming array of incontrovertible facts that characterized his father, one of the greatest of American legislators, the Wisconsin Senator showed the silliness of the notion that you can "take the tariff out of politics" simply by the device of a commission. With abundant citation of chapter and verse, he showed how President Harding and notably President Coolidge had debauched and degraded the commission, with the eager connivance of such tools as Commissioner Marvin of Home Market Club fame and Commissioner Glassie of fragrant Louisiana sugar memory. He backed Senator Smoot up against a wall and, with the aid of Senators Couzens and Bratton, forced him to admit an "unethical" attempt to influence the action of the commission in the sugar case by hurling upon it the sugar lobby. He showed that duties had been increased in thirty-two cases under the flexible provision and lowered in only five unimportant ones, including bob-white quail and paint-brush handles. Investigations, he pointed out, had been delayed whenever their outcome threatened to call for a reduction of duty; the log case occupied five years, for example, and the linseed oil case six years and three months. He demonstrated that the valuable work done by the commission before 1922 in gathering and digesting information was largely brought to an end when the commission came to be manipulated under the flexible provisions. "The Tariff Commission's . . . record in the adjustment of tariff duties under the flexible provisions is a disgrace," said the Wisconsin Senator in summary. It is a disgrace to the party in power and to the last two incumbents of the presidency.

In the face of such a record Mr. Hoover has had the temerity to call the flexible provision "one of the most progressive steps taken in tariff-making in all of our history." Instead, it is nonsense in theory and downright dishonesty in practice. Mr. Hoover's whole record in respect to the tariff shows either that he is monumentally ignorant regarding that subject or else that he is playing just the old protectionist game. Let his supporters choose which alternative they will. For ourselves, we rejoice that the Senate has given him this well-deserved drubbing over the flexible provision, and we hope that the bill, if it ever be enacted, will not restore one iota of independent tariff-making power to a high-protectionist executive like Mr. Hoover. We are tired of his masquerading as an economist.

The defeat of the President on the flexible provision indicates the difficult position of the whole tariff bill. The feeble leadership of the Administration forces, the stupidity of Senator Bingham in hiring the assistant to the President of the Connecticut Manufacturers Association as an expert to help in framing the bill (no new practice, by the way), the farmers' festering sense of injustice and the revolt of their representatives in the Senate, the mutterings of outraged consumers—all these and a myriad of other causes threaten trouble for the measure. It is no time for further bourbonism in trade policy, and we hope that every enemy of the bill will hack and gnaw at it until it is, if possible, completely destroyed. It is packed with mischief for the economic welfare of the people of the United States and other countries, and for the friendly international relations that it is essential to build up.

A Neglected Art

EXECUTIONS are no longer public in the United States. Those in charge of the ceremonies usually insist that the reason for this secrecy lies in the brutalizing effect of the spectacle upon those who watch it, but we ourselves have sometimes been inclined to suspect that they were actually more concerned lest the institution of capital punishment should prove unendurable to a civilized society if the rites involved were performed *coram populo*. Also we see no reason why those who believe capital punishment necessary should be permitted to delegate the performance to someone else, and we are heartily in favor of the suggestion once made that the members of a jury which condemns a man to death should be compelled not only to witness the execution but to draw lots for the privilege of springing the trap or throwing the switch which sends the victim to eternity.

Meanwhile we recommend to the attention of all those who believe the gallows to be one of the essential props by which civilization is supported a little book* recently published under the following delightful title: "A Handbook on Hanging. Being a short Introduction to the fine art of Execution, and containing much useful information on Neck-Breaking, Throttling, Strangling, Asphyxiation, Decapitation, and Electrocution; as well as Data and Wrinkles for Hangmen, an account of the late Mr. Berry's method of Killing and a working list of drops; to which is added a Hangman's Ready Reckoner and certain other items of interest. All very Proper to be Read and Kept in every Family."

Hangmen are not usually popular. The society which employs them salves its own conscience by regarding these employees with loathing, and the author of the work at present under discussion cites an English law case in the course of which damages were awarded a gentleman who had been mistaken for an executioner in spite of the plea of the defense that "the executioner is a public official, necessary to the security of the state, and it is no more a libel to describe a man as an executioner than to say that he is a judge." But, as our author points out, the court seems to have been quite illogical, and he has no hesitation in calling to the attention of the public the skill and knowledge necessary to make a really first-rate hangman. He celebrates by name some of the more distinguished practitioners of the art; he recounts many interesting anecdotes of the scaffold; and he presents a table to show just how far a man of a given weight must be dropped if a certain fracture of the neck is to result. No one who has any idea of becoming a candidate for the particular public office to which such things are relevant should fail to study the book, and indeed we feel that it might be read with profit by all those who favor capital punishment and who, therefore, should have some idea of what it involves.

There are passages which lead us to suspect that Mr. Duff is ironical—that he does not actually entertain as high an opinion of the noble art of the hangman as he professes to hold.

* "A Handbook on Hanging." By Charles Duff. Hale, Cushman and Flint. $1.50.

It Seems to Heywood Broun

SOME of the punishments inflicted by the prohibitionists are cruel and unusual. Concerning the utility of intoxicating beverages there is room for debate, but when America goes dry completely we have a right to say that we will accept no substitutes. Between the lines of good beer and pure water there lies the No Man's Land of pop and phosphate. I speak as one who finds that water, in moderation, can be most refreshing. There is no sweet content, not even in a carload, but on a hot day it stands next to beer as a beverage to quench the thirst.

But so-called soft drinks corrode the delicate lining of the stomach. They shall not force sarsaparilla down the throat of the American worker or undermine his health with lemon soda. There should be chapters in the school textbooks showing the abdomen before and after it has been exposed to a raspberry flip. My chemical friends inform me that practically all the flavors dispensed at drug-store fountains are synthetic. Men who gulp down peach sodas derived from coal-tar products are in no position to sneer at naive Volstead violators who believe all that they read on the labels of the bootlegger's bottles.

Once upon a time, way back before the war, I went on a party with a man who had pledged himself to reform. In full view of his affrighted and horrified companions he drank sixteen glasses of celery tonic. Not until the seventeenth round was it possible to prevail upon him to give up this vile addiction and return to more normal habits. But by the time he asked for whiskey it was much too late. He was horribly ill the next day and as recently as last week he had not quite recovered. Not even now can he sit down to the traditional table d'hote of the New York restaurant. He always pleads with his host to be allowed to linger outside until the olives and celery have been dispensed with.

A prominent New York clergyman was recently quoted as saying: "Europe's labor has its beer but American labor has twenty-five kinds of soft drinks, many of them rich in milk, and radios, palatial motion-picture houses, automobiles, and restaurants de luxe."

That, I must admit, is a good deal to crowd into any tumbler. I doubt if there is as much as that even in the purest alcohol. But has the good preacher ever undertaken any scientific research into the soft drinks whose virtues he extols? Has he ever sent any samples to the laboratory to be tested? "Rich in milk" is by no means inevitably a recommendation. For the sake of humanity I ask the clergyman to stand some day beside a crowded lunch counter in the downtown district. Here he will see no supermen and women. Frail frames and mottled complexions are all too common among these slaves of the milk shake. Together with the banana split the chocolate milk shake forms one of the most serious threats to the national digestion. One finds no gaiety among the victims of the soft-drink habit. Not even a temporary exhilaration comes to them while they waste their substance in debauches.

Let's make a test. If the clergyman—and I think it was Doctor Reisner—will select some unknown amateur runner I will pick another. At the starting-line of a half-mile race my candidate will drink a glass of beer. Dr. Reisner's man is to take a frosted chocolate with a little nutmeg. At odds of two to one I'll back my man not only to win but to be looking over his shoulder when he finishes. While it is true that strong drink has ruined its thousands, the softer beverages have enervated millions. In such a strenuous pastime as professional baseball the players who let themselves get soft and slow because of excessive devotion to milk shakes are even worse off than those who lean a little to gin or rye. As for coffee, when did alcohol ever begin to work such fearful havoc? I have unfortunately known men who were just a wee bit cranky until the coming of the first cocktail, but a caffeine addict is positively dangerous until he has gulped down his morning poison. Indeed, I've known men to drink one steaming cup after another. Only constitutions of wrought iron can stand such treatment. Even those addicted to strong drink must bow low and cry "*maestro*" in the presence of a coffee virtuoso.

Why do you suppose the average farmer's wife grows old before her time? Hard work is a factor not to be overlooked but a great contributing cause is the excessive use of coffee. Indeed, I strongly suspect that many of the more ardent temperance workers are merely expending a fractious energy created in them by the second and the third cup. Nor is there any rosy period in the day of the coffee addict. Before he gets the murky liquid he is as cross as two bears. After imbibing he is as cross as one. That is about the best that can be expected of him. At no point during the party will he grow jolly and sing "Sweet Adeline."

A minister just back from Norway, where he went for a vacation, says that it is nonsense to talk of temperance in the lands which have attempted less drastic forms of prohibition. Modification, he says, is only a snare and a delusion. In the land of Norway, he says, he saw much drunkenness. In fact, he almost glows about it. The chief diversion of American temperance workers vacationing in Europe seems to be a search for natives crazed with liquor. Next time you meet an Anti-Saloon Leaguer in the streets of Paris, invite him to come with you to see the work of Rodin. This is perfectly safe, for he will refuse. He has no time to waste on statues. Instead he must explore estaminets and all the sidewalk places. At night you'll find him coming home tired but exultant. Possibly he never did see Napoleon's Tomb, but what of that? He spied ten drunks and two of them were women.

And so I was interested in the news report concerning the Rev. Mr. X, who spent both August and September among the fjords. High up in Scandinavia one can watch the midnight sun and mighty forests and shining inlets of the ocean. If Dr. X saw any of these things he appears to have made no comment to his congregation. Instead, the news report of his homecoming sermon merely announced: "He reported seeing much drunkenness in Norway."

I do not wish to carp but the next time the Rev. Mr. X wants a vacation filled with good clean fun I think I can promise him a treat of the same kind nearer home and save him steamer fare.

HEYWOOD BROUN

Coal and Iron Justice

By FRANK BUTLER and ROBERT TAYLOR

Pittsburgh, October 1

PENNSYLVANIA justice had spoken. The courtroom was stunned. The three defendants stood immobile. Counsel were amazed. The widow Barkoski stared. Judge Gray turned white. "Gentlemen of the jury," the clerk droned, "you say you find the defendants not guilty?" "Yes," they chorused. Walter J. Lyster and Harold P. Watts turned and nodded to their mothers. Frank Slapikis heaved a sigh of relief. Tears stole down the cheeks of the widow Barkoski. Judge Gray thanked the jury, and the normal courtroom sounds replaced the hush.

Thus ended what had started out to be the exercise of justice by a sovereign State—the fixing of responsibility for the savage killing of John Barkoski, Allegheny County miner. "This," said Prosecutor Roy T. Clunk when he got his breath, "is the most shocking miscarriage of justice in the history of this or any other county. I am glad the verdict is not on my conscience."

John Barkoski worked at Montour mine No. 9 of the Pittsburgh Coal Company at Santiago. He had rented a farm, which he worked in his off hours. He hoped eventually to leave the mine forever and spend his days peacefully on his farm.

But on February 9, 1929, he stepped into his mother-in-law's home, House No. 210, near the mine, and there fell into the hands of two coal and iron policemen employed by the Pittsburgh Coal Company, Harold Watts and Frank Slapikis. The defense said Barkoski had stabbed Watts. Eyewitnesses for the prosecution said Watts had launched an unprovoked attack on Barkoski. At any rate, Barkoski was delivered to the barracks of the coal and iron police at Imperial with the following injuries: Laceration of the left cheek, five or six head wounds, two broken ribs, and a fractured nose.

Dr. J. M. Patterson, coal company physician, ascertained these injuries and treated them. He testified on the witness stand that he observed Lieutenant Lyster, who was in charge of the police, kicking and beating Barkoski while the miner lay semi-conscious on the floor. Lyster, the physician said, beat Barkoski with a strap, twisted his ears until the man cried aloud, and twisted his broken nose until he lapsed again into unconsciousness. "All this time," testified the seventy-six-year-old doctor, "he seemed to be trying to make him say something. I warned Lyster 'This will have to stop, now, because his condition is serious.'" Dr. Patterson left the barracks after that.

The Commonwealth of Pennsylvania resumed its testimony through another eye-witness, John Higgins, himself a former coal and iron policeman. "They beat him, they kicked him, they used everything imaginable on him until they took him to the hospital," was the way Higgins summed it up. Lyster, the witness said, beat Barkoski over the chest with a poker. He beat him until the poker bent, then straightened the implement and beat the man again. He stripped the miner to the waist, the better to use a strap. He kicked him until the miner's body rolled over and over on the floor of the barracks. Watts, too, Higgins said, beat Barkoski, kicked him, struck him over the head with knucklers, and while Lyster grilled him for a confession, slapped him on the arms and legs and neck with his blackjack. The miner, Higgins told the jury, was helpless and unable to answer when the Pittsburgh coal officers said: "If you don't admit you stabbed our man, you Hunky ——, we'll kill you."

For more than four hours John Barkoski was in the barracks. He had been examined by Dr. Patterson soon after being brought in. At six in the morning following his night of torture he was taken directly to the Sewickley Valley Hospital. On his arrival there, Dr. Herbert M. Fleming, hospital surgeon, examined him. His report follows:

> He was in a very critical condition, pulseless and unconscious. His left lung was perforated, several ribs were fractured, and he had a possible skull fracture. He was covered with bruises and bleeding from numerous cuts. He was bleeding at the mouth, his eyes were glassy, there was a depression in his head, and the left side of his chest was crushed in. His left lung had evidently collapsed. He was suffering from extreme shock and was on the verge of death, with heart action failing. There was also an injury to the abdomen, accompanied by paralysis of the intestinal tract.

According to the testimony of the defense Watts had been cut by Barkoski and the two grappled. He was forced to strike the miner with his gun. They struggled over hard frozen ground. During this scuffle, the defense maintained, the injuries that killed Barkoski were sustained. There were sweeping denials that any violence had taken place in the barracks, or at any time after Barkoski was arrested. The jury of eleven men and one graying, matronly woman listened attentively to the testimony, but gave no noticeable reaction except that the woman smiled upon the mother of Watts every time their eyes met, and that a young salesman, Juror No. 10, smiled frequently at a comely young woman who sat in the front row with the defendants' relatives. The jury was out for eighteen hours, and on the morning of September 28 brought in their verdict.

At the next court session, two days after the verdict, District Attorney Samuel H. Gardner went before Judge Gray and moved the court to discharge the jury from further service as "incompetent and without moral stamina." Judge Gray, a man of liberal outlook and independent political affiliations, replied:

> Your suggestion is altogether proper. I was never more surprised in my life. It seems to me that nothing less than second-degree verdicts should have been returned against Lyster and Watts, although the evidence may have justified such a verdict for Slapikis. I quite agree with you that the jurors were not competent and were without moral stamina.

Public condemnation of the verdict was universal and violent. A letter denouncing the decision, printed in the Pittsburgh *Press*, was accompanied by an editorial note which ran in part as follows:

> The *Press* is in receipt of many letters similar to the

above. . . . Their tenor is enough to prove that there is throughout the Pittsburgh district a widespread disgust with the verdict returned, and the fact that the letters were written indicates a condemnation of the entire vicious coal and iron police system.

In a front-page editorial the Scripps-Howard Pittsburgh *Press* said: "The State which so freely commissioned armed guards for private authority cannot escape responsibility for the death of Barkoski, even though a jury says he was not murdered."

The Pittsburgh *Post-Gazette* called the action of the jury "a miserable travesty on justice," but added that it has served "through the general indignation it has aroused to emphasize one significant point to the lawmakers and other public authorities. The feeling against the private police system that produces such outrages as the one in this case is both wide and deep. It is a feeling that will not abate until the unsound and unjustifiable practice of delegating public authority to private hands is eliminated."

When the fight to abolish the coal police started last February, Governor Fisher admitted the need of reform and pointed to the fact that he had revoked thousands of commissions during his term. Representative Michael A. Musmanno, defender of Sacco and Vanzetti, first proposed a bill to do away with the system entirely and then consented to introduce a bill sponsored by the Governor which proposed no drastic changes. A similar bill was introduced in the Senate by W. D. Mansfield.

Neither measure, however, satisfied the people who sought to wipe out the chief evil of the system—the right of the coal and iron officers to roam at large and enjoy the powers of a policeman of a first-class city. Musmanno succeeded in having his bill amended so as to grant some of the changes demanded. The Mansfield bill remained as it was. It gave the mine guards powers of inestimable value to coal companies in time of strike: the power to place prisoners in their own or any jail without a commitment by a magistrate; the right to be a coal and iron policeman and a peace officer of the Commonwealth at the same time. The only changes proposed were that three citizens of the State—officials of the coal companies not excluded—should indorse each candidate for a commission, and a change in name from Coal and Iron Police to Industrial Police.

The Musmanno measure restricted the activities of the police to the property of the coal company except when guarding pay-rolls; required that all prisoners be committed before magistrates; prohibited the coal policemen from holding other governmental jobs; and limited the applicants to citizens of the United States indorsed by three reputable citizens, only one of whom could be an employee of the hiring coal company.

With the Musmanno bill amended, the public relaxed its vigilance. The coal operators and other industrial interests then began to put in their silent but effective work to preserve the *status quo*. The session of the Assembly was nearing its end when the correspondents of the Pittsburgh newspapers at the capital discovered that the Musmanno bill was being allowed to die in committee and that only superhuman efforts could save it.

A superhuman effort was made. The public, in press and pulpit, voiced the demand of an outraged community that the Musmanno bill be made law. The members of the Senate judiciary committee grew panicky and hastily reported the bill out. Simultaneously, on orders of the political overlords, the Mansfield bill was revived in the House committee. Both measures were passed and the whole matter laid squarely at the Governor's door. He signed the Mansfield bill and hurriedly left the capital on a fishing-trip.

As far as the Governor and the legislature were concerned, then, the system was to be continued with little change, but the public hoped that the court action in the Barkoski case would prove an effective deterrent to coal and iron officers in the future.

With the acquittal of the former employees of the Pittsburgh Coal Company this last hope for immediate relief from oppression in the mining towns has vanished.

The three coal and iron policemen are still to be tried for involuntary manslaughter, indeed. But by this time the public has lost hope. Few expect convictions. Few expect reform. The "industrial policeman" can still swagger down the streets of mining towns, his own boss, his own judge and jury.

Has John Barkoski died in vain?

Murder and the Death Penalty

By E. ROY CALVERT

IN the many discussions now taking place concerning the prevalence of violent crime in the United States, England is often cited as a country where the homicide rate is relatively low—with the natural inference that the adoption of her penal methods would prove an effective remedy for the crime situation here. Such a conclusion ignores the fact that there is considerable difference in important particulars between conditions in the two countries, and that the present crime situation in the United States is in part due to factors absent from English social life. But while England has less murder than the United States, the true ratio of difference is not so great as is commonly believed. In England murder means "wilfully and with malice aforethought taking the life of a person in being and in the King's Peace"; whereas the culpable taking of life without "malice aforethought," as in a motor accident or in an unpremeditated quarrel, is called "manslaughter" and tabulated separately. The most generally accepted method of recording deaths by violence in the United States appears to be to group them all together under the heading of "homicide."

Even when the English manslaughter figures are included in making the comparison, there are several other factors which obscure an accurate conclusion. The ratio of "manslaughters" to "murders" in the United States is obviously greater than in England, since America has more automobiles and more deaths from street accidents. The English statistics are tabulated according to offenses "known to the police," while American figures are most commonly recorded from the verdicts of coroners' juries; and even upon this latter basis, according to many American authorities the cause of death is often ill-defined and there is no absolute uniformity in compiling the records.

Nevertheless, when every allowance has been made for differences in tabulating the figures, it remains true that murder is at least seven or eight times as common in the United States as in England. Certain factors present in American social life and absent in England undeniably contribute toward this difference. Other things being equal, a new country will tend to have a higher crime rate than an older people who have been molded together for centuries. The English are a relatively homogeneous people whereas the United States, with its high percentage of mixed races living together over extensive industrial areas and with its large colored population, is probably one of the most heterogeneous combinations in the world In some measure the present crime situation may be a phase of American life which will pass with the growth of tradition, the development of law, and the formation of common customs and habits. And undoubtedly the crime situation in the United States is at present aggravated by the facility with which firearms can be obtained and the frequency with which they are carried. Of the total homicides in the registration area of the United States reported by the Census Office in 1921, no less than 72.1 per cent were caused by firearms, whereas in England in 1920 only 6.3 per cent were attributed to this cause.

But it is to the treatment of homicide in the two countries that the student should turn. England is often cited in America as a country whose low homicide rate is due to capital punishment. It is difficult to understand the force of this contention, since America has capital punishment, too. Each year over a hundred persons are executed in America, compared with fourteen in England and Wales —three or four times as many in proportion to population. In America, it is true, the proportion of persons executed to the number of indictments for murder is less than in England, but of the persons actually sentenced to death a higher percentage is executed. On these facts it is absurd to attribute the low homicide rate in England to the death penalty. Moreover, the experience of Maine, Wisconsin, Minnesota, and Rhode Island—all abolitionist States—proves that a community can be as effectively protected from murder without capital punishment as with it. The vital difference between the treatment of murder in the two countries lies not in the nature of the penalty, but in the frequency of infliction. The efficacy of any punishment as a deterrent is determined by its certainty, and not by its severity. Most penologists agree that it is the higher percentage of convictions in England which is largely responsible for her much lower murder rate as compared with that of the United States. In 1922 the British Home Office issued a detailed analysis of the murder figures over a four-year period showing that of the 390 cases of supposed murder known to the police (excluding infanticide of children under one year by mothers, and deaths from illegal operations) in 288 cases arrests were made involving 313 persons and in eighty-three of the remaining cases the supposed murderer committed suicide. Of the 313 persons arrested, seventy-six were sent to insane asylums as guilty but insane. Seventy-four were convicted of lesser offenses such as manslaughter, and five were extradited or dealt with in other ways. Of the remainder, ninety-four were sentenced to death, of whom fifty-five were executed and thirty-nine had their sentences commuted to life imprisonment; only sixty-four persons were discharged.

During the period 1912-19 in the States of New Hampshire, New York, Indiana, Vermont, Virginia, Massachusetts, Ohio, Pennsylvania, California, Kentucky, Connecticut, and Utah there occurred 19,777 homicides, but of the murderers only 475 were sentenced to death, of whom 349 were executed. Although for the various reasons already given these figures in the two countries are not comparable, they are sufficiently suggestive.

A study of the motives or causes of murder in the two countries also reveals striking differences. In an official analysis covering all the convicted murderers in England over a thirty-year period it has been shown that 29 per cent of the murders were due to drink, quarrels, and violent rage, 30 per cent to jealousy, intrigue, and revenge, 10 per cent to extreme poverty and sexual passion, and less than 10 per cent to robbery or other mercenary motives. Nine out of every ten murders in England are committed by men, and two out of every three persons murdered are women; of the women murdered by men, 42 per cent are their wives and 38 per cent their mistresses or sweethearts. Murder has become in England a crime which is nearly always committed without a rational consideration of consequences, either under the domination of violent passion, or in certain cases by abnormal people like most poisoners, with such an unbalanced sense of their ability to escape detection as not to consider the result of discovery. "Hold-ups" and murders for robbery in England are very rare, because the chances of discovery, conviction, and punishment have become too great.

In the United States, less than 20 per cent of the homicidal deaths recorded in the registration area in 1921 were women—a clear indication of the different nature of the crime as compared with England. On the other hand, unfortunately, murders for robbery and resulting from "hold-ups" are by no means infrequent in America. Such crimes are not of a passionate nature; nor are they committed by persons, like the poisoner type referred to, with an unbalanced sense of security from detection. They have a definitely premeditative element, and the degree of certainty with which they are detected and punished will have a direct influence upon their frequency. Such crimes will only be reduced when, by a solution of the police difficulties in many areas and by the perfecting of the administration of justice, the ratio of convictions to crimes is sufficiently high to make them not worth while.

It is here that capital punishment defeats the purpose of those who inflict it. Capital punishment in a modern state always militates against certainty of conviction. The death penalty is so horrible and the danger of inflicting an irrevocable punishment upon an innocent person so real, that, in those countries which retain it, juries hesitate to convict and often return verdicts contrary to the evidence. In the opinion of the present writer, the abolition of capital punishment and the substitution of a penalty which eliminated sentiment and commanded a greater measure of public support would do much to increase that certainty of conviction upon which the reduction in violent crime depends. This is true even in England where chances of conviction are relatively high for the reasons given, in spite of capital punishment. It is significant in this connection that the American States with most deaths by violence are the very ones which retain the death penalty. There is actually a case on record where two brothers planned a murder in Rhode Island

(where the death penalty is abolished) but waited until their victim got into Massachusetts and murdered him there as they thought conviction would be less certain.

One further factor should not be omitted from our consideration. Evidence is accumulated in England that capital punishment actually incites to violent crime. The sight of a man fighting for his life against the whole forces of the state stimulates an unhealthy sensationalism which often invests the vilest criminal with a sort of romantic halo and even leads to imitative crime. Newspapers are encouraged by the dramatic interest aroused to give the utmost publicity to all the sordid details connected with the crime and trial, and people of weak mentality or inadequate self-control are thus enabled to brood upon the details of horrible crimes with a real danger of imitating them. The abolition of capital punishment, by checking this unhealthy sensationalism, would undoubtedly lead to a diminution in crimes of this character.

The abolition of the death penalty in England is not far distant. In her last Parliament, an abolitionist measure passed its first reading, and the present British House of Commons is known to contain an abolitionist majority. As the whole treatment of crime is raised to the level of scientific discussion, and ignorance and sentiment are eliminated, capital punishment will be seen to be an anachronism which reason, science, and humanity alike condemn. Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Holland, Belgium, Portugal, Italy, Switzerland, Queensland, and abolitionist States in the American Union have combined to show that a community can be protected as well without capital punishment as with it. The present writer would indorse the view of the many American penologists who regard its passing as a step toward that effective administration of justice upon which the solution of the problem undoubtedly depends.

The Blue Shirt

By JESSE O. THOMAS

ON September 28, William Parker was shot and killed in Jacksonville, Florida. Parker was the founder of an organization called The Blue Shirt (Chamber of Commerce of the White Working Class). This organization publishes a weekly paper also called the *Blue Shirt*. The printing office is said to be in Aurora, Missouri; the editorial and business office, at 14 Church Street, Jacksonville, Florida. Parker was its editor.

Parker's first appearance in Jacksonville was in the role of a great friend of the Negro, whom he had come to help get his case before the bar of public opinion. He proposed to publish a newspaper called the *Southern Republican,* and is alleged to have secured from Negroes subscriptions of some three thousand dollars toward this laudable enterprise. Only a few issues of the *Southern Republican* came off the press, and then the promoter disappeared. After a brief conspicuous absence from Jacksonville and an unexplained silence so far as the Negro was concerned, Mr. Parker returned to Jacksonville in the role of Mr. Hyde rather than Dr. Jekyll. He was no longer the Negro's friend and the advocate of justice and fair dealing. He appeared to have had a complete change of heart.

No single influence has contributed more toward racial friction, suspicion, restlessness, discontent, and intolerance in Jacksonville than the propaganda carried on through the Blue Shirt for many years. In the issue of the *Blue Shirt* for June 8 under the caption The Nigger, the editor writes:

> Two policemen were killed in Jacksonville a few weeks ago by a nigger and one policeman was killed in St. Petersburg by a nigger. Are we whites going to sit by and let this dreadful crime go on and on, or are we going to take steps to stop it? This paper is determined to put a stop to this black crime wave no matter what it costs. The first thing to do is for the city or State government to pass a law for every nigger home to be searched and guns of all sorts confiscated; this can be done if our lawmakers will give us the law and authority and after this is done any nigger found with any gun on his person should get a life sentence of hard labor. If this is not done soon, if our lawmakers don't take charge of this brute, in time a long-suffering public will rise in their might and smite and smite hard.

In the same paper, replying to a letter written by an insurance company carrying Negro risks which had asked Mr. Parker to "soft pedal" the Negro question because many of its policy-holders had lost their jobs as a result of the efforts of Mr. Parker and his Blue Shirt movement and therefore could not pay their premiums, Mr. Parker made the following statement:

> I just wish to say that I do not know the meaning of the word soft pedal. I cut it out of my dictionary years ago when real questions had to be solved. I do not blame you for being anxious about your business interests, for if you are insuring a big lot of niggers when this race war starts you may lose your business. . . .

In the issue of June 22, under the caption Disfranchise the Nigger, the editor says: "The hour has struck when we must call every white man to the colors. Disfranchise the nigger."

One aspect of the propaganda is the intimidation of white men who employ Negroes and refuse to turn them off upon request of the organization so as to employ white people in their places.

There is a barber-shop managed by Negroes that serves white people, concerning which the *Blue Shirt* had to say:

> Sometimes when you are downtown take a few steps from Main Street on Bay Street, in fact, to the nigger barber-shop, and see how many of our mothers, wives, and daughters are in there having niggers bobbing their hair and otherwise beautifying them, and then get a report on these niggers' health from the State Health Board.

From an editorial headed Contractors, in the issue of the *Blue Shirt* for May 18, I quote:

> A fellow by the name of Jackson came here to Jacksonville from Texas to build oil tanks for the Pan-Am Petroleum Company.
>
> This man hires only white men and pays not less than fifty cents an hour. We take off our hats to a man like him.
>
> Just compare him with WALTER J. BRYSON, nigger lover at twenty-five cents an hour, who gets most of the contracts from the city of Jacksonville.
>
> Now business men wake up and demand that the city give contracts to real honest-to-God white men and pay white men's wages.

Remember if a man only gets twenty-five cents an hour he can only spend twenty-five cents an hour; if he gets fifty cents he will spend the fifty cents and you get the benefit of the difference.

Another company from St. Louis who are building an underground telephone system for the Bell Telephone Company hires only white men and pays better than WALTER J. BRYSON.

LET US TAKE AWAY THE JOBS FROM BRYSON AND GIVE HIM NO MORE.

Needless to say, a great deal of the replacement of Negro by white labor is not a question of the inefficiency of the Negro or a question of unsatisfactory service, or even the result of the personal attitude of the employer. If the employer fails to turn off Negroes, he is published in the *Blue Shirt* as a "nigger lover," his name and the location of his business being given.

Needless to say, such action is not approved by the better element of the white population in Jacksonville, but only one paper, the *American,* has come out against this unwholesome publication, which seems bent on creating a race riot.

According to its editor, the *Blue Shirt* is being circulated in some thirty-eight States. It is reasonable to suppose that the seed of discord sown as the result of the activities of this organization will find a fertile field in the imagination of that class of white persons throughout the nation which is in close competition with the Negro for economic existence. Unhappily it is calculated to do much mischief in the field of race relations.

In the Driftway

THE good resolutions of the Treasury Department not to grant favors in the examination of baggage to persons with a pull when returning from abroad have petered out already. These resolutions were made last spring in consequence of the hubbub over Representative Morgan, who brought some suspicious looking bottles into the country under the privilege of "free entry." But we live in a democracy, which seems to be a form of government under which it is impossible to enforce laws equally. In a country in which there are no "lords" and not even any "sirs," it seems necessary to grant special favors to bigwigs, or otherwise nobody would know they were anything but common people. So the Treasury Department has reestablished the old graft. When returning from official trips (which include almost everything) "high government officials" (that is, all with any pull) may obtain "free entry." That means that their belongings come in without custom duties and without examination, liquor and all. When, for some strange reason, "high government officials" cannot claim to have been abroad on public business, they may ask for an "I. A." order, by which their baggage receives "immediate attention." This saves them delay, but theoretically does not free their baggage from inspection or customs duties. Practically, though, it often has the same effect as "free entry." Unofficial travelers, the Treasury Department announces gravely, can receive an order for "immediate attention" only in cases of "imperative emergency." Pure poppycock, of course. They will receive such privileges, quite apart from any necessity, whenever they have sufficient pull. Of course no self-respecting person should ask for or accept these favors any more than any honest government should grant them. Everybody from the Drifter down to President Hoover should go through the same mill. But it is hard to resist that kind of graft. Probably if the Drifter were offered an "I. A." he would say with a shrug of the shoulders: "Oh, well, everybody else is getting them. I might as well put my feet in the trough too."

* * * * *

THE Drifter's recent remarks on dedications move a colleague to recall an inscription which Francis Hackett is said to have threatened to put in one of his volumes: "To Signe Toksvig, my wife, whose unfailing lack of interest in this book has been my constant desperation." And Henry S. Beckwith sends in this note:

Having read your article on book dedications in *The Nation* for September 18, I take this opportunity to acquaint you with one which I think both apt and interesting. I refer to the dedication of Liam O'Flaherty's "The Assassin," and I am of the opinion that if the truth were known, it would be found that this is the real dedication of most books. The dedication of this particular book is "To My Creditors."

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

The Dewey Anniversary

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The seventieth birthday anniversary of Professor John Dewey will be celebrated by an institute at which speakers of national standing will deliver addresses on the contributions to thought and progress which Professor Dewey has made in more than forty years of productive scholarship and public discussion in education, in philosophy, and in general social welfare.

The first program will be given on Friday evening, October 18, in the auditorium of the Horace Mann School, 120th Street and Broadway, New York. The topic will be "John Dewey in Education." Addresses will be given by Professor Ernest C. Moore, Director of the University of California at Los Angeles, by Professor Jesse H. Newlon, Director of the Lincoln School, New York, and by Professor I. L. Kandel of Teachers College, Columbia University. Dr. Frank P. Graves, Commissioner of Education of the State of New York, will preside.

The second program, on Saturday morning, October 19, at 10 o'clock, in Room 301, Philosophy Hall, Columbia University, New York, will be devoted to "The Philosophy of John Dewey," with addresses by Professor George H. Mead of the University of Chicago, and by Professor Herbert W. Schneider of Columbia University. Professor Ralph M. Perry of Harvard University will preside. On Saturday, October 19, at a luncheon at 1 o'clock in the Hotel Astor, New York, the general subject will be "John Dewey in Social Progress." Miss Jane Addams and Professor James Harvey Robinson will speak. President James Rowland Angell of Yale University will preside. The cost of the luncheon will be $2.50; admission to the other meetings will be free.

New York, October 3 HENRY R. LINVILLE,
Secretary of the Executive Committee of the
National Committee to Honor John Dewey
Room 1214, 70 Fifth Avenue

For Newark Readers

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Will those readers of *The Nation* in the City of Newark and its vicinity who are interested in forming a Nation Club communicate with the undersigned at 164 Market Street, Newark, N. J., giving their names and addresses.

Newark, N. J., September 23 Julius H. Halprin

Hollywood Post Mortem

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The Actors' Equity struggle in Hollywood is over—but only temporarily. Equity did not win any of its demands. All Equity actors are free to accept non-Equity contracts for the first time since June 5. Approximately $50,000 were spent by Equity during the conflict. Membership increased threefold. Meetings were held with an attendance averaging more than 3,000. The greatest enthusiasm was manifested. Why then has this magnificent attempt failed?

First of all, because of the lack of practical support from the American Federation of Labor. It was assumed—and not without a semblance of reason—that the federation had virtually promised such support, for telegrams and letters from President Green and other officials were received pledging heartiest cooperation. But when the moment arrived and wholehearted support was imperative, there was none. A few thousand dollars given by the local musicians' union and several other organizations, renewed pledges of "moral" support from various sources, half a dozen labor orators, a number of letters sent out by the Central Labor Council of Los Angeles asking fellow-unionists to blacklist unfair actors—that was all. The unions concerned in studio work, regardless of their common membership in the American Federation of Labor to which Equity also belongs, gave as their alibi their prior obligations to the producers which, they said, made any genuinely sympathetic gesture on their part impossible. Without labor's support the fight of 1919 in New York would have been lost; and from the beginning it was obvious that the Hollywood battle could not be won without the active participation of at least other organized studio workers.

Second, the fight was waged with too great a regard for decorum and gentility. Mr. Gillmore whose sincerity cannot be questioned never missed an opportunity of insisting that the battle must be fought in a dignified manner. Unfortunately, labor battles are seldom won by such methods, especially battles directed against Wall Street and Hollywood potentates.

Third, respect for legality as such. The essential incongruity of having high-salaried Equity players, those under contract, working every day while their less fortunate brethren—the bit, the small-part player, and the extra people—were on strike was apparent to every one. The entire onus of the fight was borne by the very actors who could least afford it.

When Equity stages a come-back in Hollywood—and it is inevitable that she will because the necessity exists for a powerful actors' organization—let us hope she will come attired like an Amazon, in complete battle array instead of evening dress, and that behind her own forces, staunch to the very last, will be the armies of her fellow-craftsmen.

Hollywood, California, September 3 Somerset Logan

The Nation **Radio Hour—Every Monday ■ 8 P. M.**
526M.—WMCA—750 K.
October 14—Henry Raymond Mussey

Drama

Holiday

THE gentlemen of the daily press were not favorably disposed toward Elmer Rice's comedy "See Naples and Die" which is now playing at the Vanderbilt just opposite his "Street Scene." Indeed they were rather grumpy about it, and Mr. Allen of *Women's Wear* is alleged to have expressed the sentiments of all of them by remarking: "For months Rice worked to win the Pulitzer prize on one side of the street and now he goes and loses it on the other." But though I feel it my duty to confess that opinion seems heavily against me, candor compels me to add that I was myself very agreeably diverted. Perhaps the author is rather cavalier with his audience. "See Naples and Die" is not even a "well-made" farce. But carelessly written though it is, I found contagious the pleasure which Mr. Rice obviously took in composing it, and I see no reason why one should gravely object to the improbability of a plot which was never intended to be probable.

The piece was conceived, so I am told, while the author was spending a holiday on the scene where the action is supposed to take place. There, as everyone knows, the beneficence of the climate permits human beings to be more extravagantly absurd than in regions where nature requires that we be occasionally reasonable and moderately efficient if we want to live. The sun is agreeable, the wine is light but stimulating, and Mr. Rice must have felt a wholly understandable desire to bottle up for home consumption some of the gay effervescence of this mad little land where *bel canto* is periodically interrupted by the braying of donkeys and where even Fascists find it difficult to lower. Hence he hastily concocted an extravagant plot which doubtless seemed hardly less improbable than the landscape of southern Italy and he made it the vehicle for the exploitation of what Ben Jonson's contemporaries would have called "The Humours of Naples."

There is an innkeeper who spends the afternoon "sleeping off the effects of his morning nap" and who arouses himself only to express in song the emotions generated when he has kissed the chambermaid. There is an Englishman worried because of the prevalent "lack of moral sense" in the inhabitants, and there is a nice lady from the Middle West who hopes that the Russian prince "has heard about our American boy, Charlie Lindbergh." Add to these the Bulgarian general (known, according to one's politics, as either "the butcher of Transylvania" or "the savior of the Balkans"), and one will have the chief dramatis personae except for the wisecracking American youth and his flapper fiancee who are responsible for the plot. As to this last it really doesn't matter. However, if anyone is interested he may be informed that the flapper has unfortunately got herself married to the prince but that all is satisfactorily arranged when two chess-players, absorbed in their game through almost the entire action of the piece, suddenly reveal themselves as a pair of Balkan patriots and obligingly shoot the prince while aiming at the general.

Now, obviously, such a play is not likely to win another Pulitzer prize or contribute much to advance the American drama. It may further be added that a good deal of the dialogue does not look particularly brilliant when set down in cold type. Indeed, the bit contributed by the youth who remarks, while sipping a lukewarm drink, upon the strange fact that "there is no ice in the country which has supplied ice-men to all the world" is a not unfair sample. Perhaps to enjoy the play fully one should be recently returned from the South and have the atmosphere still in one's lungs. And yet,

despite all the evidence which I have adduced against myself, I must repeat: "See Naples and Die" amused me.

Among the numerous other recent plays, first mention should probably be given to "Many Waters" (Maxine Elliott's Theater), a substantial and well-acted if somewhat sentimental play brought from England. It tells the life-story of two people who have just been dismissed by two acquaintances as hopelessly ordinary.

"Mountain Fury" (President Theater) is a moderately successful drama of the feudists. Nearly all the other recent offerings include at least one murder as part of the evening's entertainment. Among them "Subway Express" stands out because of the novelty of the setting and the ingenuity of the effects designed to give a realistic picture of the subway train in motion. "Scotland Yard" (Harris Theater) is also rather exciting.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

Contributors to This Issue

FRANK BUTLER and ROBERT TAYLOR are on the staff of the Pittsburgh *Post-Gazette.*

E. ROY CALVERT is a distinguished British penologist and author of "Capital Punishment in the Twentieth Century."

JESSE O. THOMAS is Southern field director of the National Urban League for Social Work Among Negroes.

WILLIAM ZUKERMAN, English journalist, attended the Zionist Congress recently held in Zurich.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH is dramatic editor of *The Nation.*

MARK VAN DOREN is author of "Now the Sky and Other Poems," and editor of "An Anthology of World Poetry."

MAURICE MURPHY has made a special study of the writings and critical discussions of James Joyce.

SOPHIE L. GOLDSMITH is author of "Wonder Clock Plays."

ALBERT JAY NOCK is co-author with C. R. Wilson of "Francis Rabelais: The Man and His Work," to appear this fall.

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Dec. 1: Havelock Ellis on Our Changing Morals
Dec. 8: Anatole France and Aesthetic Cynicism
Dec. 15: Einstein and the Death of Scientific Orthodoxy
Dec. 22: America's Coming of Age (André Siegfried)
Dec. 29: Theodore Dreiser and Determinism
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American International Church Service and Forum

SUNDAY, 7:45 P. M. SPEAKERS SUBJECT

Oct. 6: Hon. Roland D. Sawyer "Beauty, Truth and Goodness."
Dr. G. F. Beck
Dr. S. D. Schmalhausen
Oct. 13: Edmund B. Chaffee—"The Social Hope of the Ancient World."
Oct. 20: Charles C. Webber—"Class Consciousness—Menace or Promise?"
Oct. 27: Edmund B. Chaffee—"Humanism—A Criticism."
Nov. 3: Edmund B. Chaffee—"Religion and the Materialistic Conception of History."
Malcolm Bird—"Psychical Research and Science."
Nov. 10: Charles C. Webber—"The Fundamental Drives of Life."
Dr. Hannah Stone—"Birth Control."
Nov. 17: Edmund B. Chaffee—*To Be Announced.*
John Haynes Holmes—"The Raging East: Palestine in Terror, India in Revolution, China at War."
Nov. 24: Edmund B. Chaffee—"Man and Machinery."
Dec. 1: Charles C. Webber—"Jesus, the Revolutionist."
Samuel D. Schmalhausen—*Subject to be Announced.*
Dec. 8: Edmund B. Chaffee—"Is Progress an Illusion?"
Dr. G. F. Beck—*Subject to be Announced.*
Dec. 15: Edmund B. Chaffee—"The Religious and Philosophical Basis of Free Speech."
Mrs. B. S. Papazian—"Woman and the Modern World."
Dec. 22: Edmund B. Chaffee—"Has Christmas a Meaning for Radicals?"
SPECIAL CHRISTMAS PROGRAM
Dec. 29: Edmund B. Chaffee—"Spengler's Second Volume."

These addresses will be preceded by a brief organ recital by Stanley A. Day, Labor Temple Organist.

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International Relations Section

Myths in Palestine

By WILLIAM ZUKERMAN

London, September 12

TWO myths are largely responsible for the recent anti-Jewish outbreak in Palestine: one religious, the other political. One concerns the sanctity of the so-called Wailing Wall; the other, the existence of the Jewish National Home in Palestine. Neither of them has the slightest foundation in the realities of Jewish life in Palestine.

That the Wailing Wall should have become the center of the controversy in Palestine is one of the greatest ironies of fate. Modern Jews are, as a people, probably the most advanced in religious thought, and are less than any other people in the world dominated by church dogmas. Zionism, it is true, has somewhat revived old religious dogmas by giving them a new Nationalistic luster, but even at that, most of the young Zionist pioneers going out to Palestine are Socialists and freethinkers, and do not care a hang about a few old stones in a dirty Arab alley in Jerusalem. Even the orthodox rabbis are not pleased with the attempt at the deification of the Wall. They rightly contend that this is but another form of idolatry, which the Jewish religion has opposed for centuries, and is strictly prohibited by sacred law. In fact, the entire controversy smacks so much of medievalism that no section of Jewish society except some fanatics from Eastern Galicia, living in an atmosphere of the fifteenth century, or some equally fanatic militant Zionist revisionists takes it seriously. Yet this legend of a Jewish Most Holy Place obscures the entire Palestine situation, distorts the Jewish side of the question, and is very likely to bring much mischief in the future.

Still graver is the danger emanating from the other myth, that of the Jewish National Home, for this is a more modern figment in which the entire non-Jewish and even part of the Jewish world still believes. If the latest tragedy in Palestine accomplishes nothing else, it ought at least to prick the bubble of this illusion.

During the past few years Jewish public opinion the world over has been grievously disappointed to find that the Balfour Declaration has been relegated to the museum for famous scraps of paper and that the Jewish National Home is but a fiction.

This disappointment has long since passed the stage of vague dissatisfaction and general displeasure with government action which a restless people like the Eastern Jews are always bound to experience. The Jewish grievances about the National Home have been quite definitely formulated and stated. Of late, Jewish newspapers the world over have published long lists of specific wrongs committed against the "Yishub," i.e., the Jewish settlement in Palestine, and these wrongs have been the subject of several Zionist world congresses. The last Congress, which took place at Zurich in August, passed almost entirely in the shadow which these grievances and disappointments have cast upon the Zionist movement.

The specific grievances which have led the Jews to their present doubts about the National Home in Palestine can be grouped under the following headings:

1. The British land policy in Palestine. This policy has been to distribute whatever free crown land there was in Palestine to the Arabs only. The Jews have not received an inch of free land for colonization purposes. They have had to buy, and pay dearly for, every acre that they are cultivating. Even if Palestine was not to be a Jewish National Homeland, the Palestine Jews were entitled to one-fifth of the free land. They received nothing.

2. The immigration policy. Jewish immigration into Palestine is restricted more than into the United States under the quota. Not only are Jews kept out of their National Home, but they are being deported just as other aliens if their political behavior or opinions do not happen to be approved by the administration.

3. The system of unequal taxation under which the Jews pay practically all the taxes of the country.

4. The failure of the administration to employ Jews on public works in Palestine.

5. The failure of the Palestine administration to subsidize sufficiently the Jewish educational and health institutions. Although the Jews are the heaviest taxpayers in Palestine, they are in addition called upon to support largely their own schools, hospitals, and clinics.

6. The failure to engage Jews proportionately in the police and in the military defense of the country. The proportion of Jews in defense forces is far below the proportion of their population.

7. Above all, the supercilious, snobbish, and even downright anti-Semitic treatment which the Jewish population receives from the British officials of the Palestine administration. In their National Home Jews are being treated as if they were natives of some East-African colony—a treatment to which Jews are not at all accustomed. For even in the lands of their worst persecution the Jews were only hated. They were seldom looked down upon.

These complaints have even reached the House of Commons. In a debate last April Commander Kenworthy said:

> For some nine years the Conservative Party have been hostile to the declared policy of successive British governments in Palestine. . . . The flower of the Conservative Party was anti-Semitic with regard to Palestine.—*Hansard,* April 20, 1929.

In the course of the same debate Colonel Wedgwood said:

> No one could conceive a more unjust taxation than prevails in that country (Palestine) today. It is directed directly against the Jews. . . . The Jews have to pay ten times more on their property than other people pay on similar properties. . . . The Jews pay nearly all the taxation at present. . . . The land in Palestine is locked up. At the present time the effendis own hundreds of thousands of acres of land, and keep it idle. They do not use it; they pay no taxes whatever, and charge the unfortunate Jewish settlers £20 an acre for absolutely raw land that I could get in South Africa for £1 an acre. . . . The Zionist organization pays for the education of the Jews, the immigration of the Jews, research stations, buys the land, and does all the colonization work which in normal countries is done by the government, and the British officials regard the care of the

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> Jews, the development of their settlements, their education, and their health as matters which do not concern the government. . . . If you look through the last report on the Palestinian administration, and for 1927, you will find long descriptions of the excellent work done by the British administrators in regard to health, education, research, and so on—all done for the Arabs. There is not one word of what they have done for the Jews.—*Hansard,* April 30, 1929.

This was said in the House of Commons. The Zionist Congress at Zurich heard complaints more pitiful: "It was easier for a Jew to get into Moscow under the Czars than it is for him to get into the Jewish National Home now." The veteran Zionist leader, M. M. Ussishkin, made a plea, not that the Jews, like the Arabs, should be given free crown land in Palestine, but that the government should at least regulate the speculative prices which the Jews are being charged for this land. The employment of Jews on public works in Palestine was graphically illustrated by the report of the Zionist-Socialists, that on July 15 four Jewish workmen were engaged on the construction of new Haifa harbor. There were 400 Arabs working on the same job at that time.

Loudest of all, and directly prophetic of the coming tragedy, were the complaints voiced at the congress concerning the defense of the Jewish National Home. Jerusalem, which has a population 60 per cent Jewish, had only a dozen Jewish policemen. The Trans-Jordan force, which is designed to protect Palestine from invasions of Bedouin Arabs across the frontier, has 677 Arabs and 27 Jews. And this after the English troops had for reasons of economy been removed from the country, though the Jews had repeatedly warned the authorities of the coming danger and had begged for protection.

The plain facts of the case show not only that the Balfour Declaration has not given the Jews any special privileges in Palestine, but that its existence has decidedly prejudiced the minds, not only of the Arab leaders, but also of the British officials, against the Jews.

Nor can it be said that the Palestine administration was the only one guilty of such an attitude. It is possible that a friendly Jewish National Home at a strategic point in the Near East would serve well the interests of Great Britain if it were already in existence. But such a home is not there yet, and the establishment of one seems to clash with the larger imperial British interests. To Great Britain Palestine must always remain a part of the greater Arab and Mohammedan world which she cannot afford to antagonize for the sake of the Jews or of some future benefit from a Jewish National Home. In her dealings with Jew and Arab, England will necessarily incline to favor the Arab, not the Jew. To quote Commander Kenworthy, speaking in the British House of Commons, the Balfour Declaration has, during the last ten years, given the Jews the privilege of

> raising £10,000,000 in hard cash, and put it into our Mandated territory (also to) pick their finest of the young men and girls in teens and early twenties, physically strong, well educated, to go out as pioneers to drain the swamps, build the roads, cultivate the country, and transform the whole face of the Mandated area.—*Hansard,* April 30, 1929.

Such "privileges" the Jews would doubtless get without a Declaration and without the promise of a National Home, anywhere in the world where there is waste land to be cultivated. In Russia, where the Jews had no decorative promise of a National Home, 23,000 Jewish families have been settled on the land in the last five years, and they have received from the government about a million acres of free fertile land in southern Russia and Crimea, apart from almost seven million acres in eastern Siberia.

To assume, then, that the special privileges which the Jews received because of the National Home led to the catastrophe in Palestine is to make the greatest error in the evaluation of this sorry business. All evidence on hand now shows that this was not a spontaneous outburst of the Arab people, but a well-organized plot carefully planned by Arab politicians and by the reactionary Supreme Moslem Council, who used a glittering, meaningless political myth, as they used a similar religious pretext, to incite a fanatical Eastern populace against the introduction of Western civilization in general and against British rule in particular. The Palestine administration with its superciliousness and ill-disguised anti-Jewish attitude has unwittingly or knowingly aided and abetted this agitation, and has emboldened these people to do things which they would never have dared to do had they known that they would meet with a resolute opposition on the part of the government.

Unfortunately, even a certain section of the Zionists unwittingly played into the hands of these plotters with their naive blabber about a Jewish state, a Jewish majority, and other phrases deduced from the Balfour Declaration. In general the Zionist policy of identifying Zionism with the imperial British interests and of relying almost exclusively upon British troops for protection has been a great mistake. Imperial interests are very fickle, and in the twentieth century new colonization enterprises are not conducted with the aid of garrisons. Nor is it at all necessary for the Jews in Palestine to have recourse to force, British or any other. Their movement is one of peace so obviously in the interest of the native population that it can well afford to appeal to the Arab people even above the heads of their reactionary leaders. The Arab population in Palestine has admittedly gained much from Jewish immigration into Palestine. The Jews have not taken away Arab land. They have colonized desert country at their own expense; they have built colonies and cities; they have drained marshes, introduced sanitation, built roads, started to electrify the country; have begun industry, and established hospitals, clinics, and schools of learning open to all. All this has had a directly beneficial effect on the health, culture, and standard of living of the Arabs. Arab mortality has gone down; the Arab birth-rate has gone up. Palestine has progressed more in the last ten years since the war, as a result of Jewish immigration, than for centuries before. With a record of this kind why should the Jews not have turned to the Arabs for an alliance instead of antagonizing them for the sake of meaningless, glittering myths which yield nothing to themselves, prejudice the minds of many people against them as against lackeys of imperialism, displease even those whose policy they seem to serve, and convert a highly constructive, humanitarian movement into one of politics and religious prejudices? The obvious lesson of the tragedy is that not only the Palestine administration, but Zionism too needs to revise its policy to a considerable extent if catastrophes of this kind are to be avoided in the future.

Thomas *for* Mayor

The Executive Committee of the Citizens Union in the September, 1929 Searchlight, their official organ, states the following:

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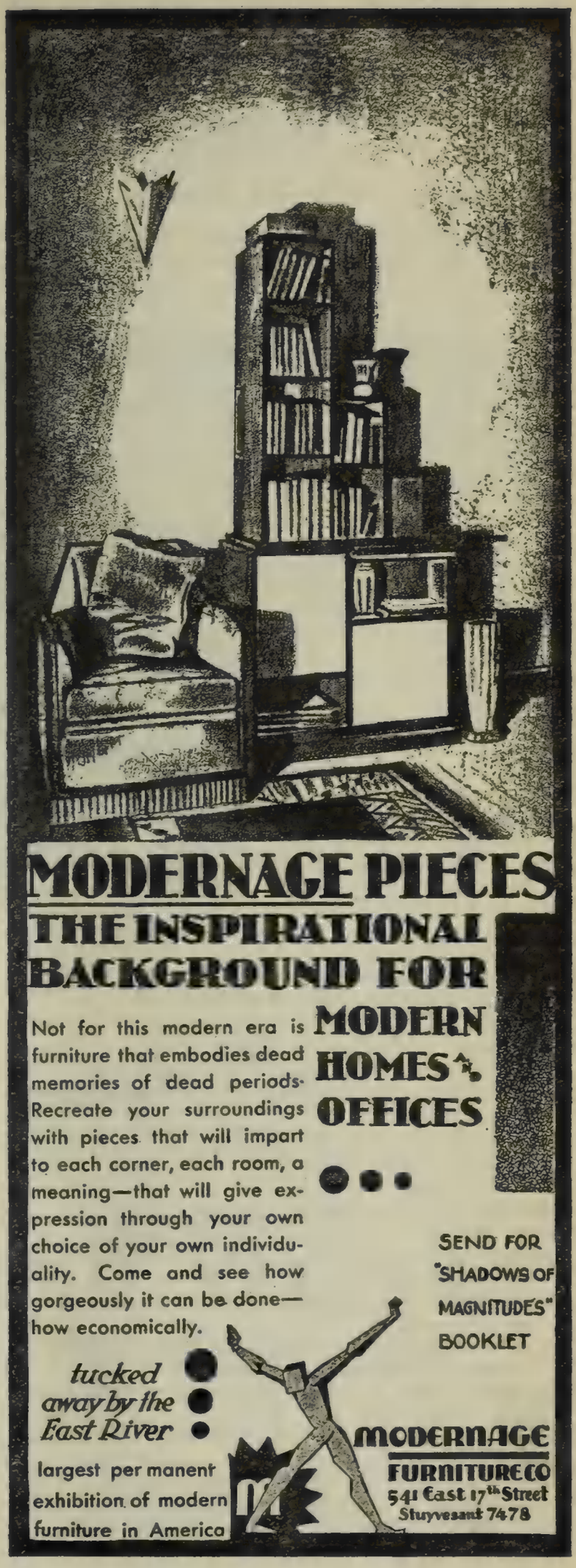
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Of *The Nation*, published weekly, Wednesday at New York, N. Y., for October 1, 1929.

STATE OF NEW YORK } ss:
COUNTY OF NEW YORK }

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Oswald Garrison Villard, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Editor and Publisher of *The Nation* and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

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Fall Book Section

A New Philosophy of History

By JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

A HENRY ADAMS, appalled by the Second Law of Thermodynamics, may ask how a professor like himself can honestly avoid beginning his annual course with the announcement that the year's work will be devoted "to showing in American history 'the universal tendency to the dissipation of energy,' " and he may speculate further on his probable fate in the university should he thus apply to his own subject matter the conclusions freely deduced by the physics department. But most historians and sociologists have been little troubled by the pessimism of specialists in fields other than their own, because the majority of social optimists do not seem to feel the need of any philosophical sanctions for their faith.

The mere fact that the theory of evolution is, superficially at least, optimistic has led them to certain perfunctory references to biology, but they have not generally troubled to consider the contradictory theory of "increasing entropy"—so disturbing to Adams because fundamental in orthodox physics; and they have not generally bothered their heads with any questions concerning the possibly disintegrating processes going on in the personality of the civilized man. Whether radical or conservative they have, in a word, been inclined to assume that the future of humanity presents no problem except that of social organization.

Yet it is surely obvious enough that the criticism of both the physicist and the psychologist is relevant; and even if we dismiss the whole category of doubts which seemed most significant to Adams, there must still remain the question of whether or not there is anything in the nature of the mind and personality of man which renders inevitable his periodic decline. The fact that the movement of the civilizations which he has created has often been retrograde is too patent for anyone to deny. The "rise and fall" of Egypt, of Greece, of Rome, of Renaissance Italy, and the rest is a commonplace of elementary textbooks. But is there any satisfactory ground for assuming either that the fundamental cause was some politico-social defect in the organization of the civilization or, if this be assumed, that the defect was one which we can henceforth avoid?

As a matter of fact nearly all social theories, whether idealistic or cynical, are defective because based upon the doubtful assumption that the psychology of man undergoes no important change. They may rest upon the postulate that he is a creature who obeys always the dictates of his self-interest or upon the contradictory postulate that some sort of altruistic concern with the welfare of his family, his nation, and humanity at large may be depended upon to furnish the springs of the conduct upon which the successful functioning of the particular society in which he lives depends. But whether we are concerned with a social theory based upon either of these postulates or with one which assumes that there is in mankind some balance between the two, it is always assumed that we at least know what that balance is; and from Machiavelli to Kropotkin the implication remains that man *is* psychologically some constant quantity. Yet does not the record of the past make it seem very probable that man is nothing of the kind? Is it not pretty clear that the Solomon Islander, the Renaissance soldier of fortune, and the citizen of a contemporary European republic are psychologically so very different that, for instance, the relative importance of self-interest and social feeling in determining their conduct may not be the same?

Once we grant this fact it becomes clear either that we must make the unsupportable assumption that these psychological differences are themselves entirely the result of the different social conditions under which our three specimen types developed, or that we must be prepared to admit that the whole problematic future of the human being depends no more upon what social or economic organization may do to him than it does upon the development of that psyche of his concerning the evolution of which we know so little, but which may not improbably be following some line of development certain to upset any prophesies made by persons content to assume that it will remain just exactly what it now is.

Certain primitive tribes undoubtedly exhibit a tribal solidarity more like the unquestioning devotion of a mammal to its offspring or an ant to its fellows than like any rationalized humanitarianism exhibited by any member of the human family. While Rome was "falling" the decline of the sense of social duty in the citizen was obvious. Perhaps that decline was the cause rather than the result of all the various economic and political phenomena which have, at various times, been described in the effort to account for the fall. Is it possible that the rise of a civilization involves of necessity changes in the psyche which make its decline inevitable? Is it psychology rather than physics or sociology which can tell us what the future of mankind is likely to be?

Attempts to answer such questions as these have been made less often and less seriously than they ought, though it must be confessed that the results of inquiries undertaken to determine the tendency of history have frequently been the occasion of sufficiently gloomy conclusions. None in recent times has attracted more attention than Spengler's, and it is noticeable that most of the attacks upon his work have had at best only a negative effect since they are more concerned with the destruction of his specific conclusions than with the effort to offer an alternative philosophy of history adequate to account for the phenomena with which he is concerned. Sociologists and economists, whether they are aware of the fact or not, are sorely in need of at least some hypothesis concerning the psychological development of mankind. They cannot afford to dismiss the whole question as though man were a changeless abstraction exempt from biological or psychical development. And if they realize their need they will not fail to pay some attention to the theory recently developed by Gerald Heard.

Mr. Heard* is editor of the English philosophical periodical the *Realist*. He proposes nothing less than the rehabilitation of that idea of progress which has been, during the past fifty years, so persistently criticized, and he has sketched a philosophy of history, highly speculative to be sure, but possessing the enormous advantage of involving the psychological question. For those able to accept it, it will at least serve the purpose of covering their nakedness, and though it asks of the reader something which amounts almost to an act of faith or a will to believe, it is an hypothesis which can help optimists over difficulties likely otherwise to be very puzzling indeed.

Mr. Heard accepts, in part at least, "the rule of phase in history." He calls upon the most advanced anthropologists to testify to the fact that primitive man, absorbed as he is in the activities of the tribe, has no individuality comparable to that which we take for granted in civilization, and he undertakes to explain the rise and fall of cultures in terms of the repeated emergence of that individualism which, in the past, has always continued to develop until its expanding force shattered the social structure. The priest-king and the hero are "proto-individuals" whose minds have just begun to separate themselves from the group-mind of the tribe. They are not sufficiently numerous to do more than change slightly the form of the civilization in which they live, but as more and more individuals (i.e., persons who demand something for themselves as distinguished from the survival of the group) are developed, institutions must be produced to take care of their demands. A salvation-religion which promises individual survival serves for a time to draw off their energies, and as their number increases beyond that which any possible priesthood can accommodate, then some form of monasticism must also appear. When this stage has been reached, either society sinks under the burden of its socially useless members or, if it survives, the individuals who have been monks are transformed into revolutionaries because, having inevitably become disillusioned with mere otherworldliness, they have begun to demand as individuals a larger and larger share of property or power. But economic goods are themselves not sufficient to satisfy the demands of an individuality which, in truth, nothing can satisfy; and this fact is indicated by the dissatisfaction manifest today with the nineteenth-century ideal of progressive economic amelioration. Hence the disappointed revolutionary is the last possible embodiment of the individual, and unless there is some change in the direction of psychical development our civilization must undergo an inevitable decline like that which affected it in the past when Egypt succumbed to the enervating influence of a salvation-religion, or when the Western world sank under the weight of monasticism.

Though Mr. Heard's examination of history in the light of this hypothesis is extremely interesting, this aspect of his theory is hardly more optimistic than Spengler's. But to save us from the horror of the "eternal recurrence" he undertakes to maintain that individualism is merely a phase in the development of the psyche which is, as a matter of fact, just now entering upon a stage characterized by the emergence of a new kind of group-mind, analogous to but higher than that of the primitive man. Human development, to use his favorite image, is not circular but spiral. We do not either go round and round or up and up but we do both at once, so that we constantly reach conditions similar to those of the past but not identical with them. And the present state of anthropological knowledge may be made to give support to the theory, for while nineteenth-century students were incapable of seeing the primitive man as anything except an imperfect individual, we have recently come to understand that his relation to the tribe is one implying a psyche radically different from ours, which proves, according to Mr. Heard's ingenious interpretation, that we today have reached a point in the spiral directly "over" that occupied by primitive man whom, therefore, we comprehend in a fashion which was impossible for even our grandfathers.

Rationalism (if I may be permitted to state Mr. Heard's argument in a form somewhat different from that which he uses) has never been able to comprehend in its own terms even those altruistic impulses which rationalists themselves feel. Its social theories have always had to be based upon the sufficiency of self-interest as a social motive, and hence must result in pessimism as soon as criticism makes it evident that "enlightened selfishness" is not sufficient to maintain a satisfactory society. But this is merely because rationalists—of whom Machiavelli is the extreme type—are always pure individualists compelled by the character of their own psyche to remain ignorant of the nature of that altruistic group loyalty which is infra-rational in primitive man but will be super-rational in the man of the future. The super-individual, who is now, according to Mr. Heard, adumbrated by the scientist devoted to the disinterested pursuit of truth and who is destined to break through the walls of his individual personality in a fashion now hinted at by experiments in telepathy, will save our civilization from decay and prevent any "eternal recurrence."

Mr. Heard advances his theories modestly and rather for discussion than for uncritical acceptance. Obviously the phenomena which he describes are open to interpretations different from that which he gives. It might, for example, perversely be maintained that our increasing comprehension of the primitive man is as likely to foreshadow a reversion to his state as it is to herald some transcendence of it, and there are many who will recoil a little from any argument which seems to place much weight upon the dubious results of telepathic experiments. Schiller at Leland Stanford found that persons who attemped to choose the card suggested by means of telepathy were wrong even more often than by the laws of chance they should have been, and when Mr. Heard suggests that this demonstrates a negative action on the part of the unconscious mind he is positively fantastic. But highly speculative though his book is it does, as I remarked before, offer some possible escape for those who have found themselves unwillingly forced into gloomy conclusions concerning the future of mankind, even though I, personally, find myself contemplating his vision of a de-individualized future without great enthusiasm and am not sure that I would not prefer to be rather individual in a decaying civilization than some misty, half-differentiated unit in the group-mind of the future. But that, as Mr. Heard himself points out, is sure to be the reaction of the "intellectual" who represents the extreme of individualistic development and perhaps when we actually get to the future we shall like it.

* "The Ascent of Humanity." By Gerald Heard. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $3.

It is true, also, that Henry Adams would have protested against the assumption that consciousness can possibly go on indefinitely increasing its "potential" in a universe where increasing entropy is inevitable. But in Mr. Heard's favor it must be admitted that only a rash man would build many faiths or doubts on the dogmas of those unaccountable fellows the physicists. They seem to be on the point of announcing any moment that the Second Law of Thermodynamics isn't a law anyway. When they have done so Mr. Heard will have at least one more difficulty out of the way.

Three Men

By MARK VAN DOREN

The Experience

He was so sensitive to sound,
And so impressible by rage,
We dropped the wolf when he was round
And were as lambs; but could assuage
No other portion of his fear
Than sat within a trembling ear.

Because he shrank and pulled the doors
That would have let our antics in,
Because he ran we stilled the roars
Of laughter tugging to begin—
Unknowing then that such a frown
Only needed striking down.

We never struck, and he was lost;
Or so it seemed until she came
Who was more beautiful than most,
And more unthinkable to tame.
She looked at him and smiled aloud;
And he forgot the timid crowd.

He forgot he was afraid
Of us who had too gently stepped.
She smiled again; and he betrayed
The courage in him now that leapt
And let him out as far at least
As to discover her a beast.

Even when her fangs were bare
That tossed him back his bitten heart,
We, recalling our old care,
Declared she played the milder part.
Something anyway is done
When two have fought and one has won.

The Player

Watching him who watched a card
As if it lit and like a bird,
Sitting brightly for a moment,
Would be gone upon the word;
Watching so, I said that hell
With him was not too often heard.

Although the trap was opened wide
And wind rushed up and bore its moan,
While he bent across the blood
Of little hearts he was alone—
The darkest breath from anywhere
Would only sound upon a stone.

Then I saw him at the shaded
Velvet table; saw him rise
And whisper on the whirling balls,
That now were whirling in his eyes—
Clicking white and clicking red
Until he lost the older cries.

As soon as spring was on the grass
He too was there, and strung a net
And struck, and kept the flying ball
As long above as luck would let;
And struck again; but when it dropped,
Fear upon his cheek had set.

Thus it was whenever talk
Had come with us to tales and puns—
None so desperate to jest;
He was of the fleeing ones
That smell the night; and so must toss
And fabricate a hundred suns.

The Quartet

One needed bottles, red and white,
Before he laughed; and for the second
There must be a cape that beckoned
Down an empty street at night;
The next of them with ball and kite
Pretended youth; but no one reckoned
On the last, the silent-bright.

None of the four knew whence it came—
The joy wherein his face was set
Like any stone when they were met:
A ring of light that shone the same,
Morning or evening, round his name.
They could not know they were a net
He pulled about him in a game.

Away from them the world was deep
Beyond all comfort to his mind.
The ways he took were sharp-inclined,
There was no level he could keep.
But four could put the world asleep;
It ceased to tilt when they had lined
A room with laughter, that would creep

Across the walls and dangle down
Until it caught and held them fast.
There was no falling door to cast
A crazy shadow through the town
When they walked home—save for this clown,
To whom each evening seemed the last
As he went from them with a frown.

James Joyce and Ireland

By MAURICE MURPHY

JAMES JOYCE has done more for Ireland than any other man of letters. It is not at all inconsistent with Irish character that in Ireland he is looked upon as a kind of pariah, not only by the peasantry but by many otherwise intelligent people. A recent article in an American magazine (a reprint from an Irish newspaper, I believe) by an Irish journalist speaks of Joyce as an intelligent but mentally perverted fiend. The Irish, like most people who are generally amenable and tolerant, are adamant and uncompromising where some pet theory or principle is concerned, and Joyce has not only exploded their most cherished illusion but has also renounced Catholicism. These are the two charges laid against him by the peasantry.

The world has chosen to look upon Ireland as a land of chaste, happy-go-lucky, sickly-sentimental, strong-armed morons. Unhappily there are such Irishmen, and Ireland chooses to be looked upon in that way. Joyce outrages this cherished illusion. His characters—and they are always Irish—seduce women just as the men of other countries do, and just as the men of Ireland do; some of them are foul-mouthed and unscrupulous just as the men of other countries are, and just as the men of Ireland are. Joyce makes plain the inevitable fact that the Irish are individuals the same as other peoples. Perhaps in time he will force the world to take Ireland seriously.

Very few Americans understand the intensity of religious differences in Ireland. The most delicate and vital subjects are the ones hardest to discuss, but the way the Irish avoid discussion of religion borders on the ridiculous. It did not in the least conciliate them that Joyce, speaking through Stephen Dedalus in "A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man," answered, when asked if at his renunciation of Catholicism he was going to take up with Protestantism: "I said that I had lost the faith but not that I had lost self-respect. What kind of liberation would that be to forsake an absurdity which is logical and coherent to embrace one which is illogical and incoherent?" Of course, most of the Irish people have never seen these words because they have never read the book. But it would not have mattered: his sin was unpardonable.

There are two other charges preferred against Joyce, by two different classes of Irishmen. Joyce was not in the Irish rebellion of 1916. Patriotic Irishmen—patriotism is one of the points on which Irishmen are uncompromising—will never forgive him for that. Yet despite the fact that he speaks cynically (through Stephen Dedalus again) of Ireland as "the old sow that eats her farrow," I am sure he followed very closely the Easter Week insurrection and subsequent developments. Joyce knew he was a better writer than a soldier, so he went on writing. It was lucky for Ireland and for the world that he did.

The other and final grievance is leveled at him by contemporary literary men of Ireland. I do not say that any of these writers are conscious of a positive animosity toward him, but all of them, with very rare exceptions, appear to have at least a negative antipathy to his society. And they have good reason. Joyce is arrogant. Padraic Colum quotes him as saying to William Butler Yeats (Joyce was young and unknown at the time and Yeats was already a world figure): "We have met too late: you are too old to be influenced by me?" He never made any attempt to associate himself with the Abbey Theater movement; in fact he wrote a scathing pamphlet on it at its inception. He abhors movements and fraternity. His poem XXI in "Chamber Music" is warrant for this, and it gives a picture of Joyce that biography cannot match.

> He who hath glory lost, nor hath
> Found any soul to fellow his,
> Among his foes in scorn and wrath
> Holding to ancient nobleness,
> That high unconsortable one—
> His love is his companion.

A country can be saved only by one of its own. There have been many famous literary men born in Ireland, but nearly all of them were essentially transplanted Englishmen in that their work belongs to English literature. Dean Swift considered his birthplace the first and greatest of his misfortunes—and wrote of Lilliput; Sir Richard Steele lived in, wrote of, and preferred England; Oliver Goldsmith, though his writings are tinged throughout with the atmosphere of the land of his birth, did the same. Joyce is good for Ireland's soul. "The Tale of a Tub," the "Spectator," "The Good-Natured Man," and other writings are neither good nor bad for Ireland; they do not really affect Ireland; they affect England and English literature. To be good for the soul of one's country is not, to be sure, a prime requisite of literature, but neither is it incompatible with literature; and no one would ever accuse Joyce of moralizing intentionally. None of the four men just mentioned were of the aboriginal Gaelic stock. Thomas Moore and James Clarence Mangan were; but Moore was an English sycophant who was at all times a little too sentimental; and while the beauty of Mangan's poetry is transcendent and should be known the world over, he is hardly ever heard of outside Ireland. But it can be said to Ireland's credit that he is supreme there.

I do not mean to imply by the foregoing that Joyce's work is Irish literature because he writes of Ireland or because he is of Gaelic origin, although there is a part of Connaught that for centuries has been, and still is, known as the Joyce country. That he writes of Ireland is fortune's gift to Ireland; he could write of Lilliput and his work would be no less Irish. No one can doubt Joyce's Gaelicism. His writings are enveloped in a mist of melancholy—a mist as palpable as the mist from the hills that hovers over Dublin city; and melancholy is as inseparable from Irish literature as a kind of morbidness is from Russian.

Herbert S. Gorman tells us, in effect, that Joyce likes sentiment about as much as leprosy; and Joyce has proved that sentiment is not necessary to Irish literature. Nevertheless, whenever I think of Joyce I cannot help seeing him as Padraic Colum pictures him in "The Road Round Ireland": tormented, a friendless, dejected, though scornfully despondent figure sloshing along in the dreary drizzle of a Parisian afternoon, finding strange solace in murmuring to himself his poems. Again, Joyce may in time bring the world to take Ireland seriously.

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Spare the Book and Spoil the Child

By SOPHIE L. GOLDSMITH

MANY of us have at least a bowing acquaintance with that wanderer in a bookshop who, strolling irresolutely among tables piled high with the combined efforts of publishers and authors, encounters a salesman. To the question: "Anything I can help you with?" comes the answer: "Well, I don't know. What's good?" Others have perhaps encountered that inimitable patient who, when his doctor asked what troubled him, replied indignantly: "How should I know? That's for you to find out!"

The spirit of the wanderer and the patient has possibly inspired the many efforts both to create a taste for reading on the part of the general public and to raise the standards of such taste once it is created. The battle has been waged long and ardently on behalf of people over sixteen years of age, but only recently have the cudgels been taken up in behalf of those younger. A growing sense of the responsiveness of children to books which touch a reverberating chord has resulted, first, in a great increase of books written especially for them; second, in an attempt to develop discrimination and critical faculty on the part of children in selecting their own books; and, third, in a desire to reach a reading audience of as many children as possible. The methods adopted by enthusiastic and astute conspirators to attain these results are numerous and individual.

Perhaps the finest methods, assuredly the most beloved conspirators, are those of the public libraries and the librarians in the children's rooms. It is almost impossible to believe that there ever was any foundation for the story in Floyd Dell's "Moon Calf" of the little boy who, demanding suitable reading at the town library, was given "Elsie Dinsmore" by the librarian in charge. Certainly those children who live in the larger cities can rarely complain of receiving stones when they ask for literary bread. Although the complexities of modern life have invaded the libraries to such an extent that librarians would seem to have almost as little energy to read as teachers have to teach, the fact remains that the majority love books with a fervor which must inevitably communicate itself to the eager Oliver Twists insatiably demanding more. Circulating libraries, however, cannot give children the same feeling as the actual possession of books, although their influence is incalculable. There is, therefore, a host of first aids.

The most important, naturally, are the publishers, nearly sixty of whom now publish books for children as against a very small percentage a few years ago. Many have large and specialized children's departments, run by people thoroughly at home there and with loving fingers on the pulses of their young charges. Imprints such as those of Macmillan, Longmans Green, Harpers, Doubleday Doran, Stokes, Scribner's, The Century, Dutton—to name only a few of the aristocrats of the children's book world—may be trusted to represent the heritages of tested authors and illustrators and the finest contributions of newcomers in the field. The catalogues issued by such houses are in themselves book-review magazines, featuring, naturally, home talent but presenting their offerings fairly and bearing the stamp of good writing and make-up.

Librarians and reputable publishers (to say nothing of authors and illustrators) having worked both to create a reading taste for children and to keep their standards high, additional agencies are working to develop the critical faculty and to reach as large an audience as possible. Reviews of children's books appear in many of the children's own magazines such as *St. Nicholas, John Martin's Book,* the *American Girl,* etc., as well as in an increasing number of magazines for adults. *St. Nicholas* publishes occasionally a small folder called "The Junior Book News" in which children themselves write reviews of books they have enjoyed. This policy of encouraging children to write their own reviews is also pursued by the *Horn Book,* an exceptional magazine which cannot be classed with the others because it reviews exclusively children's books and gives authoritative news of developments in that world, sketches of children's authors, articles relating to special subjects treated in children's books, and similar matter. It is published four times annually by the Bookshop for Boys and Girls in Boston, and its editors, Bertha Mahoney and Elinor Whitney, are the compilers of the most satisfying and most recent anthology of children's books, "Realms of Gold."

Besides the *Horn Book* there are children's book-review pages in many of the magazines for adults. The weekly page of Anne Carroll Moore, head of the children's department of the New York Public Library, which appears in the *Herald Tribune* book section under the caption "The Three Owls," is well enough known to require no comment. The *Saturday Review of Literature* has a bi-monthly page, The Children's Bookshop, conducted by Marian Ponsonby. *Parents,* formerly called *Children, the Magazine for Parents,* publishes reviews of children's books. Organizations such as the United Parents Association and the Child Study Federation also publish from time to time for their members classified and critical book lists for children.

When in such a magazine as *Vogue* one observes reviews of children's books, several New York department stores having unexpectedly large and well-stocked juvenile book departments come to mind. It is hardly necessary, however, to mention the giants or the pigmies in the bookshop world. One meets them on every street and avenue, and in the majority of cases they have juvenile departments influenced by any or all of the agencies already mentioned. The New York Children's Bookshop, which has recently combined with Harpers' Bookshop for Boys and Girls, is unique in that it stands for children's books and children's books only and maintains a standard gallantly high. Other veterans in the field have elaborately organized and well-stocked juvenile departments. Sometimes the less ambitious shops, as well as those which combine toys with book departments, atone in intelligence of service and quality of personnel for somewhat limited stock.

With these many agencies hard at work, it would appear that the children's own librarians, publishers, magazine editors, book reviewers, child-study associations, bookshops, and even department stores have covered the field pretty thoroughly. Yet one of their principal objectives, that of reaching as large an audience as possible, has not been satisfactorily attained. This is attested by the operation



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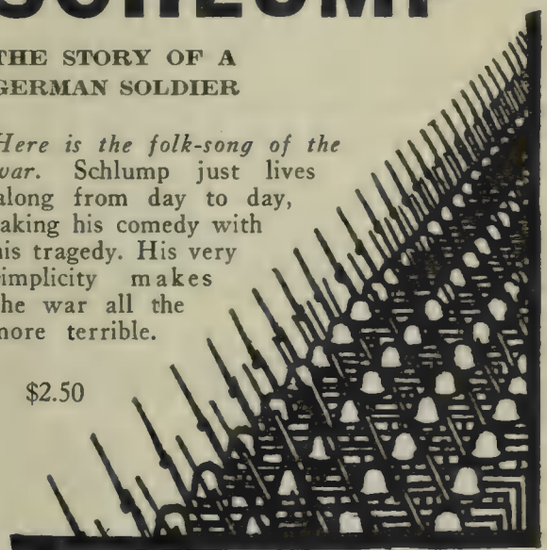
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in New York City at the present time of three book clubs for children run on the same principles as the senior Book-of-the-Month Club and the Literary Guild. These are the Children's Book Club, the Junior Literary Guild, and the Junior Book Club. All three, apparently, have one object in common: to bring what their reading committees regard as the most outstanding modern books for children, once a month by mail to their young members, without any effort on the part of the children or of their parents except the payment of the membership dues and, presumably, the reading of the books. All three have books submitted from over fifty publishers for examination and selection by their reading committees; all three boast imposing editorial boards composed of men and women prominent in the various fields connected with the welfare of children; all three, through the cooperation of publishers and the fact that they are able to examine manuscripts before printing, are able to send books to their members immediately upon publication. It is too soon to state their essential points of difference, since they have been in operation only since early in 1929, but some of their distinctive characteristics may be noted.

The Junior Book Club is the smallest in organization, but having been first in the field takes chronological precedence. Its reading committee, unlike that of the other two, is purely literary in character, the members being Louise Seaman of the Macmillan Company, an authority on children's books and their publication; Lydia Chapin Kirk, critic and editor of the Bookcase of the *Junior League Magazine;* Padraic Colum and Dhan Gopal Mukerji, beloved names in child literature; and Ann Haight, critic and lecturer, who is president of the club. The recipients of the books are divided into three age groups, and a bulletin is sent out once a month presenting a choice of books for the different ages and giving capsule reviews of those suggested. The selections include not only modern publications but also classics and books sometimes long out of print. The publishers' binding is not replaced by a special club imprint or binding, as is the practice of the other two clubs.

The reading committee of the Children's Book Club is educational rather than literary in character and personnel. Its members are Professor M. V. O'Shea of the New York Board of Education, professor of education at the University of Wisconsin and editor of various educational publications; Professor John S. Terry of the department of English in New York University; Elma A. Neal, director of elementary education at San Antonio, Texas; Gordon B. Volland, formerly of the Volland publications, now director of art, typography, and production; and Dr. Mabel L. Robinson, lecturer on juvenile writing at Columbia University and author of children's books. A feature emphasized by this club is the fact that all books are submitted to its board anonymously on the part of both authors and publishers. The readers are therefore uninfluenced by the prestige of the publisher or the reputation of the author and books are chosen solely on their merits. As in the junior clubs there are primary, junior, and senior memberships, the youngest group receiving six books annually, the others twelve. No choice of books is given, but should membership in the club prove unsatisfactory, it may be canceled at a month's notice. With each book received there is included a special letter directly from the author; there are "surprise packages" to members on membership anniversaries, a membership pin, two extra selected children's classics annually, and other apparently glamorous privileges, all widely advertised.

The Junior Literary Guild, which has combined with Selected Books for Juniors, Inc., is run on the same principles as the Literary Guild, of which it is a blood relative. Its offices are in the same building and Carl Van Doren is the chief adviser of the reading committee. In contrast with the literary character of the Junior Book Club's reading committee and the educational one of the Children's Book Club, that of the Literary Guild is varied. It includes Mrs. Franklin B. Roosevelt; Harford Powel, Jr., formerly editor of the *Youth's Companion;* Helen Ferris, formerly of the editorial staff of the *American Girl* and the *Youth's Companion* and author of several books for girls; Angelo Patri, a national figure in American education; Mrs. Sidonie M. Gruenberg, director of the Child Study Association; Robert E. Simon, first vice-president of the United Parents Association; and Katharine Ulrich, experienced both in juvenile sections of retail bookshops and in the juvenile department of a publishing house. So active and varied are the interests of this board that one wonders how they themselves escape the difficulties of that unfortunate class they are organized to assist—parents too busy to select books for their children. The Junior Literary Guild has two distinct points of departure from the Children's Book Club and the Junior Book Club. Although, like them, its membership is divided into three age groups, the boys and the girls in the group from twelve to sixteen are given different selections; it being the opinion of the Guild that there is a very decided difference in the tastes and requirements of the sexes during those years. Moreover, the Guild, when the publishers' binding, typography, or illustrations do not seem appropriate to the editorial board, changes any or all of these according to its taste and judgment.

From the point of view of new authors whose books receive, in addition to publication, certain purchase and examination; from that of the publishers who supply the books en masse (the Literary Guild orders in quantities of 5,000), and from that of the booksellers whose increased orders will doubtless reflect the susceptibility of the public to anything labeled "selected by," the club plan reaps an assured if not necessarily a golden harvest. The question is whether clubs which, in their very nature as clubs, must make their appeals in ways until now foreign to the experience of children who already love books and to those who want to do so, will succeed in appealing to such children? Will children understand and respond to the new language as their elders did not respond, one remembers, to Esperanto, the proposed universal language for an at least equally pressing necessity? Will children who are already hero-worshipers or potential hero-worshipers relish, for example, one of the club inducements offered—that of receiving a "personal letter" from the author with each book? Imagine the consternation in the ranks of youthful autograph collectors! What of the attitude fostered by a wording such as this in one of the club circulars: "Boys and girls of the club are insiders in the book world. The letters they receive from authors place them on intimate terms with writers and their books. They know what good books are, they are able to talk intelligently about them. Very soon, among their classmates and associates, they become known as boys and girls



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who are members of the Children's Book Club." Are club pins, badges, engraved club creeds, "surprise packages" the hallmarks of real or potential booklovers? Presumably a fine book is the privilege of club members. Must children be bribed to accept privileges?

The answer is that they ought not to be but that they undeniably are. Education has ceased to be a privilege and, despite all the efforts of the newer educational systems and the existence of those children fortunate enough to feel the joy of work, the great unwashed and many of the perfectly groomed must still be bullied, bribed, or persuaded into it. Welcome or unwelcome, the book clubs have undoubtedly come to stay. They represent the apparent requirements of an age which, in order to popularize Sara Crewe, gave her into the hands of Mary Pickford; which has delivered Beethoven and Chopin over to interpretive dancers; which has recently permitted Willy Pogany to take the most astounding liberties with Alice in Wonderland; which, in short, wants its classics interpreted in a recognizable *argot*.

Books

Not So Rabelais

All the Extant Works of François Rabelais: an American Translation with Variorum Notes by Samuel Putnam. Illustrated by Jean de Bosschère. Privately Printed for Subscribers Only. Three volumes. Covici-Friede. $135.

THE works of Rabelais were first translated into English in the seventeenth century by Sir Thomas Urquhart and Peter Motteux. Their work remains one of the great classics of our language; only one other translation surpasses it. With the exception of the King James version of the Bible, it is the best example of what our language can do by way of reproducing upon an alien reader the total effect produced by an original upon a native reader. To reproduce this total effect was its purpose, and it could not attain it otherwise than by literary devices which necessitated some sacrifice—in many cases considerable sacrifice—of literalness. Another type of translation therefore seemed called for, and it was supplied about a quarter of a century ago by W. F. Smith, of the University of Cambridge. His translation is accurate, dignified, and scholarly; it was meant to be that, and it is just that. It does not reproduce upon us the total effect produced by Rabelais upon his native readers, nor does it pretend to do so. It stands toward the earlier translation almost precisely as the revised version of the Bible stands toward the King James version. Any one unable to read sixteenth-century French can find in it a fine and precise rendering of the French original exactly as it stands, and he can thereby, if he has any curiosity about it, measure the earlier translation's lapses from literalness. These two translations would seem pretty well to cover the ground, but Mr. Putnam now brings out a new one, done into what he calls "the language of the American yeomanry—that language which our mothers, uncorrupted by any schoolmarm refinements, spoke." In another place he also qualifies this language as that "which the translator speaks, and which is spoken around him."

Mr. Putnam is a facile translator, and his sincerity and diligence deserve all praise, so that one would like to speak as well of his achievement as one can. He has evidently worked hard over his translation, and as hard, too, over raking together the enormous volume of literary curiosities and critical odds and ends that he has incorporated into his notes. Giving him all credit for this, one must yet wonder whether, after all, he has not worked a little too hard. Why should he have tried to produce a new translation? The reasons that he gives seem by no means conclusive, unless he had in mind some rather special constituency of readers. If one is after literalness, there is Smith. It is true that Smith's work needs some revision, called for by the progress of textual and historical criticism since his time; but the amount of labor indicated by this is very small by comparison with that required to retranslate throughout, and the net result would have been, one must say, much better. Mr. Putnam says as an implied objection that Smith's rendering is in "the English of the 1890's, and is naturally an essentially British version." Well, without putting any date to it, one may observe that Smith's English is very simple and good, quite to be understood by any cultivated American reader; and an uncultivated or half-cultivated American reader surely has no claim on Rabelais that would justify years of a translator's labor to help him realize. If one reads Rabelais, on the other hand, for different purposes—purposes that I shall presently say more about—there is the Urquhart-Motteux version. This, too, needs a certain editorial treatment to make it fully available, which also I shall speak of presently. Mr. Putnam says that Urquhart's text is "very nearly as difficult in spots, for the ordinary citizen, as Rabelais's middle French." If by Urquhart's text he means his language, one can only say that Urquhart's language is the language of the King James version, and if the ordinary citizen cannot make his way through that, he would be quite unlikely to get anything worth having out of Rabelais under any circumstances.

These remarks of Mr. Putnam's, borne out as they seem to be by the general tone of his introduction, point to his having in mind a very special class of readers; and if one could only be sure who and what they are, one would have pleasure in addressing them directly and recommending Mr. Putnam's book to them. Persons with a gregarious literary curiosity, especially if they have also an antiquarian turn, will read many of Mr. Putnam's notes with some amusement and interest. Aside from such, I do not know any of whom I could speak with anything like definiteness. Indeed, I hardly see how Mr. Putnam's translation can even be broadly recommended to Americans as distinctively American, except for its glossary of slang and coprolalia. These are everywhere national and regional, I suppose, and Mr. Putnam does his full duty by them. Aside from these, however, I see little to mark his periods as American, and hence his claims in behalf of an American language seem extravagant. For example, in the third chapter of the Third Book, Panurge says to Pantagruel:

> In Gaul, in the old days, when, under the rule of the Druids, serfs, varlets, and squires were burned alive at the funerals and obsequies of their lords and masters, don't you suppose those rascals had plenty of fear of their lords and masters' dying, seeing that then they would have to die too? . . . Don't you suppose that they were very careful to treat and serve their masters well? For then they could go on living, at least until the time came for them to die. Well, believe me, your creditors will pray God with an even more fervent devotion, from fear that you will die, since they love the sleeve better than the arm, and a denier more than life itself. . . .

If I am any judge, that is not American but English, and fairly good English. In the very next paragraph, however, Panurge, the man who has been speaking English of this quality, comes forth with this:

> Holy Smoke! when I come to think of it, you've got me aces up when you reprimand me for my debts and creditors. Yea bo; that's one time when I look upon myself as most august, reverend, and redoubtable. . . .

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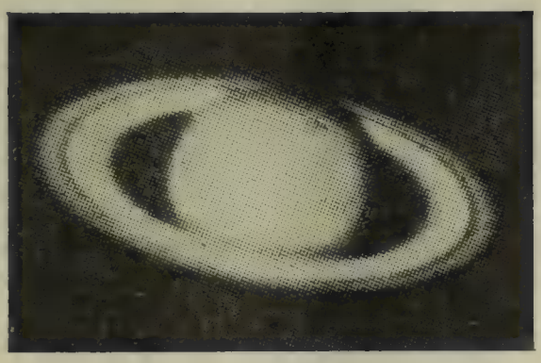
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This passage shows, as any page of Mr. Putnam's shows over and over again, the woeful hardship that a person brings on himself when he attempts to translate Rabelais under the conditions accepted by Mr. Putnam. No American that I ever saw or heard of talks like a Negro minstrel at one end of a sentence and like a seventeenth-century English bishop at the other; still less would he write in that fashion. If he did, the reader would be at once conscious of an incongruity somewhere, just as here he is at once conscious that Panurge is talking out of character either at one end of his sentence or the other. If Mr. Putnam says that his original shows the same incongruity, one must ask him how he knows that. Just here comes in the trouble with his thesis for translating "slang into slang, patois into patois, etc." The force of slang lies in its connotations, and in the case of practically all but current slang no one can know just what those are. I doubt whether Mr. Putnam could be quite sure just how a piece of American slang of the sixties or seventies affected its hearer, or just how to reproduce its effect upon a hearer of today. Rabelais's French for the foregoing runs thus:

> Vray bot, quand bien je y pense, vous me remettez à poinct en ronfle veue, me reprochant mes debtes et crediteurs. Dea! en ceste seule qualité je me reputois auguste, reverende et redoubtable.

The question then is whether Panurge's interjections originally by their connotation raised the sense of incongruity with the language and tone of the sentence that is raised by Mr. Putnam's equivalent. No one knows, of course; but Rabelais's general quality as a literary man sets up a very strong presumption that they did not. Mr. Putnam points out that the seventeenth-century translators, especially Motteux, also deal in slang. This is quite true; but in the first place, one does not know whether their slang invariably threw their narrative and the discourse of their personages out of character in the minds of their readers. It seems evident, however, that they were aware of the chance that it might do so. In the passage quoted, for instance, they render Rabelais's *Vray bot* by "Truly, and in good sooth, sir"; and they leave the second interjection, *Dea,* untranslated. Second, they were discriminating in their use of slang. Working on a theory of translation different from Mr. Putnam's they were not committed to a mechanical use of it in every instance where it was admissible, or where, considering the context, its use would appear extravagant.

Thus I can think of no one class of readers, not even Americans at large, to whom I could recommend this work as likely to be useful or even interesting beyond the limits set by a vagrant curiosity. Mr. Putnam's translation has no reason for existence that I can discover, and his notes and introductory matter are more likely to retard an acquaintance with Rabelais than to promote it. No doubt Mr. Putnam knows his constituency, if I do not, and knows what it ought to have; so I am glad to believe that his work has appropriate merits which I cannot discern, and glad to believe, also, that within the limits which he set for himself he has probably done about as well as any one could do. Having the general reader in mind, however, I can only say with Lincoln that for those who like that sort of thing, Mr. Putnam's work would no doubt be the sort of thing they like; and that it is not the book's misfortune, but my own, that I do not know who those are.

Mr. Putnam's work, though itself not at all, I think, what should be done, has the merit of indirectly indicating something that is much needed. Rabelais should be read as Homer, Sophocles, and Shakespeare are read, as an eminent and practical aid to "the good life"; especially eminent and practical now, when circumstances make an adequate conception of the good life uncommonly hard to come by, and harder to realize. His clear, steady, imperturbable outlook on every relation of life; his unfailing sense of what life has to offer that is worth taking, and of what is not; his estimate of what makes life worth living and of what degrades it into uselessness—it is for all this that Rabelais should be read, and, I say again, especially and above every other writer at this stage of the world's progress. Even more, it is for the spirit that *floats* these desiderata and makes them viable; the spirit that never condescends to moral rebuke, and that tempers objectivity with just the right measure of joy, indulgence, affability.

The Urquhart-Motteux translation communicates all this as no other rendering could possibly do. What is much needed, therefore, is that a well-printed edition should be brought out, with the text carefully established, and with such notes, and such only, as would enable the reader to make his way intelligently through it. I know of no such thing on the market since the Bohn edition of 1843—I am not quite sure of the date, but it came out in the forties—which was a miserable affair. People may well be excused for ignorance of what this great neglected work has for them. To get out such an edition as I speak of is not a matter of a few weeks or a few months on the part of somebody who chooses to put a 'prentice hand to it; it is an undertaking that requires long experience and special qualifications—very special and unusual. Mr. Putnam's work, whatever its merits or demerits, points unmistakably to this need, and those who wish to know the best that a great classic can do for them should join in the hope that the need may be met as promptly as possible.

ALBERT JAY NOCK

Horrors and Perversions

Rasputin. By Ivan Nazhivin. Translated by C. J. Hogarth. Alfred A. Knopf. Two volumes. $6.

IVAN NAZHIVIN'S "Rasputin" consciously takes the form of the Russian classics. Its loose-jointed narrative sprawls through two volumes to a total of 750 pages. Its scenes shift rapidly from village to city and back, and many of the minor village scenes particularly seem authentic and alive even though the persons depicted are touched with madness. The book is overpopulated with confusing multitudes of characters who murder one another and bob before ikons and endlessly discuss their souls, altogether in the traditional Slavic manner. In this disordered mass the better-ordered few seek escape from reality in introspection and mysticism.

It is the traditional form, but the spirit has become attenuated. From the seeming irrationality of a Dostoevsky humanity emerges, terrible and pitiful and amazing. From Nazhivin we get merely horror piled upon horror until the thing becomes a bore. The actors so far lose the human form that one no longer believes in them. "Rasputin" purports to be a historical novel of the Russian revolution, but unfortunately the writer became so engrossed in the blood-curdling episodes of the civil wars that he lost the real revolution altogether. The canvas proved altogether too large for a competent painter of miniatures.

The dissolute monk who was the power behind the throne during the last years of Czarism, and juggled prime ministers or archbishops as his whim or interest directed, is the central figure of the story only by courtesy. We have merely glimpses of him, hardly enough to make him real. On his principal appearances he is engrossed in tedious discussions about the existence or non-existence of God. Even the bungling murder of Rasputin by young Prince Usupov and his confederates has an air of unreality, though the author has followed his sources with fidelity. His picture is notably less convincing than Usupov's own naive story.

Mr. Nazhivin has again illustrated the axiom that great

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creative literature cannot be compounded merely from hatred and disgust. His Czar is a simpleton, the Czaritsa a neurotic, Rodzianko a fat futility, the clergy corrupt, Kerensky a popinjay, the Bolshevik leaders murderous hooligans. The only leaders of the period whom the author seems to admire are those rather shabby military adventurers, Kornilov and Denikin. His minor characters are virtually all psychopathic types. The only one for whom he displays any enduring tenderness is a dreamer with a habit of going into ecstasies before ikons while the world is being torn in pieces about him.

The author's most emphatic disgust is reserved for the Bolsheviks. In his narrative their leaders are preoccupied exclusively with murder, thievery, and rape, and the details of these activities are dragged out unctuously over scores and scores of pages. Curiously enough, Lenin hardly appears in this story of the revolution. Trotzky figures as a kind of chief sadist, "the ringleted, untidy, long-nosed Bronstein, a Jew." The writer lets slip no opportunity to attribute the horrors of the revolutionary period to Jewish conspirators, who employed Chinese and Letts to do their dirty work. The end finds them triumphant, with Russia in ruins and the surviving émigrés composing their souls with pious mysticisms in the Bavarian mountains.

The book is a curious anachronism. Despair and escape are no longer the twin notes of the Russian soul. Even in this difficult transition stage, under considerable official rigidity, the new Soviet literature is robust and eager and grasps at life without fear. The village is too busy with foundation work to have time or inclination for long introspections. From all this new life Nazhivin is spiritually an émigré.

HAROLD KELLOCK

Chicago the Extraordinary

Chicago: A History of Its Reputation. By Henry Justin Smith and Lloyd Lewis. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $3.75.

AT length we have something of a miracle in "Chicago: A History of Its Reputation," a throbbing biography of a city, fascinating as a Dreiser novel, written colorfully and with a fine sense of the dramatic. Neither a eulogy nor an attack, it is a swiftly moving recital of the tremendous events, tragic, humorous, inspiring, and nauseating, that have marked the imperial onward march of a community that has fairly pulsated with dynamic energy from the beginning. Happily, unlike most histories of cities, the tale is told with literary power and imagination. It could hardly have been otherwise, for the authors are Henry Justin Smith, a novelist, and Lloyd Lewis who recently distinguished himself with his "Myths After Lincoln." They have so saturated themselves with their subject that in dealing with every period they seem to be writing out of their personal experiences and from their own observations. Thus they have produced a glowing panoramic picture.

The tale begins with Chicago a dismally unpromising trading post and ends with the dynasty of Bill the Builder. To cover intelligently and consecutively the more than a century intervening called for genius in the selection of material. No really significant event is missing; each is graphically described in its special significance, and all are made to fit naturally into the gaudy, ugly, beautiful, depressing, and magnificent mosaic which is Chicago. The reader is impressed with the common tone of all these years. Always the same—men with the raw elemental power, the grim determination, the cruel relentlessness of materialists mostly impressed with materialistic values. We are shown men of imagination and audacious daring, Napoleonic in their concepts, building, tearing down, rebuilding on a scale constantly grander and grander, reaching out grimly, restlessly for an industrial, commercial, financial domination of the midwestern empire. Good strong men, but rough; bad strong men, but touched with genius—these, in combinations sometimes incongruous, are the wizards working the miracles; and swarming about them great multitudes of people, toilers, gamblers, idealists, murderers, prostitutes, bringing to the making of the most amazing of cities the instincts, superstitions, prejudices of every race and clime.

But this is only one side of the picture. There are stockyards that smell to heaven, but also the art gallery; the International Harvester, but likewise the Field Museum; the low brothel, but also the opera; the gambling dens—and the university. The sordidness of industrialism is set off against the imposing parks and the lake-front drive—things of beauty and a joy forever. In brief, like any great city, and especially any great American city, Chicago is a mixture of good and bad. In turning these pages one concludes that the city has always had this mixture from the days when William B. Ogden began to sell lots and John Stephen Wright began to visualize the future. The bad is no worse today and the good is better. Why then Chicago's reputation? The answer is to be found, perhaps, in its flamboyance, its delight and amusement in the bizarre however bad, and in the fact that now, as ever, its people, feverishly seeking the pot of gold where the rainbow touches earth, have no time to pause even to end the exploitation of themselves. That, and a certain breezy Western contempt for the hypocrisy which would sweep the trash under the couch when outsiders are expected. Chicago conceals nothing, denies nothing, accepts everything. Where but there would the prostitutes driven from their district have dared stage a spectacular parade of protest through the streets in broad daylight?

Such is the impression, in general, left by the biography of Chicago. Of course the book is not one of generalities. The important events are all given their proper place—the exploitation by the politicians, the victimizing of the people by unscrupulous corporations, the feasts and famines, the riots and the racketeering; and we see the scaffold rise for the men of the Haymarket and the prison doors open to Debs. Powerful figures, good and bad, talk through the pages—Ogden, "Long John," Stephen A. Douglas, McCormick whose Chicago-made reapers "won the Civil War," Pullman and Medill, Field and Yerkes, and among the lords of the scepter such mayors as Busse and Thompson and Dunne and the Carter Harrisons.

A tremendous job, the writing of this book, and a job amazingly well done.

CLAUDE G. BOWERS

A Biographer's Tricks

The Incredible Marquis. By Herbert Gorman. Farrar and Rinehart. $5.

SOME books seem to be as much the publisher's inspiration as the author's. Here is one of them, a large and handsome production heralded as "an adventurous and glamorous biography," pointed up with a false catch-title (for Dumas, of course, was no marquis and used the questionable patent for but a short period during his long life), and tricked out with sure-fire devices for hypnotizing the attention of the uncritical reader. It is excellent trade-goods, a book clearly manufactured to hit the popular taste and yet, with its miscellaneous slag-heaps of erudition, to enlist the applause of the critics. It is a book that may or may not have been originally conceived by its publishers; but it is certainly one that these impresarios would hail with joy, so nicely calculated is it to summon whoops and chortles from the critical fraternity and tickle the fancy of



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a monstrously bored reading public. For, essentially, that is what volumes such as "The Incredible Marquis" are: pink pills to purge ennui, of exactly the same order as a fast-moving romance. But the public which is now holding out its panting tongue for capsuled culture refuses to take its thrills straight; each shiver must have its educational value. Hence the modern biography with its simple formula: surround your facts with as much excitement as possible; your audience will react to the excitement and, forgetting the facts, will still be comforted by the feeling that, after all, the facts *were* there even though they seem to have disappeared in the fiery magic of the author's style.

Mr. Gorman's is a clever book—for many pages a readable book. It is stuccoed with erudition and has its quota of epigram. Somewhere between its attractive covers is a recognizable portrait of that rather simple, if enormous personality, Alexandre Dumas, *père*. In the heavy plum-pudding of its style are imbedded many appetizing raisins of anecdote. Yet I deem it fundamentally a bad book; and the fact that its badness is akin to the badness of so much modern biographical writing seems to offer an excuse for a more extended examination. Beyond this is another reason: the career of Mr. Gorman. Here we have the case of a writer of unquestionable talent who, because he can do a great many things with ease, has not permitted himself to do any one thing well. His long succession of books, which include two volumes of poetry of disparate character, a critical work on Joyce, a Joycean novel, a monograph on Longfellow, a witches-and-black-magic thriller, and now this biography of Alexandre Dumas, is evidence not of a hack-writer but of a wavering temperament which has permitted itself to be led astray by an unconcentrated literary enthusiasm. There, perhaps, is the root of the trouble: Mr. Gorman has read so many books that he has a number of rapidly formed ideas on almost any literary subject; consequently not one of his productions has been as good, as solid, as it might have been.

Of them all "The Incredible Marquis" pleases me least, not because it is hasty but because, in the sense I have indicated above, it is too craftily meditated. Mr. Gorman has appropriated to himself the defects of Dumas's own literary qualities: romanticism, exaggeration, trickery, sentimentality. The life of Dumas is viewed as a chain of gorgeous and fantastic incredibilities. Little is allowed to interfere with this impression of unrestrained speed and color, for once that impression is established in the reader's mind he is bound to "enjoy" the book—enjoy it, that is to say, as he would a good detective story. Everything is rendered exciting, mobile, breathless. Dumas's visit to Algiers, which was in its essentials little more than a *visite touriste* streaked with a few eccentric happenings, is made to sound like an elaborate farce-melodrama. Dumas's part in the July Revolution, which should be an amusing anecdote, is inflated until it appears in the guise of a glorified D'Artagnanesque adventure. The Revolution itself is described largely in colorful and romantic detail, as if the sober findings of modern historical research did not exist for Mr. Gorman. How, indeed, does the book open? Inevitably on that false note of the irrelevantly picturesque which Emil Ludwig has popularized: "For three days troops passed through the quiet little village of Villers-Cotterets, surrounded by its miles of green forest, on their way to Soissons, Laon, Mézières. They were gaitered giants, legendary creatures with fierce mustaches and faces browned by the burning suns of a dozen campaigns. . . . Brigade after brigade passed. Rumbling ammunition wagons. Creaking caissons. The elephant-colored snouts of dusty cannon. Horses with proud tossing heads, braided tails, and sweating flanks. Clattering supply carts. Swaying shakos and fluttering sword sashes. Long jingling troops of cavalry, the men sitting easily in their heavy saddles, their sabers clashing against their spurs. . . . Cuirassiers. Cannoneers. Hussars. Dragoons." With all due respect to its cleverness, one must denominate this sheer fake writing, not in the least to be excused on the ground that "a boy of thirteen, blue-eyed, with long fair curly hair" "watched the grizzled veterans of the Grande Armée pass" and "seemed to hear a voice in the air above him, the voice of a tired man who had fought greatly and suffered and died at last in a bed, with the sword hung on the wall and the uniform laid away in a chest." It is all so easy, these facile picturesque imaginings, these speciously grand prose rhythms, this superficially military staccato. It is juvenile fine writing, of a type which Mr. Gorman, at heart, is immensely superior to.

Mr. Gorman does this kind of thing with such nonchalant ease that he cannot refrain from introducing extraneous descriptive material of the "vivid" order. Whenever the external events of Dumas's life seem too quiet to be worth recounting, there is always Paris to be described—picturesque, romantic, beautiful Paris with its grisettes and cafés, eccentrics, narrow curving streets, color, and movement. The result of all this is to clutter the story rather than enrich it; the career of Dumas is overlaid with a thick layer of vaguely relevant expository and descriptive writing. Even this would not be so bad if Mr. Gorman had not availed himself, in the process, of a multitude of tawdry tricks derived mainly from Ludwig and Thomas Beer. There is, for example, that falsely exciting technique of describing an unnamed character at mystifying length and, at the end, confronting the open-mouthed reader with "the place was the Chateau of Montgobert and the young woman in the embroidered slippers was Pauline Bonaparte, Princesse Borghese." There is that youthful type of consciously dramatic understatement which tells us that "in England a heavy-lidded man named Louis-Napoleon Bonaparte observed the agitation of the Reformists with some interest." There is that absurd affectation made fashionable by Beer which consists in setting down a series of curt summaries of contemporaneous but seemingly unconnected events, the object being to secure a sort of cosmically ironical effect.

Anything for readability: there is the modern biographer's motto. Mr. Gorman, for example, depends much too confidently on Dumas's own memoirs. If an anecdote is amusing, even if it is absurd (such as the "I am going to kill God for killing my father" passage) it is included without any doubt being cast on its authenticity. Mr. Gorman knows that Dumas was the very greatest of liars. Why therefore trust him even as much as he does. He must have realized that a close dependence on the memories of the great romancer would inevitably produce merely another romance.

What is fundamentally the trouble, I think, is that Dumas is too simple a personality to engage intelligent interest throughout 450 large and closely written pages. The reader tires of his feats of endurance, his scuttlings to and fro, his prodigies of labor, his gargantuan feats and feasts. Once you get the idea the attention wavers. At this point may I refer to a biography of last season where the author was faced with a somewhat similar problem? In Matthew Josephson's "Zola and His Times" we also have a man who performed gigantic tasks under amazingly difficult conditions (Zola, remember, had no collaborators); but our attention was not uniquely riveted on these backbreaking labors, these believe-it-or-not monstrosities. The author, realizing that he could easily melodramatize his subject, refrained all the more from doing so. He never lost his head, rarely over-wrote; and when he gave a portrait of the times it was complete and related to Zola, not merely a picturesque hodge-podge bewildering the reader with its masses and heaps of detail.

I have written in this way because I believe that the

faults of Mr. Gorman's laborious book are in large part the faults of much contemporary biographical writing. In an age where the better novelists are painfully conscientious and realistic, the biographers have abandoned themselves to romance and the illusion of the vivid. Books such as "The Incredible Marquis" now provide the same kind of stimulation that twenty years ago was supplied by novels of the Rupert of Hentzau school. "Glamorous," "adventurous," "breathless," "miraculous"—before we know it we will be taking these dear delights of the blurb-writers in all seriousness; and there will not be a single hero of the past whose life will not have been decorated and tricked out with a thousand and one phrases that should remain the property of the advertising writers, whose dishonesty is at least frankly commercial.

CLIFTON P. FADIMAN

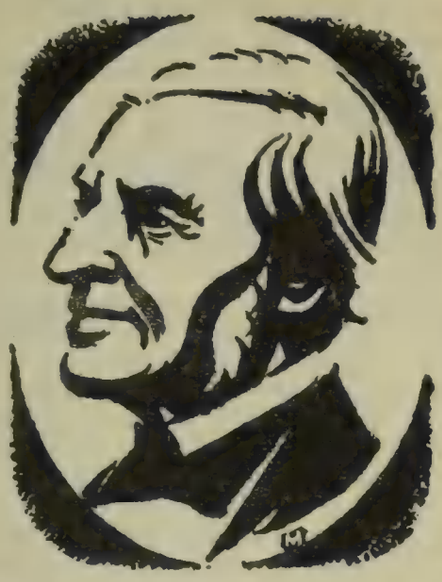
Railway Drama

The Romance of the Rails. By Agnes C. Laut. Two volumes. Illustrated. Robert M. McBride and Company. $7.50.

"ROMANCE" is a rather mild word for the strenuous exertions recorded and to some extent pictured in these two volumes. What they relate is the story of another Hundred Years' War; for the railways first had to fight the canals, then they fought one another, later they found themselves engaged in rivalry with a canal again, this time the interoceanic cut at Panama, and they were almost incessantly struggling with the government and with the public. Some of these battles were absurd; some were tragic. Some of them were led by heroes; some were directed by pirates. The fields on which they were fought were strewn with shattered investments, broken hopes, and ruined reputations. The war still continues, but it is seldom marked now by any incident that recalls the spectacular days of old.

The story is woven of three threads: mechanical devices, financial arrangements, and governmental supervision. No one of the three could have been left out, but the necessity for so many brought complications that frequently tied them into a knot which sometimes was slowly and painfully untangled and at other times unceremoniously slashed. We smile at early crudeness in all three: different widths between rails on different roads, necessitating frequent changes for passengers who were going even comparatively short distances; ludicrously inadequate financing, with subsequent expedients bordering on desperation; provisions that private vehicles might use the tracks and that roads should pay a rebate of their profits to competing canals. But later decades were guilty of equally egregious follies. Automatic couplers and air-brakes were viewed with suspicion; some of the weirdest and most rascally financing occurred after 1900; and it was a law of our own enlightened age which provided that if two trains met on parallel sidings over a road crossing, neither should go ahead until the other one had passed.

Inventors, investors, and public all had to learn. They were playing with something new under the sun and old assumptions and methods were impossible. Yet it was not a flaming youth but the ninety-year-old Charles Carroll of Carrollton who, when the ground was first broken for the Baltimore & Ohio, on July 4, 1828, made the most striking utterance regarding the significance of the occasion: "I consider this among the most important acts of my life; second only to signing the Declaration of Independence, if even second to that.'" The words were justified by the rapidity with which the railways came into their own. By 1843, despite the warning of the Boston *Transcript* that the use of steam to draw a train of coaches, their "soft effeminate cushions causing ease-



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ment to body and legs," would rob "passengers of manliness" and "death of half its terrors," the Boston and Albany line was carrying a larger amount of traffic than was borne by all the rivers and canals in the country.

This growth took place in the face of innumerable obstacles, some of them almost grotesque. By law no steam-driven monster could for a time enter the city limits of Albany or Buffalo. The ostensible reason was the peril to life and limb that would ensue; the real reasons were the Erie Canal, coach lines, teamsters, and taverns. Utica looked at Albany and saw how it was prospering by the inconveniences of travelers who had to spend a night there between trains, or rather, between railroads; so Utica became enterprising enough to show hostility to a through line. The difficulties of the first railways were so great that until the transcontinental roads were planned, through lines had been the outcome less of deliberation than of the addition of one local link to another. Then came Commodore Vanderbilt and at the age of seventy-five consolidated the links between New York and Buffalo into a single chain, opening an era in railway history.

Miss Laut's recital of her story is a somewhat incongruous mingling of scholarly research, chatty style, and occasional irrelevant comment. While her lightness of touch keeps the narrative from dragging, her chattiness sometimes obscures the outline of developments and her inclination to philosophize injects an element of mushiness. "Are we, or are we not," she demands, "tools in the hands of a Divine Destiny?" And as if that were not a sufficient dose of bathos, she adds solemnly, "Each must answer for himself." She also acknowledges her inability to pass judgment upon the financial soundness of some of the moves in the melodramatic struggle for control of the Erie, although questioning the position of Charles Francis Adams (she omits mention of his collaborator Henry Adams) on those moves. Nevertheless she gives a comprehensive and fairly well-detailed account of one of the most important and colorful segments of American history.

ROYAL J. DAVIS

Fifty Years Ago

The Eighteen-Seventies: Essays by Fellows of the Royal Society of Literature. Edited by Harley Granville-Barker. The Macmillan Company. $3.

A CERTAIN hush, delicate and refined, hangs over these papers: they were all written for what appears to be called the Royal Society of Literature, and it is obvious that the essayists take their membership with a considerable gravity. And well they may! Consider, for example, Sir Arthur Pinero. In America he strikes connoisseurs as no more than an out-moded dramatist, and even his knighthood no longer blinds and enchants, for he has been forced to share it with a rabble of shady journalists, chain-store magnates, and vaudeville clowns. But at home in England he is an F.R.S.L., and an F.R.S.L. walks in public processions directly behind F.R.G.S.'s, K.C.'s, and J.P.'s. Again, there is Hugh Walpole. To the world at large—a charming fellow, an eloquent lecturer, and a novelist who has somehow failed to make the grade. At home, in his academic robes, girt with key, plumes, and epaulettes—an official ornament of the national letters and the peer if not the superior of Shakespeare.

Such gaudy eminence naturally causes a man to conduct himself with care, but there is no evidence in these presents that it endows him with any faculty for the science of criticism. All the essays, in fact, are pretty dull. The Marquess of Crewe has the place of honor with a gloomy account of his father, Lord Houghton, and there follow treatises on the nov-

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elists of the seventies by Mr. Walpole, on the women novelists by Walter de la Mare, on the poets by John Drinkwater, on the women poets by Miss Sackville-West, on the theater by Sir Arthur Pinero, on the critics by Professor Frederick S. Boas, and on Oxford and Cambridge by R. W. Macan and W. E. Heitland. In every essay there is a laudable erudition. Names are brought forward that have been forgotten for half a century. We hear of such poets as Lord de Tabley, Thomas Edward Brown, Mrs. Louisa Guggenberger, Emily Pfeiffer, and Menella Bute Smedley, and of such novelists as Amelia Edwards, Mrs. Linnaeus Banks, Mrs. Robert Stuart de Courcey Laffan, and ▪ Mr. Jenkins, author of "Ginx's Baby"; but that is about as far as it goes. There is little apparent effort to relate the course of the literary stream to the larger flow of forces in England, and that little leads to nothing save some puerile theorizing.

Two of the essays, as I have said, have to do with Oxford and Cambridge. Both are by dons, and so they deal mainly with the personal trivialities that are the salient concern of the academic mind. There is nothing in the book about the great expansion of the English university system which began in the seventies, though it was far more important than anything that went on at Oxford and Cambridge. Huxley is mentioned three times—twice to marvel that he began lecturing to women at South Kensington in 1870. The fact that he had a considerable skill at writing English is not alluded to. Herbert Spencer is noticed but once, and then only to recall ▪ silly sneer at his expense, here laid to Carlyle. The only author who gets ▪ whole essay is Andrew Lang. The author, George Saintsbury, says that he was interested in everything save science, religion, and politics.

A somewhat sorry and dispirited performance. There is ▪ high-toned air to the book, but it lacks substance. A fair match for the volume of "Academy Papers" published by members of the American Academy of Arts and Letters in 1926.

H. L. Mencken

Romain Rolland and Beethoven

Beethoven the Creator. By Romain Rolland. Translated by Ernest Newman. Harper and Brothers. $5.

MORE than twenty years after his biography of Beethoven, that model of compact scholarship and vivid portraiture thrown off as a spark from the forge where "Jean-Christophe" was being smithied, Rolland writes "Beethoven the Creator," a return to the early theme in his later manner. A biography in the formal sense this is not, although it abounds in biographical material. It is rather, as its title in French more precisely designates ("Beethoven; Les Grandes Epoques Créatrices"), a study of Beethoven in his "great creative epochs," and, what is much more rare, a study of his creative process itself. The work is unique, for Rolland is peculiarly qualified. Musician, scholar, man of letters, with him Beethoven has been a lifelong study and a lifelong friend. His Jean-Christophe is Beethoven reincarnated.

In Rolland the streams of literature and music are confluent. For ages literature has learned from sculpture, from painting, from architecture, and from the sciences. Music has matured only within the past two or three centuries. The art is still too young to have made its maturity felt in the enrichment of literary form, except here and there a point in the craftsmanship of a few advanced writers. In England, Shaw and Samuel Butler have understood something of this; in Germany, where one would most naturally expect the union to be perfected first, it seems to have been overwhelmed by the abundance of music itself; but in France, with Rolland,

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the blend begins. There are elements of symphonic structure in "Jean-Christophe," and that novel is executed on the gigantic scale of a Wagnerian cycle. Moreover, in all that Rolland writes music is a vast interior sea whose sound and perfume are all-pervading; and two of his dramas of the French Revolution, "Palm Sunday" and "The Leonides," are orchestrated with a powerful symbolism of nature's sights and sounds colored with a dramatic irony which we have learned from the Greek dramatists, but in Rolland an irony heightened by what he has learned from music.

Any artist with words who is able to read an orchestral score must be twinged by its superior eloquence. The composer writes not in single lines of words but in a dozen or twenty lines of notation at once. Here, instead of one voice, are twenty voices, or a hundred, sounding together and all in harmony, rhythm, order, and organic structure. Can literature, even the drama, compete with this? Has literature any unexplored equivalents to these overpowering emotional effects (which are also highly intellectual) of orchestra and singers, to these necromancies of instrumental color, and to the test of frequent repetition which music endures so triumphantly? At least literature can learn from the subtleties of musical form, and, to judge from the seepage of musical terminology into common literary usage, this has already begun.

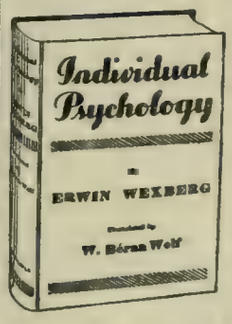
The supercilious aloofness of literature to music, the blandly Philistine ignorance of music on the part of reputable and even eminent men of letters, not only in America where one would expect it but also in Europe where one would not, is more than slightly fatuous. These writers do not seem to have heard that there has been a change of government; they are eighteenth-century monarchists wandering into the Red Kremlin totally unaware that the Bastille has fallen. In a generation more it is probable that a man of letters who has not studied his Beethovenian and Wagnerian scores (not to mention those of a dozen other composers) will be ranked with the poet who has never read Shakespeare. The ability to read phrases of music quoted in notation on a page of prose should be asking no more than ability to read any other modern language, with the additional reason that the language of music is universal. But, for the present, literature relegates music to specialists—to the critic, the pedagogue, the essayist—and it is only very rarely that a literary artist of the first rank—novelist, dramatist, biographer, historian—like Rolland understands and can use these vast unexploited riches which lie like gold ingots kicking round unheeded under the bootsoles of prospectors.

A concert pianist once asked me: "Do novelists know as little about other subjects as they know about music?" "Why do you ask?" "Because I have been reading a novel in which a young man serenades his girl by playing a symphony of Beethoven on his flute!" This is not so good, and there is going to be more of it directly the stampede of literature to music begins. A writer, by judicious consultation of authorities, may be able to bluff with some chance of success in science, or seamanship, or mechanics, or a given field of scholarship; but let him try it with music. . . . No subject is so fatally a dead give-away. It will betray him by his very tone.

An English reviewer of Rolland's "Beethoven the Creator" observes gingerly: "The style is very metaphorical." The remark is very English. What this matter-of-fact islander shies at is an overflow of music into literature. It is true that even in so excellent a translation as Ernest Newman's one is struck, after having first read Rolland's work in French, by how much of its flavor evaporates in English. Is French a language more sensitive to music? Yet even in English Rolland's analyses of the "Eroica," the "Appassionata," and "Fidelio" are a highly successful blend of musical scholarship and imaginative prose. It takes an artist to do this. Verbal

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interpretation of music is usually an indiscreet exposure of the interpreter's emotional interior—at its worst the maudlin gush of the program books and at its best only one auditor's fancy, universal speech screened through an individual consciousness. In so fine a work, for example, as Paul Bekker's "Beethoven" occur passages of imaginative interpretation beside which in the margin one is tempted to write "Bosh"! But Rolland is not only scholar and musician, he is poet as well. Not only does he understand the technical structure of the music and know the history of its conception; he is also qualified, as a creative artist in his own right, to discuss the creative process; and he is, finally, a master of imaginative prose. When, therefore, he begins to translate Beethoven into metaphor it is done for the most part with a grandeur of imagery and a nobility of language worthy of the music.

Beethoven's Michaelangelesque prodigality of painstaking, the various steps in his creative process—his mystical communion with nature; his long days in the open, note-book in hand; the inveteracy of his note-book habit; his heroic patience in reshaping themes ten, twenty times; his ruthless self-criticism; fortitude in rejecting beloved passages which had cost him infinite mental sweat; the marvels of his structural sense and ability to unravel his sketch-book material without recourse to mechanical aids; his psychic recognition of the final rightness of a theme's form when the ultimate version was at last attained; his habit of keeping several works in simultaneous incubation; his frequent practice of deciding on the form before the content—all these are phenomena which the average craftsman in any art could profitably examine; and although they have been frequently dealt with by other authors, Rolland's work is of special lucidity owing to the fact that he is something in this line himself.

If there is a better study of Beethoven in the entire centenary crop of such, I have not had the good luck to see it. Rolland's researches are up to the minute, and his pages contain novel and responsible diagnosis of the origin of the composer's deafness along with hitherto unpublished material about his relationships with the Brunsvik sisters and their cousin Guilietta Guicciardi. The work is based on the best authorities, including that most readable of encyclopaedias, Thayer, and adds to these an authority of its own. The author is a man of sixty-three. Ostracized by his refusal to share in the passions of the war period, virtually a proscript by the whole of belligerent Europe, he has been through enough to have killed an ordinary mortal. Yet his sufferings, like Beethoven's deafness, seem to have intensified his creative power. One might suppose this book to be the work of a fiery youngster in his twenties. It boils and bubbles with vitality. And it is only one of a dozen such—novels, dramas, and biographies—which have flowed from that fertile brain in the dozen years since the war. Such a spirit has a right to speak of the creative process, even of Beethoven's.

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The English King. By Michael MacDonagh. Jonathan Cape and Harrison Smith. $3.

THIS book bears a strong resemblance in object and character to Mr. MacDonagh's "Pageant of Parliament," published a few years ago. In each work the author undertakes to depict a great and venerable institution as it exists and functions in the present democratic era, and in each he approaches his subject on its human side rather than by way of its historical evolution. Both are based in considerable measure upon knowledge gained from personal observation during a long career in journalism; they are written in

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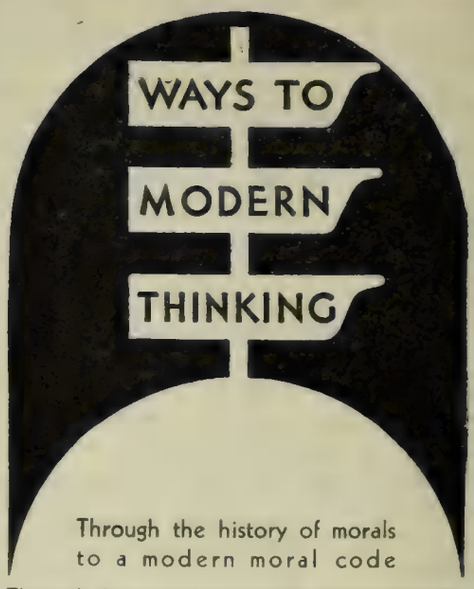
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a lively style that borders at times on the flamboyant; they are full of apt and interesting illustrative anecdotes, and, though obviously addressed primarily to the general reader, they contain matter that deserves the attention of the student.

The leading theme of the present book is what may be called the democratization of the British monarchy—a process which has reached its highest development during the reign of the present King. Neither Victoria nor Edward VII fully accepted all the implications of cabinet government, but George V appears to have done so. He neither possesses nor pretends to possess any personal authority in political affairs. Mr. MacDonagh refers to the appointment of Stanley Baldwin as Prime Minister in preference to Lord Curzon as establishing the principle that when a choice has to be made between two men with equal claims to the premiership it shall be decided not, as previously, "by the personal inclination of the sovereign, but by the weight of opinion in the party to which both men belong." The time has not yet come for a balanced estimate of the role of George V in the history of English kingship, but meanwhile the author's opinion that his reign will be notable for the adaptation of the monarchy to its new political and social environment seems well founded.

Perhaps the most important contribution that is made in this book is the account given of the short-lived republican movement that began and ended in the seventies of the last century. This movement, it is true, never became really formidable, but it caused much fluttering in royalist dovecotes, it was taken seriously by a good many politicians, and it was given such prominence in the press that it is strange it has been almost completely ignored by historians. Among the conditions that contributed to its rise Mr. MacDonagh refers to the anti-monarchical tone and *tendenz* of Thackeray's lectures on "The Four Georges," which were delivered to crowded middle-class audiences during the fifties; the spread of republican sentiment in sections of the working classes as a result of the establishment of the Third French Republic in 1870; the influence of the Paris Commune upon foreign workingmen in London, and the republican propaganda of Charles Bradlaugh who, though opposed to the use of force, sought in speech and writing to arouse contempt for the royal family in working-class circles.

Of consequence, too, was the circumstance that Queen Victoria during the middle period of her reign was distinctly not popular. Following the death of the Prince Consort she had retired in widowed seclusion from the public view, the court was in a state of suspended animation, and it was commonly believed that the Queen had accumulated a large fortune by savings out of the civil list granted to her by Parliament. The most important convert to republicanism was Sir Charles Dilke, then a Radical member of Parliament, who proceeded to spread the gospel from the public platform. The burden of his complaint against the monarchy was its cost to the nation, and in 1872 he moved in the House of Commons for an inquiry into the civil list, which then amounted to £385,000 per annum, of which £60,000 was for the Queen's personal use. The overwhelming defeat of his motion by no means put an end to the agitation. On the contrary, it was followed by an organized republican movement among the working classes. A conference of delegates representing republican clubs met at Sheffield in December, 1852; a National Republican Brotherhood was formed, and John Bright was nominated as first President of the British Republic! It says much for the sanity of the government that none of the republicans was prosecuted for sedition. Bright, whose republicanism was highly theoretical, declined the offer and (not without a trace of irony, one suspects) advised his supporters to leave the issue to posterity. In the following year the republican agitation collapsed—more suddenly than it had arisen.



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The story as outlined by Mr. MacDonagh is full of human interest and suggests a number of important questions.

It would be unreasonable to find fault with a book intended for popular consumption on the ground that it is not a product of profound scholarship; its author is not fairly censurable because he sometimes sails on waters the depths of which he has not plumbed. But there is little excuse for errors in matters of fact when the truth is easily ascertainable. Mr. MacDonagh does not fortify our confidence in the reliability of his statements by telling us that Queen Anne was the granddaughter of James I (p. 63) and that Balfour was Prime Minister when Queen Victoria died (p. 41), or by speaking of the High Court of Justice as existing in 1844 (p. 123), or by quoting the King's title incorrectly (p. 86).

ROBERT LIVINGSTON SCHUYLER

Fire Out of Flint

John Knox, Portrait of a Calvinist. By Edwin Muir. The Viking Press. $3.50.

NEEDLESS to say the portrait of John Knox which Mr. Muir so ably presents resembles very little the solemn, heroic figure that stands beside Calvin, Beza, and Farel against the heights of old Geneva. The sculptor's granite gives a sense of placid power and singleness of purpose that the more complex art of the modern biographer neither seeks nor desires. Mr. Muir's portrait is etched. The lines are bitten deep; the blacks and whites burn in their vividness, but even so there are nuances that almost bring color to the portrait. It is entirely apparent that Mr. Muir desired to write an honest book: it is also clear that, unlike many other biographers who may have or who may charitably be credited with having a similar purpose, he has succeeded. To be sure, not all will accept as either final or perfect the picture he has created. Fanatic Presbyterians will object; they will condemn the book as popish if they read it at all. Others who can bear, more easily than Mr. Muir can, the unlovely severity of Puritanism for the sake of the essential democracy it fostered will admire the book without wholly accepting its conclusions.

With his interest concentrated on the inner rather than on the external life of Knox, Mr. Muir sets forth a history of Knox's mind. Of necessity he uses the facts of historical, religious, and social life in the sixteenth century and the principal events of Knox's physical existence. But this material serves merely to give background to the less tangible facts of intellectual and spiritual life. A pitfall appears, however, in the temptation to bring to the surface circumstances that will strengthen Mr. Muir's own concept of Knox. Usually one feels that he tries to avoid the melodramatic balance of vice and virtue, but in his emphasis on the tolerance of Mary of Guise as opposed to the devious manipulations of Knox, and in his insistent suggestion that in Scotland the Protestant ideal was merely the toy of debauched and turbulent nobles, he deviates from a vision that is steady and whole. One is inclined to believe that he does so because he fails to realize or perhaps to admit to himself that, despite personal weaknesses combined with a hardness of will that was sometimes cruel, John Knox demanded for Scotland liberties that today are looked upon as elementary throughout the world.

Knox labored toward a distant and, to him, a desirable goal—the substitution of the Kirk for an outworn and discredited ecclesiastical system antithetical to the spirit of the time. In his struggle for this all-consuming purpose he matched craft with craft and guile with guile; he condemned the "regiment of women" in Mary of Guise while he tolerated it in Elizabeth; he urged subjects to overthrow their princes and then admon-

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ished them to obey lawful rulers. But all this seeming inconsistency arises from the fact that monarchs were to him but trivial incidents in relation to one divine event—the establishment of a free church. Like the Puritans of England, he was forced to enter the political lists in order to struggle for what he conceived to be his life purpose.

Mr. Muir's analyses of motive and his psychological interpretations are keen, but perhaps they do not sufficiently consider the attitudes of mind prevailing in Knox's day. It is palpably a half-truth that human nature does not change. We know that although the elementary human reactions may seem to be static, the innumerable circumstances which condition the living of life in each age cause essential changes in the manner of those reactions. We cannot look upon the heavens with the same emotions an educated man of the thirteenth century experienced as he gazed above him on a starlit night; neither can we argue nor debate as Milton did with Salmasius. We can, however, understand those modes of behavior if insight opens the way for even the sharpest probe.

Knox emerges from this study a rancorous, surly, vacillating, spiritual bully, a physical coward, and a tactless pulpit-thumper. Mr. Muir seems awed by the man's tremendous will power. He admires the old lion's brilliant rhetorical flashes, but he finds the Calvinist taint unforgivable. That adherence to Geneva was Knox's unpardonable sin becomes apparent most strikingly in the statement that Knox robbed Scotland of the benefits of the Renaissance. But are not Calvin and Knox themselves fruits of the Renaissance? Was not the basis of their system—individualism in religion—rooted in Renaissance teaching? Despite his extremely able presentation of Calvinism in the chapter entitled Geneva, Mr. Muir seems to forget that the Renaissance produced Calvin as well as Leonardo. The Middle Ages, great as they were, postulated neither democracy nor tolerance, neither individualism nor free inquiry. These are Renaissance ideas which in varying degrees the men of the time, Calvin and Knox among them, partially embodied. The fact of the matter is that the adherents of Geneva chose only one part of the new illumination. They were not humanists.

It was the prevalence of Calvinism without Hellenism that brought aesthetic death to Knox and to Scotland. The tragedy was truly lamentable but the fatal flaw cannot have been only in Knox. He could not so easily have destroyed a more deeply rooted cultural corrective to Presbyterianism. In fact, one doubts the completeness of Knox's guilt when one remembers that Spenser and Milton were Calvinists.

DONALD A. ROBERTS

Truth About Japan

Japan in Recent Times. By A. Morgan Young. William Morrow and Company. $3.50.

NO Occidental, resident in Japan for any length of time, escapes a knowledge of the *Japan Chronicle*—the provocative, independent Kobe daily ranked by Dean Walter Williams as among the hundred best newspapers of the world. Certainly no paper in the East has fought so persistently for the abolition of abuses in the judiciary, the police, the penal system, for the ending of the militarist regime, for honest history, for press freedom against censorship and news suppression, for Korean independence, or for friendly international relations as has the *Chronicle* during the forty years of its history. Most of the material embodied in its editorials has, however, remained unknown to America and England. The *Chronicle* has been an anathema to Japanese officials, with the result that innumerable issues have been suppressed while other papers have gone unscathed for printing similar dispatches and

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The University of North Carolina Press

correspondents have been loath to risk official displeasure by following its leads. Save for a few dispatches in the *Manchester Guardian*, the Kobe paper has remained the only outlet for much important Japanese news.

In "Japan in Recent Times" Mr. Young, the editor of the *Chronicle* since 1922, gathers into a connected story the gist of many of his editorials. The story of Japan's intervention in Siberia, its course in China, its Korean and Formosan policies, the growth of labor unionism, the spread of virulent anti-alienism in certain quarters, the political imbroglios, the incredible "earthquake rumors" that led to massacres of helpless Koreans and of labor leaders by murderers who became popular heroes, the false and atrocious scandals that foreign ships thrust Japanese men overboard and that girls were rescued only to be assaulted and thrown overboard again—all are told either for the first time to Western readers or told in more complete detail. Mr. Young has confidence that Japan is emerging from corruption and confusion into which a sudden rise to modernism plunged it. He believes that much of the country's misfortune comes from mingling two diverse traditions, and he looks to the people, rather than to the politicians and the press, for readjustment to violently changed conditions.

HARRY EMERSON WILDES

Table D'Hote Poetry

The Book of Sonnet Sequences. By Houston Peterson. Longmans, Greene and Company. $3.50.

Certain Poets of Importance. By Hattie Hecht Sloss. E. P. Dutton Company. $5.

Parnassus en Route. By Kenneth Horan. The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

Twentieth Century Love Poems. By Caroline Miles Hill. Willet, Clark and Colby. $2.50.

Japm. By Benjamin Musser. The Bozart Press. $2.

NO gourmet is pleased with table d'hote service and poets or true lovers of poetry dislike anthologies. But anthologies will continue to appear as long as the reading public believes that in order to be "cultured" one must feed on poetry. This public has little natural appetite for poetry. Some dictator, however—the chairman of the club, the teacher, or the anthologist—has decreed that poetry is the necessary food of the soul. The menu is printed; little of the joy of choice is allowed; each course is prescribed.

The editor of an anthology determines the worth of the book. Critics of poetry and poets of taste have presented readers with invaluable collections. From such as these we have the early collections of Elizabethan songs, the "Golden Treasury," and other volumes which make accessible material that is difficult to obtain from the ordinary library. But the modern commercial tendency to anthologize is based upon the modern desire for catalogues. Anthologies have poured from the press: nature poems in one volume; love poems in another; poems on death; on childhood; on boyhood; on old age.

These anthologies fall, for the most part, into the class of catalogues. Selection has been determined not by the literary taste of the editor so much as by the subject. The book of "Sonnet Sequences" is the one volume in the present group which may be said to escape this condemnation. The sequences included range from Sidney's sonnets down to those of Edna Millay; and the book indicates, therefore, something of the development of the sonnet form and presents compactly a body of material for study which, scattered as it is in many places, is not ordinarily accessible with ease. The editor, moreover, has condensed the sonnet cycles in some cases without losing the significant development of the sequence.

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"Certain Poets of Importance," with the subtitle, "Victorian Verse Chosen for Comparison," a volume edited for the Browning Society of San Francisco, is typical of the method of study followed in many such clubs. With Browning as a point of departure these clubwomen evidently read first all of Browning's poems on children, and then, for comparison, the poems of Browning's contemporaries on children. Next they take up all the poems on music, on seascapes, on landscapes, and so on. The value of an anthology with such divisions seems negligible. The Victorians are likely to be ponderous enough without emphasis on the occasional nature of certain poems.

The most absurd of the anthologies are "Twentieth Century Love Poems" and "Parnassus en Route." The first is "love-medicine." The patients choose for their emotional needs from any one of such groupings as Love Aflame, Love Rebellious, Ashes of Love. The second is a volume to be purchased along with a Baedeker. While in Germany the reader studies carefully the poems under "Germany," and not until he has recovered from the Channel passage may he turn to the section labeled "England." These are "poems about places, not people," and dedicated to the traveler under the proverb: "He who would bring home the wealth of the Indies, must carry the wealth of the Indies with him."

"Japm" means "just another poetry magazine," and the anthology is just another anthology of modern magazine verse.

EDA LOU WALTON

Fiction Shorts

American Colony. By Charles Brackett. Horace Liveright. $2.50.

Limiting his novel to the description of events occurring within twenty-four hours, Mr. Brackett portrays an egregiously unattractive class of Americans living unpretentiously on the French Riviera. In this small colony are included a young wife who has a naughty predilection for veronal; her husband who, by way of pleasing variation, "writes;" a youthful heiress whose infatuation for a handsome roughneck has almost disastrous consequences, and, to add the strictly modern accent, a young man whom everyone accepts without question as an unfortunate victim of a perverse Eros. This café-crawling set, which is vassal to sex on the *Côte d'Azur,* is described with commendable accuracy. Throughout the novel, however, one feels that Mr. Brackett is wasting a facile talent on the small affairs of small people who fortunately represent only an insignificant section of any American colony in Europe.

Violence. By Marcet and E. Haldeman-Julius. Simon and Schuster. $2.50.

There is no novelty in being told by Mr. and Mrs. Haldeman-Julius that the Negro receives a sorry kind of justice in the South. As far as they go, the authors have produced a novel which might conceivably wake up the South to the obvious differences in the legal status of a fifteen-year-old black boy and a sanctimonious white preacher of the Methodist church, but it is doubtful if even the most trusting readers will believe in the reality of Parson Jordan, murderer, liar, and accomplished seducer. This monster of the fundamentalist creed kills a man under slight provocation and, virtually with smoking revolver in one hand and telephone in the other, comforts a parishioner with pious thoughts on immortality and eternal life. His incomparable effrontery and the measure of his and his relatives' placid acceptance of his Elmergantrian transgressions are altogether too exaggerated even to find place in a Methodist-baiter's nightmare. The stress laid on the ramifications of sexual ex-



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INDUSTRIAL RELATIONS SECTION
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perience among Southern youth is also overdone. Where the authors are more restrained, as in their admirable interpretation of the selfishness, fear, or indifference which prevents enlightened individuals from coming to the Negro's rescue, they contribute something of value and succeed admirably in writing a straightforward, satisfying story. The keen powers of observation that are shown in the descriptions of mobs, "nigger hunts," and lynchings compensate somewhat for the bungled Dr. Jordan and the overemphasis on youth's terrifying gambols.

The Gate of a Strange Field. By Harold Heslop. D. Appleton and Company. $2.

Mr. Heslop has been a miner and an active member of a trade union. Such also are the character and experience he gives his hero. His style is plain but good; his narrative is more important. The story is a worker's testimony of the mining industry in England during the past twenty years. Joe Tarrant went into the mines with pride and enthusiasm as soon as the law permitted—at fourteen. Routine soon palled, discontent grew with evil conditions, life became a shackle from which the union offered the only means of escape—the union, and Emily who was not his wife. Coal strikes were organized only to add to the miner's misery and debt, until at last came the general strike, holding so much promise and giving only a schoolboy's holiday to the professionally idle. To Joe the defeat brought final disgust with the pettiness of human beings, the politics of leaders, the fallacy of the union, and death. But does Mr. Heslop intend Joe's death to be a symbol? With trade unionism embodied in a political party in England, with human nature fairly constant, is there nothing for the miner but defeat, nothing for his cast-off wife but prostitution? It were better to believe that the end is a good novelist's "Finis," not a worker's indictment.

Black Opium. By Claude Farrère. Translated by Samuel Putnam. Illustrated by Alexander King. Privately printed.

Farrère's book, now for the first time translated from the French, will probably remain a classic in its field. It abandons quite frankly the ingenious mechanism of verisimilitude to be found in De Quincey and, with the first page, plunges into a narcotic universe of whorling dreams, ghastly deliriums, and magnificent nightmares. So colorful and effective, indeed, is Farrère's *morbidezza* that one wonders occasionally whether he has ever had the kindly pipe between his own teeth: the addict might be more matter of fact. The weird glow of the author's fancy is skilfully caught in the sensitive translation and reflected in the macabre illustrations by Alexander King.

Written on Water. By Francis de Miomandre. Brentano's. $2.50.

While Francis de Miomandre has something of a reputation in France, his work is on the whole negligible except when he writes on foreign literatures which he knows intimately. As an essayist he can be informed and delightful, as a critic informed but not original, but as a novelist he is falsely ingenuous and writes in a kind of dreary falsetto. "Written on Water" won the Goncourt prize some years ago, but this fact is of small consequence, for prizes in France are manipulated by publishers and the friends of authors. The book tells the story of a pre-war young man in Marseilles who daydreams about love, six blonde women, his first ball, a fortuitous meeting, and so on. The style is forced and dull, and the best that can be said for it is that at times it reminds one of Jane Austen adrift in France. It is of course never as good as Jane Austen. We are moved to wonder why a grown-up Frenchman should palpitate like a duenna over his sixteen-year old hero's first love affair.

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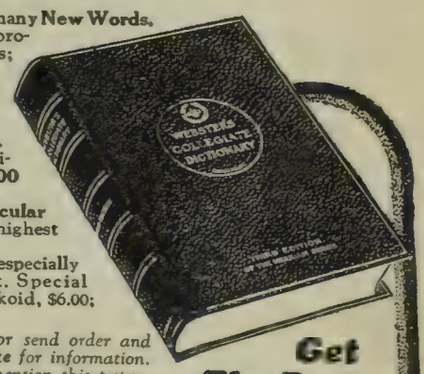
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L'Enfant and Washington, 1791-1792, by Elizabeth S. Kite, with an introduction by J. J. Jusserand and a foreword by Charles Moore (Baltimore: The Johns Hopkins Press) brings together for the first time all of the published and unpublished documents relating to L'Enfant and his plans for the federal capitol building. M. Jusserand's introduction is reprinted from "With Americans of Past and Present Days" (1916). The work forms Volume III of the Historical Documents series of the Institut Français de Washington, edited by Professor Gilbert Chinard.

The Financial History of Baltimore, 1900-1926, by Leonard Owens Rea (Baltimore: The Johns Hopkins Press), is a recent issue in the Johns Hopkins Studies in Historical and Political Science.

Federal Limitations upon Municipal Ordinance Making Power, by Harvey Walker (Columbus, Ohio: The Ohio State University Press; $3), is based upon an examination of all the decisions of the United States Supreme Court dealing with the validity of municipal ordinances.

Ce Qu'il Faut Connaître de l'Ame Américaine, by Régis Michaud (Paris: Boivin et Cie.; 8 francs), is a recent addition to the Ce Qu'il Faut Connaître series of popular books descriptive of various countries and subjects.

The first *Report of the Wage and Personnel Survey* prepared by the Field Survey Division of the Federal Personnel Classification Board (Washington: Government Printing Office) assembles a great mass of information regarding some 105,000 federal employees, exclusive of the postal and foreign services and a few groups whose wages are regulated by wage boards and similar authorities.

A *Report of the Committee on Terminology* of the Federated Council on Art Education aims "to present to workers in the field of art education constructive suggestions for improvement of the art vocabulary."

Brooks-Bright Prize Essays, 1929 (Brooks-Bright Foundation), contains the six essays on armament chosen from more than 87,000 written by school children in forty-two States. Dr. John H. Finley contributes an introduction.

My Skirmish with Jolly Roger, by D. H. Lawrence (Random House; $3.50), written as an introduction to a popular-priced edition of "Lady Chatterley's Lover," is an explanation of Mr. Lawrence's reasons for writing the latter book and a rebuttal to the charges of "obscenity and unnecessary vulgarity" that have been brought against it.

Nerinda, by Norman Douglas, first published pseudonymously in 1901, has been republished by the John Day Company ($2.50) from the first acknowledged edition issued at Florence last spring. Appended to the text is a chapter recounting the circumstances under which the book was written.

An edition of Lewis Carroll's *Alice in Wonderland,* with illustrations in black and white by Willy Pogany, has been brought out by E. P. Dutton and Company ($2).

Count Hermann Keyserling's *Travel Diary of a Philosopher,* originally brought out in two volumes, has been reissued in an attractive one-volume edition (Harcourt, Brace and Company; $5). Amy Lowell's *John Keats* has also been reissued in a single volume (Houghton Mifflin Company; $5).

A handy edition of *The Koran* in E. H. Palmer's translation, with an introduction by Reynold A. Nicholson, has been included in the World's Classics series (Oxford University Press; 80 cents).

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WHILE THE PUBLIC has been rejoicing in the fresh winds of hope for release from war that blew across the land in the speeches of Prime Minister MacDonald, and while the press has been well-nigh unanimously sounding a note of friendliness to our visitor and his country, the Chicago *Tribune* has been publishing a whole series of alarmist articles and editorials in its best anti-British vein. The *Tribune,* it will be recalled, was for many years in favor of "my country right or wrong," and in foreign and domestic affairs alike it has devoted its efforts to seeing that the country should be wrong as often as possible. So at present it is running true to form, but it is interesting and a bit pathetic to see what a lone race it has been making during the past few days. We do not look for new heavens and a new earth as a result of a few eloquent speeches, sincere though they be, but we do welcome evidences of a spirit of mutual confidence and trust between our own and other countries. Those evidences have been uncommonly apparent during the days of the Prime Minister's visit. Nationalism of the Chicago *Tribune* type is a thing altogether hateful and abhorrent, and we rejoice to see it put completely on the defensive.

THE MASSACHUSETTS DEPARTMENT of Public Utilities has just unanimously denied the Edison Electric Illuminating Company of Boston permission to split its stock in four by changing the par value from $100 to $25. The commissioners declare flatly that "no public interest will be served by the reduction of the par value of the stock at this time," but that on the other hand innocent investors are likely to be encouraged in a false expectation of increased dividends. The company, the department declares, has for years distributed practically all of its earnings in dividends, "with the result that it has made little provision for depreciation or surplus," and the Edison rates are compared unfavorably with those of other companies that have pursued a more conservative financial policy. Worst of all, according to a special dispatch to the New York *Times,* the department asserts that "the company ought not to increase its dividends until it was able to sell electricity in its territory at rates comparable with those of the municipal plants, which are about one-half of the Edison rates." What will these wretched Massachusetts commissioners be saying and doing next? Despite alarums in the United States Supreme Court, they have stuck stubbornly to the doctrine that the money actually and prudently invested in a public utility constitutes the sound basis of fair return, and they threaten the companies with the club of public ownership if their doctrine is overthrown. And now they assert that municipal rates are about half of Edison rates. What is public regulation for? What of the blessings of private initiative?

WHITNEY WARREN HAS WON his suit against the University of Louvain and as a result the court has ordered that the inscription: "Furore Teutonica Diruta —Dono Americano Restituta" be placed on the balustrade over the library entrance. Mr. Warren declared that he was merely insisting on the right of an artist to have his design executed after it had been duly accepted, and he stressed the fact that Cardinal Mercier himself was in favor of the inscription. The controversy which began when the Carnegie Foundation, chief donor of the new building, objected to the Latin phrase, and which resulted in a riot when the stone on which it was engraved was erected has thus been settled to Mr. Warren's satisfaction. And it may well turn out to be an entirely fortunate conclusion. For of the thousands of persons who visit Louvain and read the inscription, many will find it an unjust and unhappy one; and thus reading and deploring they will be reminded, as nothing else could perhaps remind them, how wars are carried on—unjustly, in the heat of anger and vengeance, without reason or mercy. They may even come to distrust passions which, in ten years, have come to seem so incredible, so unnecessary. And it is devoutly to be wished that they should. It is interesting, in the same connection, to read that Ernst Lissauer, author of the far-famed Hymn of Hate, so dear only a little more than ten years ago to jingoes, has this to say of his masterpiece today:

> I wrote that poem in the honest belief, strengthened by the utterances of English statesmen and newspapers, that England meant to throttle the German people. . . . I realize today that I would have done better to give vent to my feelings, not in a Hymn of Hate against England but in a

Hymn of Love for Germany. It is painful to me to find my name still always associated with killing and destroying, although in hundreds of writings published during the last decade I have consistently shown that my ideals are purely constructive and creative.

THE TARIFF BILL continues on its perilous way through the Senate. Just what kind of measure is going to emerge finally no one can tell. Senator Smoot on October 12 told the President that the bill "had a chance," but that its passage depended on the Progressives, to which Senator Borah promptly replied that the measure would then have to be rewritten to help the farmer, in accordance with the President's announced purpose in calling the special session. The Senate, in Committee of the Whole, after voting to take away the President's power to change duties under the flexible provisions, also voted down a provision authorizing local appraisers to employ American valuation of imported goods where foreign valuation is difficult to ascertain —an opening wedge, undoubtedly, for general American valuation and, consequently, higher duties. Seven Democrats finally joined the regular Republicans, however, in voting to allow manufacturers and labor organizations to intervene in cases involving appraisal and classification. Philippine independence was brought up by Senator Broussard's attempt to tax Philippine sugar for the benefit of his Louisiana constituents. A straight amendment for the independence of the islands was defeated by a vote of only 36 to 45, though several Senators favoring independence voted against the amendment because they thought the question ought not to be taken up in this irregular fashion. Altogether the result of the brief debate and the vote is distinctly discouraging to friends of independence for the Philippines.

ON THE "CENSORSHIP" PROVISION of the bill the Senate took divided and inconsistent action. The present law prohibits importation of any obscene book. The House bill prohibits also any "book, pamphlet . . . containing any matter advocating or urging treason, insurrection, or forcible resistance to any law of the United States or containing any threat to take the life of or inflict bodily harm upon the President of the United States." The Senate Committee sagely enlarged the last clause to read "any person in the United States." Senator Cutting, with much progressive support, waged a valiant fight against these silly and pernicious provisions, pointing out that among some 739 works banned by our postal and treasury experts were such classics as the "Lysistrata" of Aristophanes and (temporarily) Voltaire's "Candide." After an all-day debate, by a vote of 38 to 36 it was determined to adopt Senator Cutting's proposal to allow the admission of allegedly obscene literature and determine its fitness afterwards, instead of letting customs officers decide that question in advance as they do now. Apparently, though these officers are not, in the Senate view, qualified to pass upon obscenity, they are experts on revolutions, so the Finance Committee's prohibition of revolutionary literature was maintained intact. If a university wants to import any of the works of Marx or Lenin, for example, or if an American desires to study a foreign political work containing revolutionary phrases, it can be done only by grace of the customs clerks. The ways of our legislators, like the ways of God, are past finding out.

"A DECEITFUL, COVERT, TRICKY game, the meanest imposition on public and press in the whole realm of journalism in this day," is the characterization applied by the *Editor and Publisher* to the subject-matter of a course in publicity, officially labeled "Organization of Public Opinion," offered by the extension department of Columbia University. "The propaganda stunt," the writer declares, "has become a thorn in the side of responsible journalism, and our objection is to the fact that Columbia's course tends to lend to the trade an appearance of legitimacy and dignity. . . . Propaganda can only represent a self-serving and partisan view. . . . What the world needs is truth, all sides of every story, written with disinterested hands, with sources carefully identified." We are all for truth in journalism, disinterested, comprehensive, and fully vouched for, and all against organized efforts to "put something over" on the public without regard to the means that are used, but we nevertheless find the attack of the *Editor and Publisher* a little indiscriminate. Even a newspaper cannot print everything about everything, and not many worthy causes would live long if they could not get before the public in some way with their facts and their enthusiasms. Why not go on from generalities and show up a few striking examples of good and bad publicity?

LORD BRIDGEMAN, head of the British delegation at the Geneva arms conference of 1927, has written a letter to the London *Times* which not only sheds further light on the propaganda activities of William B. Shearer, but also suggests that the American delegation was not ignorant of what Shearer was doing. According to Lord Bridgeman, a statement which he made in an interview with British and American correspondents to the effect that he "had not disputed and did not intend to dispute the claim of the United States to equality in naval strength" was presently distorted, in the Chicago *Tribune,* into a statement to the effect that "Bridgeman would never agree to parity." Bridgeman first called together a few of "the most responsible" of the correspondents, who assured him of the correctness of his original statement and agreed with him that the *Tribune* version was false, and then asked for a second plenary session of the conference in order to correct the misunderstanding. Meantime he had learned that Shearer was "said to be distributing, widely, violent attacks on British policy and good faith and monstrous misstatements as to actual proposals." To head off Shearer's campaign, Lord Bridgeman writes, "I caused representations to be made to the chief delegate of the United States about the course I believed Shearer to be taking," but in spite of this Shearer "continued to hold his ticket" as a correspondent "and carry on the same bitter campaign." The head of the American delegation at the 1927 conference was Hugh S. Gibson, now American Minister to Belgium. It would seem to be in order for Mr. Gibson to tell what he knows about Shearer.

THE LABOR LANDSLIDE in Australia exceeded the fondest hopes of the party leaders and made James Henry Scullin, once an obscure editor of a small labor weekly, premier of the Commonwealth. Labor's victory is all the more surprising because of the overwhelming defeat sustained by the Labor Government of Queensland last May after fifteen years in office. Banking upon this defeat as an

index of national feeling, Prime Minister Stanley Bruce and his Nationalist-Country Party coalition launched an attack upon the federal compulsory arbitration system which has been in force in Australia for more than twenty-five years. The election shows that whatever may be the shortcomings of the system the voters of Australia do not want it abolished or transformed into an ineffective set of state judicial bodies as it would have been under the Bruce program. Mr. Bruce himself appears to have been defeated in his contest for Parliament, and Labor has won a clear majority over all opposition parties. Dispatches indicate that the treasurer of the new Labor Government will be Ernest G. Theodore, former premier of Queensland and vigorous exponent of applied socialism. Our sympathy goes out to the conservative editorial writers in this country who for the last six years have been using Australia as a text for disquisitions upon the failure of socialism.

THE NEW CHINESE REBELLION mentioned in last week's issue has become more serious and has also to some extent changed in character. Reactionaries, followers of Feng Yu-hsiang, near-Communists, and original leaders of the Nationalist movement have all decided to rebel against Chiang Kai-shek in their own way. The opposition now includes some of the worst as well as the best elements in Chinese life. Feng and Yen Hsi-shan, the two most formidable generals who oppose Nanking, are reported moving troops southward toward Hankow. Chang Fak-wei has joined the Kwangsi rebels in the South. The loyalty of Manchuria to Nanking is doubtful. Who will emerge from the present fracas as ruler of China it is impossible to tell, but probably no one man or group will be able to maintain the nation as a political unity. A Peking correspondent writes us: "When a political situation arises in China, figure it all out nicely and logically, and then reverse your conclusion." Under the circumstances we shall not hazard a conclusion, but it is perfectly evident that whoever wins in the present civil war the people of China will lose.

CHILD MARRIAGE IN INDIA has received at least a legislative blow. On September 23 the Sarda Child Marriage bill, which has been in process for more than three years, was passed by a vote of 67 to 14 in the Legislative Assembly at Simla. The bill, which applies to all communities in India, makes it a criminal offense to arrange, solemnize, or otherwise participate in the marriage of a girl below the age of fourteen and provides a punishment therefor of imprisonment for one month or a fine of 1,000 rupees. There is no doubt that the bill will be signed by the Viceroy, despite the protests of orthodox Moslems, who abstained from voting and have sent a deputation to the Viceroy to ask him to refuse to sign the bill. Opposition to the bill came mostly from orthodox Mohammedan members who held that the Assembly should not pass legislation touching upon religious or personal matters. (One of the opposition speakers said that the bill would occasion maternity before marriage which, he declared, was so prevalent in England and America.) But as the *Manchester Guardian* points out, it is the Hindu community which is chiefly affected, and the Hindu masses are much more orthodox than their representatives in the Assembly. Enforcement of the bill will undoubtedly prove to be both difficult and dangerous. The Nationalist leaders in the Assembly who are responsible for passage of the bill realize, probably more vividly than anyone else, these difficulties and dangers. But they realize also that self-government can mean nothing unless it is rooted in national good health.

IF WILLIAM FOX HAS HIS WAY the talkies will teach our children in school, preach sermons at us in church, show young doctors how the great surgeons perform operations, and enliven the long winter evenings with home-projected films distributed by local film libraries. It is a big dream that the millionaire theatrical promoter has announced and, on the whole, a worthy one. Our best educators have long ago abandoned the theory that good education must be dull, and the experiments with motion pictures thus far have proved that a film can interest children in material which otherwise they could not assimilate. We doubt that Mr. Fox's notion will be successful for churches, however. People come to hear a great preacher not so much for the words he utters as for the personality of the man—those who doubt this statement should read the sermons of Moody or Beecher and note how colorless and vapid they seem. The most interesting feature in the Fox program of expansion for the talkies is the announcement of a new theater devoted entirely to news-reels to open soon in New York. In the estimation of many theatergoers the news-reels have long been the best part of the program. Perhaps a program built around them with a dash of good music might escape the banalities of Hollywood.

RULES FOR KISSERS, as issued by the Kansas State Board of Health in cooperation with the Federal Public Health Service, include the following:

> Never kiss in crowded places or a poorly ventilated room.
>
> Guard against sudden changes in temperature when kissing. Kissing in a coonskin coat one minute and a lighter apparel the next is extremely dangerous.
>
> Don't kiss any person who has chills and fever.
>
> At a party where kissing games are played be sure to gargle frequently.
>
> If you must kiss, take a hot mustard footbath and avoid drafts in case you feel ill afterward.

These sensible recommendations will, of course, be received with unseemly hilarity by vulgar persons. But the experienced kisser already knows them by heart and he has a number of others that might be added to them. He starts from the premise that kissing at best is an extremely dangerous occupation that may lead anywhere from the altar to the divorce court; in either event good health, good temper, and sound credit are essential to a subsequent happy life. He knows that the presence or absence of a coonskin coat alone will not guard against sudden changes of temperature, and that chills and fever are not seldom the results of the kiss itself, in which case there is no cure for the disease known to medicine—except time. All the hot mustard footbaths in Christendom will not ameliorate a stubborn case of kissitis; it is, however, an affliction that frequently contains its own cure. And one can assuage one's anxiety over its ravages by reflecting that it seldom affects persons who have safely passed middle age—though when it does, it is then taken in its severest and most deplorable form.

Man and Prime Minister

RAMSAY MacDONALD has come and gone. The Prime Minister of Great Britain and the President of the United States have held private conversations touching naval disarmament and other important matters, and have issued a public statement of certain results of their discussions. Invitations to a five-power naval conference to be held in London in January have been sent out. Ramsay MacDonald, peace advocate and Socialist Prime Minister, has been warmly welcomed in Washington and New York, even by such conservative organizations as the English-speaking Union and the Council on Foreign Relations. In a series of addresses notable for their sincerity, earnestness, and eloquence he has moved deeply the throngs that heard him in person and the vastly wider audiences listening on the radio. In its immediate circumstances, his visit has been a great success.

What, if any, is the deeper importance of this historic visit? The answer to that question, we believe, lies in this fact: it is not simply the Prime Minister of Great Britain, but it is Ramsay MacDonald who came to confer with our President and to speak to our people. Ramsay MacDonald, in the days that tried men's souls, proved his willingness to pay the price of peace; Ramsay MacDonald has proved over and over again that he believes it possible to appeal successfully to the underlying idealism of every-day people.

We do not wish to exaggerate or to raise false hopes. There has always been too much of that in dealing with the peace moves of statesmen real and so-called. As far as the public knows, tangible results are still in the future. Despite the announcement of substantial agreement on naval reductions, practical steps still depend on the decisions of the January conference—a far different matter. The thorny question of freedom of the seas is not even mentioned. Doubtless it is one of the "old historical questions" that are now to be approached "from a new angle and in a new atmosphere." Pronouncements about the unthinkableness of war in themselves amount exactly to nothing. We do well, then, to remind ourselves that the actual detailed task remains.

It is just at this point that the importance of Ramsay MacDonald as leader of the British people appears. Governments, indeed, can proceed no faster or farther than their people are willing to go; but the popular longing for peace has been frustrated by the activities of statesmen representing interests that set other things ahead of peace. In this case, however, we know that the leader is actually far ahead of his countrymen; but in pleading for mutual understanding he is voicing a profound, if unexpressed, desire of both his country and ours. When he calls on us for patience with the British in their reliance on their navy for safety, no one suspects him of putting forward an excuse to keep up British naval predominance. When he declares that he will take "the risks of peace," he believes that the people as a whole are willing to adventure with him. Their response is a moving testimony to the correctness of his belief. The leader of Great Britain in the hard practical tasks just ahead is a man whose own reliance is not on armies and navies, but essentially on good faith and good-will. Few persons perhaps, were prepared for so overwhelming a popular response to his appeal.

Everywhere one hears talk of the "psychological effect" of his coming. For the time being, at any rate, the skilfully directed current of ill-will against Great Britain has ceased to flow. Even such professional anti-British big navy men as Representative Britten are constrained to speak favorably of naval reduction. It is, of course, too much to hope that any one man can turn the whole current of national feeling, but certainly Ramsay MacDonald the man, speaking as Prime Minister of Great Britain, has done much to convince Americans that the ruling desire of his people is for friendly cooperation with us, and thus to undo the hateful work of fomenting misunderstanding and ill-will so industriously carried on during the years just past by our big navy advocates, our armament makers, our Shearers, and our admirals. Persistent rumors suggest a possible dismantling of British bases in the Caribbean and at Halifax. In view of our own record in the Caribbean it is not for an American to offer any such suggestion, but without question a gesture of this sort would add greatly to the effect already produced by the Prime Minister's utterances on the feeling and imagination of the people of the United States. Newspaper reports indicate also a good result of our warm response to Mr. MacDonald's idealism. If the British can learn that we Americans, too, care for something besides more goods, grubby profits, collected war debts, then the process of understanding will have been pushed forward on both sides and the cause of peace measurably advanced. In understandings of this kind there is contained no threat to anyone but only a promise of cooperation with all who wish for peace.

Without exaggerating, then, the actual results already accomplished in the sphere of popular feeling and ideas, and with full realization of the immense difficulties to be faced in the practical tasks of disarmament, we would yet express profound gratitude for the visit of Ramsay MacDonald, the man and the Prime Minister. We are glad that he has interpreted to us as he sees it the thought and feeling of the people of Great Britain, and that that thought and feeling are so like our own. We are glad that he has pointed out the practical value of steps toward disarmament in driving nations more and more "into the frame of mind which finds security in mutual confidence and mutual good-will." We are glad that in pledging us the sincerity of his Government in signing the peace pact he has invited our cooperation in making it in fact the ruling principle of inter-governmental relations. It is on that note that we would leave him. "It is absolutely impossible," he said to the Senate, "if you and we do our duty in making the peace pact effective, that any section of our army, whether land or sea or air, can ever again come into possible conflict." So be it! Let us lay broad and deep the foundation of mutual understanding and national good-will, while we cut down armies and navies and erect in their stead the machinery of judicial settlement. That way lies peace.

The Mayoralty Circus

NEW YORK is again choosing a mayor and once more the contest attracts nationwide attention. Well it may. No one can witness without amazement this quadrennial spectacle or fail to be disheartened by the evidence of the low level to which crass partisanship has reduced the greatest American city. The only redeeming feature of the election is the candidacy of Norman Thomas. If he, Mayor Walker, and Congressman La Guardia were before the public to be chosen on their merits, with no party tags on them and no political machines behind them, the city would, we think, vote overwhelmingly for Mr. Thomas. He stands head and shoulders above the others; his discussion of the city's problems has delighted his friends and astonished his opponents. His intellectual development and his steadily increasing ability as a leader make him one of America's greatest human assets. When one stops to think what a man like this could accomplish if he had four years in the City Hall of New York with sufficient authority, it is enough to make one weep that the city turns its back upon the chance to have him in charge of its affairs.

As for the other candidates, we have not forgotten that on many pages of *The Nation* is to be found praise of Congressman La Guardia. He has been the outstanding Congressman from New York at Washington. He has repeatedly shown independence, courage, true liberalism, and an honesty of utterance and purpose to delight the spectator. When he was so outspokenly independent that the party machine would not renominate him, he ran as a Socialist and was triumphantly elected. He has to an unusual degree the confidence and the backing of the great foreign groups in the metropolis, and he will poll a large vote among them; their desire to have one of their own as chief executive of the city is as natural as it is earnest. In other words, Congressman La Guardia has been a genuine progressive of late years. He has had the courage of his convictions, as on the prohibition issue; he has been sound on questions of war and peace, and he has repeatedly shown that true courage is the best way into the affections of the electorate.

Why, then, can *The Nation* not indorse his candidacy? Because, having been published in New York City for more than sixty years, it is quite aware of the fact that the Republican machine, despite its fringe of respectables, is not one whit better and is far less able than Tammany Hall. It has long been an annex of the Tammany machine, and it has rejoiced in its minority position because under the existing organization and law the minority is certain of obtaining considerable patronage without the trouble of working for it. Mr. La Guardia has at times scored, scorned, and ridiculed this machine and its leaders and has openly shown his contempt for them. He does not now deny that, if elected, he will consult with its leaders and will do business with the "boys." He would bring a creditable atmosphere of frankness and honesty into the City Hall, but he would in the long run advance the city very little. With all respect to him he is not of the same stature as Norman Thomas.

As for Mayor Walker, while we cannot agree with those who characterize his administration and the man as a complete disgrace to the city, his undeniable personal attractiveness and, we believe, honesty should blind no one to the fact that Tammany Hall remains Tammany Hall. We have had little faith in the new Tammany, and have still less as time goes on. It is still an organization "held together by the cohesive power of public plunder." It is getting its graft on a larger scale than ever before. The city is in many respects wretchedly and corruptly misgoverned. Its police are venal, brutal, and inefficient. Mayor Walker has initiated some great public enterprises, but only a part of what might be done. His administration has dreadfully mishandled the transit situation, and it is in a considerable degree responsible for the numerous scandals lately aired in the press, especially those in connection with the judiciary. The Mayor, in whose record there are a number of things to be adequately explained, has chosen to say very little on the stump. As a whole the contest is one of charges and countercharges, criminations and recriminations, and enough daily mudslinging to cause acute nausea in the observer who cares something about the good name and the reputation of his city and country.

To this government by national parties in municipal affairs has reduced New York with all its wealth, power, and prestige. The old efforts of the silk-stockings by fusion tickets to redeem the city have long since ended. The fusion portion of the La Guardia campaign is a joke. The two machines are frankly out for the spoils just as they always have been. One recalls some of the well-governed cities of Europe with their freedom from partisanship, and wonders how long it will be before the perversion of democracy which results from these partisan contests will cease to make the government of our large cities a by-word and a shame. There is certainly nothing in what is going on in New York to cheer on those who, throughout the country, are doing their best to keep politics and corruption out of our civic government.

Labor Asleep

IN spite of large dinners and optimistic speeches the delegates to the Toronto convention of the American Federation of Labor were not very happy about their organization's record during the past year. It isn't a record to be proud of. For the most part the A. F. of L. sits at the side of the road and lets the rest of the world go by. Here and there a few strongly organized unions have won the five-day week, but not a single forward step of any importance has been taken during the past year toward organizing the basic industries of steel, automobiles, rubber, oil, and lumber.

Although President Green reported a slight gain in membership, everyone familiar with the federation's system of reckoning members knows that the gain is fictitious, since the thousands of miners who have dropped away from the once-great United Mine Workers Union are still carried on the federation's books. David J. Saposs of Brookwood Labor College recently pointed out that the small reactionary union, the United Garment Workers, is listed with the federation as having a membership of 47,500, whereas it has not more than 10,000.

The decline in numbers would not itself be a serious

charge against the A. F. of L. officials if they had demonstrated any great determination to recoup their losses. American capitalism is so overwhelmingly powerful and so bitterly anti-union in policy that the strongest and wisest labor organization might meet the same fate as the A. F. of L. But the federation leaders do not even challenge their opponents with any gusto. They stick in the old trenches and let the enemy advance. They cannot even be called sleeping giants because, like Samson, they have lost their strength while they slept.

Some of these unpleasant truths were forced upon the delegates at Toronto. Andrew Furuseth created a sensation by reading into the record a stinging condemnation from the Scripps-Howard newspapers which described the federation as a "pathetic organization" and added:

> While the hungry Southern mill hands are facing alone the organized employers and hostile authorities, beaten by mobs and shot down by sheriffs, the sleek A. F. of L. officials sit twiddling their thumbs at mahogany desks in Washington, or are making patrioteering speeches to the National Security League or at West Point. The A. F. of L. is accurately described as the aristocracy of labor. All aristocracies are subject to dry rot.

To underscore this rebuke came the story of the Marion massacre. It was so moving a story that even the labor officials could not ignore it. They passed resolutions calling for an organizing campaign in the South, and there are some indications that the money for such a campaign will be provided.

Fortunately for the American labor movement there are two groups of labor leaders who are not twiddling their thumbs. We refer to the Conference for Progressive Labor Action, recently organized under the leadership of A. J. Muste of Brookwood, and to the Amalgamated Clothing Workers. The C. P. L. A., as it is commonly called, is working as a committee of militant pioneers within the A. F. of L. to demonstrate by example what can be done in centers of industrial discontent. Its members were largely responsible for carrying on the strikes at Elizabethton, Tennessee, and Marion, North Carolina.

To the Amalgamated Clothing Workers under the leadership of Sidney Hillman must go credit for one of the most notable victories in recent labor history, the organization of the Philadelphia men's clothing market. Philadelphia had become known as the "scab market" of America, a threat to decent labor conditions in New York and other cities. By concentrating a whole army of organizers on the city at the height of the manufacturing season and by paying huge sums in strike benefits Hillman and his lieutenants swept away the opposition and organized 80 per cent of the industry in a few weeks. Best of all, the union did not stop fighting when the large shops signed a union agreement. Judge William H. Kirkpatrick of the United States District Court had issued an injunction against the Amalgamated during the strike which, if followed in future decisions, would make almost any strike in a nationally organized industry illegal as an interference with interstate commerce. The Amalgamated has announced that it will not compromise with the injunction, but will fight the case through if necessary to the United States Supreme Court. Of such stuff will a militant labor movement in the United States be made.

The Plagiarism Racket

IN this age of rackets it is not easy to keep track of all the various methods which have been devised for the purpose of turning a dishonest penny, and few persons realize that the business of bringing flimsy charges of infringement against successful plays has reached proportions which justify certain unscrupulous lawyers in maintaining a staff hired for the purpose of devising them. Occasionally plagiarism suits get into the papers, as was recently the case when Anne Nichols sued the Universal Film Company for three million dollars and when, still more recently, a rather obscure woman writer brought a suit (still pending) against Eugene O'Neill for alleged infringements in "'Strange Interlude." We do not mean to imply that all plagiarism suits are rackets, or that either of the above should be so considered, but according to Howard Barnes, who contributes an article to the current *Theatre Guild Magazine,* the number of suits actually brought gives no idea of the extent to which the racket has been developed. Some ten or twenty infringement cases are annually tried in the courts, and nearly one hundred and fifty are settled by private agreement. This means that nearly one-half of all the shows which play for two hundred nights or more are compelled to make some sort of arrangement with persons claiming rights in the piece.

The majority of the threatened suits are, Mr. Barnes believes, little more than simple blackmail. In Washington a group of men regularly make synopses of all the unproduced plays copyrighted by their authors and these synopses are then forwarded to a New York office where another group of men watch all openings for the purpose of detecting any similarities, no matter how slight. When they have found one they communicate with the author of the copyrighted play and suggest that they be allowed to bring suit.

If the case ever actually comes to trial defendants usually win, but defense is expensive. Mr. Belasco—who has never lost a suit and never compromised out of court—estimates that he has spent more than a hundred thousand dollars to secure his various acquittals. Obviously it is generally cheaper to compromise for a sum less than defense in a courtroom would cost. Moreover, this particular racket seems to have entered upon a new era of prosperity with the rise of the importance of movie and talking-picture rights. Most film companies have found it necessary to refuse to buy any play against which a suit is pending, with the result that almost any piece known to have picture possibilities is likely to be threatened by someone who hopes to be bought off for a modest sum which the author pays for the privilege of submitting a play upon which "protection" has already been bought. Collecting tribute from ice-men is a smaller business but it seems to be based upon about the same principle.

Modern copyright is a comparatively new thing and the present American law dates from 1909. It was drawn, of course, for the purpose of protecting authors, but if Mr. Barnes accurately describes current conditions it would appear that the law may actually cost the writer more than it is worth, since the more stringently it is interpreted the more likely he is to be victimized by someone of whose work he has never heard.

It Seems to Heywood Broun

BASEBALL is deservedly known as our national sport, for in the World Series just ended in triumph for the Athletics it was evident that the games contained most of the characteristic phases of American life. The factors which went into the final decision were shrewdness, skill, sentimentality, and downright luck. Politics, industry, and the arts are made up of these selfsame elements.

Perhaps luck should not have been placed last in the list. On the whole the business of master minding was jolted. In this scientific age we are inclined to find the hidden hand of efficiency even in the most unlikely places. Indeed, baseball was glorified as the acme of precision long before the magazine writers began to proclaim that Henry Ford was our equivalent for Goethe and Thomas Edison a greater public benefactor than Spinoza. It was Hugh Fullerton who began, many seasons ago, to act the role of baseball's Roger Babson. Not content with the comparatively easy task of picking a winner in the annual sporting classic, Mr. Fullerton undertook to tell in advance the exact score of each game. By some mysterious system of calculation each individual player had an index number, and by the simple process of adding the digits it was no trouble to foretell the winner.

Of course, the guesses generally did not come out precisely, but if the prophecy was even close we all sat back convinced that baseball was an exact science rather than a game. In the beginning of the series just concluded, the efficiency men had reason to chortle. Connie Mack began with an aged and supposedly ailing pitcher and Howard Ehmke struck out thirteen Cubs for a new world-series record and brought in a decisive victory. In the regular season Ehmke had pitched only two full games, and shortly before the pennant was won by the Athletics he was publicly sent home in disgrace as a player who had failed to keep himself in condition.

This was master minding with a vengeance, for it was pointed out that Mack had made this surprising selection because Ehmke had a peculiar underhand delivery which would be difficult to hit in the Chicago park with the background of moving rooters in the center-field stand. Ehmke's motion was designed to make the ball come up to the plate as if it were merely another bobbing head in the distant bleachers. Indeed, the story was that Mack's happy thought was based upon guile extending over weeks not days. Rumor has it that Ehmke was never really in disgrace. He was left home not because of failure to obey the rules of training but as a scout to spy upon Chicago batters.

But after such a promising beginning chance had its day and upset the predictions of those who thought of baseball as a combination of organic chemistry, dynamics, and the psychology of Dr. Sigmund Freud. After all, the critical fourth game, in which the Athletics made their amazing ten-run rally, depended upon the incalculable factor that the sun shone full into the eyes of Hack Wilson as he was about to make an easy catch. A sure putout became a home run and a lead of eight runs was swept aside.

Now, not even the most idolatrous worshipers of the acumen of Connie Mack could contend that this was other than an act of God. Since Joshua of old there is no record in history of the most inspired leader moving the sun about in a manner to suit his own purpose. Again, in the thrilling last game it can hardly be said that the issue turned solely upon strategy. "Get up and hit a home run," has never been a part of the usable technique of any manager. Mule Haas should receive all proper credit for his mighty blow which tied the score but in any home run there must be some element of good fortune as well as hefty shoulders.

Personally I rejoiced in this vital drive. Until the last two games the mastery of the pitchers had been somewhat depressing. Though crowds are likely to cheer mightily for strikeouts there is more justification in their jubilation over base-hits and particularly the long ones. The pitcher inevitably stands as a symbol of frustration. He is the nay sayer in a world of lofty human aspirations. The curve ball which swoops across the corner fooling the batter and sending him back to the bench in humiliation is a reflection of the Einsteinian philosophy that we live within a circumscribed cosmos. I admit that my conception of the great mathematician's theories is dim, but I have a feeling that he would cramp us in and cut off some of the trillion acres which we like to imagine extending endlessly beyond the Milky Way. At any rate, I do know that whenever a player hits the ball out of the park I have a sense of elation. I feel as if I had done it. To me every wall or fence is palpably an inhibition. Beyond the bleacher roof lies Italy, if one may be permitted to use that currently distressful country as a metaphor for gaiety and wish-fulfilment.

Nor is it inept to drag in many of the phrases of the Freudians. Increasingly it becomes evident that managing a ball club is a psychiatrist's job. In a short series the mental attitude of the combatants is everything. This is the reason why the winning of the first game is almost always decisive. The team which gets the edge plays with more fierceness and confidence. While I have small faith in the predictions of Fullerton and the other experts I would willingly wager another year upon the team which had the most helpful dreams before the games began. Very possibly a shrewd analyst might have known in advance that the great Rogers Hornsby would strike out eight times in the series and prove himself a complete bust under fire. In bed, I have no doubt, he tossed in nightmares where he strove for some prize which was elusive.

But perhaps the most startling reversal of tradition came in the case of Lefty Grove. He shattered the cruel slanders which have always followed lefthanders. It has been said since baseball first began that southpaws were unreliable, wild, and not to be trusted in a pinch. Yet when danger beckoned thickest it was always Grove who stood towering on the mound whipping over strikes against the luckless Chicago batters. He at least did yeoman service for the philosophy of efficiency, for when he sent the ball across the plate at lightning speed he exemplified the truth of the scientific formula, "You cannot hit what you cannot see."

HEYWOOD BROUN

John Dewey

By SCOTT BUCHANAN

JOHN DEWEY will be seventy years old on October 20. He is both by right of seniority and also by right of esteem the dean of living American philosophers. In extent and depth of influence he has no rival among past American philosophers. Still it has always seemed impossible to make a just estimate and criticism of his work. It has been so varied, so easily misrepresented, above all so quickly accepted and made a part of the homely and familiar affairs of everyday life that criticism has usually achieved only a temporary plausibility and ended in the rattling of technical symbols or the show of epigrammatic wit. A hundred disciples have essayed lucid versions of what they thought was the high doctrine only to find themselves dabbling in literary water colors or making mud-pies out of decayed science.

Part of the difficulty has been due to Mr. Dewey's turbid style. The words have been translucent of an insight the genuineness of which no one has doubted, but they have never achieved transparency. The sentences stumbled and fell under their burden. There was more light in "Experience and Nature" than in anything that had preceded it, but even in this definitive formulation there was a fundamental ambiguity that seemed to rise from the first chapter and spread through the rest of the book. This chapter had been intended as an introduction and "it failed of its purpose; it was upon the whole more technical and harder reading than the chapters which it was supposed to introduce. It was also rather confused in mode of presentation, and at one point in thought as well." This is Mr. Dewey's own comment on it in the preface to the new edition published last year. I believe that the defect has been largely remedied in the new version of the first chapter, and that at least part of the insight has been communicated. My own reading of the new version was an experience of illumination. This is my excuse for entering the lists where so many have met defeat.

It has long been suspected by philosophers and vaguely felt by the lay reader that there was more than met the mind's eye in Mr. Dewey's use of the term "experience." In the first place it has been a weasel word in philosophy for the past 200 years. It might ambiguously denote the inchoate stuff in which philosophers tried to find order or to which they might bring order; it might be the very deceptive appearance of an underlying reality which they hoped to discover; or it might be the turbulent stream of consciousness, at once the evidence of man's spiritual nature and the magic sphere from which he could never escape. A great many modern systems of thought have maintained their positions by slipping from one to another of these meanings when they have been attacked from outside. On that account Mr. Dewey was subject to suspicion as soon as he gave "experience" the central position in his thought. But on further scrutiny there arose a second suspicion that there was more in Mr. Dewey's experience than any of the traditional usages comprehended. It was precarious, versatile, and immediate, but these qualities, he said, argued imagination, ingenuity, and discrimination rather than distrust and escape. Wisdom lay in embracing and strenuously attending to its immediate character.

But the embracing of experience and strenuous attention to its ins and outs are typical attitudes of the pseudo-mystic and the American business man, and critics have made the most of the "dominance of the foreground" in pragmatism. It offers too much aid and comfort to the aesthete and the engineer. Actually Mr. Dewey's thought is in another direction, as appears very clearly in the new version of "Experience and Nature." He is there reviewing in order the various types of lenses that have been used to focus and clarify "experience," he is hunting for the adequate categories. He is impatient with most of them as they have been used in modern thought. The subjective and the objective, mind and body, physical and spiritual, appearance and reality—all these persistent dichotomies have broken and distorted human thought. Their successive canonizations in the history of thought have occasioned many repetitions of "the philosophical fallacy," which is Mr. Dewey's name for the isolation of one particular aspect of experience, its abstraction, and its final eulogistic and preferential treatment as an Ultimate. It is the philosophical fallacy that has started and continued the pest of isms that young students of philosophy suffer in their initiation to the mysteries as presided over by fossilized professors. The disease of hypostasis or Ultimacy has attacked almost every system just as it came to clarity and its fine logical rigor has proved to be the onset of the *rigor mortis*. The diagnosis is good; in fact it is too good, since it applies to Mr. Dewey's own system as it comes to its maturity. But it does reduce the old categories and principles to a state where it is possible "to establish working connections between old and new subject matters."

It has always been a mark of the old pragmatisms of James and Schiller that they were sensitive to novelty—novelty in ideas as well as novelty in experience. James caught modern psychology when it was new; Schiller still plays with the novelties in the proposition that men are biological organisms. Mr. Dewey has contributed a great deal to both these pragmatisms, but his search for adequate categories has sent him farther into the novelties of anthropology. In fact, his remark that it has been his task to establish working connections between old and new subject matters is modest; he has made a thoroughgoing synthesis of modern philosophy and anthropology, so that now it is almost impossible to tell whether anthropology is a philosophy or philosophy is anthropology. It is certain that both modern philosophy and anthropology have gained in the process.

Anthropology has made great advances in the last few years. It long ago passed from the classificatory stage to the so-called dynamic stage when it absorbed Darwin, Spencer, and latterly Freud. It has still more recently described its subject matter as the invention and diffusion of cultures. These terms have been elaborated and enriched

by the contributions of William Graham Sumner from sociology and Thorstein Veblen from economics in this country, until now it is no longer the study of primitive peoples but analysis of human activities. Mr. Dewey has always been occupied with the invention and diffusion of cultures in schools, our laboratories of applied anthropology. He has watched with both a fatherly and a scientific interest over democracy and education in many parts of the world. His books have talked education, anthropology, and philosophy together, sometimes to the confusion of the reader. He was achieving a synthesis step by step, and, one suspects, unconsciously, at the same time that the anthropological temper was steadily coloring thought and opinion for all of us. One might say that the United States as a whole is one vast laboratory of applied anthropology where all professions and institutions are engaged in inventing and propagating cultures. Here was rich material for the philosophical critic with a taste for novelty, and a training in the history of philosophy afforded material for the anthropological critic who would reconstruct philosophy.

The synthesis has finally taken place by a translation of terms in the process of clarifying the definition of that troublesome middle term, experience. By using the concept of art, understood in the Greek sense as "activity directed to an end," experience is now the activity whereby events in nature are transformed into histories. As Aristotle would say, events have beginnings, middles, and ends. When events happen in that part of nature which is experience their ends are consummatory and fulfilling, enjoyed in themselves, while their beginnings and middles are means to these ends. The slip in Mr. Dewey's translation of Aristotle is intentional. The beginnings and middles of experienced events with a sufficient degree of uniformity and permanence are tools, techniques, mechanisms—in general, instruments, and the results they further are values. Here is the anthropological story of the invention and propagation of technologies contributing analytical clarity to the vague ambiguous term experience, and exhibiting the puzzling thing, experience, as our immediate and active contact with the rest of nature. Whenever the events become social, there appear those highly specialized means, words, signs, and symbols, and the activity becomes "mental" and "spiritual." Whenever the symbols lose their virtue as means, they are reconstructed by consciousness, which is a still more specialized and versatile instrument.

> Art is the process of production in which natural materials are reshaped in a projection toward consummatory fulfilment through regulation of trains of events that occur in a less regulated way on lower levels of nature. Art is "fine" in the degree in which ends, the final termini, of natural processes are dominant and conspicuously enjoyed. . . . Art thus represents the culminating event of nature as well as the climax of experience.

Experience is that part of nature in which the generic traits of reality become intelligible in terms of the human arts. This is the original postulate of an anthropological or social philosophy, and it is beautiful to see how anthropology and philosophy take their places in the consequent analysis of the materials, processes, and results of human manipulation. The demons of body and mind, life and matter, appearance and reality, sense and reason harmoniously contribute their delicate instrumentalities to the realization of human ends. It is not surprising that the account bristles with clever and wise comments on man's experience and nature, and that certain corners of the argument tempt further exploration, such, for instance, as the relation of modern machinery to morals or between modern mathematics and the laconic dials of a pressure gauge.

It has been often said since 1921, when the Paul Carus Foundation Lectures were delivered, that Mr. Dewey is no longer a pragmatist. The hypothesis that I am proposing has something to say about this. William James's definition, so often quoted against him by critics of pragmatism, that truth is the cash value of an idea, gains a new meaning in the anthropological context. Ideas and truth do not exist in experience as defined unless they are instruments leading to an end, and they are tested only by their relations to ends. The correspondence or coherence of ideas becomes a delicate technological problem, and, one might add, loses none of the old precious difficulties. If ideas correspond with what they symbolize they are good instruments; if they do not, consciousness must come in to repair a technological breakdown. Experience is precarious and truth is rare. This is no denial of fundamental epistemological problems.

There is something reminiscent in Mr. Dewey's writings of the wisdom and discriminating reasonableness of the great tradition in philosophy. His avoidance of the old terminologies, for reasons that I have pointed out, sometimes makes it hard to recall what it reminds one of. There is a clue to it in the fact that Mr. Dewey started out in philosophy as a follower of the Hegelian method. Almost all of the internal mechanics of Hegel's "Phenomenology of Spirit" have been replaced by anthropological categories, but the empirical and humanistic interest are the same. It is interesting to compare Mr. Dewey and Karl Marx in this respect. Marx substituted the categories of orthodox economics and today we have dialectical materialism and communism. Mr. Dewey is an empirical naturalist and the father of experimental schools. Some of Mr. Dewey's students are trying to find out why they differ. They might find a suggestion in the myths of Prometheus and Hephaestus who stole heavenly fire and taught men the industrial arts in their separate ways.

There is at present a reaction away from Mr. Dewey's philosophy to a still older tradition, the Platonic, or more accurately the neo-Platonic. The adherents of this tradition would say that Mr. Dewey is a descendant from it in more than one sense. He is an angel fallen from their heaven and in his fall has dragged down all their preferred categories to the lowest level of the original hierarchy. He has infected the eternal verities with time. Worse than that, he himself has committed "the philosophical fallacy." He has deified Time and given all temporal things a preferential metaphysical status. The fallacy is not avoided by turning the system that contains it bottom side up. They would begin by asking him why reality is more favorable to anthropological categories than to physical or theological categories, and then they would go on to ask him about "nature." They would thus take him into the great philosophical conversation, and reward him for raising again the real metaphysical problems, problems from which time does not subtract and to which it does not add one jot or tittle.

Prosperity—Believe It or Not
I. What Is Prosperity?

By STUART CHASE

IN the year 1906 the Secretary of the Treasury was publicly praying that the country be delivered from more prosperity. That his prayers were in order was evidenced by the glorious crash in the following year—the profound business depression of 1907.

The present era, 1922 to 1929, marks the fifth great period of business prosperity in the history of the Republic. The first began just over a century ago, in 1825, following the recovery from the Napoleonic wars, and the revival of world trade. A tide of settlers from the East rolled over the Appalachians to the fat lands of the Middle West. The first steam engines began to wheeze their way over cast-iron rails. For twelve ebullient years the curve went swinging upward, and ended with a dizzy nose dive in the panic of 1837.

This is the first of a series of seven articles by Stuart Chase on American prosperity. The underlying data for this study have been collected from many sources, two of which have been especially valuable: "Recent Economic Changes in the United States," and "Middletown," by Robert S. and Helen Merrell Lynd. The second article in Mr. Chase's series will appear in the next issue of The Nation.

Unshaven men, swirling sand around in tin pans, started the next upheaval. California gold, another great Western migration, new types of horse-driven plows and harvesters, thousands of miles of new railroad lines made the second great era of American prosperity. It was born in 1849 and expired, amid the noisy explosions of banks, in 1857—aged eight years.

Following the final liquidation of the Civil War, the third period got under way in 1879. American industry came out of the handicraft stage and turned definitely toward the machine. Another tidal wave of land occupation rolled to the Pacific. Through the "fat eighties" the band-wagon marched for fourteen proud years, the longest spasm yet, and then rushed down a steep place—and very steep it was—into the cold, salt sea of 1893.

Era number four began with more unshaven men, prospecting some thousands of miles north of the forty-niners. Alaskan gold began to flow in 1898; the old-line trusts began to swell; electric power began to extend its copper tentacles; machines whirled faster and faster. Anon the Secretary of the Treasury—who obviously knew his business cycles—began to pray, and the nine-year party was over. A national morning-after headache was not the least of Mr. Taft's perplexities as he entered the White House.

Four prosperity eras—twelve years, eight years, fourteen years, nine years—a total of forty-three years out of roughly a century; an average duration of eleven years. Before we exhaust all our adjectives on the unheard-of brilliance of the present period, it is well to remember that it is number five, and has run, with minor ups and downs, just eight years. Based on the average of the past it has three more years to go before the tail spin. But I do not advise my readers to buy or sell stocks on the strength of this calculation, though, as we shall see, period five, while a close relative of the other four, is something in the nature of a biological sport. It does not run altogether true to form at several points, while in size and ramifications it is out of all proportion to the others.

America recovered from the depression of 1915 quickly owing primarily to war orders. Nineteen-sixteen was a very prosperous year. Nineteen-seventeen and 1918 were years of hectic economic activity with huge profits, heavy taxes, plenty of employment, terrific waste, and with wage rates sagging behind the cost of living. We were far from impoverished by the war, but our economic progress was not rapid. The national income per capita was the same in 1918 as in 1913. In 1919, the dollar-a-year men packed their brief-cases and took lower berths for home, shouting "business as usual" as they went. The government, unfailingly polite to business men, scrapped its economic controls, restored the railroads, took its hand from prices and profits. Prices promptly jumped, business boomed, exports flowed into the European vacuum, war-time economy was thrown to the winds, the Stock Exchange assumed the momentum of a Derby winner. But physical production—that lump of reality at the heart of the gaudy pecuniary structure—was not so good. It dropped 10 per cent below 1918.

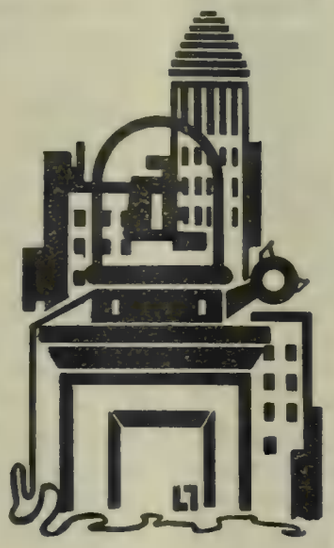
In May, 1920, the brick-bats began to fly. Wholesale prices suddenly collapsed, catching untold manufacturers and merchants whose inventory groaned with high-priced raw and finished stocks. A good old '93-model panic was prevented only because exports and retail trade kept up for a time, and because the Federal Reserve system got its new pulmotors into the banks. In 1921 retail business and export trade headed determinedly downhill, with streams of unemployed in their wake. Corporation profits fell from eight billions in 1919 to less than a billion in 1921, more than half of all companies going into the red. Commercial failures jumped from 6,500 to 19,700, and gross liabilities from 113 million to 627 million. Flat on our industrial faces we were. But Europe was still flatter. Our credit structure, particularly by virtue of the Federal Reserve system, was better organized than it was in 1893 and 1907; the Republic was physically intact, with a huge domestic market and with a running start for whatever foreign trade there was.

Inventories were painfully, but on the whole successfully, liquidated. (The disastrous days of May, 1920, were

committed to memory in an unprecedented era—that still obtains—of "hand-to-mouth buying.") In 1922 came a revival; in 1923 prosperity—Act V was in full swing. The next year witnessed a mild depression, with a revival in 1925 and in 1926. Nineteen twenty-seven saw a slight contraction, but 1928 was good, and 1929 thus far has been a prosperous business year. Mr. Babson's index registers 7 per cent above normal, while net earnings of corporations are some 40 per cent above the same period in 1928. Which brings us down to date. We are now in the eighth year of prosperity as commercially and commonly defined. It is time to look a little more carefully at what this accepted phrase really means; particularly what it means to the wayfaring man.

We will begin by presenting a typical chant from the programs of the Prosperity Chorus in the form of a full-page advertisement in the New York *Times* for May 7, 1929, paid for by the *True Story Magazine*.

> America's Greatest Discovery Was—
>
> That a millionaire cannot wear 10,000 pairs of $10 shoes. But a hundred thousand others can if they've got the $10 to pay for them, and the leisure to show them off.
>
> This discovery was made less than ten years ago. But it has been responsible in these ten years for a greater measure of the success of American business than any other factor.
>
> That Labor must have both the leisure and the money to buy all the things that it helps to make.
>
> You Business Executives sitting at your desks, you have been making a fairy tale come true. Within ten years you have done more toward the sum total of human happiness than has ever been done before in all the centuries of historical time.
>
> *Jumped into the car—Went down to the Store—Got tickets for the show—Didn't recognize the room when he came in—Didn't know me in my new suit—*
>
> When you take the underlay of these True Stories today you can scarcely believe that this is the same great spread of human beings whose stories were little more than a cry of common wants and pinching miseries less than ten years ago.



The perfervid editors of *True Story Magazine* may possibly have their eye more on selling space to manufacturers than on the truest of true stories; but their refrain can be heard at any moment, anywhere. Furthermore, they claim that the shift from tales of misery to tales of new cars and furniture and suits on the part of contributors is borne out by "hundreds of thousands of personal human documents," i.e., the confession manuscripts which come into their sanctum—inner or outer as the case may be.

Next, a sample from the other camp. Mrs. Daisy Worthington Worcester, lecturer at the University of California, on June 28, 1929, had this to say—and much more in the same vein—to the National Conference on Social Work at San Francisco:

> This myth of prosperity, if believed, will lead to inevitable catastrophe. America's prosperity is for only 24 per cent of the people, and this percentage owns all the wealth of this country. . . . In the time this excess has been accumulating, public charities have increased their expenditures 132 per cent.

James Truslow Adams, one of our soundest historians, also begs leave to differ in his recent book on business civilization:

> There is no rest from the effort to make money in ever larger and larger amounts. There is no prospect of comfortable retirement in old age. For many who never thought of it in the old days there is the ever-present specter of illness and incapacity. Our prosperity can be maintained only by making people want more, and work more, all the time. Those, and they are many, who believe that our recent prosperity has been mainly caused by the phenomenal expansion of the automobile business, tell us that it will soon be necessary to find some other article which will similarly take the public fancy and create billions in sales—and billions of expense to men already tired of doing nothing but meeting new expenses.

While the unanimity as to the fact of prosperity from the business standpoint is overpowering—even Mr. Adams admits it—the consensus from the human standpoint is by no means so deafening. It is evident that the phenomenon needs careful analysis. What is prosperity? I can see at least four tenable definitions.

First, the commercial or business meaning, by far the commonest, which measures prosperity in terms of corporate profits, stock-market quotations, bank clearings, volume of trade, price levels, export business, commercial failures, and, to a lesser degree, in physical production of goods, wage levels, volume of unemployment, national income per capita. As we shall see, prosperity calculated in these terms is by and large a provable fact—with certain large and mysterious exceptions, such as the failure of wholesale prices to rise as in all former periods, and the strange presence of a large number of bankruptcies.

Second, prosperity may be defined in terms of the distribution of material goods and services to the ultimate consumer. The commercial definition assumes this, but analysis discloses many periods of booming business—such as 1919—when the flow of tangible goods was actually declining. This definition is more human than the first, in that it casts a general glance in the direction of the material well-being of the consumer, but it does not say much about the value of the goods or their net effect on health, happiness, and habits. As we shall see, prosperity measured in gross output of goods is undoubtedly a fact since 1922, but the net increase in tonnage is small compared with the tremendous increase in variety. We are using more new things—motor cars, electric appliances, radios, cosmetics—and less by weight per capita of the old staples—coal, cotton, meat, wool, grain.

Third, prosperity may be defined as an economic condition in which even if business does not particularly boom, or the distribution of tangible goods seem particularly lavish, the average citizen enjoys security and a modicum of leisure. It registers an end to the economic fear of old age, sickness, unemployment, accident, dependency; and time to turn around as one labors, contemplate the sun, the stars, and

the meaning of life; time to dance and to play, to eat, drink, and make merry. Certain former cultures—one calls to mind the Inca Empire—rejoiced in this sort of prosperity. There was a paucity of bath-tubs and out-board motor boats, to be sure, but there was enough to eat, little worry as to the future, leisure in which to savor life. We shall see how our present prosperity, measured in such terms, is marking time compared with a generation ago, if not positively losing ground.

Fourth and last, we might define prosperity as the life more abundant, an alliance of definitions two and three—compounding security and leisure with a wide variety of useful and beautiful material things, and above all an atmosphere in which the creative arts flourish, great projects are undertaken, temples rise, great poets sing, and man climbs one step nearer to his remorseless destiny. The people of Peru were prosperous and happy after their fashion, but the great mass of them never rose above the level of reasonably primitive satisfactions. Art, learning, philosophy were for the few. In the definition here contemplated, such things are for the many. How many? Say at least a percentage equal to the ratio of free citizens to the total population of Athens in the days of Pericles—something in the nature of one person out of three. As we shall see, only a few examples which conform to this last and most rigorous definition are to be found in the America of 1929.

The Prosperity Chorus will doubtless be annoyed at my references to Peru and Greece as yardsticks. Why, it will ask, broaden the definition of prosperity beyond its accepted and current business meaning? Because this is precisely what the Prosperity Chorus does itself. Not content with the bare statistics of pig-iron production, bank clearings, and foreign trade, it assumes blandly, invariably, and uncritically that *therefore* the average man is happier, the social life is richer, the level of civilization is steadily ascending.

Now these are precisely the assumptions which need the most critical examination. We all can agree on pig iron and bank clearings, and even upon telephones per capita. But we cannot allow the optimists to claim that these things automatically insure the good life. They may be right, but they have never adequately proved their case. Indeed, it would tax the resources of psychology, anthropology, and history to prove it.

I shall try to be more modest and more limited in my discussion of prosperity than the financial editors, but if I stray occasionally into wider fields, it is because they have first dared me to enter. The sod is already torn with the marks of their boots.

Madness in Marion

By BENJAMIN STOLBERG

Marion, North Carolina, October 7

TWO men are intimately connected with the killing of striking workers in Marion, North Carolina, during the early hours of October 2. One is R. W. Baldwin, president of the Marion Manufacturing Company; the other is Sheriff Oscar F. Adkins. Both of them are men who under ordinary conditions of life might have carried on indefinitely without serious trouble, but the strain of industrial warfare proved too much for them. On the afternoon of Tuesday, October 1, they lost their heads; and eighteen hours later three men were dead, three were so badly hurt that they have died since, and a score were wounded.

Mr. Baldwin is a little bald-headed, gray, nondescript man, who shuffles along rapidly, talking to himself. He has been a lifelong resident of Baltimore, where he still spends long week-ends. Among the newspapermen he is known for the following description of H. L. Mencken, Baltimore's best-known citizen: "Oh, Mencken, you mean the Communist editor of the *Republic?*" He presumably meant the *New Republic*. I talked with Mr. Baldwin at some length, not about the massacre, which he would not discuss, but mostly on the technique and the outlook of his industry. He did not know the difference between the Chamber of Commerce and the various manufacturers' associations. His description of the technical process in his mill made no sense. He volunteered the information that he could not possibly compete by raising wages 30 per cent and cutting hours of labor to 40 a week. No one ever asked him to do either. On the whole his speech was studded with curiously compact misinformation and a sort of complicated ignorance and irrelevance. A day after the killings he was interviewed by the press in his home. He said: "I understand sixty or seventy-five shots were fired in Wednesday's fight. If this is true, there are thirty or thirty-five of the bullets accounted for. I think the officers are damned good marksmen. If I ever organize an army they can have jobs with me. I read that the death of each soldier in the World War consumed more than five tons of lead. Here we have less than five pounds and these casualties. A good average, I call it." (Asheville *Citizen*, October 4, 1929.)

Sheriff Adkins has a round, adolescent, red-cheeked simpleton face. He is not very tall, but balloon-shaped. He is the typical fat boy. He sits in the courtroom accused of murder, watching the proceedings there with a smile of apparent indifference. Although he is still a cog in the local Democratic machine, the machine refused to indorse him in the recent primaries. He certainly impresses one as having no conception of the enormity of the crime of which he is accused. He offered to take me to some of the homes of the workers. "They had the best of everything before the trouble began, yessir," he remarked.

The Marion Manufacturing Company has a very bad reputation in the Southern mill industry. The average weekly earnings for 1928 in the North Carolina textile industry as a whole were $12.23. In the Baldwin plant they averaged a little less than $11 a week. Even the more skilled operators never attain more than $21 a week. The average number of workers in a family of from five to six is two.

Some women in the Baldwin plant earned, before the strike on July 11, as little as $5 a week. The average workday, excepting Saturday, was twelve hours and twenty minutes, without time off for meals. There is a general impression that even under such conditions the workers are better off than they were before they came down from the hills. Sixteen years ago I made a study of the social conditions of Southern hill folks. I found almost exactly the same conditions last week in the East Marion mill village, with the sole exception that the dwellings have wooden instead of earthen floors. The physical conditions of life are, morally and humanly, almost indescribably degrading.

Three young men, all hill billies, put their heads together last April and decided "to find out how to get a union." Their names are Lawrence Hogan, Dan Elliott, and Roy Price. Hogan went to Elizabethton, where the rayon strike was going on, and met Alfred Hoffman, the Southern organizer for the United Textile Workers of America. Hoffman promised to help. Hogan returned to Marion and with Elliott and Price and others began to prepare the ground for unionization. Hogan has had more to do with keeping his people together than anyone else.

On July 10, Mr. Hoffman came to Marion to take charge of the situation. On July 11, the local committee of the workers presented to Mr. Baldwin a number of questions in writing, the most important of which were whether he would reduce the work shift to ten hours without a reduction of wages; whether he would take back twenty-two workers fired for union activity; and whether he was willing to meet a committee of his employees to take up grievances. The answer to all these questions was, No.

On July 11, the workers left the mills against the advice of Mr. Hoffman, who could not get the financial cooperation of his national union. The strike lasted exactly two months. The plant was shut down. Six hundred and fifty workers were out. The American Federation of Labor and its unions did almost nothing. A total of $7,000 raised from various sources was all the funds available to keep a community of about 2,500 persons going from July 11 to September 11. The atmosphere in Marion was extremely hostile toward the strike, and things in the Baldwin mill were complicated by a lockout which was declared on July 27 in the neighboring Clinchfield mills which reopened only on day shift on August 19 under the protection of the militia. All these things contributed to the collapse of the strike at the Baldwin mill. Alfred Hoffman, a young man in his early twenties, though he is a fair organizer, lacked the experience to carry on against such odds. Through the mediation of Judge N. A. Townsend, the personal representative of Governor Gardner, and L. L. Jenkins, an Asheville banker and cotton-mill owner, a "settlement" was finally reached. The settlement included both the Marion and the Clinchfield mills. It provided for a 55-hour week, at the same pay per hour and for piece work. It permitted Mr. Baldwin to refuse to reemploy fourteen of the most active strikers; and it provided that at the end of six weeks the workers were to be allowed to vote on the advisability of going back to the 60-hour week, which, incidentally, had never been kept in the Marion mill. In other words, the workers were allowed to ratify officially the loss of their strike six weeks after they lost it. The agreement was written in pencil on a piece of paper torn out of a notebook. It was unsigned by either side. It was really a verbal agreement relying on the good faith of Mr. Baldwin and on the influence of Judge Townsend upon him.

On September 23, Mr. Baldwin voluntarily raised wages 5 per cent, following the lead of President Hart of the Clinchfield mills. But immediately after the strike settlement, both Messrs. Baldwin and Hart began to discriminate against the more active union members. Mr. Baldwin refused to reinstate 102 workers.

The strike was lost, miserably and with vengeance. Unrest was especially rife in the Baldwin mill because of the muddle-headedness of all those among the management who had contacts with the workers, and because of the personal brutality of A. F. Hunt, the superintendent, and John Snoddey and Dave Jarrett, the foremen. Alfred Hoffman, discouraged by the non-cooperation of the American labor movement as a whole, had left town, and his place as the official organizer for the United Textile Workers of America was taken by John Peel, vice-president of the North Carolina State Federation of Labor.

Union strategy demanded another strike. Both Peel and Ross felt that the experience of Elizabethton, where the workers were let down after a similar "settlement," must not be repeated. They notified Mr. Baldwin that another strike would take place unless he lived up to the promise not to discriminate against union members beyond the fourteen originally named in the agreement. Francis J. Gorman, first vice-president of the United Textile Workers, came into Marion and advised the calling of a strike in case Mr. Baldwin should prove obdurate. Tom Tippett at an open meeting told the workers that they would have to strike once more unless their fellows were reinstated. The newspapers of North Carolina were full of the impending strike in the Baldwin mill. Mr. Baldwin's present claim that he had never expected the strike is sheer nonsense. Everybody expected a strike within the near future.

On September 27, Mr. Jenkins came from Asheville to Marion at the request of the union in an effort to see Mr. Baldwin. Mr. Jenkins had warned Mr. Baldwin previously that there would be a great deal of trouble unless he stopped discriminating against union people. Mr. Baldwin at the time was in Baltimore, and he wired Mr. Jenkins that he would return to Marion on Wednesday, October 2.

Peel, Ross, and Tippett told the workers they must stay on the job at least until Wednesday, when they expected to have a conference with Mr. Baldwin and Mr. Jenkins. But instead of returning on October 2, as he planned, Mr. Baldwin returned on Monday, September 30. He wired Mr. Jenkins in Asheville that he would look into the situation himself, thereby in effect breaking off all possible negotiations with the union leaders. On October 1, he got in touch with Sheriff Adkins and asked him and his deputies to come to the plant during the change of shifts. Adkins and a number of deputies, some of them notorious plug-uglies recently deputized during the strike, went into the plant about seven o'clock at night. The union leaders knew nothing of all this.

The deputies were heavily armed as were Superintendent Hunt, the foremen, and a number of the non-union workers. The sheriff and his deputies, according to eye-witnesses in the plant, drank heavily between eight o'clock in the evening and one in the morning. The scenes in the plant that

night were a provocation to violence. The officers and the bosses were constantly daring the workers to quit. Around 1:30 a. m. one of the foremen approached young Luther Bryson, 22, one of the victims, and harangued him: "If you strike this time, you ———, we will shoot it out with you." The boy took the dare. He shut off part of the power and ran through the factory telling the workers to walk out.

For five long hours the people stood outside the gate waiting to notify the day shift. A few went home. But most of them milled around in front of the plant. The union leaders were not waked up. By 6:45 in the morning, the day shift was beginning to appear. The strikers from the night shift were augmented to a crowd of approximately 250, all pushing toward the gate and all trying to keep any workers from going in. For about an hour Adkins attempted to handle the situation, but about 7:30 he lost his temper and exploded some tear gas into the crowd, blinding the people in front of him. John Jonas, a lame man of sixty-seven, attacked the sheriff with his cane. While struggling with Jonas, a shot was fired by the deputy next to the sheriff and Jonas dropped to the ground. The crowd started to run, and the officers, as well as Superintendent Hunt and Foremen Snoddey, Jarrett, and Forest Smith, fired into the fleeing crowd. All the people killed and hurt were shot in the back. Only one of the attackers was wounded. None of the workers was armed.

The next day Sheriff Adkins and ten of his deputy sheriffs, some of whom were non-union workers who were deputized during the night of the trouble in the plant, A. F. Hunt, superintendent of the Baldwin mill, and the three foremen, John Snoddey, Dave Jarrett, and Forest Smith, were arrested. They were released on $2,000 bail furnished by Mr. Baldwin. The sheriff is still officially the chief police officer of MacDowell County. The sheriff countered by having thirty-six workers arrested on the charge of "insurrection" and "riot." The workers have been released on $500 bail each. Governor Gardner has sent in the militia, and has appointed Judge Harding as a committing magistrate to determine whether the men accused of murder should be turned over for trial. Judge Harding, a rather bored-looking man, listens to the testimony, and takes copious notes.*

On October 5, Francis J. Gorman, Sara Bernheim, of the Labor Bureau, Inc., Tom Tippett, Vice-Presidents Peel and Vicker, and Secretary Soule of the North Carolina Federation of Labor went to Raleigh to see Governor Gardner. They asked him to appoint a commission to investigate the character and the record of the deputies; to determine whether or not Mr. Baldwin had violated his agreement; and to make an investigation of the conditions and financial status of the Baldwin mill. There can be no doubt that Governor Gardner is deeply moved by the tragedy. He himself is a cotton-mill owner and the conditions in his plant are said to be the best in the South. He undoubtedly feels that the Baldwin type of employer is a menace to any community, but he stated that he had no authority to comply with the request of the labor delegation. It seems that under the present constitution of North Carolina he is powerless to protect his State.

* On October 11 Judge Harding released Sheriff Adkins, A. F. Hunt, Snoddey, and Smith. Jarrett and seven of the ten deputies were ordered held under bond of $3,000 each for trial on charges of second-degree murder.—Editor The Nation.

In the Driftway

A CORRESPONDENT has sent the Drifter a prayer which a clergyman of Columbus, Mississippi, is said to have delivered at the opening of a convention of the State press association:

> Eternal God, our Heavenly Father, we ask Thy blessings upon these newspaper people, who are wont to communicate with the ends of the earth. They are people who can smell a revolution in China; people who have license to enter the gates of Princes and Potentates, but who will have a mighty hard time getting inside the gates of Paradise.
>
> Have mercy, O Lord, upon these people who have to carry all kinds of things in the cause of their newspapers. Have mercy, O Lord, on these people who are invited to so many luncheons and banquets that they must sacrifice their digestion on the altar of free advertising.
>
> Have mercy, Lord, on these people who are chased by the Colonial Dames, W. C. T. U., Kiwanis, Rotary, and Chamber of Commerce. Have mercy on these people who have to hobnob alike with Jew and Gentile, white and black, Democrat and Republican, Baptist, Methodist, Presbyterian, and Episcopalian.
>
> Have mercy, O Lord, on these people and help them in their dash from ballroom to church social and back to rum-runners, and who have to associate with anybody from Andy Mellon to Andy Gump.
>
> Make this a good convention in Columbus. It is an easy matter to break into print, but how will some of them break into the Pearly Gates? We pray Thy blessings upon them, and when they have done with newspapers and stories and their careers are finished here, may they have a finer story from St. Peter than they ever had in newspapers here. And though it is so hard for newspaper men to get into the Kingdom, may they receive a warmer welcome in the new Jerusalem than they do in Columbus today.

* * * * *

THIS is only a slightly twisted example of the strange fact that getting out a newspaper or having a job on a newspaper is generally considered to be the most glamorous occupation on earth. As one who has known newspapers pretty well for years, the Drifter has never been able to account for this aberration. Jobs on a newspaper are exacting, troublesome, wearying, dull. Far from having the entrée to every sort of excitement, public or private, that takes place in the world, the reporter is often barred out or thrown out without a single peep inside; the special writer has to dig around in tons of uninteresting and unproductive material to get enough for a story; the world will not move, things will not happen, and the Boss is even crankier and more unreasonable than most bosses—and more of a little autocrat. If the skies fall the paper must go to press; once it gets to press it must be sold. No, working on a newspaper is not all fun, nor is it all desperate-rushing-to-make-the-edition-or-the-government-will-fall. To hear the roar of the presses is deceiving; there is in them a feeling of power and speed which the words they are printing belie. The newspaper factory is like any other factory: it has to run smoothly, quickly, efficiently. But all too often the job of the individual worker is just a job.

THE DRIFTER

Our Readers and the Palestine Crisis

British Pledges

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: I was surprised and not a little horrified to read in your issue of September 11 an article entitled "Lands of the Arabs." Your remarks are full of statements and conclusions therefrom which were shown some years ago to be inaccurate.

It is untrue to state that Britain in 1915 formally recognized the Arab title to Palestine. Sir Henry McMahon, who in 1915 wrote to King Hussein the document on which the Arabs now claim their rights to Palestine, has himself placed on record the fact that in this statement it was his intention to exclude Palestine from an independent Arabia. Moreover he stated that he never at that time heard anything from King Hussein that would lead him to believe that King Hussein himself was laboring under a misapprehension on this score.

The then Colonial Secretary said in the House of Commons on July 11, 1922:

> No pledges were made to the Palestinian Arabs in 1915. An undertaking was given to the Sherif of Mecca that His Majesty's Government would acknowledge and support the independence of the Arabs within certain territorial limits. . . . It was stipulated that the undertaking applied only to those portions of the territory concerned in which Great Britain was free to act. . . .
>
> His Majesty's Government have always regarded and continue to regard Palestine as excluded by these provisos from the scope of their undertaking. This is clear from the fact that in the following year they concluded an agreement with the French and Russian governments under which Palestine was to receive special treatment.

It will be seen from the above that the British Government did not "shamelessly flout pledges given to the Arabs"; nor yet were the British led into "a career of perfidy."

Jerusalem, September 20 Edward G. Joseph

[The full text of the correspondence between Sir Henry McMahon and the Sherif of Mecca has never been published, but it is known that in July, 1915, Hussein formally asked Great Britain to recognize the potential sovereign independence of all the Arabs of Asia from the Indian Ocean north and from the Mediterranean to Persia. Britain's reply temporized. Hussein repeated his demands, and in November, 1915, Britain recognized the Arab title to virtually all the territory mentioned, subject only to vague reservations which to the British mind may have included Palestine but certainly were not explicit about it. Hussein repeated his claim again, explicitly including Palestine, and he began his revolt with no knowledge of the Sykes-Picot agreement with France or of any commitment to the Jews. (See Temperley's semi-official "History of the Peace Conference of Paris," London, 1924, volume 6, Parts 1 and 3.) Of course, no pledges were made to the *Palestinian* Arabs, but they knew of the pledges to Hussein and were bitterly disillusioned when they proved hypocritical.—Editor The Nation.]

A Critic of Zionism

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Permit me to utter a few words of commendation on your fair and just summing up of the Palestine situation. I have visited the country on several occasions during the last few years. I have had abundant opportunity of observing closely the life of the Jews and the Arabs.

The Jews have undoubtedly brought many blessings to the country in the form of improved sanitation, better economic conditions, and a higher standard of living. Much of the progress must in justice be attributed to the superiority of British over Turkish methods of administration.

The Arabs were friendly toward the Jewish colonies that started forty years ago. Original settlers had no political ax to grind, they employed Arab labor, and mingled with the Arabs as neighbors. With the spread of Zionist propaganda the situation underwent a serious change. The Zionist immigrants placed a heavy ban on the employment of Arab labor. Cases occurred where Jewish farmers were boycotted and ostracized for finding themselves obliged to employ the cheaper and frequently more efficient Arab agricultural help. Farming in Palestine is an arduous and unprofitable business. The Arab can make a go of it because of his lower standard of living and because he is inured to the semi-tropical climate. Practically all of the Zionist colonies are run at a heavy deficit which is covered by American contributions. The private non-subsidized farmers must employ Arabs in order to exist. It is not a question of exploitation but of bare existence.

The attitude of the Zionists has become well known to the Arabs and has embittered them. Added to that is the lack of tact and grace on the part of Zionist orators and writers in and out of Palestine. Their slogan is "one language, one land, one people," ignoring the large majority of Arabs with their many centuries in Palestine, with their marvelous language and their cultural past. Palestine might and could offer a home to hundreds of thousands of Jews from Eastern Europe who by their energy and enterprise would be a blessing to their Arab neighbors and to the entire Near East. But the constant reiteration by the Zionists that the Jews must become the majority in the country in order to impose their rule on the Arabs, besides being economically and biologically impossible goes contrary to all the basic principles of the treatment of oppressed nationalities. This, of course, is not a justification of the recent horrible atrocities

The solution of the problem, in my judgment, consists in the cultivation of friendly relations and common civic interests between the Jews and Arabs, both elements cooperating in the development of a literate, intelligent population able ultimately to emerge from the control of the mandatory Power and to govern itself as a democratic commonwealth.

New York, September 13 Arthur Bennett

Jewish Freedom

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The tone of the editorial entitled Lands of the Arabs in your issue of September 11 seems to make many of us feel that *The Nation* is beginning to distinguish between different kinds of imperialism. Is an Arabian imperialism more justifiable than any other? Why become solicitous about the Arabs in Palestine and forgetful of the rights of the Jews?

Palestine was the national home of the Jews as Arabia is the national home of the Arabs. Palestine is not a part of Arabia. In size it is but one one-hundred-and-seventieth part of the total area inhabited by Arabic-speaking populations. Some Arabs have sojourned in Palestine for many centuries—

that is an undeniable claim—but their population has never been higher than 750,000, and 75 per cent of the arable land, which could support at least four to five millions, still lies desolate. On the other hand, it must be borne in mind that there has never been a time when some Jews did not live in Palestine since their dispersion. Though conquered, Jews never yielded their claim to a return to the land where they had developed their nationhood, religion, and culture. Palestine would not have attained its historical significance without the Jews, and the Jews would not now be existent but for the ever-present, predominating idea of a return to their land.

Just as the rights and power of the forty millions of Arabs throughout their vast domains cannot be brushed aside, just so cannot the rights and power of the fifteen millions of Jews throughout the world. We are rooted as deeply as they are. We will to live on as they do and no one through the centuries has yet been able to crush us. When in the course of time it becomes feasible to do away with the barriers which separate peoples and nations, then Jews shall be found doing their full share as they have in other movements of emancipation. Until such a time does come, because of what we have done, and what we are now, and what we want to do for mankind, it is our inalienable right to seek free development and self-expression in the little, old land of Israel which must be the cultural and spiritual center of gravity of our people scattered throughout the world. The world has recognized our claim and has pledged itself to it. We, in turn, pledge ourselves to the working out of our destiny in Palestine peacefully, with dignity, and with the utmost consideration of the rights of all others concerned.

Boston, Mass., October 9 HYMAN MORRISON

The Intelligent Minority

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: According to newspaper reports the Arabs blamed the Jews for the riots. But Arab leaders and defenders have openly stated that Palestine is bleeding because the Arabs want to retain their majority. Such confession ought to spare the Inquiry Commission much hard labor.

Mr. Klein, who quotes Dr. Samne at length, should agree that the majority is not always right and does not always rule. Millions of natives have lived in Africa, and Africa has been divided among European nations. Similarly, millions live in India and England rules. Only a few hundred Americans live in the Philippine Islands and they rule.

Palestine belonged to Turkey, which joined Germany. With the help of Arabs and Jews, England conquered Palestine. Some English officers may have promised it to the Arabs, but that promise was verbal and unofficial. To the Jews England made a written declaration which was sanctioned by all nations.

Dr. Samne's argument about the Indian's return to America is irrelevant because the Indian is dead and America has been a free nation for 150 years. But should some Indians return and buy here marshy ground for heavy gold, drain it, till it, and establish themselves on it, would Dr. Samne advise that their homes should be demolished and that they should be thrown into the fire?

In spite of promises and approvals, the Jew paid heavy gold for marshy ground infested with malaria. The Arab took the money. The Jew drained the marshes, tilled the land, built schools, homes, and hospitals from which the entire population benefited. What the Arab has done is widely known. The Arab takes the money and kills.

Newark, N. J., September 25 ALEX ARMANT

Protest

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The policy of serving the truth, earnestly pursued by your magazine and therefore earning the support of liberal minds everywhere, has suffered a sad relapse in the matter of the Palestinian massacres.

Your editorial writers seem to overlook the glaring fact that in Palestine it is not merely a question of 100,000 Jews out of a total of 800,000 with 700,000 Arabs, but that behind the 100,000 Jews stand clamoring for a homeland the despondent millions of Jews scattered homeless, soil-less in Poland, Rumania, and Hungary as well as sections of Ukrainia. By what criterion of justice do your editorial writers or Arab patriots contend that Arabs have a greater right to the earth than we Jews, especially as there are already many states other than Palestine that the Arabs inhabit? Was there anything but force that enabled them to secure a foothold upon these lands? Is past Arab conquest to be justified by the fact of possession, and is the charge of imperialism to be raised against Jews in their desire for rehabilitation?

We Jews as a people refuse to be made international or to assimilate by means of humiliation, insult, ridicule, contempt, and indignity just as much as by the threat of force. As long as either of these mental or bodily compulsions exists among nations as instruments to make us international, we shall seek a homeland so that at a distant future we may in the fulness and freedom of spirit and not by duress call all men our brothers.

New York, September 25 HERMAN SCHLOSSMAN

The Nation *Radio Hour on Station WMCA will be suspended until after the municipal election.*

Contributors to This Issue

SCOTT BUCHANAN, author of "Poetry and Mathematics," is associate professor of philosophy at the University of Virginia.

STUART CHASE is author of "Men and Machines" and co-author of "Your Money's Worth." The present series is to be published, with additional material, as a Boni Paper Book, in December.

BENJAMIN STOLBERG, a writer on economic and other subjects for current periodicals, has just returned from Marion.

DAVID MORTON is professor of English at Amherst College.

WILLIAM MACDONALD is a regular contributor of historical and political reviews to *The Nation.*

FLORENCE CODMAN is a regular contributor of reviews to *The Nation.*

GRANVILLE HICKS frequently reviews books for *The Nation.*

WALTER KIEN, on the staff of New York University, is an authority on German and Scandivanian literature.

BEULAH AMIDON is associate editor of the *Survey.*

LAURENCE ADLER was in charge of the music department of the "floating university."

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH is dramatic editor of *The Nation.*

Books, Music, and Drama

Wood Moment

By DAVID MORTON

We shall have little enough to keep, we two,
Out of this moment that is passing, now:
A little memory how the light came through
In such frail patterns as the woods allow,
And how no wind nor any sound was here
To break this spell of silence that has seemed
Part of a stranger spell that holds you near
A little while—like something that I dreamed.

Little enough—the rest will soon go by,
Pitiful speech that found no word to say
Beyond the language of a glance or sigh;
Only, some year, some fine and careless day,
I shall stop suddenly, seeing the way
Of woods with sunlight—how the patterns lie.

The World of Men and Things

The Encyclopaedia Britannica. A New Survey of Universal Knowledge. Fourteenth edition. Twenty-four volumes. Encyclopaedia Britannica, Inc. $129.50 and upward.

IT is a far cry from 1768, when the first edition of the "Encyclopaedia Britannica" began to appear in six-penny numbers, to the present year of grace which sees the publication of the fourteenth edition in twenty-four stout and handsome volumes, revised and largely rewritten from beginning to end. Lovers of statistics will doubtless be glad to know that this is the first thoroughgoing revision since the eleventh edition of 1910, the twelfth and thirteenth having been made by adding supplements; that the volumes contain about a thousand pages each, with a total of some 35,000,000 words besides 15,000 illustrations and 500 maps; that the number of separate headings is about 45,000, compared with 37,000 in the eleventh edition; and that the work represents the cooperative labors of "more than 3,500 of the world's foremost authorities" over a period of nearly three years. To this it may be added that the thin India paper of the eleventh edition, which in practice proved rather unmanageable, has been replaced by a paper of greater firmness but only a trifle greater weight; that cross references are abundant, and that the index is a monument of detailed analysis. The volumes are good to look at, convenient to handle, and easy to use.

What the book-buying public and others who will use the work will want most to know, however, is wherein, if at all, the newest "Britannica" differs from its predecessors, the kind and quality of the new matter that it contains, and whether it is likely to be as useful to American readers as it presumably will be to British. It is this last point that may best be considered first.

The work has had two editors. The editor in chief, J. L. Garvin, is widely known not only as the editor of the London *Observer* but also as one of the foremost advocates of that good understanding between the English-speaking peoples which has called out much effort since the World War. On this subject Mr. Garvin has thought it proper to reassert in his introduction his conviction "that without true assured political harmony of the English-speaking peoples, no confident belief in the future of any civilized hope can be entertained." The American editor is Franklin H. Hooper, for thirty years associated with the "Britannica" and one of the editors of the "Century Dictionary." Between them they have undertaken, in Mr. Hooper's words, to make this new edition "for the English-speaking people everywhere—and particularly for those whom Lincoln called the plain people." As there are, according to Mr. Garvin's estimate, some 200,000,000 or so of these English-speaking people, considerably more than half of them in the United States, the needs and tastes of the American public have obviously been kept in mind throughout. The new "Britannica," in fact, is redolent of America from A to Z. Its dedication to President Hoover and King George V, on the other hand, symbolizes a purpose and an achievement which, whatever their other merits, constitute an intellectual *tour de force* in behalf of Anglo-American fraternity. The two editors have been aided by an editorial board of upwards of fifty persons, chosen from among distinguished authorities in the two countries. The American group appears to have been responsible for the articles dealing with the United States, but mathematics, architecture, art, electrical industries, and various other subjects have also fallen to American hands.

Nobody but an editor, a god, or the lamented Louis Heilprin should be expected to know enough to evaluate an encyclopedia in all its parts, and criticism or appraisal has of necessity to be limited to generalities and a few particulars chosen somewhat at random. Broadly speaking, the makers of the new "Britannica" have cut out a good deal of dead wood and replaced it with fresh material. The earlier editions were largely built up around a series of leading articles written by scholars who in their day stood in the front ranks of authority, and notable for thoroughness, comprehensiveness, and in some cases an exceptionally attractive literary form. Time has displaced a good deal of what once was learning, however, and a new history, a new science, a new economics, and a whole handful of new philosophies and sociologies have taken its place.

One of the results, as far as the new "Britannica" is concerned, is the disappearance altogether of a number of distinguished names, and the retention of others with more or less extensive alteration of what they originally wrote. The famous articles by John Addington Symonds on the Renaissance, Italy, and Machiavelli, for example, are retained, as are Macaulay's articles on Bunyan, Goldsmith, and Samuel Johnson, Viscount Bryce's account of Justinian, a number of articles by Saintsbury, and others by Swinburne and John Morley; but a number of these, with others of the same general measure of importance, have been supplemented or corrected by other hands. Not a few writers whose names, in the earlier edition, were appended to elaborate articles of a general nature are responsible in the present revision for shorter articles dealing with special phases of the same general subject.

The most obvious characteristic of the new "Britannica," however, is its modernity. No encyclopedia, however lavishly equipped with editors and paraphernalia, can ever hope to be quite up to the minute, for men will die, or resign, or be promoted or demoted, and things are not always today quite what they seemed to be yesterday; but the "Britannica" comes as near to being up to date as any reasonable standard can demand. Not only have old articles been replaced or revamped, but a portentous array of new subjects indicative of the expanding fields of human thought and action has been introduced. New discoveries or inventions, new developments in industry and commerce, and new activities in education, medi-

cine, drama, social science, or agriculture account, naturally, for most of this new material. Whether one begins with agriculture and jumps to women and their ways, or wanders back and forth along the alphabetical highway to glance at architecture, art and music, astronomy, aviation, biology, engineering, exploration, insurance, banking, labor, law, health, the movies and the theater, children and the family, physics, chemistry, radio, religion, sports and games, trade and commerce, or war and peace, the latest thing is pretty likely to be found.

Hardly any one of these topics, on the other hand, is treated as a whole in any one place. The farmer or politician who is moved to "book up" on agriculture will find a general article on that subject followed by references to a long list of other articles dealing with particular aspects of farm life. There are sixteen different articles on insurance, together with the suggestion that you will not have covered the whole ground until you have also read nine other articles on pensions and seven on annuities. What is said in general about the World War must be completed by looking up the articles about the different countries involved. Wherever, in short, a subject was susceptible of dissection the editors appear to have followed the practice of giving first a compact general view, and then cutting up and distributing the detachable parts. The method keeps one traveling, but it may very well prove to be quite as useful for the average reader as any other, and even if the proper rubric does not come to mind at once there are abundant cross references to help one out. The method has its disadvantages where a controverted subject of varied bearings is concerned. A rather striking illustration of this is afforded by the treatment of the question of war guilt, where after three articles by as many writers have been consulted it appears that the question is still open.

For the accuracy, appropriateness, and sufficiency of what is offered, whether the subjects be new or accustomed, the standing of the writer or of the responsible editor of the department of knowledge in question must be, of course, the reader's reliance. What a scholar like Isaiah Bowman says or allows to be said about geography, or John Dewey about philosophy, or Professor Eddington about astronomy, or Roscoe Pound about law, or Professor Einstein about space-time carries with it its own credentials. Dean Inge certainly knows his Plotinus, G. K. Chesterton his Dickens, Max Reinhardt the theater, and Roy C. Andrews the conditions of Mongolian exploration. Probably it is just as well that the industrial establishments and other business enterprises of which account is taken should be described by persons connected with them. The case is less clear with writers, chiefly American, whose selection has manifestly been due at least as much to their prominence in the public eye, and hence to their value for advertising purposes, as to their temper or scholarly attainments. There will be many to doubt that Charles E. Hughes was altogether the best person to write about the Monroe Doctrine, or that G. B. Shaw is the best contemporary authority on socialism, or that former Secretary Kellogg is preeminently qualified to expound the outlawry of war. The latter rubric, by the way, is the one to turn to for information about pacifism, notwithstanding that the two subjects are not the same.

Every editor of an encyclopedia has to handle prickly subjects, and a regime of formal ascriptions sometimes leads to curious consequences. The treatment of Christian Science is, as everybody knows, a perennial test of editorial omnipotence, and at this point the "Britannica" conspicuously plays safe. There are two articles on the subject: one under the rubric "Christian Science," the other a biographical sketch of Mrs. Eddy. Both are written by Clifford P. Smith of the Boston "mother church," but neither gives the least hint of the controversies that have rent the sect; neither mentions Mrs. Stetson nor does her name appear elsewhere; there are no statistics of membership, and the only authority cited, besides the writings of Mrs. Eddy, is the strictly orthodox "Life" of Mrs. Eddy by Sibyl Warner. Irishmen, in their turn, may wonder grimly whether it was design, humor, or editorial inadvertence that introduces Edmund Burke, who was born in Ireland, as a "British statesman and political writer"; Robert O'Hara Burke, who was also born in Ireland, as an "Australian explorer," and William Burke, who was born in Ireland and hanged at Edinburgh, as an "Irish criminal."

Taken as a whole, however, the great task of revision appears to have been extraordinarily well done. Only personal preference or prejudice will make much point of the proportionate length of this or that article, or the choice of writers for particular subjects, or the necessarily arbitrary selection of the living persons to be signalized by inclusion. The new "Britannica" is a monument of learning and editorial competence. If something of the finer flavor of culture which characterized the earlier editions is lacking in this one, and what is offered bears often, in unaccustomed clearness, the stamp of practicality, it is because a new age is upon us and efficiency has taken culture in hand.

WILLIAM MACDONALD

Two Literary Generations

Hans Frost. By Hugh Walpole. Doubleday, Doran and Company. $2.50.

Chapter the Last. By Knut Hamsun. Translated from the Norwegian by Arthur G. Chater. Alfred A. Knopf. $3.

The Man Within. By Graham Greene. Doubleday, Doran and Company. $2.50.

ALTHOUGH Mr. Walpole's style could be greatly improved and Mr. Hamsun's plot enlivened, both are content in their latest works to add numerically to the sum of their achievements without either increasing or decreasing their reputations. Mr. Greene, on the other hand, offers a first novel that is so surprisingly adroit that one wonders what developments he has left for himself for the future. The older men furbish up the problem-motif, the Norwegian's result, as is to be expected, having by far the finer workmanship. The younger Englishman boldly essays the more difficult and remote theme of cowardice and produces a book that may well be the envy of both his elders. His popularity should equal theirs.

The author of "The Duchess of Wrexe" has always been a smart writer. His plots, his characterizations, and his style have been bright but superficial. In attaining a long and varied list of titles he has developed an efficient technique for a certain kind of novel. That the kind is second-rate is not to Mr. Walpole's discredit; the regrettable thing is that it isn't better second-rate. The weak spot is his style, his way of writing. Incidents, settings, characters, along the line they follow are well realized, but those over-weighted images and under-weighted adjectives, those irrelevant contrasts and those hodge-podges of generalizations, intimate parentheses and images all in one sentence are inexcusable. And can Mr. Walpole believe that the mention of common, unpleasant things stamps his efforts as akin to Mr. Joyce's, or that his work becomes thereby more up-to-date? "Hans Frost" represents every one of Mr. Walpole's virtues and errors. With its clever delineations and its mildly provocative situations it is easy, pleasant reading provided one is not annoyed by poor writing and comic-strip Russians.

Mr. Hamsun has written more interesting books but he has not done any better writing than "Chapter the Last."

His prose is balanced and supple, firm enough to support deep tragedy, pliant enough to make effective satire. His is a simple descriptive style; the ornaments it has of images, sensuousness, and feeling occur rarely and they gain in value by their scarcity. The quiet, unobtrusive use of detail, the thoroughness with which trivialities are made to occupy a definite place in the structure of the plot are admirable. If such items appear to be unnecessary accessories in the first part of "Chapter the Last" it is because the reader is not so patient as the writer. What seems in the beginning to be a slightly grotesque picture of the inmates of a sanitarium grows slowly but surely into a tragedy, none the less acute because of the humor surrounding it. In fact his humor, his sense of proportion, is Mr. Hamsun's saving grace; it gives life to the pages of what otherwise would be a worthy but dull book.

"The Man Within" is nearer drama than fiction and closer to poetry than prose. Pure emotions being less tangible than deeds, a book concerned entirely with conflicts between hate and fear, despair and love must seek an unusual rhythm to be successful. Mr. Greene not only succeeds in establishing his own style but by means of that style he creates an extraordinary lyric phantasm. As a study of a man of inherent moral weakness, of a coward and an unredeemed sinner whose one noble gesture occurs too late to be chastened of its futility, the interpretation is flawless. Moreover it is tense with mental mysteries and physical excitements, and it is expressed in language of rare purity, fluency, and richness, in a manner that is strikingly original, forceful, and graceful. It is a perfect adventure story of psychological treasure. One worries only lest the author may have burned himself out in one trial.

FLORENCE CODMAN

Religion

The Story of Religion. By Charles Francis Potter. Simon and Schuster. $5.

The Story of Religious Controversy. By Joseph McCabe. The Stratford Company. $5.

The History of Christianity in the Light of Modern Knowledge. By Various Authors. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $6.50.

DR. POTTER'S "Story of Religion" reaches what is in all probability the lowest point thus far achieved in the labors of the outliners. The method chosen, that of recording the history of religion in "the lives of its leaders," is as bad a method as ingenuity could devise. We have almost no authentic material about the lives of any of the great founders of religion, and what knowledge we have bears little relation to their teachings. As a result Dr. Potter, in order to secure the color and interest which the biographical treatment is supposed to give, has to draw largely on myth and imagination. Page after page of what he writes is, as he admits, largely or entirely unhistorical, and even if all the yarns he tells were all true they would add but scantily to our enlightenment.

The method is enough to condemn the book, but it is by no means the only fault. The material, which is accurate enough for a popularization, is treated uncritically and with no suggestion of fresh insight or imaginative grasp. Moreover the style, which is supposed to be readable, entertaining, and all the rest, is frequently both cheap and childish. When he tries to do something light and amusing, Dr. Potter achieves such a sentence as this: "David had so many wives and concubines that there was quite a scramble for the kingship even before his death." When he is being serious-minded he writes, making the sentence a whole paragraph to emphasize its wisdom: "Every great religious leader has come forth with a message after a long period of meditation in a lonely place." Even when it is least objectionable the book is peculiarly arid in its commonplaceness. It is hard to imagine what Dr. Potter expected to teach by it, or what elements in the population he believed such a book would instruct.

Dr. Potter's real success is in deflating religion; at his hands it becomes something dull and trivial. One feels about this volume, as one feels about Bruce Barton's books, that if an agnostic were to treat religion in so shoddy a manner the hosts of Christendom would rise to smite him.

But agnostics are, as a rule, much better informed and far less flippant, as Dr. McCabe's "Story of Religious Controversy" shows. This book has the faults of its genre, especially a naivete displayed both in its bitterness toward religion and in its optimism about science. It also has certain faults of its own: considerable repetitiousness, partly due to its having been compiled from a series of the Haldeman-Julius blue books, a trick of referring to almost any eminent man as "my friend," a habit of catering to sex curiosity by allusions to the "unmentionable" elements in religion, and a forensic style that in time becomes monotonous. But it would be difficult to find in the book a single sentence as cheaply irreverent as dozens in Potter. It is true that McCabe refers to Professor Henry Fairfield Osborn as "the self-constituted loud speaker of American science," but that, even to a good Christian, ought to seem less blasphemous than calling Jeremiah a publicity expert and Paul a sadist.

What McCabe has done in this series of essays—for the book is not really a connected account—is to discuss certain theological problems, present the usual critical views of the Bible, describe the abuses that existed in the Middle Ages, display the virtues of paganism, and state the case for materialism. Most of his facts are incontrovertible, and it can do no harm to have them disseminated. Nevertheless, his approach seems old-fashioned and singularly unfruitful, for he is providing ammunition for a battle rather than resources for an effort toward understanding. One detects the same type of special pleading that one finds in works of Christian apologetics, and one turns from it with the same boredom.

"The History of Christianity," though it is uneven as all cooperative works must be, gives as clear a statement of what research has accomplished as is now available. There is only a little piety in the book, and there is much admirably objective scholarship. The chapters on the Middle Ages and the Reformation are necessarily sketchy, but the sections devoted to early Christianity are full and satisfying. Burkitt's chapter on the life of Jesus is not only one of the best chapters in the volume but also one of the clearest and least muddled treatments of the subject that can be found.

Despite, however, the real excellence of this volume, it raises its own questions. The book, though objective and sound, represents the more conservative wing of modern scholarship. It comes very close, nevertheless, to undermining historic Christianity. When one has been told that Jesus took his ethics almost altogether from Judaism, that the main driving force in Jesus's life was a delusion as to the end of the world, and that the Pauline message made its appeal because Christianity seemed to be a mystery cult offering salvation; and when, moreover, one has read Bishop Temple's chapter on Christianity and Social Reform and has observed the total inadequacy of his program, one has difficulty in seeing what connection there can be between historic Christianity and modern life. And yet most, if not all, of the contributors are professed Christians of more or less orthodox sects. Men who can so successfully keep their scholarship and their dogmas in separate compartments are not likely to help their readers to arrive at a view of man and the universe that corresponds to

modern knowledge and satisfactorily meets modern needs.

It might be helpful if we could have a history of religion that would assess religious movements fairly and sympathetically from the human point of view, that would show what demands these religions met, what values they accepted, and what methods they used to impose their codes of conduct on their adherents. Religion has played too large a part in human life to be treated either so stupidly as Potter or so partially as McCabe treats it. On the other hand, pure scholarship has value only for those who have the wisdom and courage to use it as a starting-point.

GRANVILLE HICKS

A Voters' Biography

Stresemann. The Man and the Statesman. By Rochus, Baron von Rheinbaben. Translated from the German by Cyrus Brooks and Hans Herzl. D. Appleton and Company. $3.

"IT is no easy task for the common people to understand a statesman who sets out on his career with great aims before him." Perhaps this sentence, culled from Baron von Rheinbaben's biography of the then German Foreign Minister, is an apology for the author's obviously ineffectual and eulogistic treatment of Stresemann. His book is less a contribution to history than a piece of propaganda for a party leader. The Foreign Minister is laboriously defended against the accusations of the Extreme Right, which charged him with always being too conciliatory and thereby damaging the dignity of the Reich. His war bravadoes and his brutal treatment of the radical Zeigner Ministry in Saxony are dismissed with a few fine phrases. The *leitmotiv* of the book is that the Lord did not in vain choose Stresemann, for verily he was a paragon of all virtues.

Stresemann, the man and his career, are both symbolic of the evolution which has occurred in Germany within the past two decades and which has resulted in the present balance of forces. A son of the lower middle class, he entered business life when the time was ripe for the political organization of the industrialists. His devotion to their cause, together with his organizing ability, was rewarded with a seat in the Reichstag when he was only 29 (not 19, as is stated on the jacket). When the old powers fell, he moved into the foreground as one of the ablest representatives of the classes that were henceforth to dominate Germany.

Any attempt to deal with this excellent diplomat and politician whom, not without justice, his enemies termed the "unstable idealist" should command wide attention. Unfortunately, the present volume fails to illuminate Stresemann's personality. It does not even give an impartial, comprehensive survey of the facts in his rise as a statesman. Instead of an analysis we are given a lesson in patriotism. In other words, the book is written down to the voters. A more discreet selection of the reprinted material, greater objectivity, and less verbosity would have made more fascinating reading.

WALTER KIEN

The Girl in the Shop

The Saleslady. By Frances R. Donovan. University of Chicago Press. $3.

MRS. DONOVAN takes us behind the counter, out on the floor, into the rest room where store employees talk of their jobs and themselves, and in so doing plays havoc with some of the dearest illusions of Hollywood and the short story. To take the place of the downtrodden working girl she introduces an eager, ambitious young business

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DON'T CALL ME CLEVER!

a novel by

LAWRENCE DRAKE

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SIMON *and* SCHUSTER

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woman at home in the modern world, adapting herself without fuss or sentimentality to its demands—not an unappealing figure, after all.

Several years ago Mrs. Donovan's similar study of Chicago waitresses was published under the title "The Woman Who Waits" as one of the admirable University of Chicago Sociological Series edited by Professor Robert E. Park. "The Saleslady" is another volume in the same series and, like the other, is based on the writer's personal experience in the field she surveys. The setting is New York, to which Mrs. Donovan came with few acquaintances, twenty-five dollars, and the determination to make no draft on her reserves beyond this sum. Her book is the story of how she got and held a job in the ready-to-wear dress department of the vast retail organization she calls McElroy's and at the handbag counter of Harold's, Fifth Avenue.

The modern shopgirl, she found, has to prove her fitness for a job through health examination and intelligence tests. Before she goes to work she must attend classes in the principles and technique of salesmanship. When she can handle her stock and sales slips and knows the routine of her job she finds out at first hand the intricacies of departmental jealousies and loyalties, the weariness of inventory, the endless game of selling, the vagaries of the "old" customer, the "looker," the "stylish stout." The book tells a great deal about the possibilities and the limitations of the saleslady and her job, not by way of general discussion but through the conversation, the background, the friends, the romances, the recreations of Clara, Alice, Miss Nelson, Hilda, Edith, Ella Bailey, and the others with whom Mrs. Donovan worked and by whom she was accepted as "one of us."

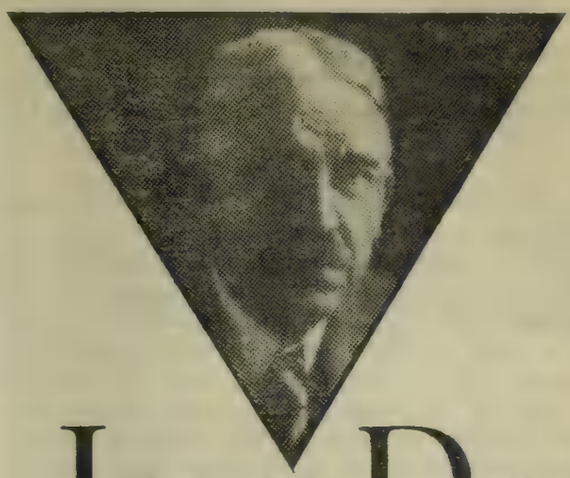
In his foreword Professor Park emphasizes the value of "The Saleslady" as an occupational study and as "a contribution to our knowledge of changes that are taking place in the life and character of women as a result of their entrance into the broader fields of economic life." Beyond this sociological service Mrs. Donovan offers us a book of real people, good talk, and the salty detail of the day's work.

BEULAH AMIDON

Books in Brief

The Trial of Life in College. By Rufus M. Jones. The Macmillan Company. $1.75.

This book is a second chapter in the autobiography which Dr. Jones began some years ago in his little volume about his childhood entitled "Finding the Trail of Life." The author now takes us to his "bright college years," and writes of this period in his distinguished career with a warm glow of tender reminiscence. Through all this book there floats the aroma of affection for the old college, which in this case is Haverford. Here in these pages are charming pictures—the campus, for example, with its noble trees; important, sometimes distinguished, often eccentric personalities—Dean Sharpless; Thomas Chase, the president; Pliny Earle Chase, the professor of philosophy; the memory of great writers—Tennyson, Carlyle, Lowell, Whittier, George Eliot, of whom Dr. Jones has not yet learned to be ashamed; and always the atmosphere and the quiet deeds of the Quakers who made the setting of his student life. Colleges were different when Rufus Jones was a student. They practiced methods and cultivated ideals which stir a gentle smile on the faces of our modern sophisticates, but it may well be a question whether much has not also been lost. "The old-fashioned professor who covered a wide field of learning and had a broad culture and a depth of life and personality was, for most purposes, a more inspiring and more effective



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leader of men than is the modern Ph.D. with his narrow specialization and his exact scholarship." This book takes Dr. Jones through his graduate work at Pennsylvania and Harvard, his early activities as a teacher and a Quaker minister, and his marriage.

Courte Histoire du célibat ecclésiastique. Par Albert Houtin. Paris: Rieder. 12 francs.

This eminent ecclesiastical historian had roused the ire of the church by his criticism of its lack of candor in the matter of sacerdotal celibacy. He was not an enemy of the institution, but he was an enemy of deceit. He wanted the fact squarely faced that the church had not succeeded in enforcing the prohibition of priestly concubinage, just as we Americans must face the fact squarely that we have not yet succeeded in prohibiting the use of alcoholic beverages. When ecclesiastical authorities undertook to silence him he went to work all the more determinedly, without heat or malice, but without fear or favor, to establish an unquestionable fact; and death found him industriously accumulating evidence, generation by generation, that at no time in the church's history has she been able to prevent actual or virtual marriages, not to mention immorality, among her priesthood. He had brought his study through the sixteenth century when his pen dropped from his hand, and the book was completed by Armand Dulac.

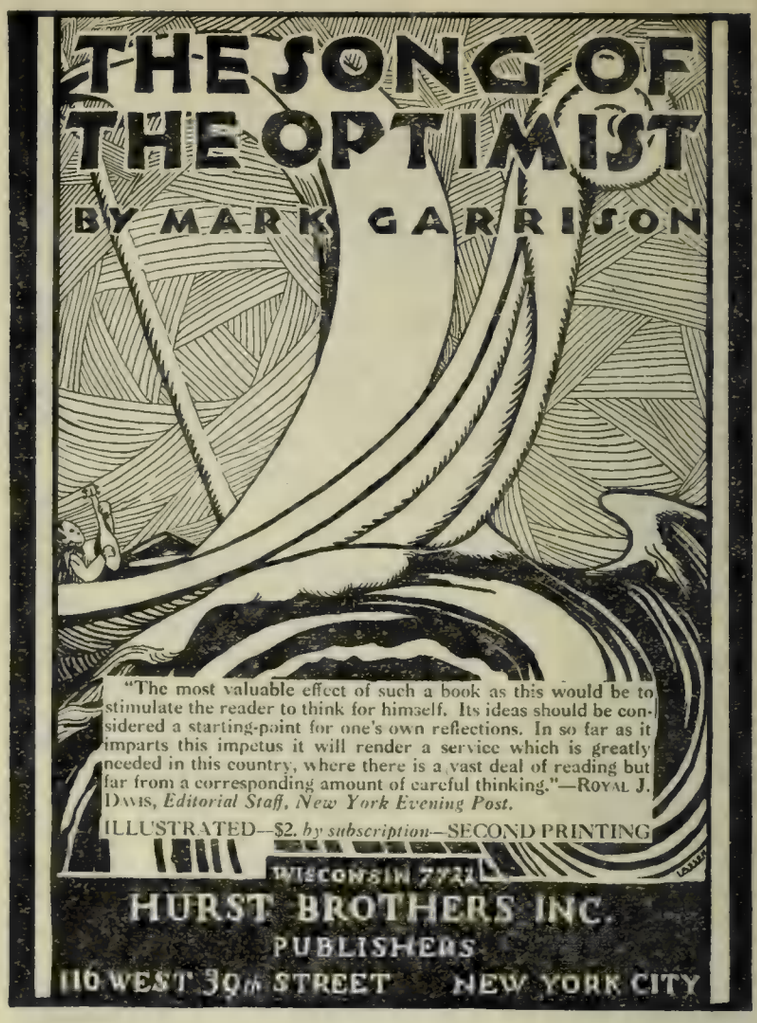
Boys' Book of Astronomy. By Goodwin Deloss Swezey and J. Harris Gable. E. P. Dutton & Company. $2.50.

A popular account of astronomy, profusely illustrated in black and white by the authors, especially intended for Boy Scouts and other boys of twelve or thereabouts. No reason is apparent why the book should not be equally useful to star-studying girls or to older people who want to know something about the heavens.

Music

The New York Musical Season

THE new musical season is already under way in New York with the beginning of the Philharmonic concerts under the brilliant leadership of Signor Toscanini. There is nothing to indicate that the preeminence of New York as the musical center of the world since the beginning of the World War has been dimmed. It need hardly be said that the opening Philharmonic concert on the night of October 3 was as well rounded as it was distinguished. Whether because of the virtuosity of the conductor or for other reasons, the orchestra sounded more compact in body of tone and more finished in production than is usually the case in opening concerts. The "Don Quixote" of Strauss requires the utmost sympathy in delineation as well as the most scrupulous attention to line and detail. Signor Toscanini succeeded not only in the obvious difficulties which the score presents but also in the subtler task of introducing in wholly spontaneous vein the note of improvization and *diablerie* demanded by Cervantes's tale. The program began with Schumann's "Manfred" and closed with a masterly performance of Beethoven's Seventh Symphony—an all-German program for the opening night of an American orchestra led by an Italian conductor. The appearance of the Seventh Symphony on the program, together with the announcement of future performances, shows that Toscanini is not going to turn his back on compositions already in public favor. It is an inestimable privilege to hear his interpretation of masterpieces, but that does not mean that he is going to neglect either the novelties or compositions of lesser importance.



In the Current Issue of
THE MENORAH JOURNAL

The Future in Palestine — **Henry Hurwitz**
The recent events in Palestine and the future of the Zionist enterprise analyzed by the Editor of THE MENORAH JOURNAL. *Nation* readers will be interested in this expression of liberal Jewish opinion, sympathetic to Zionism, but completely independent of official Zionism.

The Modern Distemper — **Waldo Frank**
How soundly based, how deeply thought through, is the pessimism of our intellectuals? Mr. Frank, author of *The Re-discovery of America*, examines Joseph Wood Krutch's *The Modern Temper*, which attempts to set down the view of the universe held by a critical, "modern" American. Mr. Frank analyzes the philosophic bases and the logic of Mr. Krutch's views on God, love, truth, science, art and the good life, and comes to some provocative conclusions.

The Sixteenth Zionist Congress — **Herbert Solow**
The Sixteenth Zionist Congress at Zurich voted to transfer the control of the upbuilding of Palestine from the World Zionist Organization to an Extended Jewish Agency composed equally of Zionists and "non-Zionists." A full account and interpretation of the proceedings by a non-partisan observer.

Sayings of the Baal-Shem-Tov — **Martin Buber**
The first translation into English from Martin Buber's famous collection of the wisdom sayings of one of the greatest mystic figures of the past few centuries, the Baal-Shem-Tov, the "Master of the Good Name." The translation is by Clifton P. Fadiman.

OTHER FEATURES
Story-Teller (a story), by Lawrence Drake; Prayers, by Edward Robbin; In These Heavy Hot Days—, by Gershon Shufman; Letter from Berlin: Beyond Assimilation, by Erich Gutkind; American Public Opinion on Palestine, by Louis Berg; A Jewish Tragedy, by Eliezer Katz; Portraits of a Minyan, by Abraham M. Klein; Book Reviews by Isidor Schneider, Lionel Trilling, A. B. Magil and Libbian Benedict.

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The Philharmonic is fortunate in having Toscanini close the season this year as well as open it. He will conduct the orchestra until November 24, and again from February 24 until April 20. There will be an inevitable let-down in between when Mengelberg will conduct for about two months and Molinari for about four weeks. Mr. Mengelberg no longer holds the position in the regard of Philharmonic patrons that was formerly his. Toscanini will produce, by the way, among the important novelties of the season, Kodaly's "Psalmus Hungaricus," a work much admired abroad.

The Philadelphia orchestra and the Boston Symphony will both offer in New York especially attractive programs. The Philadelphia organization is to give ten concerts, five of them directed by Stokowsky and five by Gabrilowitsch. Among the important specialties announced are Stravinsky's "Sucre du Printemps," to be produced as a ballet with orchestral accompaniment in New York on April 11, 12, and 14, and a composition by Boris Godounoff in concert form to be given in Philadelphia on November 29. This latter will be the first production in America of the work in the unadulterated Moussorgsky version as recently performed under the auspices of the Soviet Government at Moscow. The Boston orchestra under Koussewitzky will likewise give ten concerts in Carnegie Hall and bring out a considerable list of important novelties and revivals. Among the American novelties are a symphony by Aaron Copeland and tone poems by Roger Sessions and Werner Josten, as well as Samuel Gardner's "Broadway." European scores new to American audiences are the Third Symphony of Prokovieff, a "Concerto Grosso" by Lazar, and a ballet suite founded on the music of Johann Sebastian Bach by Honegger. The revivals include Mahler's Ninth Symphony and the song cycle "Kindertotenlieder," Bruckner's Seventh Symphony, Strauss's "Don Quixote," Debussy's "Martyrdom of St. Sebastian," and a concerto for wind instruments by Spohr.

The Oratorio Society has on its prospectus a remarkable program of early a *cappella* music and modern folksongs, to be given in Town Hall on February 15. Would there were more programs of this description! Among the oratorios to be presented at Carnegie Hall will be "Judas Maccabaeus" on November 11, the "Messiah" on December 29, and Bach's D Minor Mass on May 5.

In the operatic field the most interesting event will be the debut of the new Wagnerian conductor, Rosenstock, in the production of "Die Meistersinger." Puccini's "Manon Lescaut" with Lucrezia Bori in the title role will open the season on October 28, and his "Girl of the Golden West" will also be given with Mme Jeritza in the role of the American heroine. There seems, however, to be only one novelty promised: Rimsky Korsakoff's "Sadko" will be produced for the first time in this country in mid-January. "Don Giovanni," under Mr. Serafin's direction and with an all-star cast, will be revived during the fourth week of the opera, and Verdi's "Luisa Miller" about December 15. The remaining revivals, "Louise," "Elisir d'Amore," and "Fidelio," will have their place during the latter half of the season, when the usual Wagner cycle will also be given. Among the important new singers at the opera will be the basso Tancredi Pascero, the Dutch soprano Elizabeth Ohms, and the French tenor Antonin Trantoul.

As for the soloists, there will as usual be as many as are seventeen-year locusts. The instrumentalists again greatly outnumber the singers. Paderewski heads the list, and there follow Bauer, Alexander Siloti, Gabrilowitsch, Horowitz, Brailowsky, Ezra Rachlin the American boy prodigy, Josef Lhevine, Cortot, José Iturbi the Spaniard, and Rudolph Ganz. The list of violinists includes Kreisler, who achieved his usual triumph at his opening concert on October 8; Spalding on November 18, Thibaut on November 26, Zimbalist on December 11, Yehudi Menuhin the boy marvel on January 3, and Toscha Seidel on

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March 29. Herman Rosen, a pupil of Auer's, made his debut on October 10 with moderate success.

Among the vocalists the following will give concerts: Werrenrath (November 1), Elizabeth Rethberg at Columbia University (November 9), Roland Hayes (November 13), Laurence Tibbett (January 4), Arthur Hackett (January 12), Florence Austral (January 16), Tito Schipa (February 10), and Louise Homer (March 5). The new chamber music organization, the Lehner String Quartet, is to give a series of five concerts at Carnegie Hall illustrating the growth and development of chamber music, and the London String Quartet is likewise to give five concerts.

LAURENCE ADLER

Drama

Silver Lining—No Cloud

"A HUNDRED YEARS OLD," by the brothers Quintero, serves to bring Otis Skinner back to the stage of the Lyceum Theater. Almost anything which did that would be welcome because Mr. Skinner is still capable of giving a beautiful performance and of making his personal magnetism strongly felt across the footlights. But when one has said of the play that a certain delicacy in the writing does as much as could possibly be done to make tolerable its unrelieved sweetness, one has said about all that can be said in its favor. There is no suspense, no conflict, no movement, and no ideas—unless a few sentimental platitudes may be dignified by the name of the latter. An old gentleman has been looking forward to gathering all the members of his large family about him on his hundredth birthday. He invites them all, and they all come to pay tribute to his age and to the general goodness of his character. Nothing else happens except that a very young and pure ingenue falls pleasantly in love with a very dashing young cousin. Everything begins happily and everything ends in the same fashion.

I have no doubt that the Spaniards have earned in one way or another their reputation for passion, violence, and fire; but if one may judge by those contemporary playwrights whose work has recently been seen on the American stage, your modern Spaniard lives continuously in a mist of mellow sentiment. Certainly Martinez Sierra is as gentle as any sucking dove, and certainly the work of the brothers Quintero is all but indistinguishable from his. Their characters are overflowing with the spirit of competitive benevolence; such orgies of goodness have not been since the days of our own Age of Innocence; and the "message" which the plays deliver is as tranquillizing as a causerie by Dr. Henry van Dyke. They imply not only that love is best but also that its course is so smooth as to suggest a kind of stagnation. They invite us to realize that, beneath the rough or smooth exterior, peasant and noble are what Mr. Guest would call "just folks," and that even the pride of the hidalgo is nothing more than "his way," since aristocratic blood owes its blueness to a very plentiful admixture of the skimmed milk of human kindness. Servants are loyal and masters are kindly. The priests are good and so are the freethinkers. In fact, everybody is good, and even those who seem least promising are only waiting for a favorable opportunity to demonstrate at what a low temperature their hearts will melt. Occasionally frail? Yes. Wicked? Never! And, of course, enough forgiveness to go all the way around is constantly on tap.

"Anything that has its foundation in happiness and success must be allowed to be the object of comedy; and sure it must be an improvement of it to introduce a joy too exquisite for laughter." These words were not written by either Sierra or the Quinteros. As a matter of fact they were written just a little over two hundred years ago as part of the preface attached by Richard Steele to his sentimental comedy "The Conscious Lovers," and were intended as a kind of proclamation in favor of a certain kind of play. But so constant is the type that they might serve our Spanish authors just as well. They express the philosophy behind a kind of drama which aims at only one kind of effect—that produced by scenes of repentance, reconciliation, forgiveness, and general benevolence. Steele called it "a joy too exquisite for laughter" and believed that it had a very improving effect upon those who felt it. Most modern critics have called it sentimentality and been inclined, like William James, to suspect that audiences like it because it enables them to feel very virtuous at the expense of singularly little effort. Certainly it is the death of everything that is commonly thought of as drama. The author is so anxious to get at the repentance or the reconciliation that he can hardly spare the time to allow anybody to sin or quarrel. The whole thing is one long happy ending, and there is no cloud to sew the silver lining to.

The appearance of such a play is always the occasion for various people to ask why, after all, there isn't a legitimate place for what they call "wholesome sentiment," but the answer is not so difficult as they seem to imply. Sentimentality has been well defined as the attitude which arises in those who are so anxious to believe things what they ought to be that they pay no attention at all to what they are. It means the end not only of drama but of every vestige of the critical attitude toward persons and events. There are only two ways of dealing with life—the way of passion and the way of intellect. Either one can accept reality and master it after a fashion, but sentiment refuses to play the game at all unless it can do so with loaded dice.

"Candle Light (Empire Theater) is a mildly naughty little comedy translated from the German of a Viennese playwright and further embellished with some of P. G. Wodehouse's characteristic dialogue. It is thin and not tremendously original, but it is easy, skilful, and acted with exceptional suavity by Gertrude Lawrence, Reginald Owen, and Leslie Howard. Considerable success is confidently predicted. "The House of Fear" (Republic Theater) is one of those burlesque mystery plays in which every vestige of intelligibility is sacrificed in the interest of mysterious hands, sliding doors, dubious spooks, etc. Recommended to those—apparently they exist—who liked "The Spider." "Mlle Modiste" is the second of the series of revivals of the Victor Herbert operas at the Jolson Theater. Fritzi Scheff returns to the role she created some twenty years ago and gives an amazingly youthful performance.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

"Criminal Code" (National Theater) manages, with very few concessions to a soft-hearted audience, to bring a theme through to a just and plausible conclusion. As in Galsworthy's "Justice," society—this time in the form of the criminal code—is the villain of the piece. A young man from the country, in the company of a street girl and stimulated by a pint of gin, kills a man in a notorious joint. It has happened in a second, without premeditation of any kind, but the law demands its pound of flesh and the sentence is ten years in prison. The hideous monotony of prison life makes its mark on the boy's spirit, yet he remains true to the prison code of honor; he will not squeal on a fellow-prisoner who has committed murder in prison; but solitary confinement to make him tell drives him mad enough to kill one of his jailers and he is irrevocably lost at the moment his parole lies on a friendly warden's desk. Only an unnecessary romance with the warden's daughter weakens a powerful and moving play. The warden is altogether admirably acted by Arthur Byron.

D. V. D.

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International Relations Section

Reign of Terror in Jugoslavia

FOR more than nine months Jugoslavia has been under the domination of a military dictatorship which was set up avowedly as a temporary measure for the purpose of putting an end to party strife and building up a national unity. According to the scant reports which filter from time to time through the strict censorship, the dictatorship not only has not accomplished its purpose but has increased if anything the disunity it set out to correct. Nor does it show any sign of yielding its power. Rather, it has become more absolute with the passing months. We print herewith an account of present conditions in Jugoslavia which, with the accompanying explanatory note concerning its anonymous author, is taken from the *Manchester Guardian.*

The following article was written by a correspondent, a journalist, long familiar with Serbs and Croats. He was in Belgrade, Zagreb, and other Jugoslav towns recently, but the authorities at Belgrade refused to let him stay in the country unless he pledged himself to write only such articles as were favorable, or at least not unfavorable, to the dictatorship. He was unable to give this pledge—for reasons which the following article makes clear—and has just left Jugoslav territory.

Belgrade, September

General Pera Zhivkovich's coup d'etat last January suspended the constitution and all the constitutional rights of the people. Parliament was dissolved, a dictatorship was established, and the whole country was placed under martial law. The excuse given was that democracy had failed and that only soldiers could run the state, put an end to administrative disorder, abolish corruption, overcome the financial and economic crisis, and above all, reconcile Serb and Croat, Belgrade and Zagreb, and solve all conflicts with foreign countries.

For seven months Jugoslavia has been like a cemetery. Parliament, which by its sins certainly prepared the way for the dictatorship, is dead. The press is dead—newspapers are allowed to express no opinions of their own. The political parties have been suppressed. There is no public word of criticism, no questioning even, throughout the land. Soldiers rule absolutely from Maribor to Monastir. And if we ask "Has the dictatorship solved a single one of the problems that threatened the existence of the Jugoslav state?" the answer is "No."

The economic and financial crisis is worse than it was. Orders and counter-orders are given profusely by government and administration, and the result is greater disorder. Corruption flourishes now as before. Relations with foreign Powers—particularly Bulgaria—are worse than ever. As for the most vital question—the reunion of Serb and Croat—it was never so far off as now.

Never was there such bitterness and disappointment in Zagreb. The King, who a few months ago was still popular in Zagreb and was looked upon as the ultimate symbol of Jugoslav unity, cannot today run the risk of showing himself in the Zagreb streets. The dictatorship has destroyed whatever confidence in Belgrade Zagreb may have had.

In June a declaration of loyalty to the King was drawn up at a meeting of representative lawyers in Zagreb. One of them proposed that an appeal should be included asking the King to give the people back their constitution. He was arrested, tried at Belgrade, and sentenced to six months' imprisonment. Since January 6 some three thousand persons, chiefly students and workmen, have been arrested for "political offenses." In the last week of July thieves and others serving short sentences for non-political offenses were released so as to make room for political offenders.

The country has become a paradise for police spies, agents, scabs, and blackmailers. It is quite a common thing for police officials, especially in the villages where they are all-powerful, to squeeze hush-money out of the terrified inhabitants.

In the prisons confessions are extorted by the most inhuman torments. Many prisoners, unable to bear these torments any longer, have committed suicide. One prisoner was beaten to death in Zagreb and then thrown down on to the pavement below so as to make it seem as though he had taken his own life. The two Communists Etchimovich and Pavlovich were beaten almost to death in Zagreb and then taken to the Austrian frontier and shot at close range (the police report said that they were shot "while trying to escape"). In the village of Samobor three young men alleged to be Communists were attacked by gendarmes who broke into their common bedroom. All three were shot, the police reporting that there had been a fight in which one had been killed, whereupon the two others had committed suicide.

Hardly anyone is safe because almost anyone can be "suspected of communism." There is, of course, a Communist movement in Jugoslavia, and the dictatorship is driving many of the more daring students and workmen into its ranks. The dictatorship secretly welcomes the existence of such a movement, for it can then pretend that it is fighting against Bolshevism, a pretense which will, so it hopes, make it seem respectable in Western European eyes.

It is a dictatorship of swords and revolvers. It weighs like lead upon the whole country. Even friends cannot trust one another any more, and all political conversation is avoided. No one can tell who is not a spy or an agent. No one is safe from the charge of being a Communist, even if he has never had anything to do with communism. Night and day the police patrol the Zagreb streets and squares with loaded rifles because of the "Communist danger."

And in Macedonia things are much worse than in Zagreb. The national minorities are being robbed of all their rights. In all the regions inhabited by minorities Serb officials are ousting local officials. All responsible jobs in the post offices, on the railways, and in the police force are given to Serbs. All the soldiers in the barracks are strangers—local conscripts are always sent elsewhere. The German and Hungarian minorities are being oppressed and exploited as never before, but even their lot is not as hard as that of the Macedonians.

Ten years ago the Jugoslav state began its new existence amid the enthusiasm of Serbs, Croats, and Slovenes, who saw freedom and unity achieved at last after centuries of effort. They all—from Pachich down to the humblest citizen—proclaimed democracy to be the one guaranty of a good future. Even King Alexander declared, when the new state was founded, that he would only be king of free citizens and that he would remain true to "the great constitutional, parlimentary, and, in the widest sense, democratic principles." Democracy has now been destroyed. Freedom is gone. There is little doubt that if the dictatorship lasts it will succeed in destroying the unity that was achieved after so long an effort.

The Nation

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THE SOVEREIGN STATE of North Carolina has by judicial process consigned seven men to prison for terms varying from five to twenty years for the murder of Police Chief Aderholt of Gastonia, but the doubt will persist that these men are guilty. The man who killed Aderholt was not identified, and not one of the Northern Communist organizers who received the heaviest sentences was shown to have fired a shot. Although the evidence against local Southern strikers was stronger than against the Northerners it was the Southerners who escaped with five- to fifteen-year sentences while Beal, Miller, Carter, and Harrison were given seventeen to twenty years. The fate of the prisoners was sealed when Judge Barnhill admitted evidence to show that they held Communist and atheist beliefs. To a Southern fundamentalist farmer a Communist or an atheist is a criminal per se. That the jury convicted the prisoners for their beliefs as much as their crimes is indicated by the blanket verdict which found all the prisoners guilty of all the crimes charged without discrimination, although the evidence against some of the defendants on some of the charges was nil. Rolling on the floor, shouting, and kneeling in prayer Solicitor John G. Carpenter in his summary before the jury denounced the defendants as "foreign Communists," "fiends incarnate," and "devils with hoofs and horns." "Do you believe in the flag, do you believe in North Carolina?" he screamed. The jury, saturated with nationalist superstitions and anti-labor prejudice, gave the only answer that could come from such a group.

PRESIDENT HOOVER, meet Mr. Export Debenture! Mr. Debenture, you will recall, is an old acquaintance who spent some time with us last spring and then went to the country for his health. Now he is back hale and hearty, and more popular than ever with his friends the Senators. You thought him an impractical fellow before, as we remember, on account of his economic views, and of course he came in bad company—just farmers; but now that he is back along with all your good friends, Mr. Grundy and Mr. Eyanson and the rest, we can't help wondering if you won't at least have Mrs. Hoover invite him to tea. Of course, we don't like his high prices even yet, but then we don't like Mr. Aluminum Tariff and his high prices and all the rest of the Tariff boys with their high prices. You like them so well that we are sure you will be glad to see Mr. Debenture back walking arm in arm with them where he belongs. What? You say you'll veto Mr. Debenture? Strange hospitality that, to anyone who promises to raise prices and make somebody rich. Goodby, Mr. Debenture; call again.

THE "INTELLECTUAL ARROGANCE" which Senator Bingham always displays in the Senate was partially responsible, the press dispatches report, for the zest with which his fellow-Senators examined and scored the Senator from Connecticut who has now admitted that his hiring of a tariff lobbyist as his private secretary, to coach him as to what tariff favors Connecticut needed, was a "mistake." That mild characterization of his own act merely emphasizes again Senator Bingham's moral callousness and unfitness for the post he occupies. It is only a "mistake," he thinks, to take an employee of the Connecticut Manufacturers' Association, palm him off as his private secretary, put him on the government's pay-roll, and let him into the secret hearings of the Senate's subcommitee on finance with the result that 44 of the 52 industries of Connecticut received tariff favors aggregating $70,000,000. Even the dyed-in-the-wool tariff men in Congress are appalled at this revelation of the way tariffs are made to suit the beneficiaries and are calling Bingham's act not a "mistake" but a criminally stupid blunder. It is now up to the people of Connecticut to show how they feel. By his own statement the Senator conceived himself the representative not of all the people of Connecticut but only of the manufacturers and their employees. In that role he was willing to tax all the people of his State to enrich the manufacturers. Connecticut surely remembers that this is the same Hiram Bingham who pledged his word that if he was elected governor he would serve out his term. He was elected—and went to the Senate immediately. Connecticut owes it to itself to call on the Senator to retire to private life.

PROFESSOR DAVID SAVILLE MUZZEY has generously consented to drop his libel suit for $100,000 against former Representative John J. Gorman. Mr. Gorman made charges that Mr. Muzzey's "American History" contained treasonable and seditious matter and should be kept out of the public schools. Now he admits that he neglected to read the history in question before making the charges; his official retraction in part follows:

> I write to retract the charges that I made concerning your textbook in use in the public schools. As you have already been advised, the letter which I addressed to Mayor Thompson, dated August 24, 1927, criticizing your book, "American History," was not written by me, but was prepared by another person.
>
> I had not at the time read your book to which this letter referred, and I made the mistake of signing the letter because of the confidence that I had in this person and his statements. I have since found that I was misled in so doing.
>
> I greatly regret if in this letter to the Mayor, in my testimony before the Board of Education at the McAndrew trial, or in any other statement made by me, I have seemed to reflect in any way upon your motives in writing these textbooks or upon your character as a patriotic citizen, for I now realize that I had no basis for casting such aspersions. . . .

Mr. Muzzey is privileged to take what comfort he may from this letter, proof as it is that Mr. Gorman acted quite without thought and with sufficient animus. For ourselves we should prefer the hundred thousand dollars. Charges of this sort are more easily made than forgotten or retracted. And as long as there are persons stupid enough and malicious enough to make them—or to sign without reading it a statement which makes them—there should be a protection and a redress against them for honest men.

THE AUTHOR OF WILLIAM B. SHEARER'S secret document, purporting to be a bitter attack upon the United States by Sir William Wiseman, has now been revealed as Dr. William J. Maloney, a brilliant Irish physician, resident in New York since the war. Of course, the "secret" of Dr. Maloney's delightful and legitimate skit upon England and the United States, intended to do its part in keeping the United States out of the League of Nations, has for years been no secret in New York. The pamphlet was at the time of its publication investigated by solemn and stupid Secret Service men, unable to tell the difference between a brilliant satire and high treason. It remained, however, for Mr. Shearer to resurrect one letter from this pamphlet with which to try to defeat the naval conference at Geneva. Nothing could more clearly prove that Mr. Shearer is either a fool or a knave. If he was not aware of the source of the pamphlet and its satirical character, he was a careless fool. If he deliberately palmed it off as a genuine official British document, he was a knave. He must decide for himself which horn of the dilemma to choose when he next appears before the Senate committee of inquiry.

UNCONDITIONAL ACCEPTANCE by Japan and acceptance by France and Italy without formal conditions but with implied reservations, is the response of those Powers to the invitation of the British Government to the naval conference at London next January. The Japanese reply was notably frank and cordial. The French reply, while it did not mention the submarine issue, seized upon Mr. Henderson's reference in his note of invitation to the Preparatory Commission of the League to reiterate the well-known French contention that a general reduction of armaments could be carried out only under League auspices. Washington dispatches had hastened to announce, before the French reply was published, that there was no intention of tying the London conference to the League, but that any agreement that was reached would stand on its own feet. The Italian reply went farther afield by referring specifically to the Italian note of October 6, 1928, occasioned by the stir over the secret Anglo-French naval understanding. In that note the Italian Government, in addition to expressing its preference for limitation by total tonnage rather than by classes of vessels, let it be known that it would not be satisfied with a fleet less powerful than that of any other "continental European country." Evidently the London conference will have to deal with some delicate situations and national politics will, as usual, play their part. The important thing is that the conference is assured. If, now, the governments will leave their technicians at home there will be ground for expecting that something worth while may be done.

WHILE GREAT BRITAIN'S Labor Government has been winning plaudits in foreign relations, where traditionally only the aristocracy are competent, its friends have watched with increasing concern its lack of bold action in domestic affairs. The miners' demands for a seven-hour day and other concessions, together with the mine owners' determined opposition to these demands, only emphasize the necessity for a thoroughgoing reorganization of the coal industry. The Government's reply, presented to the miners last week, appears, according to the brief cabled summaries, to be a weak compromise document offering a seven-and-a-half-hour day, nationalization of royalties early next year, and the putting into effect of the owners' scheme for coordination of marketing. There is no use puttering with the British coal industry in this way; the Conservatives did enough of that. The Government would do well to take a lesson from the success of the German rationalization scheme and to come forward with a comprehensive plan for this disorganized and inefficient industry. On the same day that it replied to the miners the Government made public a bill to extend the existing system of old-age pensions to cover half a million additional pensioners at an added cost of eight million pounds a year. If Mr. MacDonald's Government is to maintain its position, it needs to devise schemes not only of spending money "for the purpose of extending human happiness," as the *Daily Herald* puts it, but of reorganizing British industry to produce the wherewithal.

IT IS AN AMAZING STORY of chauvinism and tyranny that Marcus Duffield tells in the November issue of *Harper's Magazine* in discussing "Mussolini's American Empire." No Italian in the United States and no American citizen of Italian birth is safe from the long arm of Fascist imperialism, even after many years of residence in this country. The Fascist League, Mussolini's political organization in the United States, sets up courts and schools for its "subjects" and even imposes taxes upon Italo-American

bachelors. The country is honeycombed with Fascist agents who by boycott and intimidation suppress the anti-Fascist organizations and herd the children into Fascist schools. They have captured the largest Italian fraternal order, the Sons of Italy, and the Casa Italiana at Columbia University. Only two Italian newspapers in the United States have survived their attack—the New York daily *Il Nuovo Mondo* and the irrepressible Carlo Tresca's *Il Martello*. When the Duce is unable to command the loyalty of Italo-Americans by direct orders or by economic pressure his lieutenants use relatives in Italy as hostages to compel obedience. Many an ardent anti-Fascist in America has suppressed his anger and joined a local Fascio after receiving a piteous plea from relatives in the homeland. Italy has for a number of years claimed the right to conscript all eligible men of Italian birth for the army—even those who are American citizens—but Mussolini has given a peculiarly partisan twist to this practice. He has adopted the policy, says Mr. Duffield, "of arresting for military duty all eligible Italo-Americans visiting Italy except Fascisti in good standing."

THE SARDONIC FACT about this American empire of Mussolini is that it is made possible by American money. Italy is a very poor country, and without American credit it is doubtful if Mussolini could carry on; certainly he could not without American aid continue his program of military aggrandizement. Our bankers have given his government $300,000,000 in loans, our settlement of the Italian war debt was exceptionally generous, and Mussolini counts upon us for more money in the future. It is not surprising, therefore, that he is particularly sensitive to American criticism and that the United States is flooded with Fascist propagandists who seek to exalt him as a dictator of almost divine wisdom. What the situation demands is a determined word from Washington. The Government should now act on the facts *Harper's* has brought out. If Mussolini's dictatorship had been pro-labor instead of pro-capitalist that word would have been spoken long ago.

SENATOR SHEPPARD, it seems to us, is entirely logical in his proposal to amend the Volstead Act to make purchasers of liquor as well as sellers specifically liable for infringement of the law, though we fail to see any logic in his remark that "the fact of the continued advance of prohibition sentiment makes it advisable." Opposition to Senator Sheppard's plan comes, strangely enough, from the dry camp. Rev. Dr. A. J. Barton, high in Anti-Saloon League circles, doubts that Senator Sheppard's amendment is constitutional and "I fear that the introduction of the amendment at the present time is untimely and unfortunate." Dr. Barton goes on to imply that the purchaser of liquor is in the same piteous category as the deluded purchaser of drugs—a very touching picture which, however, does not fit many of the purchasers we have observed. Meanwhile Senator Sheppard has only one body of solid opinion behind him—the Wets! The whole incident is typical of prohibition as it is practiced in this country. The Drys, who consider the prohibition law a moral blessing, will not risk losing it by making it stronger. The Wets are not averse to the law against purchasers because they feel certain that it would be unenforceable and would bring about the complete collapse of prohibition. But neither side is really concerned with the only question which can be pertinent in a democracy: Do the people of the United States want prohibition or not?

IT IS A CRIME to praise the United States—in Hungary. This has been the sad discovery of one Johann Hodovan, an Hungarian peasant who returned to his native land after some years in the United States too enthusiastic about the latter for his own good. He was indiscreet enough to declare that America was a better world than Hungary for there the workingman was honored and not terrorized. The result was his prompt arrest and prosecution. A witness testified in court that Hodovan constantly stated that in America the workingman was valued and that, "as in America communism controlled, this was equivalent to praising communism"! The court in Budapest agreed with the witness that the United States is communistic and Hodovan is in prison for a year.

EDWIN E. SLOSSON, director of Science Service, who died at Washington on October 15, was one of the few American scientists of assured competence who have chosen to devote themselves to popularizing knowledge rather than to adding to its sum. His special field was chemistry, and while for a number of years other interests claimed him—he was for seventeen years the literary editor of the *Independent* and for eight years of that time a member of the faculty of the School of Journalism in Columbia University—it is as a writer on chemistry that he is most widely and favorably known. His "Creative Chemistry," published in 1919, remains the most successful attempt yet made to explain to non-technical readers the nature and methods of modern chemistry, and his "Easy Lessons in Einstein" is a remarkable piece of popularization. It was to Dr. Slosson's credit that he recognized, far more than many of his scientific associates, the wide gulf between popular knowledge and the theories and accomplishments of modern science, and the dependence of scientific research upon intelligent public support. His efforts alone could not bridge that gulf completely, as the vast intellectual wastes of American society still show, but what he did he did well and to the enlightenment of thousands who read eagerly his books and other writings.

IT WAS AN INTERESTING and picturesque celebration of the jubilee of the incandescent light that Mr. Ford and his associates put on at Dearborn. From all over the world Mr. Edison received congratulations, well deserved irrespective of all question of his personal credit for the original invention of this particular device. He voiced his appreciation in a happily worded acknowledgment heard all over the country. The marvel of it is that practically the entire development of electric lighting, with the yet greater wonders of the radio, has occurred within the brief space of half a century. Mr. Edison has done as much as any living man to improve the external conditions of living for us all, and the entire country, including the President of the United States, fittingly does him honor. A few days earlier a little group of scholars met quietly to honor, in the person of John Dewey, a man who has made over our thinking. It is an interesting example of our comparative valuation of material and intellectual things.

The Root of Our Lawlessness

THE appointment of Zechariah Chafee of the Harvard Law School and of Walter H. Pollak of the New York Bar to assist President Hoover's Law Enforcement Commission by a study of official lawlessness is the most important and encouraging step yet taken by the commission. More than anything else it gives hope that something besides a voluminous statistical report will come out of its activities. This is not only because of the high character and unusual competence of Messrs. Chafee and Pollak —it would be hard to pick others with superior experience, ability, and public vision—but because this phase of the inquiry leads directly to what in our opinion is the root of the whole evil. If America is the most lawless of the nations pretending to civilization and good order, it is in our judgment largely so because of official lawlessness; because our officials deem themselves superior to our laws and authorized to suspend or ignore them as they see fit.

The magnitude of this evil can be measured by the simple fact that it extends from the President of the United States down; that it applies not only to statutes but to the Constitution itself. President Wilson, President Harding, President Coolidge, and President Hoover, like their predecessors, took what each had declared to be the most solemn of oaths to preserve, protect, and defend the American Constitution, only to ignore the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments. Harding, Coolidge, and Hoover have all three deliberately defied the Congress and its Merchant Marine Act of 1920 by which the Executive was ordered to give notice of the termination of articles or provisions in commercial agreements with other nations. Mr. Harding signed the bill which made this the law and then refused to obey it. All down the line of officialdom, we find this same disorganizing and demoralizing notion that the executive official is vested with the power to decide which laws shall be enforced and which not; against which violators proceedings shall be begun and whose offenses shall be shielded or ignored. At the very bottom we find the traffic policeman who grants immunity to a speeder because he is a politician, or a man of prominence, or somebody with a pull.

We are aware, of course, that official failure to enforce a law differs from actual official criminality. But in both cases the average American official assumes that his official position renders him superior to the law. It is his duty to enforce it by making others obey it; but it is not, he thinks, binding upon him and, especially if he is a police officer, he deems himself justified in resorting to any methods whatever to achieve his purpose, as, for example, in the detection of crime. It never occurs to him that the best possible way for an official to encourage respect for law is to obey the law himself. Right here lies the difference between the American and the British official. The latter not only obeys the laws, he is careful not to transgress the rights of even the most dastardly of criminals. The mere suspicion that the London police were resorting to the "third-degree" torture or intimidation of prisoners was one of the two causes for the recent public inquiry into that force. In New York nobody in official life rebuked Grover Whalen for his speech upholding, as police commissioner, the "third degree" daily practiced in the police stations of all American cities.

Let us remind our readers of a few of the innumerable cases of official lawlessness. In Seattle there have been published the confessions of the chief of police for the years 1922-1926. One of the torture devices he used was an electrically wired carpet covering the entire floor of a cell. When the current is turned on, he said, "sparks fly and the prisoner leaps, screaming in agony, into the air. . . . It is not fatal, its effects are not lasting, and it leaves no marks." The rubber hose to beat prisoners he used, as does practically every other police chief in the country. In Wichita recently the lawlessness of the police became so serious that thirty-seven of the leading lawyers organized to "de-Russianize the police." In every city there are entries into private premises and arrests without warrant which are directly contrary to law. The conviction in New Jersey of a lieutenant and a trooper in the State Police for the murder of a woman and the shooting of her brother when they were making an arrest should have a salutary effect.

Lawless, too, are officials like the Mayor of Wilkes-Barre in ruling that no public meeting can be held in that city without the sanction of the American Legion; the chiefs of police of Philadelphia, Newark, Boston, and innumerable other cities, who have set themselves above the Constitution of the United States in order to forbid meetings of those whom they do not like. They either have not read the Constitution or, as in many cases, they openly declare their defiance of it. A distinguished American, long a student of crime prevention, has just returned from a Western trip. In a large city, he states, the heads of the police "told me enough about their own activities to have hanged every one of them." They had no trouble with gangs, they asserted, because they had many excellent marksmen on the force. When they wished to get rid of dangerous characters—they got rid of them! They had, of course, no idea that they were a far more dangerous menace to their city and their country than the gangsters they so often murder. This connection of the police with gang murders is in itself a subject well worth the study of President Hoover's commission. Seven gangsters were deliberately murdered in one room in Chicago last February. A police car was seen near the scene. An official openly charged the crime to the police. He was discredited and given another post elsewhere. Not one of the murderers has ever been arrested.

The simple fact is that not in France or Germany or England or Russia or the Scandinavian countries is any such official lawlessness to be found as in America, and nowhere but in America is there so much crime. In no other country are the masses so convinced that laws are made to favor the rich, the powerful, the official world, the politicians. Nowhere else except in certain reactionary despotisms like those of Venezuela, Rumania, Hungary is there such official use of torture to obtain confessions. We repeat, here is the root of our crime waves. If the Hoover commission brings this fact home to the American people it will have justified its existence.

Lobbying Good and Bad

DURING the very first week of its investigations, the Senate lobby committee dug up facts enough to damn the American tariff system beyond hope of salvation in the minds of honest and reflective men. It is not that lobbying is bad in itself. Despite the invidious significance that we attach to the word, lobbying honestly carried on for proper ends is an important and valuable part of government. Legislators do not learn the wants and needs of the people by direct revelation. One of the best ways of informing them is by the give and take of personal contact which is the basis of lobbying. What we need is not less lobbying, but better lobbying. Washington ought to be full of lobbies, only they ought to represent genuine public interests, not mere private and personal ones, and they ought to do their work honestly and openly.

As far as lobbies are of this character, whether or not we agree with their purposes, we hold them to be an essential part of the governmental process if government is not to be carried on in a vacuum. The National Association of Manufacturers, with whom we rarely agree, maintains an active and skilful lobby many of whose activities have been utterly reprehensible. In so far as their representative, however, presents forcibly the point of view of the conservative hard-boiled group for whom he speaks, and brings honest pressure to bear in getting that point of view embodied in legislation, the lobby is legitimate—provided it works in the open. But the manufacturers have done plenty of work in the dark; we recall, among other instances, the famous Mulhall revelations of 1913; and we hold many of the ends sought to be socially injurious and even dangerous. By way of comparison, take the National Council for the Prevention of War, with whose aims we generally do agree. By every means in its power, and with all the funds it can raise, this lobby seeks to make effective in Washington the large body of opinion that exists throughout the country in opposition to the settlement of international disputes by arms. As far as we know, its methods are unexceptionable, and we believe its activities to be of the greatest value. A lobby like this courts publicity; for the better it is known, the more effective does its work become.

We do not object to lobbying, then, but to lobbying for wrong—that is, private—ends, and by wrong—especially secret—methods. Here lies the gravamen of our charge against the protective system, as once more brought out in the current investigation. It has done more, we believe, than any other single influence to debauch American government. For it has taught American business men, during a period of more than a century, that government action is a legitimate means of private profit, and that in tariff-making secret and private understandings are likely to be more effective for private gain than arrangements openly arrived at in the light of day. The lobby committee has simply been giving us a glimpse at what is going on all the time. The sin of Senator Bingham, from this protectionist point of view, lay not in what he did but in the stupidity with which he did it, thus giving away the whole game. From that point of view, private gain is a legitimate end of lobbying, and secrecy, in consequence, is a legitimate means.

What then is to be done about it? What ought to come out of the lobby investigation? First of all, the smashing defeat of this iniquitous tariff bill, and the teaching of a lesson in elementary public decency to the Smoots and the Reeds and the Binghams and all the army of secret lobbyists behind them, and the business men behind the lobbyists. We speak out of no hostility to business and business men, but out of intense hostility to the debauching of public opinion, to dishonesty, to secrecy in public affairs, to private plunder at public expense. It is out of such hostility that we demand the defeat of this bill, a defeat which is brought more nearly within the range of probability with every fresh revelation of the methods by which the bill was prepared. And following the defeat of the tariff bill, it may be reasonable to hope for a toning up of public opinion concerning other matters in which the secret lobbyists and their outside partners, the publicity men, got in their deadly work almost unchecked during the sodden Harding-Coolidge era—the work of the power companies, the shipbuilders with their Shearers, the army and navy crowd with their endless connections, the imperialists with their seductive gospel of greatness. The kind of lobbying that has lately been held up for us to view is not a disease, but a symptom. By all means let us bring lobbying under better control, if we can, especially by bringing it into the open, but let us not imagine that such control will be any substitute for a sound, alert, informed public opinion which regards public office as a public trust and resents every effort to use public power to fill the private purse. Only in such opinion is there any guaranty against the disease that breaks out into Shearer-Burgess-Bingham incidents.

The Fires of Hell

"CONGRESS shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof," says the First Amendment to our federal Constitution; but the States were left free to set up such religious qualifications as they desired. The discovery that in North Carolina a witness may be impeached because he or she lacks an old-fashioned belief in an avenging Deity reveals that church and state are not yet divorced in America. New York State had a similar provision in its State constitution until 1846; Arkansas in 1929 still has a constitutional provision which bars an atheist from the witness-stand.

Religious liberty is, and always has been, one of our most precious theoretical possessions, but we do not all mean the same thing by the term. When the American Union was formed, only Rhode Island and Virginia granted full and complete religious liberty by law. In several of the thirteen colonies, state churches still existed; four colonies required assent to the divine inspiration of the Bible; two demanded a belief in Heaven and Hell; two emphasized belief in one eternal God; one required assent to the doctrine of the Trinity; and six insisted upon Protestantism. New York still barred both Jews and Catholics from voting. Until 1828 no Jew could serve on a jury in Maryland.

Of course there was more excuse for clinging to re-

ligion in the courtroom than elsewhere. The solemn oath upon the Bible may still force some to truth who, without the fear of eternal damnation, might be content to lie. Certainly there was a time when it did, despite the perennial argument of those who, like the Quakers, repeat Chrysostom's argument: "For what end wilt thou force him to swear, whom thou believest not that he will speak the truth?" In 1929, even in North Carolina, more sinners probably tell the truth in fear of a suit for perjury than tremble for the fires of hell. And the judges of the State are themselves divided in their interpretation of the 1777 statute—Judge Barnhill, in one Gastonia case, admitted testimony as to religious belief as "impeaching" the witness; Judge Stack, in another Gastonia case, excluded it.

As late as the last decade of the last century New York judges permitted opposing lawyers to discredit a witness by showing that he did not believe in a Supreme (and, by implication, avenging) Being, despite the explicit amendment made to the State constitution in 1846 providing that "no person shall be rendered incompetent to be a witness on account of his opinions in matters of religious belief." The judges were so sure of the importance of religion that they ruled that while an atheist witness might be competent, his infidelism could be introduced as evidence that he was incredible! A sane opinion in the Court of Appeals in 1903 (Brink *v.* Stratton, 176 N. Y., 156) ended that anomaly, we hope forever.

In North Carolina, of course, the prosecution introduced the religious issue purely to arouse prejudice against a witness for the defense. It is difficult to believe that the attorneys who cross-questioned Mrs. Miller really thought that her lack of belief in an avenging deity made her a less reliable witness; but they knew that almost any North Carolina juryman was likely to disapprove of an atheist, and therefore be less likely to believe her. The religious test survives merely as an opportunity of introducing prejudice into a case; it has ceased to act as a safeguard of justice. And this means that in any State where such evidence is still permissible, the atheist or agnostic is denied the equal protection of the law; he stands one rung lower in the face of justice than the churchgoer or the professed believer. Indeed, if Judge Barnhill's interpretation were to stand, a Unitarian like Chief Justice Taft, who has no belief in hellfire, could be impugned as unworthy of credence.

That is a situation which few of us had realized, however easy it is to explain it historically, and still fewer will be willing to tolerate it. Whatever our opinion of the role of religion in modern life we demand first of all equal justice for all. Those who framed the charter of Georgia in 1732 doubtless thought they were being liberal when they wrote that "there shall be a liberty of conscience allowed in the worship of God, to all persons inhabiting . . . and that all such persons, except papists, shall have a free exercise of religion." In 1732 liberty as between Protestant sects must have seemed generous. By the end of the eighteenth century, when North Carolina's present statute and New York's old constitution were framed, persons "believing in the existence of a Supreme Being who will punish false swearing" were included within the pale. Today we have grown, or should have grown, to complete equality before the law for all men and women, without exception, whatever their doubts or beliefs.

The *Edinburgh Review*

"MODERN readers are not willing to wait a quarter of a year for observations on life, letters, history, and society"—thus is explained the demise of the once famous and extraordinarily influential *Edinburgh Review* after a life of one hundred and twenty-seven years. Conservative until the last, it never again rallied to it so brilliant a staff as marked its birth under the leadership of Sydney Smith, Francis Jeffrey, Francis Horner, and Henry Brougham. Seven hundred and fifty copies were printed of their first number. It would not be too much to say that the *Edinburgh Review* with this issue "fairly created critical book reviewing." This it did by a sharpness of attack, a brilliancy of style and wit which by 1813 had driven its circulation up to 13,000. It struck with a savagery which showed no mercy and little justice to Wordsworth, Southey, Byron, Moore, Shelley, and Keats.

Sydney Smith having retired as editor after the first three issues, Francis Jeffrey carried on in that post for a period of twenty-six years, himself contributing some two hundred pungent and effective articles, a record all the more remarkable because Jeffrey during his entire life practiced as a lawyer in the civil and criminal courts where he was known for his eloquence—he was raised to the judicial bench as Lord Jeffrey, after his retirement from the *Review*. Naturally, Jeffrey's success with the *Review* was speedily imitated. It was followed by the *Quarterly Review* in 1809 and *Blackwood's* in 1817. Distinguished as both were, neither of these, however, exerted as great an influence as the *Edinburgh*. That review did not turn to politics until 1808, but then, as we pointed out on the occasion of its widely noted centennial in 1902, it at once raised political discussion from the level of libelous pamphleteering and vicious personal journalism to serious writing and debate, doing for England what the *Federalist* did for the new American nation and what the protagonists of the French Revolution achieved in that country. Throughout its long career it had a consistency of purpose hardly to be duplicated. Its demise today, it seems to us, is not wholly to be explained by the speed of our times and the desire for prompt reviewing and political comment. So tremendous a political revolution has come to pass since it first championed Whiggism in politics that it is obvious a revolution within itself was called for if it was to survive. The political times have changed as well as the pace of our civilization.

Of its long list of distinguished contributors, three especially stand forth—Sir Walter Scott, Thomas Carlyle, and Lord Macaulay. They and their less-noted associates assumed an intelligent and cultivated audience and wrote for none other. In a day of all too facile criticism this is to be remembered with gratitude. It is easy to look back and show in how many cases, especially in connection with the romantic school, time has failed to sustain the famous *Review's* positions. Its editors from Jeffrey down were, however, men who wrote with absolute fearlessness, with an intense determination to develop an unrivaled intellectual life in England. For this they deserve to be and will be remembered as long as the history of literary and political journalism is recorded.

It Seems to Heywood Broun

I WAS, perhaps, precipitate in suggesting that it was the Irish Catholic element rather than the Puritan strain which lay behind the censorship in Boston. After all, a Nichols banned "Strange Interlude" and a MacGrath gave it a hearing in suburban Quincy. But mostly I am moved to recant by the fact that Judge Robert Grant, of Sacco-Vanzetti fame, has come to the defense of Boston's blue laws. In a letter to the Boston *Herald* Judge Grant upholds the ruling of the local authorities. Indeed, the venerable jurist bares his frosty head in enthusiasm over the lynching of American literature. "I take off my hat to Mayor Nichols for his courageous verdict," writes the old gentleman who could find no innocence in shoemakers and fish peddlers.

Yet Judge Grant expresses a passionate devotion to the art of Eugene O'Neill. "He is," says Robert Grant, "an important literary artist, fearless and dynamic. I admire much of his art and some of its dramatic consequences." But in the present instance the old judge is able to dissemble his admiration. Evidently there are certain Grant-given limits beyond which fearlessness should not proceed in Boston. The judge himself is familiar with "Strange Interlude," and he comments on "the basic muddiness of this plot." To his mind it portrays nothing but "sexual vagaries spun out to the dimensions of a disagreeable surgical operation." It is surprising to find Judge Grant so squeamish about a little blood-letting.

Indeed the whole train of reasoning of this particular legal mind is difficult to follow. For instance, the venerable jurist begins with the slashing statement: "I do not believe in literary censorship." Yet there are modifications which weasel most of the meat from this staunch stand. A little later on we learn that "Boston is entitled to its own opinion even against the world." Again we hear that "the right to discuss social problems freely is a safeguard to liberty." Still, this free discussion must be carried on according to rules established by Robert Grant; for "this challenge by Mayor Nichols to the complacency of the band of untrammeled but self-advertising young men and women who tell us what to read and why, will show at least that our majority, however bourgeois, still purposes to keep sewers under cover." It is, seemingly, a grave offense to tell people what they should read but an act of courageous civic rectitude to inform them what they may not.

Judge Grant identifies himself as a "Brahmin and a Unitarian," and although he disliked "Strange Interlude" there is no confessional material that he was harmed by his contact with this long play of "an important literary artist." The venerable jurist, like other censors, is speaking generously for the protection of others. Brahmins may uncover sewers to their heart's content but of course they must be exclusive sewers.

Again, one may be permitted a little puzzlement at Robert Grant's irritation concerning "the young intelligentsia." He rails against "a too smart world." Some sea change has evidently swept over the face of Boston; for time was when that city did not think of intelligence as a reproach. Judge Grant is all for the honest burghers, stupid and stubborn though they may be. In fact, he admits that possibility. "If in this instance Boston makes herself ridiculous by her ban so much the better," writes the condescending Brahmin. And then he adds: "It was Boston who threw the tea chests overboard a century and a half ago."

Unless Robert Grant is competing for the national *non sequitur* trophy it is extremely difficult to see what analogy he finds between an act of tyrannical official censorship and a revolt against constituted authorities. The men who tossed the tea into the harbor were taking direct action against existing conditions. Surely Judge Grant can hardly mean to suggest that our revolutionary ancestors were men committed to a fearless fight for the preservation of conservatism.

To find the true explanation for the curious hodge-podge dished out by Robert Grant one must go behind the immediate subject. It is not irrelevant for me to bring the names of Sacco and Vanzetti into a discussion of the ban on "Strange Interlude." Quite evidently the mind of the elderly Brahmin wanders away to other matters. This is not the first time that Boston has attempted to justify itself in standing out against the opinion of the world. To use a phrase not unknown to Judge Grant, he seems to be suffering from "a consciousness of guilt."

I place in evidence the following portion of his letter to the Boston *Herald:* "Were Broun Heywood, Sinclair Upton, and Edna Millay St. John (I throw a mantle of obscurity around these names) to parade down Fifth Avenue stark naked in midsummer, just to be cool and comfortable, this would be natural as Adam and Eve. One has only to open the current *Geographic Magazine* to see that the natives of primeval Paqua do so still. But if in case some successor of Anthony Comstock should invoke an obscure Victorian law that landed them in jail, Boston would be able to answer: 'At last. Even sex appeal in the name of liberty has its proper reserves.'" And with a final gesture of authority calculated to crush all dissenters Robert Grant finishes with: "As a member of the American Academy of Arts and Letters, I think it is time to call a halt."

Here the foot of the old Brahmin slipped a little. Even his best friends could tell him that a man of breeding is not supposed to parade in public his club affiliations. And of course there is no "St. John" in the name of Edna St. Vincent Millay. The venerable Unitarian has forgotten a little of what went on in those critical days of the great trial. He wishes he could forget much more. The three persons whose names are so cleverly inverted by the ancient Academician were all active in protest against the execution of Sacco-Vanzetti and the report of the Lowell Committee. Their connection with the ban on the O'Neill play has been of the slightest. It was the killing of two innocent men which put Boston into a panic. Not yet has the city recovered its nerve and hence the erratic clamp of censorship.

The March of the nudes down Fifth Avenue is an engaging Freudian dream but it seems to me that all three might stand naked before the world with less shame than that which clings to Robert Grant fully clad in woolens and an overcoat.

HEYWOOD BROUN

The United States of Europe

By JOHN A. HOBSON

London, October 10

THE Pan-Europa campaign conducted for the past ten years by Count Koudenhove-Calergi cannot be said to have made any deep impression upon practical politicians. But the conversion of so powerful and experienced a statesman as M. Briand gives the proposal a new status, and the instruction to a committee to report upon it to the next Assembly compels "good Europeans" to a closer consideration of its worth.

There is one preliminary difficulty that confronts us, namely, the scope of the Europe whose union is envisaged. It does not seem to include that large tract of Russia which comes within the geographical area of Europe. For, apart from all other difficulties, the detachment of her vast Asiatic territories would be wholly impracticable. A similar difficulty appears to exclude Great Britain. The larger unity of her empire bars her participation. To some extent this same consideration is applicable to France, Holland, Italy, Belgium, and Portugal, as countries possessing colonies outside the European area.

If it be held that the Union of Europe that is desiderated would exclude these external possessions, one can only reply that such a ruling renders impossible any effective economic or fiscal unity, such as by common admission forms the core of reality in any European federation hitherto conceived. If, on the other hand, external colonies, dominions, protectorates, and mandates are to be counted in, the term United States of Europe would seem a wholly inappropriate designation for a union spreading over every continent and covering far more territory outside than inside Europe.

It seems more reasonable to expect that M. Briand and his supporters contemplate a federation comprising all European members of the League (with the possible exception of Great Britain) and that they are looking primarily to improvements of fiscal and other economic arrangements along the lines approved by the World Economic Conference held at Geneva two years ago.

Now it might be an excellent thing if the League of Nations could proceed to the achievement of a Federation of the World by means of such continental unions as a Pan-European, a Pan-American, and a Pan-Asiatic. But is there any reasonable ground for holding that any centripetal force of political or economic unity is available for such an achievement? Or, turning to one particular problem, is there any body of common sentiment or interest based upon local proximity and membership of the same continent that seems in the least adequate to break down the political and economic, the linguistic and cultural barriers, which hitherto have divided European nations, and to convert them from sovereign independent nations into members of a European political federation, with a Zollverein and other common policies determined by a federal parliament? For that is what a United States of Europe ought to mean.

Nations that are still squandering a large share of their diminished resources on armed preparations, owing to mistrust of their neighbors, and are scheming in disarmament conferences to reduce their neighbors' forces more than their own, nations that can continue to "reserve" from arbitral or judicial settlement most of the issues likely to breed dangerous conflicts, are still very far from the state of mind required to give validity to any scheme deserving the name of United States of Europe.

It is natural enough that the Great War should have increased this spiritual disunion and have led to governmental measures expressive of fear, distrust, and jealousy. The most injurious of these measures are the obstacles to free serviceable intercourse, personal and commercial, between members of the different nations, and the attempts of each nation to achieve national self-sufficiency of economic life. The report of the 1927 Conference expresses itself upon this matter with uncompromising severity.

It is estimated that the establishment of new nationalities since 1913 has added more than 11,000 kilometers of customs frontiers, while the tariff walls in most instances are far higher than before the war. Tariffs are also more complex and subject to more frequent changes.

It is probable that the recognition of this increased hampering of commercial relations forms the main incentive for the promoters of a United States of Europe. The waste, folly, and ill-feeling which result from this parade of economic independence have impressed themselves upon millions of minds not susceptible to any appeal of free-trade theories.

So far as the United States of Europe is envisaged as a distinctively economic proposal, it must be endowed with two functions—one a liberative one, the removal of barriers to free commercial intercourse, the other some ordered international control over those great non-competitive enterprises which claim to apportion the European markets not by national limits but by profiteering considerations.

If history could be wiped out, national fears and animosities ignored, racial, linguistic, cultural, and religious differences disregarded, and some economic super-Mussolini given a free hand to put Europe on a really business footing, employing the best commercial brains and methods, the natural and human resources of Europe might achieve a productivity which, properly apportioned, could raise the national standard of life for the population up to at least as high a level as that of America.

Though M. Briand, as an experienced statesman, can hardly hold this as an early practicable achievement, his mind must be moving in this direction. Better cooperation must be achieved between the peoples of Europe. Certain definite reforms in tariffs were proposed by the 1927 Conference, including improvements in classification and nomenclature, a lowering of rates, measures for publicity and better information in all matters of industry and commerce. There was surprising unanimity among the attendants at this conference, and it may be said that the business men throughout Europe, excepting those who are directly interested in high protection, were solid for a lowering of national barriers and a liberation of markets.

But there still remain two questions. How far can this

be a distinctively European movement? Should Europe seriously endeavor to make of itself a self-sufficing economic area? That Central Europe suffers more than any other region from a tangle of economic policies which are extremely injurious may at once be granted. The interests of certain of these countries, Germany, Austria, and Czecho-Slovakia in particular, strongly incline toward free trade, and it may be said that Holland and Belgium and the Scandinavian countries might easily be brought to cooperate with them in a genuine free-trade policy. But can it be pretended that France and Italy, not to mention Spain and Poland, could be brought into accord with this more enlightened commercial policy?

Indeed, regarding the issue from the plain practical standpoint, the economic interdependence of European countries cannot be said to be so close, or so sufficient, as to warrant any common policy which would weaken their trade relations with the outside world. Mere contiguity counts less and less for purposes of personal and commercial intercourse, sea-barriers are less substantial than land, while air-traffic cancels all barriers. The dependence of Europe upon the resources of all other parts of the habitable globe must constantly increase, and any attempt to organize European resources must recognize this obvious truth. The degree of geographical unity which Europe enjoys has no more commercial significance than have the political barriers that divide the nations. No separate effective economic organization of Europe is either practicable or desirable. Europe must always depend upon tropical and many other outside raw materials and foodstuffs for the maintenance of its life and industry. If, as is sometimes suggested, the secret motive of a European economic federation is hostility to the financial hegemony of the United States, this is a blind and foolish urge. Why should Europe refuse to avail herself of the advantages of American capital? Europe receives it because it is either cheaper or more abundant than capital furnished from her own resources; its fructification in the enlarged output of European wealth is evidently more advantageous to us than to America, and most of such payment as America can claim is left in Europe to mature in further wealth-production.

I have taken it for granted that the underlying motif of this movement is economic, but, if there were any real intention of organizing the economic life of Europe on a single cooperative basis, the question of some political instrument, related or unrelated to the League of Nations, would necessarily arise. Indeed, the substance of a United States of Europe would seem to menace the very existence of a league in whose composition and functions Europe as a separate area finds no recognition. A federal government for Europe which should possess any real power of securing and administering a common policy for Europe, even though that policy were restricted to certain well-defined economic purposes, would immediately encounter difficulties far greater than any yet encountered by the League of Nations. Let us assume, for instance, that a Zollverein of European nations, with a common tariff upon the importation of certain sorts of non-European goods, were contemplated. Such a plan, to be effective, would in the first instance involve a more real surrender of effective sovereignty than the League of Nations has yet attempted to obtain from any of its members. To expect European states with protective tariffs adjusted to their several conceptions of their commercial, industrial, and financial interests to throw these interests into a common pool in order to promote some "unity of Europe," an idea as novel in conception as it is destitute of emotional appeal to each nation, seems opposed to all experience.

From the purely economic standpoint of productivity and commerce, such a union, regarded from an interior standpoint, might seem highly desirable. But can it seriously be held that high-tariff countries like Spain, Italy, and France, raising the great bulk of their public revenues by carefully calculated tariffs, would consent to a lowering of duties that would expose their markets to the imports from a neighboring country which their tariff was expressly designed to exclude, or that low-tariff countries like Holland and Scandinavia would agree to a reversal of a policy based so largely on the importance of their sea-borne non-European trade?

It is, indeed, both possible and desirable that European neighbors might, by careful conference, be brought to recognize the advantages of a policy of lower tariffs, greater stability of commercial relations with one another, and some concerted methods of trade classification, measurement, and information. But that they could be induced to enter an effective European Zollverein is hardly credible. Even were any such plan feasible, its internal advantages must be offset by the dangers of presenting a common and an apparently hostile front to the non-European world, and in particular to the greatest Power, the United States of America.

Finally, it seems certain that any structure which could plausibly claim the title United States of Europe must claim functions that are not distinctively economic, and require some instrument of government that would figure in the general politics of the world. In a word, a new political creature, of large size and undefined behavior, would have come into existence at the critical era when a League of Nations, regardless of continents, was still struggling to establish the beginnings of a pacific world-government. It may be urged, of course, that the wider task is not only consistent with, but is actually facilitated by all these more limited cooperations. But many friends of the League of Nations not unnaturally look askance at the political and military alliances of such groups as obstructive to the wider pacific and cooperative tasks for which the League exists. The formation of the whole European continent into such a group would almost inevitably constitute a challenge to Geneva, even if it kept the form and the pretense of a grouping of League members to further the purposes of the League.

In short, whether envisaged as an economic or a political instrument, such a federation seems either impracticable or, if practicable, dangerous. If, as the name suggests, a Europe constituted on the lines of the American Union is contemplated, it is quite chimerical. If, again, it took slighter shape in some distinctively fiscal organization for internal cooperation in industry and commerce, it would be a stumbling-block to the genuine progress of free trade and cooperation in the entire world, and might easily provoke reprisals in other countries excluded from their former European markets. In a word, a union in which two great European countries, Russia and Britain, were not participants, while another country in intimate cultural, economic, and political relations with the Western European nations, the United States of America, was excluded, cannot be deemed to have a footing in the world of political realities.

Lobbies for Loot

By RUBY A. BLACK

Washington, October 17

WASHINGTON'S biggest racket comes under Senatorial investigation at the time when Washington's biggest loot is being allotted. What is more significant, the Senatorial committee investigating lobbies, beginning with the tariff lobby, is controlled by the Democratic-Progressive coalition with three of the most persistent questioners of the Senate among its membership. They are all lawyers, of course, being members of the Senate Committee on the Judiciary, and are very stubborn in demanding that witnesses "answer yes or no." That is particularly embarrassing to lobbyists, quite aside from the capacity of Senators Caraway, Walsh of Montana, and Blaine to frame questions full of dynamite.

Every member of the investigating sub-committee of the Judiciary Committee, excepting only Senator Arthur R. Robinson of Indiana, has long been vocal in denouncing lobbies. Indeed, one suspects Senator Norris, chairman of the Judiciary Committee, of a sardonic humor tinged with malice in placing Senator Robinson on the sub-committee along with such contrary minds and souls as those of Caraway, Blaine, Borah, and Walsh. Yet this lone representative of the Administration asked Senator Hiram Bingham of Connecticut one of the most embarrassing questions propounded to this supremely recalcitrant witness.

Senator Norris, however, cannot be accused of prejudice in selecting a committee averse to lobbies and opposed to the pending tariff bill. For the committee is actually representative of the Senate. It is a coalition committee investigating for a coalition-controlled Senate which has defeated the Old Guard on almost every important phase of the tariff bill so far, from flexibility to literary censorship by customs officials.

Senator T. H. Caraway of Arkansas, heading the committee, is trying to the dignity of the lobbyists. Senator John J. Blaine of Wisconsin is trying to their patience, for he stubbornly asks the same question over and over again until at last he elicits a direct answer. This technique may bore the witness and the audience, which consists largely of lobbyists whose time is yet to come, but it "gets the record clear." Senator Thomas J. Walsh of Montana digs away with his questions, in the same thorough and methodical way in which he conducted the oil-scandals investigation. Senator William E. Borah of Idaho has been absent from the hearings up to this writing. Senator Robinson remains silent most of the time, but occasionally seeks to bring out the "administration angle." There was one notable exception when he asked Senator Bingham if he did not regard it as falsifying the records of the Senate disbursing office to have a paid representative of the Connecticut Manufacturers' Association draw a salary as clerk of the Senate Committee on Territories and Insular Possessions and turn over the unopened pay envelope to the regular clerk, the latter having obligingly resigned in order to make it possible for the committee chairman, Senator Bingham, to get the lobbyist into the secret tariff sessions.

The first three days of the hearings showed various ways in which interested industries have sought to grab their share of the loot. The first day uncovered a sorry story of the debauching of the United States Tariff Commission by the pottery industry, whose Washington representative was lobbyist one day and tariff commissioner the next.

At that hearing the public learned of one tariff expert, Carl Langenbeck, who was requested to resign from the commission staff after having disagreed with a member of the commission, himself interested in the pottery industry, on facts and theories of tariff protection for pottery products; and of another pottery expert, Frederick L. Koch, whose discharge was sought by pottery interests because they disliked his recent reports to the Senate Finance Committee. The public learned, too, of a former tariff commissioner, William Burgess, who lobbied for pottery tariffs before and after his term on the commission, and who has, for pay, "observed" tariff-making in Congress on every tariff bill since 1894.

As an immediate result of the first revelation of the investigating committee, the Senate adopted an amendment to the tariff bill, proposed by Senator William H. King of Utah, providing a penalty of $1,000 fine or one year's imprisonment, or both, upon any person, corporation, association, or other organization that attempts to interfere with or influence the work of the Tariff Commission or any member of its staff.

On the second day the public learned that one organization alone of the several interested in the sugar tariff has spent approximately a half million dollars on its Washington office since the 1922 tariff bill was enacted. That does not include the activities of other organizations supporting the sugar duties or the several organizations opposing it, which also maintain bureaus in Washington.

On the third day the public learned more of the arrangement by which the $10,000-a-year assistant to the president of the Connecticut Manufacturers' Association taught Senator Bingham the tariff needs of Connecticut industries, got on the Senate pay-roll, and sat in secret sessions of the Republican members of the Senate Finance Committee, while his salary and Washington living expenses continued to be paid by the Connecticut Manufacturers' Association. This lucky lobbyist, C. L. Eyanson, kept none of the money paid him by the Senate for his theoretical work as clerk to the Committee on Territories and Insular Possessions, and he has not cashed the personal check for $1,000 which Senator Bingham sent him, without even a note of explanation, after his services had terminated as a result of objections lodged by members of the Finance Committee. Senator Bingham's curiously obtuse sensibilities did not permit him to see that Mr. Eyanson's non-acceptance of the government pay for which he signed made no real difference in the propriety of the situation.

Senator Walsh later detailed the tariff increases granted in the bill for the fifty-two leading industries of Connecticut. The duties on forty-four of these products were raised, seven were left unchanged, and one was reduced. He estimated

that the results would bring some $70,000,000 to Connecticut industries.

All this helps inform the public as to how tariff bills are made. Everybody knows that lobbyists try to influence the votes of Senators and Congressmen, and try to defeat those whom they cannot influence. The same interests have sought to control the views and actions of theoretically impartial experts in federal boards and commissions established to find facts.

The investigating committee is not to be bullied by witnesses, thus distinguishing itself from the Shearer committee. When Mr. Burgess objected to telling how much pay he gets for "observing" tariff-making, Senator Caraway promptly asked, "Do you decline to answer?" and hinted at the possible consequences of refusal. Mr. Burgess then told that he gets $7,500 a year from the United States Pottery Association, $2,400 a year from the Association of Wool Manufacturers, $1,800 a year from the National Electrical Manufacturers' Association, and more from velveteen manufacturers, tile manufacturers, and greeting-card makers.

The proverbial Senatorial courtesy, also, was discarded by the committee and by the witness alike when Senator Bingham was being cross-examined. The committee could not keep Senator Bingham from making righteous speeches in response to every question, but they did eventually succeed, after much prodding and some harsh words on both sides, in making him give direct answers, which usually came in a tone quite unlike the customary suave and dignified voice of "the tall sycamore from Connecticut."

Senator Bingham resented cross-examination, found it annoying, and said so. The committee objected to his evasions, and several times insisted with spirit that he suppress his speech-making and give direct answers.

If the committee is no more lenient with lobbyists than it has been with the former tariff commissioner and the Senator from Connecticut, its investigations should prove highly instructive. H. A. Austin of the United States Beet Sugar Association defined four classes of lobbyists for the committee: individuals who have a direct personal interest in measures before Congress; organized trade associations; "professional lobbyists" who take any side of anything for a retainer; and "parasitical lobbyists" who falsely represent themselves to anybody they can "rob" as being in a position to "slap every Senator on the back and call him by his first name" and thus influence legislation. If the committee examines all these groups, it has a stupendous task before it.

That task is only begun with the big job of uncovering the tariff lobby. There are the prohibition lobby and the anti-prohibition lobby; the farm lobby—Senator Blaine heatedly denied in one hearing that "Washington racketeers represent the farmers of the United States"; the power lobby, some of whose methods have been revealed by the Federal Trade Commission's admirable inquiry into power-trust propaganda; the big-navy lobby, slightly touched in the Shearer investigation; the inheritance-tax lobby, the guiding genius of which is now part of the tariff lobby; the veterans' lobby, which so effectively cajoled and threatened members of Congress in connection with the Tyson-Fitzgerald bill retiring emergency officers at their war-time rank with retirement pay granted to regular army officers; the peace lobby; and so on down a list which would fill pages. Of course not all the lobbies are mischievous, but dozens of them exist simply for purposes of loot and for nothing else.

Mr. Austin of the beet-sugar lobby deftly slid around Senator Caraway's question, "You think that whoever wants anything at the government's hands has to have a paid representative in Washington to get governmental favors?" but it was clear that he thought just that. With the fearful example of the power propagandists before them, the lobbyists are cautiously avoiding any boasts about the success of their activities, but they face a dilemma in answering Senator Caraway's further question, "Is there any excuse for your being here if your employers could get as much without a paid representative?"

Again the chairman of the investigating committee points out that "every industry that expects to fatten by legislation" establishes its paid "observer," "investigator," or "adviser" in Washington. Of course, none are "lobbyists." They apparently believe that they are not lobbyists unless they buttonhole members of Congress, even though they may persuade constituents of Congressmen to send telegrams and letters and petitions asking the enactment of legislation beneficial to their industry; even though they fill either the waste-baskets or the columns of the newspapers "back home" with their propaganda; even though they get political bosses "back home" to tell the Senators and Representatives how to vote. The lobby of today has its headquarters in Washington, but it operates chiefly from "back home."

But in an investigation of any racket, the important thing is to find the "higher-ups." Mere investigation of the trade associations, the farm organizations, the professional lobbyists in Washington will result in nothing but a change in personnel. The influences, the corporations, the individuals behind these lobbyists must be revealed if lasting benefits are to be derived from the investigation. Certainly, for example, the $70,000 a year spent by the United States Beet Sugar Association does not reveal all the activities of sugar interests during the consideration of the pending tariff bill or during the intrigue that prevented an executive decrease in the sugar duties. Nor will an investigation of the activities of one J. A. Arnold, skilled professional lobbyist, show the whole story of the expensive lobby that sought a repeal of the federal estate tax for several years, paying the expenses of members of State legislatures to Washington, unless all those who contributed to Mr. Arnold's funds are brought to light; or the whole story of the Southern Tariff Association, Mr. Arnold's latest organization, unless the committee learns for certain whether or not Eastern manufacturers have financed this costly effort to convince the South of the value of a protective tariff with the bait of duties on vegetable oils, hides, tomatoes, onions, and mohair. Everybody knows Joseph R. Grundy lobbies for higher tariff duties, but what are his political connections in Pennsylvania? Will it be possible to learn whether any Connecticut manufacturers suggested to Senator Bingham that he borrow one of their representatives and get him into the executive sessions of the Finance Committee members?

These are the jobs which the committee will find most difficult to perform, but which must be performed if the lobby inquiry is to do more than "clean out" the current lobbyists, who will presently be replaced with new men and women doing the same old job with slight variations and new subtleties.

Prosperity—Believe It or Not
II. New Standards of Living*

By STUART CHASE

"MIDDLETOWN" † is in one of the North East Central States, well within the borders of the prosperous area. It is a city of some 40,000, a brisk manufacturing center surrounded by corn fields. It is not a one-industry town, but makes automobile accessories, glass, and metal products. Native white Americans of native parentage compose 85 per cent of the population.

In 1885 the town was a placid county seat of some 6,000 souls, still retaining much of the simplicity of pioneer days. Industry meant a bagging plant, a clay-tile yard, a feather-duster shop, a planing mill, and a flour mill or two. Middletown consumed perhaps half of all that it produced.

Today, save for the building trades, not 1 per cent of what Middletown makes is locally consumed. The output of its factories departs for the ends of the earth, and the whole world contributes to its supply of food, shelter, and clothing. Out of every 100 people in the city:

43 are gainfully employed—or trying to be.
23 are home-making (housewives and helpers).
19 are in school.
15 are dependents—the very old, the disabled, and the children under six.

The gainfully employed of Middletown engage in more than 400 different occupations. Seventy-one in a hundred belong to the working class and work mainly with their hands; twenty-nine belong to the business class.

Twenty-seven per cent of the working class live in houses valued at $2,500 or less. Such a house the Lynds have graphically described. There are 2,500 of them, out of the 9,200 homes in the town.

> The poorer workingman coming home after his nine and a half hours on the job walks up the frequently unpaved street, turns in at a bare yard littered with a rusty velocipede or worn-out automobile tires, opens a sagging door, and enters the living-room of his house. From the room the whole house is visible—the kitchen with table and floor swarming with flies and often strewn with bread crusts, orange skins, torn papers, and lumps of coal and wood; the bedrooms with soiled, heavy quilts falling off the beds. . . . The whole interior is musty with stale odors of food, clothing, and tobacco. . . . A baby in wet, dirty clothes crawls about the bare floor among odd pieces of furniture.

I would guess that 25 per cent of all American workers—say five million men—are coming home to just such sights and smells, and wet, crawling babies today. "In another very dirty house almost totally without furniture the housewife was at work at an electric washing machine." The fact that a house has an electric washing machine—or a radio, or a Ford—does not mean that it is prosperous. It may only mean that the local washing-machine salesman is an expert at his trade.

Moving up to the 4,000 houses in Middletown valued at $2,500 to $4,500, and inhabited chiefly by skilled workmen and clerks, we find a tidy front yard, coarse lace curtains, a name plate on the door. The living-room is hard and bright, with pink-flowered rug, shiny oak furniture, and a sewing machine in the corner. Almost all the equipment has been bought on the instalment plan.

In the 2,000 houses valued at $4,500 to $7,000 live head bookkeepers, small-store proprietors, school-teachers, and the lower ranks of the business group. It is a battle ground of forced choices—between a hardwood floor or a much-needed rug; music lessons or a Y. M. C. A. camp for the children. The houses are larger but not so shiny as in the last group.

Finally we reach the 600 houses of the upper-business class—valued at $7,500 or more. Everything from the bittersweet in the flower-holder to the mahogany smoking-table by the over-stuffed davenport bespeaks correctness. A sleeping porch is as mandatory as the cocktail shaker. An electric refrigerator purrs from time to time, and the new oil burner thumps. Two palatial bathrooms grace the second floor.

The size of the standard building plot is growing smaller, leaving less room for children to play, less privacy, more noise. Flowers and shrubs must give ground to driveway and garage. "The make of one's car is rivaling the looks of one's place, as evidence of one's belonging."

Furnaces are increasing in number but "most of the working class still live in the base-burner and unheated-bedroom era." All new houses, except the very cheapest, have bathrooms, and in many old houses they are being installed. But in January, 1925, one in four of all the city's dwellings lacked running water and an even higher percentage still used the old-fashioned backyard privy. No less than 99 per cent of the houses in the town are wired for electricity.

So much for Middletown's houses. Is it a picture false to the overwhelming majority of the towns and cities of America? I believe not. Only in the dozen or so great cities does the tremendous growth of apartment houses create a radically different situation. In Megalopolis the lawns, porches, and gardens are not only getting smaller, they have completely disappeared.

At a rough guess, there are about 27,000,000 homes in America. They are now (1928) equipped with:

18,000,000	bathtubs
15,300,000	electric flat irons
6,828,000	vacuum cleaners
5,000,000	washing machines
4,900,000	electric fans
4,540,000	electric toasters
2,600,000	electric heaters
755,000	electric refrigerators
348,000	ironing machines.

* This is the second in a series of seven articles on American Prosperity. The third will appear in the issue of November 13.—Editor The Nation.

† See "Middletown," by Robert S. Lynd and Helen Merrell Lynd. Harcourt, Brace and Company.

The supersalesmen have still a few days' work ahead of them.

By and large these national figures check with the Middletown close-up. The space in which the average American makes his home grows smaller and mechanical equipment somewhat greater. It is doubtful if his home is as truly comfortable as it was in 1890. But he has running water, a bathtub, electric lights, probably a radio and telephone—which make it a cleaner, better-lighted, more strenuous, and far noisier home.

In this era of house furnaces, heated office buildings, and inclosed automobiles, the importance of clothing as protection for the body is declining. The diary of a leading merchant of Middletown records for May 22, 1891: "Changed my flannels for cotton this morning." May, mind you! Today flannel underwear is as obsolete as the frock coat. The Middletown housewife used to do her morning's work in a shirt-waist with high collar and long sleeves, a wool skirt over a flannel petticoat, over her second-best corset. Today the standard dress for a high-school girl is a brassiere, knickers, knee-length dress, low shoes, and silk stockings; nor does mother, or even grandmother, ask for much more. Men still cover the body modestly from chin to soles, but women are rolling up from below, down from above, and in from the sides. In summer, men wear four times as much clothes by weight as women.

Fewer clothes are being made at home. A dry-goods merchant estimates that he sold five bolts of cloth in 1890 for every bolt that now goes over his counter.

As a result women's clothes cost far more per pound than they did a generation, or even ten years, ago. But the budget has been balanced in part by the decline in yardage. Women demand less cotton, wool, linen—which is a saving. The margin is eaten up by silk, rayon, furs, more processing, variety, color, and style. From 1919 to 1927, rayon consumption increased from nine million to ninety-six million pounds. Aesthetically and hygienically, American women are better dressed, and the cost is not much greater. The effect of the new "siren" fashions remains to be seen.

We come now to the last of the three great human staples—food. Here, too, weight is giving way to variety. Today Middletown, together with the whole country, is buying fresh fruits and vegetables throughout the year. The orange which used to make a Christmas gift for the children's stockings is now a daily necessity. Refrigeration, cold storage, and rapid transportation have all but banished the "winter diet," and with it "spring sickness."

With smaller living space, household gardens are not what they used to be; canned foods have come in by the million cases; baker's bread has worsted the kitchen oven; the delicatessen store has undermined no small part of the housewife's skill. Yet by and large, we eat a better-balanced ration today, to which the decline in sickness and the longer life-span figures in part bear witness.

Mr. Leo Wolman finds that gross calorie intake is declining (energy units), and with it cereal and meat consumption, while fruit, vegetable, and milk consumption is growing. Low-priced staples rich in calories are giving way to high-priced foods poor in calories. The consumption of sugar also is increasing—in spite of the slogans of the American Tobacco Company.

Food costs are creeping up because of more variety, fewer family gardens, longer hauls, bigger terminals, more competitive advertising, and hand-to-mouth buying in small packages.

In brief, the era of prosperity—and also the years immediately before 1922—have brought a better-balanced, more nourishing diet, more variety, more tin cans and dandy little containers, more appetizing service, less home cooking, more restaurant eating, and higher food costs. (While retail prices as a whole have moved but little since 1922, food prices are tending upward.) Finally, as Mr. Wolman points out after his exhaustive studies, it would be a great mistake to conclude that malnutrition has been banished by American prosperity. It still obtains over great areas—particularly in the South—but it is not quite the scourge it used to be.

The first internal-combustion automobile appeared in Middletown in 1900. By 1906 there were probably 200 in the county. At the close of 1923 there were 6,221 passenger cars in the city, or roughly two for every three families. "As, at the turn of the century, business class people began to feel apologetic if they did not have a telephone, so ownership of an automobile has now reached the point of being an accepted essential of normal living."

Homes are mortgaged to buy a car. A local finance company estimates that 75 to 90 per cent are purchased on time payment. Out of twenty-six families without bathroom facilities in the working-class group studied, twenty-one had automobiles. Here we have a new habit cutting in ahead of an older one. To be speedy and dirty is better than to be clean and stationary.

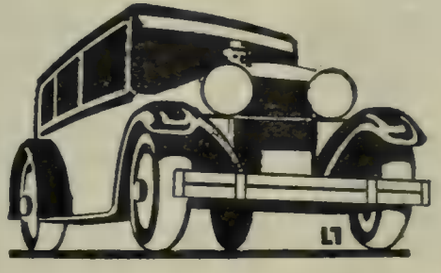
Each year about 4,000,000 new cars come snorting upon the highways of the republic, and 2,000,000 battered veterans seek their last resting place—mainly in ditches beside the highway.

In an urban community in 1928 buyers of passenger cars were classified thus:

	Per cent
Superintendents, foremen, salesmen, clerks.....	30
Laborers, artisans, firemen, motormen.....	29
Manufacturers, merchants, professional people...	27
Housewives and sundry.....	14
	100

Of these cars 61.4 per cent were bought on the instalment plan, and 38.6 per cent for cash.

Not the least of the reverberations of the automobile has been the enormous number of new jobs which it has created; jobs which were non-existent in the economy of 1900. A recent estimate shows nearly four million of them—795,000 in factories making vehicles, tires, and parts, and 2,937,000 indirectly allied, in garages and service stations, on highways, in oilfields, in selling, and insurance. The automobile calls for four million workers for jobs entirely unknown twenty-five years ago.



Do you wonder that I class the motor car as the outstanding Why of prosperity?

By way of summary and conclusion, it will be well to enumerate again the specific goods, services, and qualities which comprise the new American standard of living. It is not a list which all possess but to which all aspire—or almost all.

SHELTER

More apartment living
More attractive villas for the business class
Furnaces and oil heaters
Plumbing and bathtubs
Electric lights
Electric appliances, such as washing machines
Refrigeration
Sleeping porches
Overstuffed furniture
Radios
Phonographs
Telephones
Five-foot shelves
Glittering cocktail services

And smaller space

CLOTHING

More variety
More style changes
More silk
Rayon
More furs
More accent on underwear
More commercial laundry, pressing and cleaning work
More cosmetics, fat reducers, and permanent waves
More colorful vestments for men

And poorer quality

FOOD

More variety with fewer calories
More fresh vegetables
More fresh fruit
More tin cans
More quick lunches
More attractive service
More packaged foods
More delicatessen shops
More restaurant eating
More tea houses
More drug store bars
More candy and sugar
More bootleg liquor

And less home cooking

SUNDRY

Motor cars
Moving and talking pictures
More clubs, including night clubs
More high school and college education
More correspondence courses
More books
More magazines and tabloids
More cigarettes
More athletic shows
More golf
More traveling—particularly to Florida and California
More bridge
More jazz
More parks, playgrounds and country clubs

And more noise and speed

The cardinal point to remember is this: *It is not a matter of adding luxuries and comforts to an adequate supply of the prime essentials, but of forcing in luxuries and alleged comforts at the cost of essentials.* It has been reliably estimated that in 1920 some 80 per cent of American families lived below the budget of health and decency as compiled by the United States Department of Labor, and priced at about $2,000.* Per capita income has increased nearly 20 per cent during the era of prosperity, bringing more families above the modest budget, but leaving the bulk of them still below it. By no stretch of the imagination can the average American be said to be able to buy great quantities of luxuries. No. Twenty per cent would hardly raise him to an adequate supply of the prime essentials.

He has bought an automobile because his heart yearned for it and the instalment system made it possible. Meanwhile a swarm of high-powered salesmen and advertisers have induced him to buy a lot of other things—some because he hungered for them and some because he could not help himself. The instalment system created some six billions of new purchasing power out of thin air. But cash must ultimately be paid, plus 15 per cent interest, on the average. The supersalesmen have shifted the pennies in the consumer's dollar—but it is the same old dollar—plus 20 per cent.

The schedule does not come so far from balancing out—particularly after the six billions of instalment credit is allowed for. We have not so much moved forward as done a side shift, crabwise. Study the changes listed earlier. Do they show progress or decline, or tit for tat? Personally I believe they do show, on the whole, a margin of progress, with ups and downs in individual items. The final appraisal I leave for a later article.

* $1,920.87 in Middletown in 1924.

The Football Hero Rebels

By CLARENCE E. CASON

DURING the past few years those interested in furthering the idea that a football player can get an education at college have cited as unanswerable arguments in their favor the careers of Fred Hovde of Minnesota and Jeff Burrus of Wisconsin. Both these young men were football stars, chairmen of their junior proms, Phi Beta Kappas, and Rhodes Scholars. Was not this proof that an energetic student can play football for three years without injuring his academic and social development? Of these two famous students, Jeff Burrus stands somewhat in the foreground because he was also captain of the crew. I have just learned from Burrus himself the sequel to his glorious college heroism.

One autumn several years ago when Jeff Burrus came towering in upon my class in advanced rhetoric at the University of Wisconsin I was cheerfully glad to see him. It was not that I, as instructor, expected that he would become what we term a good student. But I had known him at the high school in Louisville, where he had borne with unaffected gangling simplicity the football hero's adulation. I knew that, as left end on the football team and captain of the crew at the university, he had become a greater figure in a larger field. So I grasped his tremendous and enveloping hand.

Burrus had already become one of the best box-office names in the arena, one of the best "mats" for the university publicity bureau, a prime embodiment of Alma Mater to the alumni, a name for poolroom betters to conjure with, a figure whose indorsement would mean the bread of life to the college barber or toggery shop, the best date at sorority houses, the best guest at fraternity smokers—in short, the university's best electric sign-board. He had come to the class with Henry Brooks, another Louisville athlete, then captain of the university basket-ball team. Brooks had been in my freshman English class. Perhaps he had intimated to Burrus, his fraternity mate, that I showed a certain warmth for Louisville friends, and that this warmth might take the form of a desirable lenience toward athletes

who had neither time nor inclination to study. Very well—one soon becomes adjusted to the system. I enrolled Jefferson D. Burrus, with the mental note that he was to be passed in the course provided he handed in assignments bearing his name, remained in the university, and broke no window panes.

But I was utterly wrong about this boy Burrus. When his first assigned essay indicated conspicuous intellectual potentiality, I admired his choice in "ghost" writers; when he spoke of Rousseau and Santayana at our first conference, I thought he had transferred his ability to catch signals into a purposeful cleverness at catching names he thought might be impressive. But this kind of thing continued. He began to lead discussions in class. Especially stimulated by a campus address of Bertrand Russell's, he at length compared Russell's pacifism with that of Tolstoy; brilliantly he rejected both as being somewhat decadent from his point of view. His work, however, was erratic. This, he explained, was owing to the demands of crew training for the race at Poughkeepsie and spring football practice. I told him I didn't see how he did any of his class work. He explained that he studied and wrote late at night, when perhaps he should be sleeping.

In the mid-semester ratings he stood near the top of the class. His native ability might easily have placed him first. At the registrar's office I looked at his record for the first two years. He was on a fair road toward Phi Beta Kappa. That year he was prom chairman, an honor carrying the university's highest social distinction. The crew of which he was captain finished second at Poughkeepsie. His spectacular interception of a forward pass and race down the field tied the game with Minnesota the next fall. He made Phi Beta Kappa.

At the end of his senior year he won the Rhodes Scholarship from Wisconsin—and suffered a nervous breakdown. He spent several three- and four-day periods in the infirmary, determined to recover and lead his crew to Poughkeepsie again. But the crew remained in Madison; Jeff Burrus was out. Burrus was sitting over books in the library, trying to carry thoughts in his head.

I saw Burrus recently at the University Club in Madison. I had been thinking of him as quietly studying law at Oxford University. Had he not embarked for England with every promise of a remarkable career? No, he told me; he had not been at Oxford during the past year. He had been in Idaho recovering. He had suffered another nervous and physical breakdown during his first spring in England. Rest in the Alps had done nothing for him throughout a miserable summer. Doctors said that his heart and nerves were keyed to a dangerous tension as a result of the strain at Wisconsin.

There was not an ounce of bitterness in the attitude of young Burrus. His nine months in Idaho had done him lots of good. He plans to return to Oxford University. At Oxford he is determined to fill the role of Rhodes Scholar with merit; he is determined not only to learn his law but also to fill in the gaps in his general education and intellectual development. I have not the slightest doubt that he will do both with distinction.

But out of his experiences has come the conviction that college athletics used him rather selfishly.

He believes that the exploitation of physically endowed young men—some of whom have intellectual capacities—as if they were game fighting cocks or maddened bulls is something less than one ought to expect at the hands of his Alma Mater. He discovered in his junior year that he possessed a mind as well as powerful muscles and a love of sport. Simultaneously he concluded that modern football was not really an amateur sport at all—that it was from the outside a great show by means of which universities keyed up the loyalty of alumni associations and impressed the general taxpayers; from the inside, a relentless industry which built commodities of various kinds upon the blood and sinew and carefully nourished college spirit of the players.

The rebellion came in his senior year at the university—the year of his first nervous disaster. He wrote a thirty-page pamphlet entitled "The Present Intercollegiate Athletic System" which was published and widely distributed by the Wisconsin Union; then he went to Chicago and laid his attack before the athletic council of the Western Conference. At Chicago his speech startled the Big Ten coaches and the faculty representatives; there was a stir in the newspapers. But a witty and patronizing speech by one of the older coaches, sure of his public, forestalled action and further comment.

Burrus has the notion that fathers of college athletes and the public in general ought to know just how young men with husky frames are utilized as the raw material in a vast industry. His picture tends to show conclusively that a football player has no time or thought to give to anything but football unless he is willing to subject himself to abnormal strain.

A description of the life of the football star admits of either pleasant or unpleasant interpretations. Every item on the schedule might be thought of as part and parcel of a commendable glorification of the American boy—in the same way that Florenz Ziegfeld's glorification of the American girl may be considered admirable. But the glorified girl receives salary checks reputed to be large; she is, so to speak, let in on the game.

Burrus has no objection to the frank industrialization of football, for that seems consonant with the American spirit of today; nor does he object to the practical use of football by universities as a means of impressing their public deeply. Certainly he would be the last to discredit the glorious spectacle of the stadium on a late October afternoon. He would ask, however—and without too much mildness—that the prospective player himself be made aware of the realities of present-day football. Let the boy who wishes to play gladiator for a few years do so in full consciousness of the implications involved—and let such boys be paid a fair price, preferably a high price, for their services. Salaries should be high because of the unusual talent required and the serious hazards involved.

Students who choose to enter big-time athletics might be awarded, in addition to their regular salaries, stipulated scholarships under which they might, upon conclusion of their athletic careers, pursue courses leading to an academic degree—provided any of them have such a desire.

Finally, let coaches discontinue their furtive and evasive bids for material, in favor of open competitive bidding on a frankly commercial basis. The fact that the amateur spirit no longer prevails in the major sports of many colleges should be recognized and dealt with as a reality.

In the Driftway

THAT ancient and estimable work, the "Encyclopaedia Britannica," is before us again. It has already been reviewed in *The Nation,* but the Drifter has a few private remarks to make concerning this fourteenth edition. The "Britannica," as everybody either knows or ought to know, is an English institution. In England it was born and bred. But not, unfortunately, born and read. At least it was not read by enough persons there. In recent years its chief sale has been in the United States—and the good Lord knows we need it! So, in preparing the present new edition, it was decided to edit it with special attention to the tastes and demands of American readers, or, as some persons put it, to "jazz up" the work. To what extent that has been done, and how successfully, the Drifter has not yet investigated the new volumes sufficiently to be willing to hazard an opinion. He knows, though, that some of the editorial work was done in this country and that in the course of it he (yes, he the Drifter) was asked for a contribution.

* * * * *

WHEN the Drifter received that invitation the bottom dropped out of his reverence for and his belief in the "Britannica." He couldn't see why an encyclopedia should want an article on the subject upon which he was asked to write, nor what claims he had to be regarded as an authority on the topic. The pay offered was slight, but the Drifter's vanity was tickled and he wrote the article. In due course he received an appreciative letter from the editor, who added that space limits would make it necessary to cut the article somewhat. When the encyclopedia itself appeared the Drifter turned its pages feverishly to read his immortal words. But the name of John D. Drifter did not lead all the rest. In fact it was not even among the "also ran." Decidedly it had been cut somewhat; it had been left out! The Drifter was disappointed, but in the midst of his disappointment he found his reverence for and belief in the "Britannica" magically restored. He remembered the story of the Persian who saw the reflection of the moon in his well one night and thought the orb had fallen in the water. The Persian got a rope and grappling-hook and tried for an hour to pull the moon out. Suddenly the rope broke and the Persian went sprawling on his back. Looking up he saw the moon in the sky. "Praise be to Allah!" he said with relief. "I am sorely hurt, but the moon is in its place again." Incidentally the Drifter is also in his place again—if not in the "Britannica."

* * * * *

BUT, strange to say, before the encyclopedia itself came out, the Drifter saw a prospectus for the use of salesmen in which his article was listed as among the notable contributions! Now he submits (and none will deny it in his presence) that nine out of every ten persons who read that prospectus will buy the "Britannica" chiefly, if not solely, to read his article. And when they fail to find it the Drifter feels that they will have an excellent action for damages against the publishers. Still, as a friend of the Drifter remarked: "Don't worry. Nobody who buys an encyclopedia on the strength of a prospectus ever reads it anyhow."

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

MacDonald and Socialism

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Amid the clamor of enthusiasm over Ramsay MacDonald's addresses, may I be permitted to register one note of dissent? I am not a Communist and yet it seems to me that it is almost impossible to distinguish MacDonald's remarks from those of the representative of any other capitalistic country who is visiting foreign shores to promote peace and good-will. It is possible that he could not have easily avoided the farcical gesture of placing a wreath on the Unknown Soldier's grave—that pitiful victim of an economic-political holocaust that the Premier himself protested against so heroically. But is it necessary for him to conceal so continually in all his addresses and interviews with the press that he is a Socialist? "People fight," he said, "because something has happened, because a train of circumstances has happened which puts their nerves on edge; which makes them unhappy in their suspicions; which makes them feel unsafe and insecure. . . ." Could anybody infer from this statement that a Socialist is talking? Surely MacDonald the Socialist knows that one of the main causes of war, one that must hold first place in any consideration of the subject, is of an economic nature, and that it is inseparable from the capitalistic regime. Well, what prevented this honest and courageous Scotchman from coming out with it? Admittedly one cannot read his generous words without being moved by their ardent sincerity; but as far as the ideas themselves are concerned, are they much different from those habitually expressed by the Prince of Wales on his perennial missions of good-will?

Brooklyn, New York, October 12 PHILIP POLLACK

The Origin of "Ilk"

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In *The Nation* of September 11 appears that well-worn phrase "of that ilk," also an odd variant—"of the ilk." Both are used to mean "of that kind" or "class" or "sort," and neither really does mean anything of the sort.

Let me tell you that "ilk" is not a noun. It is a Scotch adjective. It means "same" and nothing else. You see, in Scotland men often identify themselves by adding the name of their estate to their family name, as Cameron of Lochiel. If it happens that the estate name is the same as the family name, as Knockwinnock of Knockwinnock, they avoid repetition by saying "Knockwinnock of that ilk"—"of that same (estate)." Used otherwise it is, as the Century Dictionary says, "blunderingly used." See also Fowler's "Modern English Usage" where such use as you have allowed in *The Nation* is said to be due to ignorance or to be an example of "worn-out humor."

CHRISTOPHER WARD

Wilmington, Delaware, September 10

The Alvord Memorial

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: May I call attention in *The Nation* to the fact that the Mississippi Historical Association has made provision for a memorial to Clarence Walworth Alvord and to his distinguished services to the cause of history? I am sure that *The*

Nation and many of its readers will be interested in honoring this man who was until his death one of your greatly valued reviewers. It is proposed to raise a fund of $10,000 or more to promote the publication of source material for the history of the Mississippi Valley. The fund will be administered by a commission chosen by the executive committee of the association, which commission will select an editor-in-chief. The series will be kept within a fixed sum each year and the price and edition of each volume will be controlled so as to insure the maintenance of the fund.

Subscriptions to the Alvord fund for publications are asked by the Mississippi Valley Historical Association, to which checks should be made out. They can be sent to the undersigned. Subscriptions to the fund will be $10 a year and may be canceled on six months' notice.

St. Paul, Minn., October 11 SOLON J. BUCK

Organize the Prisoners

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The recent series of prison revolts, especially that of the Colorado convicts, directs attention to our entire system of penology. Most penologists already admit that conditions in our jails are unspeakable; the great majority of us, however, have no familiarity with these conditions and go on happily, never reflecting that upwards of 200,000 Americans are always in jail, and about 5,000,000 have at one time or another been submitted to demoralizing jail conditions.

In a short letter like this one I can only outline certain suggestions which are usually pushed aside as absurdly fantastic, but which have, nevertheless, been brought nearer reality by the acts of the convicts themselves:

1. Reform must be won by the convicts themselves. The history of prison scandals of over a century proves how little is accomplished from the outside. No class has ever won rights except through its own efforts. Witness the case of trade unionism, women's rights, conscientious objectors, and political prisoners in Russia and elsewhere in Europe. Already the epidemic of prison revolts has aroused the public and forced Mr. Hoover, Roosevelt, and other notables to advocate reform.

2. Convicts constitute a class with as great a community of interests as any other class.

3. It would not, therefore, be difficult to develop class-consciousness among "criminals." In fact, it already exists.

4. But the right kind of class-consciousness does not yet exist among "criminals." In order to attain it they must slough off their own sense of guilt and must develop a conviction that they are victims of society, not culprits. Most of us are already cynically sure that only the poor, stupid, or mentally diseased get into jail, and that it is almost impossible to make a multi-millionaire serve *real* "time." Statistics prove conclusively that the vast majority of prison inmates are recruited from the poor. The criminal, however, must develop an active conviction that poverty and lack of opportunity are his greatest crimes, and that therefore he is entitled to treatment better, not worse, than that accorded wild animals in captivity.

5. Propaganda for this kind of class-consciousness among criminals will have to be made by our young radicals touched by the plight of this great crucified mass of fellow-men. They will also have to do the organizing, both inside and outside jail, at least in the beginning. And they will constitute the link between "criminal" and "non-criminal" public opinion.

6. Convicts must *not* engage in bloody aggressive prison rebellions. The blood must be shed by their jailers, provoked by a determined, passive resistance modeled on that of the conscientious objectors and European politicals, hunger strikes, refusal to cooperate, willingness to die rather than go on under unjust and degrading treatment. Very soon the morale of the better prison wardens, officials, and public will break down in the face of such determination, and the right to humane treatment and to organize for defense of that right, will be accorded the "criminals." I look forward to the time when every convict, inside or outside jail, will have his union card.

New York, October 11 HENRY G. ALSBERG

Swinburne

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I am preparing a history of Swinburne's reputation in England and America and should be grateful for the opportunity of corresponding with any of your readers who may know of unpublished letters written either by the poet or by authors who have made significant critical comments about him. My address is 34 Wendell Street, Cambridge.

Cambridge, Mass., September 9 CLYDE K. HYDER

Help for Marion

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: This is an appeal for help for the Marion strikers which I had hoped I should not have to make again. It is so urgent that no one with any human feeling should stop reading at this point. I make it as chairman of the Emergency Committee for Strikers Relief, 112 East Nineteenth Street, New York City.

As many of your readers know, the Emergency Committee set up some years ago by the League for Industrial Democracy with the help of the American Civil Liberties Union to act as an industrial Red Cross gives aid in those strikes where union funds are insufficient and where the Red Cross adheres to its hands-off policy. We have no office rent and no salaries save for actual secretarial service. We function only when there is an emergency. That emergency, alas, has become acute again at Marion, North Carolina, where we thought the strike was over and the work ended. I need not remind your readers of the broken agreement, the bitter resentment of the workers, the sudden strike, the cruel or panic-stricken sheriff, and the resultant massacre. Six victims have already died and others lie wounded in the hospital. There was not money enough in the village to bury the dead. There is not money enough to pay the bills which the hospital thrusts upon the wounded. Certainly there is not money enough to give the most meager relief to the five or six hundred strikers and their dependents who must look to generous folk for their daily bread.

If this strike in Marion—a strike for elementary honesty to compel an employer to keep an agreement that was almost wholly in his own favor—is defeated by hunger it will add immeasurably to the already great bitterness engendered by the rapid industrialization of the South and the transformation of hill farmers into mill hands. I am sure that among your readers there will be many who want to give and to give promptly. We shall transmit relief without delay if it is sent to the Emergency Committee for Strikers Relief, 112 East Nineteenth Street, New York City, of which Forrest Bailey is treasurer. Bishop Francis J. McConnell, president of the Federal Council of Churches, is a member of the Executive Committee, and the National Executive Committee includes men and women of standing in the fields of social service, religion, and labor.

New York, October 10 NORMAN THOMAS

Books, Films, and Drama

To a Modern Painter

By CORINNA REIMAN MARSH

You paint with mass and color and design
What the musician hears. A tenuous sail,
Mirrored in windless waters like a veil,
Curves in the singing cadence of your line;
Your steeps of snow, blue-shadowed with the hush
Of white on deepening white, toll wintry dirges;
Across your fields aeolian concord surges,
Swept by the orchestration of your brush.
Brass cymbals, muted, clash beneath the roofs
That clamp your huddled houses; pipes of reeds
Blow runic legends of satyric steeds
Roaming your purple woods with cloven hoofs.
What the musician hears your vision sees,
And, seeing, paints in lyric harmonies.

Meditations in a Country Churchyard

By JAMES RORTY

It is hard to live in America.
The dead have no peace, they are
Not truly dead; the moans of the half-born, the hard
Breathing of the unfulfilled are like
A strange wind over America, blowing hot, blowing cold, and we—
How shall we live in this fever?

Graves, empty graves, on moonlight nights I see them rising
Each with his sculptured willow on his back
Going west, going west, or climbing, climbing
Up and up the Golden Stair.

Peace, peace, old moles! I do not love you, grandpapa, and yet
I'll die for you; indeed I've died
A hundred times that you might sleep
More soundly, rot and sweeten, push the green
Rustle of the summer corn and peer
With the gentian, frost-blue at the bannered march
Of autumn.

Peace, peace, old moles! see, this
Is my body, broken on the thorns
Of your uneasy righteousness; and this my blood
Shed for the fears you never dared to face; and these, ah, these
Are my sins, my shining sins I pour
Upon your graves. Now will you sleep, old moles, now will you die?

Graves, empty graves! Oh, when I die
I will not walk so wildly lewd
Beneath the harvest moon.
You will be free, my sons, no fevered pulse of wish or fear
Will parch your brows.
You will be free, my sons, I'll not be caring, having heard
The voice of death, so golden and so round.
Earth at the lips, the taste of death so bitter and so right, and last
The sure, cool hands of death. Oh, never when I die
Will I come back to walk so wildly lewd
Beneath the harvest moon.

Dough-Boy and Hammer-Man

Wings on My Feet. Black Ulysses at the Wars. By Howard W. Odum. The Bobbs-Merrill Company. $2.50.
John Henry. Tracking Down a Negro Legend. By Guy B. Johnson. University of North Carolina Press. $2.

THIS pair of authors cannot be too much admired. They write "social studies" at the University of North Carolina, but what they write is also literature, and it happens to be history of a very fine order. In collaboration they have produced authoritative works on Negro popular poetry. Separately now they make further explorations into the Negro world, bringing back contributions to our knowledge each of which is fascinating and important.

Mr. Odum's book is a sequel to "Rainbow Round My Shoulder," wherein two years ago this sociologist suddenly proved himself a poet. He had got hold of a wonderful hero, John Wesley (Left-Wing) Gordon, laborer, lover, roustabout, razor-sharpener, and crap-shooter through thirty-eight States; he had got hold of "Black Ulysses" and made him talk. And what talk! No one knows, and I hope no one cares, just how much of the "Rainbow" book was Gordon and how much Odum. The arrangement, of course, was Odum's, and the excision and the sense of order. But the language itself, which was the beauty of the book—how much of that was nature, how much art? I suspect that even Mr. Odum could not answer the question, any more than he could say whether the present volume exactly reproduces the account which Black Ulysses gave him of his adventures in the World War. For it is of the American Negro in the World War that the volume treats—as a "social study" if you like, but also as a feat of language and imagination.

My notion is that if a total stranger to America asked me for a description of the uneducated Negro, and if I were foolish enough to attempt so impossible a thing, I should end by giving this stranger "Rainbow Round My Shoulder" and "Wings on My Feet." All that he got would be a Negro talking, but this would be enough in view of the fact that the talk comes direct and pure, with not only the proper diction there but the inflection, the volume of sound, the expression, the gesture as well. And all this without any of the favorite devices of the dialect writer. No misspelling, no labored grotesquerie. It is obvious, to be sure, that Mr. Odum has been conscious of one device: he has left out most of the definite articles, most of the small words which do not get one into the meat of a story. But I like to think that Mr. Odum has for the most part worked without tricks—that Gordon's talk has somehow come straight through him to us. Hear him gambling, for instance:

> Horse an' flea an' couple o' mice,
> Settin' in corner shootin' dice,
> Horse slip up an' fell on flea,
> Flea say ain't that a horse on me.

> Because I'm a gamblin' man I gits blues when I can't git to gamblin' game. Worried in my mind if I can't see them rollin' bones. Because I'm gamblin' man when I die place deck o' cards on my chest, pretty pair dice at bottom of my feet. Therefore you know I'm a gamblin' man an' sweet old game will be with me after I'm gone an' dead in my grave. Skin games first, women next, but if I can't git no skin game, don't want no women at all. Lord, I love yellow girl, I love black ones too, also I love medium brown. But I love my skin game better than I love myself.

The book is a monologue by Gordon, black dough-boy, blue-singer, and magic gamester—"War never got me, never will. Got my buddies, never got me." Mr. Odum has left out even those interludes of his own talk which he put, none too wisely, into "Rainbow." The result, I imagine in my ignorance of such things, is a social study of the first importance. I do know definitely that it is a long delight.

John Henry was a Negro steel driver without any parallel among those who hammered drills into stone in preparation for the blast. Even as a baby boy on his father's knee he had had intimations of a great career which would reach its climax only with death in a tunnel with a hammer in his hand. And sure enough, in or about 1870 he met an immortal fate in the Big Ben Tunnel on the C. & O. railroad in West Virginia. A new contraption had come in, a steam drill which it took no courage or endurance to handle. John Henry tried to beat the steam drill down and vindicate the glory of mere man—"a man ain't nothin' but a man." He did beat it down, there in the Big Ben Tunnel, but died as he did so; and his wife Polly Ann ran down the tracks to where her man had fallen forward with his hammer in his hand.

So at any rate the greatest of all Negro legends goes, and so innumerable ballads do declare. But was there ever a real John Henry, and was this contest held? Mr. Johnson, admitting that in a sense it doesn't matter, has tried to find out, and his book is a description of the attempt. He haunted the Big Ben Tunnel and talked with everybody there; he held John Henry contests in Negro schools and colleges; he worked through the Negro press; he even applied to officials of the Chesapeake & Ohio for old construction data. His conclusion is merely that there *may* have been a man, John Henry, who lived this life and earned this death. There is little proof; only one man with whom Mr. Johnson came in contact claimed to have seen the contest.

The important thing, as Mr. Johnson knows, is that millions of Negroes believe in John Henry, and that the body of songs about him is immeasurably rich. Mr. Johnson prints many versions of what may be supposed the original ballad, and passes expert commentary on the variations. But the most impressive thing about his book is the enthusiastic and sympathetic spirit with which it is written. It is that spirit which marks him as inspired among sociologists, and leads one to expect anything one likes from North Carolina.

MARK VAN DOREN

A Saga of the North

Seven Iron Men. By Paul de Kruif. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $3.

THE iron men of the title are the seven Merritts of Duluth—the tough, unyielding, indomitable sons and grandsons of old Hepzibeth Merritt, who set up her house in the wilderness at the head of the Lakes in 1856, and lived to see it blossom with skyscrapers and Rotarians, golf links and little theaters, bootleggers and cathedrals.

There was iron in the blood of Hepzibeth and so it was natural that her progeny should seek it in the earth. The tale of their long and furious quest makes one of the most melodramatic stories in American history. For years on end they roved the swamps and forests of northern Minnesota, rasped and stiffened by the winter winds, burned by the roaring heats of summer, and stabbed and blistered at all seasons by the endless flies, mosquitoes, gnats, wasps, and lice of the region. The gods played many melancholy tricks upon them. They suffered from wounds, bruises, bites, cold, hunger; they went broke and got into debt; they became comic characters, laughed at by the judicious. Worse, they saw lesser and often ignoble men stumble fatuously upon what they themselves sought so heroically, and so long in vain. But still they kept on, plugging away, hoping against hope, and one day they plunged full-tilt into their Golconda.

This was the famous Mis-sa-be iron range, perhaps the greatest strike ever made by mortal prospector. To this day its richness remains too vast to be estimated soberly. The red, black, and purple ore, bursting with iron, ground to sand by nature and ready for the furnace, lay at the very surface and extended for miles in every direction. Old miners, flocking in to see the marvel, simply stood speechless, their eyes a-pop. There was no question of mining the stuff; all that was necessary was to put in steam-shovels and load it upon cars. So the Merritts, with the town bankers of Duluth now backing them, ran in their rails and began to dig. The wealth ahead of them seemed endless, fabulous. They were plainly headed for such dizzy riches that even a land of millionaires would gasp at the tale.

But then something happened. The panic of 1893 came on and the Merritts, for all their mountains of ore, found themselves short of ready cash. They needed it to extend their railroad to Lake Superior, to buy ore cars, to pay for the thousand and one expensive things that go into the launching of a big business. One day certain affable representatives of John D. Rockefeller appeared in Duluth and offered them help. What followed is somewhat obscure, for various congressional investigating committees and posses of lawyers have muddied it, but there seems to be every reason to believe that the Holy Spirit took a hand in it. The principal Rockefeller agent, in fact, was a gentleman of the cloth, the Rev. Frederick T. Gates, and in the Merritts he found willing hearers of his message, for all of them were baptized men and one of them was even a Methodist preacher. When the panic cleared off and the last hymn was sung they had a paltry half million between them, and John D. and his friends had the Mis-sa-be range—not to mention a neat paper signed by twenty-one Merritts, male and female, certifying that "no misrepresentation was made nor fraud committed by Mr. Rockefeller, or by his agents or attorneys." Today that paper, framed in olive wood from the Holy Land, hangs in John D.'s oratory, and the Merritts sink back into the obscurity whence they came. The greatest of them, Lon, died in 1926 leaving "$1,500 worth of household goods, $800 miscellaneous, and $150 in cash."

Dr. de Kruif does not go into this dark and spookish matter at any length; he states the salient facts and lets it go at that. For one, I would like to see it ventilated more thoroughly, for the strange operations of the Holy Spirit have interested me since childhood. But de Kruif is mainly concerned with the way the Mis-sa-be range was won, not with the way it was lost. His story is a gorgeous piece of narrative writing. With unfailing skill he unwinds its tortuous links and lays them out straight and clear. The Merritts leap from the chronicle in all the colors of life—especially Lon, the king of them all, with his maudlin poetizing, his childlike faith in mankind, and his incredible tropical hat. It is a tale full of thrills, shot through with sardonic humors. All the virtues that made "Microbe Hunters" and "Hunger Fighters" so exhilarating are in it.

H. L. MENCKEN

Mexican Culture

Idols Behind Altars. By Anita Brenner. Payson and Clarke. $5.

MEXICO for the four hundred years succeeding the Spanish Conquest lacked a civilization that could be defined as national. Immediately after the great social revolutionary period of 1910 to 1921, intellectuals, artists, politicians, and statesmen sought desperately to make the people race-conscious by providing them with controls for social and material culture indigenous to the country, in place of the former temporizations with a west-European culture complex. The evanescent quality of political and economic systems renders difficult their preservation for long and over great stretches of time. It is the anthropologist's material culture, or the relatively imperishable remains of man, that synthesizes the history of a race, since it shows the product of a nation's activity and not the aspiration and opinion of individuals. Miss Brenner touches lightly on the succession of viceroys and presidents and concerns herself with the fortunes of the culture of Mexico. A reading of her book enables one to realize the quality and the potentiality of the country as one could not from a political history; for in Mexico the individual in power, no matter how strongly he is enthroned on a governmental or economic dais, has been transitory and apart from the groping development of the country.

To sympathize with the aspirations of Mexico and its past and present condition several facts need to be remembered. The aboriginal population of Mexico is not homogeneous. Well over a score of tongues, several distinct types of culture, and a host of political entities obtained in Mexico before the conquest. The high civilizations, like the Maya, the Zapotec, the Toltec, and the Aztec, had in common the trait of theocratic government. To the propitiation of gods was consecrated all of human endeavor. Yet between the people and their gods lay the priesthood who insulated the religion from any close personal participation in it by the common people. There was no passionate devotion but an abased following of ritual. Furthermore, ideals of beauty lay in harmony of line rather than in the sublimation of the physical or sexual ideal.

After the conquest the substitution of Christian for indigenous theology proceeded rapidly and with very little friction. The Catholic ritual offered a more direct contact between the people and the higher power. It must have made small difference to the indigenous Mexican whether he carved, in the place of a maize-goddess, the Virgin, since there was always the directing priestly hand. But the conquest of 1519 brought one strong contrast to the earlier life, namely, the rise in power of the individual. The indigenous priests were as humble before their gods as the commoners were before their priests, but after the conquest the ruling classes were unbridled whites and mestizos. The Indian, used to an unaccented life of vague oppression was largely untouched. When the leavening of active individuals from the Indian mass began, after the wars of independence from Spain, this heedlessness of restraint extended still more widely. At the same time, art controlled by priests for the commoners declined as the church was shorn of its temporal power. Native art was practiced only in an aboriginal sense; conscious developments were pale copies of the more tasteless elegancies of Western Europe.

The situation at the close of the 1910-1921 revolutions was, then, inevitable. The mass of the people were inert and lethargic after the apathy of centuries. Whoever rose above the ruck of peonage was a passionate individualist, cynical of eternal truths and of the affirmations of the civilized. The progress of the revolutions had jolted many clear of the soil, and these are the men that strive now to create a nation with a united ethnic consciousness and with arts expressive of their violent nationality. In their attempts to instil a passionately individualistic spirit into the heavy mass of an abstract and theological art, in the reconciliation of modern West-European culture with the Indian and the colonial, and in their efforts to increase in the people individual responsibility for the body politic we see Mexico trying to resolve its myriad problems to their fundamental sources.

Miss Brenner describes these complexities of Mexico with sympathy, clarity, and vision. She surveys the problem from many angles and in many moods. Her style reflects the peculiar spirit of modern Mexico—feverish activity of thought, precipitate action, defeatism in contemplating the immutability of nature and the transitory futility of individual man, and a hopeful intellectual cynicism. What she offers, however, is appreciations rather than solutions. She deals with the real Mexico in terms of itself, and not with the political Mexico which must treat with the powers which have exploited it and helped it to exploit itself. Only a Mexican, perhaps, can fully understand Mexico, but Miss Brenner's book shows why, for others, the understanding must be incomplete.

GEORGE C. VAILLANT

Confessions of George Sand

The Intimate Journal of George Sand. Edited and Translated by Marie Jenney Howe. The John Day Company. $3.50.

FEW people are aware of the most important influence in their lives, and George Sand, though an excellent psychologist, was no exception to the rule. In her "Intimate Journal," edited and translated by Marie Jenney Howe, she says far too little of the grandmother who shaped her life. Aurore Dupin the elder was the granddaughter of August the Strong of Saxony and the daughter-in-law of Louis XV of France. But for the bar sinister in both cases she would have been doubly a princess, by birth and by marriage. She bore herself as if she were one. Her little granddaughter stood in such awe of her that she could never see the strange old lady as she really was. Not even after little Aurore Dupin had grown into the great George Sand could she penetrate the outward form of her august grandmother. Fortunately the novelist's memories include one deep revealing glimpse into that buried soul. The meeting of Madame Dupin with Jean-Jacques Rousseau is the moment preserved. She did not need to be introduced. "Jean-Jacques had been described to her so often that she recognized him at once. She tried to speak, but burst into tears." Rousseau responded by weeping also. Madame Dupin's husband tried to restrain himself but he also gave way. "The three then hastened to the dinner-table, so that all this weeping might be controlled." But Madame Dupin could not eat and Jean-Jacques soon slipped away without having spoken a word. His "Nouvelle Héloïse," however, the touchstone of all romantic hearts of that era, remained to comfort his passionate young admirer. This exquisitely sensitive young lady was the same stern Madame Dupin who brought up George Sand later. Beneath all her crisp disillusionment the trembling little bride of Rousseau's spirit still lived on, presiding, potent and unseen, over George Sand's childhood.

Aurore Dupin, known as George Sand, was an only child. Her father was a soldier who was killed by a fall from his horse when Aurore was only five years old. Her mother was a simple girl whom her father had married in Paris and had brought back to his ancestral home just before his fatal accident. The child afterwards became a bone of contention be-

tween her mother and her grandmother, until old Madame Dupin, with a final snarl of triumph carried off the bone. George Sand always looked upon her mother's failure to defend her claim as a desertion, but the superior age, rank, and intelligence of the elder woman make it possible that the younger was more sinned against than sinning. Whatever the merits of the question, George always felt that her mother had abandoned her, and to this extent at least the frivolous woman had done just that. With this painful impression of her mother and with the gruesome memory of her father's shocking end, the little girl grew up at Nohant. Her companions were her grandmother and her father's old tutor, who now became her own. Small wonder that the child assimilated the dead Maurice Dupin's personality until she finally spoke like a man, dressed like a man, and loved like a man. "Adieu, golden hair, adieu, white shoulders; adieu to all that once was mine," she wrote to Alfred de Musset. Small wonder that she adopted a man's name and so identified herself with it that it became her own.

Her formal education was but scanty. She says of herself that she could not learn arithmetic. Three years in an English convent were devoted to an intense religious experience far beyond the usual excesses of adolescence in this line. Her tutor, Deschartres, was a disappointed doctor and George Sand learned from him something about medicine. She fancied herself very much of a physician, keeping a skull on her writing table, treating the peasants for their various ills, and calling herself in her fantasies Dr. Piffoël. However, her medical training seems to have done her most good in helping her through periods of intense melancholia by fixing her attention on her physical organs instead of on her mental states. If in consequence she was something of an invalid it was perhaps a small cost to pay to keep her mental balance.

Her career as an author was apparently foreordained. Even as a child she gave her fantasies a form and a name. Her mother is said to have been a lively story-teller, but her grandmother, who had once wept at the sight of a famous author, may have felt an enthusiasm for his art which was all the more powerful for having been thwarted. "I would have walked ten leagues to see Monsieur Balzac," said George Sand of herself in her early married life. It was a strange desire to have possessed the young wife and mother and foretold the divided allegiance which was the torment of her life.

George Sand, let it be especially noted, had German blood in her veins. Through it she was allied with the greatest of all the mystics who dominated her age. Her "Lélia" was compared with "Werther." The visions of the "Intimate Journal" rival those of Theodor Hoffmann, the author of the eerie "Tales." The description of her horse-back rides in the middle of the night is not so much a picture as a mood, a *Stimmung,* such as the German romantic poets of her time delighted to evoke. Her editor Buloz was immensely pleased with her eccentric life and the unparalleled publicity which it gave her. But he did not like it when she expressed unconventional and extreme opinions in her pages. For George Sand was a writer with ideas as well as a novelist and poet. On subjects like education, politics, and economics she held advanced views and, like most ardent intellectuals of her time, she was interested in socialism and intrigued by phrenology. She dabbled in practical reforms and in some unpractical ones, but she was too much of a day-dreamer to stray far in this path. Her ideas on writing are well worth the study of anyone who strives to practice the art; while, as Marie Howe fittingly points out, her theories of education are astonishingly modern. Her comments on her own past life, made at the age of sixty-four, are trenchant and penetrating, such as old Madame Dupin herself might have made on looking backward. "No doubt I cherished the illusion of greatness," writes the elderly George Sand. "It was the fashion in those days. I see now that goodness and sincerity are quite enough for me to undertake."

Marie Jenney Howe has provided us with much valuable and original material by the translation of these memoirs. The inclusion of the work of Madame Aurore Sand, George Sand's favorite granddaughter, gives a chivalrous as well as an authentic touch to the volume. For, in addition to its other admirable qualities, the book is the personal tribute of one much-revered woman to the memory of another. Marie Howe has laid a golden wreath on George Sand's monument.

KATHARINE ANTHONY

A Fine American Novel

A Farewell to Arms. By Ernest Hemingway. Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50.

RECENTLY there have been laid down a number of dicta anent what the modern novel may not do if it is to remain a modern novel. One of them is to the effect that a representation of a simple love affair is impossible in our day. Another tells us that it is difficult, if not impossible, to reproduce the emotion of male friendship or love, as the present shift in sex conventions tends to surround the theme with an ambiguous atmosphere. A third dictum concerns itself with the impossibility of true tragedy in contemporary literature. A fourth, not so much a stated law as a pervasive feeling, would insist on the irrelevance to our time of the "non-intellectual" or "primitive" novel. Now, none of these generalizations is silly; there is a great deal of truth in all of them. It just happens that Mr. Hemingway, quite unconsciously, has produced a book which upsets all of them at once and so makes them seem more foolish than they really are. Worse still, his book is not merely a good book but a remarkably beautiful book; and it is not merely modern, but the very apotheosis of a kind of modernism. Mr. Hemingway is simply one of those inconvenient novelists who won't take the trouble to learn the rules of the game. It is all very embarrassing.

Take the business of love, for example. Neither Catherine nor Henry in "A Farewell to Arms" is a very complicated person. They are pretty intelligent about themselves but they are not over self-conscious. There are few kinks in their natures. I don't suppose they could produce one mental perversion between them. They fall in love in a simple, healthy manner, make love passionately and movingly; and when Catherine dies the reader is quite well aware that he has passed through a major tragic experience. Their story seems too simple to be "modern"; yet it is as contemporary as you wish. It seems too simple to be interesting; yet it is gripping, almost heartbreaking. I don't think any complex explanations are in order. I offer the familiar one that Hemingway, almost alone among his generation, feels his material very deeply and that he never overworks that material. Understatement is not so much a method with him as an instinctive habit of mind. (It is more or less an accident that it also happens to harmonize with the contemporary anti-romantic tendency.) Consequently we believe in his love story.

Similarly with the second motif of the book: the emotion of male affection, exemplified in the relationship between Henry and Rinaldi. This is the most perilous theme of all. With some of us a fake Freudism has inclined our minds to the cynical. Others, simpler temperaments, inevitably think of comradeship in oozily sentimental terms, the Kipling strong-men-and-brothers-all business. Hemingway seems unaware of either attitude. Perhaps that unawareness partially explains his success. At any rate, without in any way straining our credulity he makes us feel that this very sense of comradeship

—nordically reticent in Henry's case, blasphemously, ironically effusive in Rinaldi's—was one of the few things that mitigated the horror and stupidity of the war.

I have rarely read a more "non-intellectual" book than "A Farewell to Arms." This non-intellectuality is not connected with Hemingway's much-discussed objectivity. It is implicit in his temperament. He is that marvelous combination—a highly intelligent naïf. I do not mean that he writes without thought, for as a matter of obvious fact he is one of the best craftsmen alive. But he feels his story entirely in emotional and narrative terms. He is almost directly opposed in temper, for example, to Sherwood Anderson, who would like to give the effect of naivete but can't because he is always thinking about his own simplicity. "A Farewell to Arms" revolves about two strong, simple feelings: love for a beautiful and noble woman, affection for one's comrades. When it is not concerned with these two feelings it is simply exciting narrative—the retreat from Caporetto, the nocturnal escape to Switzerland. The whole book exists on a plane of strong feeling or of thrilling human adventure. It is impossible to feel superior to Hemingway's primitiveness, his insensibility to "ideas," because he strikes no attitude. A large part of the novel deals with simple things—eating cheese, drinking wine, sleeping with women. But he does not try to make you feel that these activities are "elemental" or overly significant. They are just integral parts of a personality which is strong and whole. Therein lies their effect on us. It is impossible to be patronizing about Henry's, or Hemingway's, complete contemporaneity, his mental divorcement from the past, the antique, the classical, the gentlemanly, cultured tradition. "The frescoes were not bad," remarks the hero at one point. "Any frescoes were good when they started to peel and flake off." This is not merely humorous; it is the reflection of a mind reacting freshly, freely, with an irony that is modern, yet simple and unaffected.

"A Farewell to Arms" is not perfect by any means, nor, to me at least, interesting all the way through. I find the military descriptions dull, and for a paradoxical reason. Hemingway's crisp, curt, casual style, so admirably suited to the rest of his narrative, fails in the military portions because of these very qualities. It is too much like a regulation dispatch. Military reports have always been written in a sort of vulgar Hemingwayese; therefore they give no sense of novelty or surprise. But a detail like this does not matter much; the core of "A Farewell to Arms" remains untouched. It is certainly Hemingway's best book to date. There seems no reason why it should not secure the Pulitzer Prize for, despite the Italian setting, it is as American as Times Square. It is a real occasion for patriotic rejoicing.

CLIFTON P. FADIMAN

Nuns and Their Pupils

Convent Girl. By Helene Mullins. Harper and Brothers. $2.50.

NUNS have long held and will no doubt continue to hold a very reserved nook in the public mind. Art and poetry have combined to consecrate the figure of the gentle, pale-faced woman in black habit and white hood, bowed before the crucifix "breathless in adoration." History, in harmony with art, passes on the background of processions of pious fugitives bereaved of their convent homes by hostile governments; or of white-robed sisters gliding noiselessly from bed to bed in wards of hospitals hastily erected to care for wounded soldiers. It was inevitable that some corrective to the over-idealized figure should in time be administered, and "Convent Girl" supplies the needed corrective in a deft and sprightly way.

Helene Mullins tells of her contacts with nuns during her school years. She draws skilfully five types of nuns, and without either squeamishness or unfairness describes their idiosyncrasies. The five are Clement, the somewhat cattish saint; Martha, human but unspiritual; Juliana the garrulous; Thecla the pallid and colorless; and Mary Ambrose the "prudent" Superior. For Thecla the girl develops a "crush." "From that hour I lived but for glimpses of her, diligently setting myself to learn, without too openly inquiring, her occupations and her habits, so that I might guess at what moments and in what places I should be most likely to see her." Further, she searches for knowledge of the real Saint Thecla in a "Lives of Saints" which by strategy she borrows from Clement, but Clement cleverly finds out what "Life" she has read and learns her romantic secret: "So! Saint Thecla! That's how it is!"

By recounting these and other episodes and escapades that upset the harmony of convent school life, Miss Mullins succeeds in giving a realistic, if slightly disturbing, picture of the curious relation which exists between the Catholic girl and her Alma Mater; but she confines herself to the psychology of that situation and refrains from fundamental criticisms of any kind. Her style is not fully emancipated from the influence of the sixteenth century Spanish writing which nuns read to their classes, but her gifts as an artist are unmistakable and her insight into character is distinctly shrewd. While not professedly attempting to enhance the prestige of convent-schools, she implicitly adds her testimony to the fact that nuns put high ideals before their pupils. "Convent Girl" is daring, independent, and fair, and is certain to interest enormously all who have had to tread the highly polished, slippery floors of convent parlors.

E. BOYD BARRETT

A Curious Background

The Background of the Russian Revolution. By Alexander Meyendorff. Henry Holt and Company. $2.50.

THE author of "The Background of the Russian Revolution" is described on the jacket of his book as a Russian baron, a former vice-president of the Imperial Duma, and at present attached as reader in Russian institutions and economics to the University of London. His book consists of three short essays, delivered last year as the Colver lectures at Brown University. The text is generously interlarded with American references and comparisons. These afford the American reader unversed in Russian or Soviet values a basis for appraising the author.

In one of these references, by a bit of unconscious perversion, the author attempts to make Dr. Charles A. Beard his authority for listing Samuel Adams, Thomas Paine, Patrick Henry, and Jefferson as among the principal framers of the American Constitution. Dr. Beard, of course, was in process of making the point that none of these four revolutionary leaders attended the constitutional convention or had anything to do with the framing. Again, the author quotes a statement before the State legislature, by Governor Morley of Colorado, on the limitations of state government as opposed to the federal power, and uses this as a text for some ponderous theorizing on the natural restrictions of the state. These two grotesqueries are not untypical. They are all the more amazing because in his preface the author assures us that his manuscript was edited by a number of reputable American scholars. One must assume that these scholars and the auditors at the Colver lectures were alike persons of an uncommonly charitable nature.

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naive little mysticisms, buttressed by hundreds of quotations from major and minor prophets including Voltaire, Calvin Coolidge, and Dr. Will Durant. Each essay is overbalanced by a mass of notes, usually quite irrelevant and trivial, which run to twice the length of the text proper. It is in the notes that the author gives himself free rein. He resurrects the long discredited Sisson documents to prove that Lenin was merely a Mongolian agent of the German Kaiser. He also states that the Czarist regime piled up such a generous surplus that for twelve years, having produced nothing under the Soviet power, the country "has maintained itself exclusively on the accumulated wealth of the old regime."

Mr. Meyendorff's main thesis is simple. Czardom was a European, in other words a civilizing, influence in Russia. It was a bit too advanced for the Eurasian culture. It had installed popular representation through the Imperial Duma and was speedily transferring all the land to the peasants. Under the circumstances the revolutionary upheaval was a puzzle. The only seemly explanation is that the population resented this steady Europeanization. They reverted to "Eurasianism" and followed the mongol-faced Lenin. In support of this airy theory the author deigns to submit no facts. He ignores the reality that if the government had become representative the population evidently was unaware of it. He leaps delicately over the reality that if the land was rapidly passing to those who tilled it the mujik was too stupid to realize it, possibly because before his eyes the greater part of it was still held by the crown, the church, and the larger owners; and he was conscious of paying for his tiny strips upwards of $200,000,000 yearly to absentee landlords. The author is not concerned with the immediate causal actuality that the distributive system had ceased to function and the masses in the cities were starving. He is equally unconcerned over the vulgar fact that the masses in the army, having seen some 7,000,000 of their comrades swallowed up in the shambles under the compulsion of titled nincompoops, were determined to cry quits and go home.

The intellectual relics of Czarist days should restrain themselves from the writing of books. Their pens betray them. The dispassionate reader is forced to marvel that seemingly educated men could be so ignorant of their own country, or indeed of the things of this world. The only thing their pages clarify is the reason why they have become émigrés.

HAROLD KELLOCK

Poetry Briefs

The Profession of Poetry and Other Lectures. By H. W. Garrod. Oxford University Press. $4.50.

Most of these lectures were delivered at Oxford during the years 1923-1928 when Mr. Garrod was professor of poetry. Miscellaneous in the extreme, they reveal certain aspects of Mr. Garrod which his more unified volumes on Wordsworth, Keats, and Collins do not show. For instance, in three of them he treats such modern poets as Housman, Rupert Brooke, and Humbert Wolfe, and in doing so betrays less wisdom and skill than we had grown accustomed to expecting from him in the discussion of established names. Not that his old wit and his superb style are any the less in evidence; simply that he is somewhat outside his province. As always, however, he is rich, suggestive, and frequently epigrammatic—as when, after defending Matthew Arnold's concern with moral poetry, he goes on to say that he does not mean didactic poetry: "What is the matter with didactic poetry, of course, is not that it is didactic, but that it is not—there is nothing to be learned from it." On other matters, too, Mr. Garrod is equally profound and final.

Chief Modern Poets of England and America. Selected and Edited by Gerald DeWitt Sanders and John Herbert Nelson. The Macmillan Company. $2.25.

At last here is an anthology of contemporary verse which has the good sense to confine itself to the work of a few poets and to give a great deal of that. No other scheme is of any practical value, and none certainly has any poetical significance. The editors have chosen twenty-six poets, from Hardy to Millay, and have presented enough material by each—in some cases as many as thirty poems—to make some kind of judgment possible. The selection is almost everywhere good, and—another uncommon virtue—almost always brings the poet in question down to date instead of going over the familiar ground of his early work. In the case of Hardy, indeed, rather too much attention is paid to the later poetry.

The Winged Horse Anthology. By Joseph Auslander and Frank Ernest Hill. With Decorations by Paul Honoré. Doubleday, Doran and Company. $5.

This is a companion volume to "The Winged Horse," in which Mr. Auslander and Mr. Hill wrote a popular history of poetry. The anthology of British and American poems which they have now made runs all the way from Chaucer and the ballads to Housman, Hardy, Sandburg, Jeffers, Benét, et al. They claim a certain novelty for the book, and they have achieved it by refusing to restrict their selections to the kind of short and often stereotyped lyric inevitable in most such collections. They have gone in for narrative poems of some length, and in the cases of Shakespeare and Marlowe have reprinted distinguished passages from the plays. In other words they have striven for "the major note," and this was an excellent thing to do in a day when, as we have recently been reminded, anthologies threaten to debauch us with an abundance of trifles.

The Oxford Book of Regency Verse. Edited by H. S. Milford. Oxford University Press. $3.75.

Mr. Milford's anthology covers the period between the "Oxford Book of Eighteenth Century Verse" and the "Oxford Book of Victorian Verse." It begins, that is to say, with Wordsworth and Coleridge and ends with the early work of Tennyson and Browning. Much of the field was already very familiar, since it contained not only the four poets mentioned but Landor, Byron, Keats, Shelley, and the later Blake. The reader will look still further, however, to the minor figures—Beddoes, Darley, Hood, Peacock, and Hogg. And particularly in the cases of Darley and Hood, as Mr. Milford promises in his preface, will satisfaction be found. Hood is represented in his graceful serious work, and Darley may be said to have here his first introduction to the twentieth-century reader.

The Book Shelf

Oswald Garrison Villard's *John Brown: A Biography,* originally published in 1910 by Houghton Mifflin Company, has been taken over and reissued by Doubleday, Doran ($4). A few emendations have been made in the text.

A Great Rich Man: The Romance of Sir Walter Scott, by Louise Schutz Boas (Longmans, Green and Company; $3.50), is offered as "the story of a man who found literature magnificently profitable."

Changing New England, by Edward Elwell Whiting (The Century Company; $2.50), sketches a variety of social changes in New England during the past three hundred years and offers suggestions regarding the significance of the region in national life at the present time.

THREE ESSAYS

by Thomas Mann

Author of *The Magic Mountain*

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The American Legion in Iowa, a history of the organization, has been compiled for the State Historical Society of Iowa by Jacob A. Swisher (Iowa City: The Society).

The Amazing Benjamin Franklin, compiled and edited by J. Henry Smythe, Jr. (Frederick A. Stokes Company; $3), is a collection of upwards of forty appreciations of Franklin by contemporary public men, educators, and others. The book is issued under the auspices of the Philadelphia Chapter of the Sons of the American Revolution.

Forty Years with General Electric, by John T. Broderich (Albany: Fort Orange Press), offers much interesting information about the corporation and persons connected with it.

Zehn Jahre Rheinlandbesetzung, by Georg Reismüller and Josef Hofmann (Breslau: Ferdinand Hirt; 10 marks), lists, and in most cases annotates, 2,353 books, documents, articles, and other publications relating to the Rhineland and the Saar under ten years of Allied occupation.

A Selection of Cases and Other Readings on the Law of Nations, by Edwin DeWitt Dickinson of the University of Michigan (McGraw-Hill Book Company; $6), is a stout volume of 1,133 pages intended primarily for classroom use. The selections, chosen mainly with regard to the interpretation and application of international law by British and American courts, include extracts from constitutions, statutes, codes, and treaties as well as from judicial decisions, and are extensively annotated.

Creating the Short Story: A Symposium-Anthology, with an introduction by Henry Goodman of Hunter College (Harcourt, Brace and Company; $2.75), contains twenty-one stories by Sherwood Anderson, Ernest Hemingway, Ruth Suckow, Zona Gale, Waldo Frank, and others. Each story is prefaced by some observations by the author on stories and story-writing.

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EVELYN SCOTT
in *Books* of the *New York Herald-Tribune*

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The world's most important political event of the year was the English parliamentary election held last summer.

The stirring events leading up to it, such as the general strike, the break with Russia, the problem of unemployment and the flapper vote, all coupled with the English parliamentary set-up, the registration of twenty-eight million voters out of a population of forty million people, the style of campaigning, the casting of 85% of the registered vote without the burning of red fire and the blaring of trumpets; the result of the voting, its immediate effect on the political and economic life of the people and its bearing on world politics, makes an exceedingly interesting story, and doubly so when told by an intensely interesting personality.

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Films

The Talkies Advancing

THERE are two reasons why Rouben Mamoulian's "Applause" (Criterion) is one of the most significant talking pictures that has yet been produced in this country. Its first claim to distinction is that rare thing the artist's touch, a quality which proclaims a cultured and sensitive mind attuned to the medium of its expression. Its second claim rests on its convincing demonstration of the ability of the talking picture to create drama which is not modeled after the stage.

Mr. Mamoulian is a newcomer to the movies. But the man who directed "Porgy" did not come empty-handed to his new task. He brought with him an extremely fine sense of pictorial and dramatic values. His story was conventional—one of those sentimentalized romances of back-stage life with which the film producers are now feeding the public; and his actors were hardly above the average as far as Broadway standards go. Yet in spite of the rather poor material he had to work with Mr. Mamoulian has created, if not quite a masterpiece, at least a genuine work of art that occasionally thrills one with its beauty and sardonic humor.

Perhaps the most striking achievement of Mr. Mamoulian is the sustained sense of unity, of an atmosphere, with which he infuses his play as a whole. The sordidness of its realistic detail is not to be gainsaid; yet how mordant and spicy it is, how different in its imaginative treatment from the countless scenes of chorus girls on the stage as found in even the best of Hollywood's films! Particularly striking, also, is the opening sequence showing a desolate street with bits of paper blown by the wind, then a solitary dog running this way and that, then groups of excited children and, finally, as a climax, the street parade of the burlesque troupe, with the volume of sound rising from scene to scene until it swells to a cacophonous blare of the actors' trumpets. Since Mr. Dudley Murphy's "St. Louis Blues," a very remarkable little picture in its own way, this is unquestionably the most satisfying instance of cinematic treatment of sound. Another instance, even more important in its implications because of the far-reaching developments it foreshadows, is to be found in Mr. Mamoulian's use of the "split screen"—that is, two independent scenes shown side by side. Taken as a whole, however, "Applause" is not free from some important defects. The dramatic values of its dialogue are not so well brought out as are those of the visual images, and there is a consequent loss of emotional effect. Nor is Mr. Mamoulian's almost continuous use of the moving camera wholly convincing. It slows up action where an imaginative "cutting," like that in Eisenstein's "Potemkin," would have given speed and concentration of interest. Besides, with its bouncing horizon and its emphasis upon the outline of the picture, the moving camera gives a view of the world as it might be seen by an elephant out of a closed car, rather than by a human being walking in the open.

The English picture "Blackmail" (Selwyn) is a creditable piece of work. It tells its story smoothly and effectively with due regard for dramatic climaxes. But while intelligent and on occasions even ingenious, it lacks the imaginative quality that stamps a work of art. The best that can be said for it is that as a talkie it does as well as an average silent picture would.

The best musical comedy, no doubt, that has come out of Hollywood is "Sunny Side Up" (Gaiety). As mere comedy it is excruciatingly funny; as musical entertainment it is—well, let us say, harmless; as an example of smart and dashing Hollywood workmanship at its best it is unique.

ALEXANDER BAKSHY

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Drama

Bad Luck and Bad Manners

THE versatility, competence, and sincerity of Alice Brady put her very nearly at the top of the list of American actresses. It was to be hoped that when she joined the Theater Guild she would at last be provided with a vehicle worthy of her talents, but bad luck, following her even there, has decreed that "Karl and Anna" (Guild Theater) should be a bafflingly disappointing play. Though no pains have been spared in producing it; though the direction is excellent and most of the roles are well cast; yet this story of a German Enoch Arden who returned from a prison camp to discover that his best friend had replaced him in the life of his adored wife fails singularly to engage the interest of the audience. It is flat, it is spiritless, and it leaves the spectator not so much unconvinced as simply unconcerned.

So completely negative are the defects of the play that they are difficult to analyze, but it may at least be said that one gets nothing out of it except the bare situation. One is told that Richard relieved the tedium of his imprisonment by relating to Karl all the details of his married life, and that Karl, having escaped, tried to pass himself off as the returned husband. One is told further that although Anna saw through the deception she found herself irresistibly drawn to the stranger who gradually replaced Richard in her affections. But though one believes, after a fashion, what one has been told, one does not understand precisely why one has been told it.

Such a tale might be made the vehicle for any of several different themes. It might, like Tennyson's poem, become the occasion for a sentimental glorification of renunciation. It might, on the other hand, be considered as a favorable opportunity for certain cynical observations concerning the fact that, in love, propinquity is not unlikely to triumph over memory. In the present case neither of these themes is developed. Indeed, one is led to guess that the author intended to focus the attention upon the mysterious force which seemed to predestine the two for one another, and that for him the center of the story was the scene in which they are drawn together by some power beyond their comprehension. But there is hardly more of mysticism than there is of sentiment or cynicism. When the husband, having lifted an ax to split the head of his friend, puts it down and departs, one is simply left wondering what it was all about. "Karl and Anna" is said to have been based upon an effective story. Probably the secret of its failure is to be found in that fact, for I cannot recall a single example of the dramatization of a piece of fiction from which most of the meaning of the original had not somehow evaporated.

If Miss Brady is the victim of misfortune, Miss Jane Cowl appears to be guilty of something very like bad manners in choosing to show herself in "Jenny" (Booth Theater), for here is one of those plays which really please no one except the leading actress. In it she appears as a sort of feminine "Third Floor Back" who uses her sex appeal to set everything right in a sadly disarranged family. She is—or rather she is supposed to be—mysterious, fascinating, brilliant, and irresistible. She comes surrounded by an aura of fame; she scatters pearls of wisdom; she scintillates with wit; and she promptly dazzles every man or woman who sees her. Impeccably chic, her heart is nevertheless in precisely the right place; sophisticated to the last degree, she is nevertheless firmly on the side of the angels. And Miss Cowl, obviously delighted with the role which she is playing, romps through it all *con amore*, punctuating nearly every one of her remarks with throaty, self-satisfied chuckles which seem to say: "Mark that! and that! and that! Was ever any woman so completely irresistible before?"

It is true that certain of her female admirers may be heard over the audience whispering to one another exclamations of delight, but for those who do not come prepared with incense to burn the proceedings are more than silly and one feels that painful, vicarious embarrassment occasioned by the spectacle of anyone who is too obviously showing off. Doubtless this sort of exhibitionism is understandable enough. Doubtless it is pleasant to be permitted to attribute to oneself all the virtues and to enact a day-dream in public. But the stars who permit themselves this kind of indulgence have ultimately to pay the penalty for forgetting an important fact: the theater exists to entertain the audience, not the actors.

"Mlle Burrat," the new addition to the program of the Civic Repertory Theater, is a careful and slow-moving genre study of French provincial life. It is made mildly interesting by the richness of its amusing detail but the story is neither very interesting nor very new. Certain of the performances, notably that by Alma Kruger as the miserly mother, are excellent.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

"June Moon" (Broadhurst Theater) fulfils all one's expectations of a Lardner-Kaufman collaboration. The sharp satire of the former is adulterated by the buffooneries of the latter in this exposé of the song-writer's trade. The play is excellently cast. Mr. Norman Foster is particularly convincing as the nice lyrical moron from Schenectady.

M. G.

Contributors to This Issue

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CARTER GOODRICH, associate professor of economics at the University of Michigan, made his study of Australian labor under a fellowship of the Social Science Research Council.

□ PLAYS □ FILMS □ LECTURES *(continued on page following)*

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International Relations Section

Labor in Queensland*

By CARTER GOODRICH

"LABOR in Queensland is a record breaker. Its fourteen years of continued rule established a record unparalleled in any part of the world. And now . . . it has set up another record. It is doubtful if any party ever before sustained a defeat so overwhelming." In these words the *Australian Worker* described the elections of May 11 which turned a Labor majority of fourteen seats into a minority of eighteen. And since it is a defeat in the Queensland where William Lane first preached the doctrine of "matehood" between skilled and unskilled workers and in the Queensland whose government had boasted of the triumphs of "Socialism at Work," the results may indeed be of greater significance than the political overturns that have been of more frequent occurrence in the other Australian states. Labor has been badly beaten in its greatest stronghold. What, then, does it mean? Is the defeat to be taken, as American editorials have hastened to take it, as the failure of socialism at work? Does it prove the unfitness of Labor to govern? Is it to be interpreted as a sign that Australia is turning permanently away from the Labor Party which it was the first to raise to power?

Complete and confident answers cannot be given. No election appears capable of a simple explanation—not even when it is nine thousand miles away; and in this as in others many trivial cross-currents were at work. Yet some light may be thrown upon these questions by a consideration of the record of Labor's long term of office. In the first place, this makes it clear that any socialism that was at issue was of a much diluted and a somewhat disillusioned variety. Politically the Labor Party in Queensland, as in the rest of the Commonwealth, has been far more a labor-legislation party and far more a "farm-relief" party than a socialist party in any strict sense. Its first concern has been with immediate labor conditions. "The unions turned to political action to secure those things for which they had formerly striven by industrial means." To this end, they set up a system of compulsory arbitration under which "preference to unionists" is almost universal and the minimum wage is the highest in Australia. They wrote the forty-four-hour week into the law of the state, established a comprehensive scheme of unemployment insurance on the British model, and passed other pieces of social legislation that seem to have played their part along with the climate in giving Queensland the lowest infant mortality of any state or nation except New Zealand. Almost as much of the party's attention has been engrossed by the land question. Wherever Australian Labor has had great electoral successes, it has been more of a farmer-labor party than a strictly wage-earners' organization; and the nationwide attempt to place the small man on the land and to keep him there in competition with the hated "squatter," or great pastoralist, has nowhere been pressed more vigorously than by Queensland Labor.

As compared to these issues, the party's interest in the socialism of state enterprise has all along been distinctly secondary. Even so, however, the list of state ventures seems long and varied to an American observer. The Queensland Labor Government for part or all of its term ran the railways, navigated a steamship, raised cattle, sold meat and fish, administered estates and trust funds, and wrote insurance.

Yet this is much less a proof of Labor's socialism than it seems. The railways, as elsewhere in Australia, had been nationalized before a Labor Party had been thought of. The shipping venture was a temporary war-time expedient. And even in Labor's more deliberate incursions into the field of business enterprise, its purposes typically fell far short of the full socialist ideal. Its favorite policy was "state competition" rather than "state monopoly"; and the official statement of it, in the pamphlet "Socialism at Work," runs in terms of price regulation rather than of any economies of unification or possibilities of workers' control. Rings and combines—so the argument goes—have removed the safeguard of competition. What, then, is to be done? "One class of reformers would seek to protect the public from the exactions of monopolists by regulation. But experience, both within and outside the Commonwealth, especially in America, has shown how many and how serious are the difficulties standing in the way. . . . An alternative plan has been straightout nationalization. . . . The Queensland Government in most of the enterprises . . . shaped a middle course between these two methods." This third course was the entrance of the Government, *as an ordinary competitor,* into trades where prices seemed exorbitant, not in order "to capture the whole of the business, but to force the private sellers, by means of legitimate competition, to treat their customers fairly."

So, when Labor was worried about the high cost of meat, it did not nationalize the packing-houses, which to an orthodox socialist might have seemed most nearly "ripe" for it, but set up instead a chain of competing butcher shops and bought a number of "cattle-stations." "Present indications," said the 1917 pamphlet, "point to competition from the State proving a more efficient method of keeping down prices than any amount of direct regulation." Surely this is a much attenuated socialism; and if the method shows a more than American faith in the governmental agency, the purpose is precisely that of many an American statute. Moreover, the indications of 1917 have not always been borne out and the early faith has been somewhat shaken. The work of the Public Trustee and that of the State Insurance Office have been conspicuous successes, which the new anti-Labor administration has promised not to disturb. But the merits and demerits of the meat shops have been the subject of heated controversy, and the state ranches were a complete failure from the start and abandoned by the Labor Government itself.

Indeed, in recent years the Queensland Party, though carrying at the head of its platform an academic pronouncement in favor of "the socialization of industry," has in practice shown much more inclination to divest itself of existing state enterprises than to add to their number. If it was socialism that was beaten at the polls, it was a social-

* *The Nation* of October 23 noted the overwhelming victory of the Labor Party in the Australian Commonwealth election of October 12. Mr. Goodrich's analysis of the labor defeat in Queensland throws light upon the realities of the Australian situation.—EDITOR THE NATION.

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Huger Elliott—Nov. 22, 29, Dec. 6, 13, 20, Hamilton Fish Park Branch Library—8:30 P. M.
Thomas Munroe—Jan. 2, 9, 16, 23, 30. Thomkins Square Branch Library—8:30 P. M.
Barrett Clarke—Jan. 7, 14, 21, 28, Feb. 4.—Riverside Branch Library—8:30 P. M.

II. CLASSICS OF THE WESTERN WORLD
Richard McKeon—Weekly Starting Nov. 13, Muhlenberg Branch Library—8:30 P. M.
Raymond Weaver—Weekly Starting Nov. 14, Muhlenberg Branch Library—8:30 P. M.

ism that had for years before the election been in retreat.

A more significant explanation of the defeats and also of Labor's growing disillusion with the policy of state trading, lies in the history of the relations between the Government as employer and its organized employees. From the point of view of the workers, the Government from which they had expected so much, though on the whole a "good" and fairly lenient employer, had made no attempt to share control and responsibility with the unions or to raise its workers to any status higher than that of the employees of private firms. Moreover, and more fatally, it had sometimes joined with other employers in reducing wages. On the other hand, it seemed to the Government that the unions had done nothing to help, and much to hinder, their own party in its attempt to administer the public services successfully. The workers showed no increase in efficiency, and the unions pressed their wage demands more relentlessly upon their own Government than upon its predecessors. Here were serious lines of cleavage; and I heard a member of the Labor Cabinet describe the unions as "the worst obstacles to the success of socialism," and an angry delegate to the Trades Council denounce the Government as "nothing but the employers' sweepers!" In such recriminations the growing differences found expression.

The cleavage was deepened and displayed in a series of controversies between the Government and the Australian Railways Union. This body is an industrial union under aggressive and dogmatically radical leadership which controls a large proportion of the railway workers. Twice the A.R.U. struck against its government-employer on wage questions, and twice the Labor administration gave way. In 1927 the feud broke out again, even more dramatically, on somewhat accidental provocation. A little group of strikers in a North Queensland sugar mill appealed to the railwaymen not to handle the sugar which the strike-breakers were managing to produce. The sugar workers' union repudiated the request, but a number of railway workers nevertheless showed their "matehood" by refusing to touch the "black" sugar.

The Government promptly discharged these men for insubordination. The A.R.U. rushed eagerly into the fray and ordered its members to refuse to fill the vacant places. But this time the Government was no less belligerent. "As the Australian Railways Union has officially decided that the orders of the Commissioner for Railways are to be disobeyed, and its members are complying with this decision, it has been decided to dispense with the services of all members of this union as from 12 noon on Saturday, September 3." "The issue is clear," said Premier McCormack in defending the order. "It is simply whether the Government or the Australian Railways Union shall control the railways of this state."

The replies of the union leaders defined even more sharply the dilemma confronting the movement. They pointed satirically to the Premier's progress from the strike leader of 1912 when he himself had asked railwaymen to join a sympathetic strike to the strike-breaker of 1927 who "sacked men for refusing to scab"; and they declared that the Labor Government had "reached a stage in its evolution when the powers of the State which the organized workers invested it with were being used to shatter the principles which created it."

So began the lockout of labor by Labor. The other railway unions were brought into the dispute and for a week the trains of Queensland did not run. Finally, the sugar strike, now almost forgotten, was settled; and the railwaymen went back to work on the Government's condition that each man should sign a written agreement to obey his superiors.

The result, however, was more an armistice than a peace; and though the Premier won the lockout, he perhaps in so doing lost the subsequent election. The bitterness was redoubled and a special Trade Union Congress was called to denounce the action of the Government. Although Mr. McCormack and his supporters easily retained control of the party machinery, and won back most of the unions, they faced the elections of 1929 opposed by a number of Left Wing and Communist candidates; and the official organ of the railwaymen openly demanded the defeat of the "Scab or Be Sacked" Premier and his "Scabinet." It is highly significant that of the sixteen seats lost by Labor, three were in railway centers and five in the metropolitan district. No such defeat could have been recorded had not the votes of thousands of workers who felt that Labor had done too little for labor been added to those of the non-workers who felt that labor had been given too much. The unions the obstacles to socialism, the Labor Government the employers' sweepers—to these recriminations the Queensland movement had come, and to this cleavage its defeat must in large part be attributed.

Is this, then, the beginning of the end of Labor rule in the country where its power was most easily won? Recent elections in other states seem to lend plausibility to the suggestion. The Queensland debacle is only the last and most decisive of a series of defeats. In 1927, Labor formed the Government for all or part of the year in every one of the six states; in 1929, it is left with only Western Australia in its control.

In federal politics the current has been running in just the opposite direction. Labor has not controlled the Commonwealth Government since it expelled its Prime Minister, Mr. Hughes, for urging conscription during the war. But in last year's elections, it brought its total vote to within thirty thousand of that of its combined opponents; and in this current September, what was left of the Coalition's slender majority deserted it on a labor issue, forcing the Government to go to the country. In any case, there has been no change in the underlying factors of occupational distribution and class alignment that have made Labor's rise to power almost inevitable. Not even the bitterness of its internecine quarrels is enough to suggest any major shifting of party lines or to disturb the traditional conclusion that "the temper of Australia"—about half the time—"is moderate Labor."

Yet if the Queensland elections are no proof of Labor's permanent decline, they do throw into high relief some of the characteristic difficulties of Labor in office. How is the party of progress to reconcile its demands for change with the immediate necessities of smooth administration? How is power to be shared between the unions and the party they build? And what incentives can be devised for the workers in the public services that shall violate neither the canons of democracy nor those of efficiency? They are questions that will challenge the most skilful leadership wherever a Labor Party attains to power.

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CONGRATULATIONS ONCE MORE to Secretary Stimson on his sensible settlement of the Karolyi case! Faced by the stupid decision of Secretary of State Kellogg, his predecessor, at the time of the earlier application in 1925—a decision that did violence to the best traditions of American liberty—he was in a position of some embarrassment. He met it like a man by a square reversal, covered by a diplomatic phrase or two about this being a new application. Americans need no longer blush at mention of the names Kossuth and Karolyi.

SECRETARY WILBUR'S plans for the distribution of Boulder Dam power are so much better than his earlier announcements portended that the advocates of public ownership may well congratulate him. He had previously given the impression that the government might sell only the water at the dam and leave the construction of power houses and the transmission of power to private companies. Now he proposes that the government should build the power house, allow California municipalities to instal the machinery, and then allocate 50 per cent of the power to the Metropolitan Water District of Southern California (a group of municipalities), 25 per cent to the city of Los Angeles, and 25 per cent to the Southern California Edison Company. Nevada and Arizona would be given a chance to obtain a percentage of this power when they needed it. The pessimistic theory spread by the power companies that no one would want Boulder Dam on terms that would pay back the government's investment in fifty years evaporated in the face of the first definite offering of power. The Southern California Edison interests asked for all the power that the dam could produce on the government's own terms, and California municipalities also wanted a 100 per cent allocation. Meanwhile, before the final hearing on the government's plan on November 12 we would like to ask Secretary Wilbur two questions: Why does not the federal government itself instal the machinery in its Boulder Dam power house instead of leaving that installation to California lessees, especially since it is estimated that this would save $3,000,000? Why should not *all* the power generated at Boulder Dam be sold to public bodies?

IT IS IMPOSSIBLE to cherish vindictive feeling toward the sick and broken old man who was wheeled out of Justice Hitz's courtroom last week bearing on his head the infamy of a deserved conviction for accepting a bribe while Secretary of the Interior of the United States. Nevertheless the conviction of Mr. Fall is an occasion for gratitude on the part of every decent citizen. If it were now to be followed by the conviction of his fellow-criminal, the bribe-giver, that gratitude would be doubled. For the outcome of this trial the main credit, as is indicated by the angry comment of Mr. Doheny and defense attorney Hogan, should be given to Justice William Hitz of the District of Columbia Supreme Court. His action demonstrates that a determined and upright judge can nullify all the resources of money and legal talent. He deflated the theatricals of defense lawyers and excluded specious pleas for sympathy. It is no coincidence that the only two verdicts of guilty by juries in the oil cases have been rendered in his court.

UNDER THE BLOWS of the coalition and the revelations of the lobby investigating committee the Hawley-Smoot tariff bill continues to crumble. Mr. Grundy's frank avowal that he helped raise $600,000 in Pennsylvania to elect Mr. Coolidge and $1,000,000 to put Mr. Hoover into office, and his unblushing expectation of getting his money's worth have not helped make the measure popular. We have already pointed out the overwhelming character of the coalition's victory on the administrative sections of the bill; but in chronicling Senator Cutting's magnificent fight against customs censorship of obscene and seditious literature, by an error we failed to note his success in having stricken from the list of works banned the loose and dangerous categories of books advocating "treason" and "insurrection." It has been pointed out that the real test of the coalition would come when the rate schedules were reached, and that the brethren would desert in order to get the loaves and fishes for hungry constituents. Doubtless they will, but up to the time of writing the lines have yielded on only one important item, calcium carbide, of interest to the power companies.

MURDERING STRIKERS in Gaston County, North Carolina, is not a crime punishable by law. That became clear when the men who were charged with killing Ella May Wiggins while she was on her way to a strike meeting in Gastonia were released by the same grand jury which had indicted a score of strike leaders for first-degree murder because an unidentified person in the confusion of a night-time skirmish in a tent colony shot Police Chief Aderholt. The spirit of that grand jury is well reflected by an editorial which appeared in the Gastonia *Gazette* after the conviction of the seven Communists and strikers for the murder of Aderholt: "It will not be safe for any so-called labor agitator to be caught nosing around here any time soon. The folks here are simply not going to put up with it any longer." If this is not proof that class justice dominates Gastonia we do not know the meaning of words. Yet it should be remembered that the Gastonia *Gazette* does not represent the opinion of all North Carolina. Governor Gardner has appointed Judge P. A. McElroy to sit as an examining magistrate in a further investigation of the Wiggins case and has posted a four-hundred-dollar reward, the largest allowed by law, for the arrest and conviction of the guilty persons. The Western North Carolina Conference of Methodists has voted for the abolition of night work and for a thorough federal investigation of the textile industry.

FROM THE FINANCIAL POINT of view there is no reason why the workers employed in the Marion cotton mills cannot be given a substantial wage increase. An investigation of the trade reports of business operations in these mills was made for the United Textile Workers by the Labor Bureau, Inc., of New York City, and, according to this report, the balance sheet of the Marion Manufacturing Company shows an extraordinarily strong position. At the close of business on December 31, 1928, the company owed only $28,430, whereas its assets amounted to $1,169,925—of which all but about $5,000 was in tangible assets. Cash and United States treasury notes alone amounted to $162,870, or enough to pay all debts more than five times over. The net worth of the corporation at the close of the last calendar year was $1,141,494, consisting of $750,000 capital and $391,494 surplus. The book value of each of the 7,500 shares of $100 par value stock was therefore approximately $152. Included in the balance sheet, under liabilities, is an item of $10,389 for "federal income taxes," undoubtedly the tax due for profits made during 1928. This means that during that year the company must have earned about $100,000 after all expenses, including any interest paid, salaries to officers, and depreciation. Of this $100,000 a total of $14,469 went for federal and State of North Carolina income taxes, leaving approximately $85,500 as net profit after all expenses, depreciation, and taxes. This is equal to about $11.50 a share for holders of stock.

COMMUNISM, LEST WE FORGET, is still a crime in California. Five women and one man have recently been convicted of "conspiracy to display a red flag or other emblem of opposition to organized government." In an early issue of *The Nation*, Upton Sinclair will give a full account of the case, but the main facts are these: Last summer a group of working people in Los Angeles who wished their children to have the benefit of pure air rented a shack in the mountains near San Bernardino. Forty children were sent to the camp in charge of six women. One man, Isidor Berkowitz, went along to do the heavy work. Soon a red flag adorned with the hammer and sickle which the children had made was floating above the camp in the free mountain air. The news reached the large ears of the super-patriots who inhabit California. There followed a raid and a trial. As a result Yetta Stromberg must spend one to ten years in San Quentin prison. Four of her women companions received sentences of six months to five years. Only the man escaped. Isidor Berkowitz, World War veteran who was partially incapacitated in a gas attack, hanged himself in jail the night before he was to be sentenced.

IF EDOUARD DALADIER succeeds in forming a viable Cabinet in France it will be an event of importance for several reasons. It will mean that the Government definitely gains its support from the Left side of the Chamber; for the first time since the war-time days of "sacred union" the Socialists will participate in the Government. They gave a tacit support to the Herriot Government in 1924, but they refused to accept the responsibility of seats in the Ministry. This in itself is an event of some importance; but perhaps of even more psychological significance is the fact that Daladier is France's first real post-war premier. Alone of the great European countries, France has continued to be ruled by pre-war men and pre-war mentalities. Poincaré was one of the makers of the World War; Briand—though he has in recent years shown a capacity to evolve toward a European mind—is another skilled politician whose mind was molded as a pre-war premier. Herriot was mayor of Lyons ten years before the war and a cabinet minister in 1915. Daladier, born in 1884 (four years after Herriot, twenty-two after Briand, twenty-four after Poincaré, forty-four after Clemenceau), did not enter politics until after the war. A baker's son, himself a school-teacher, he was elected to the Chamber in 1919, accompanied Herriot to Russia a few years later, became Minister of Colonies in the Herriot Cabinet, introduced the bill for resumption of trade relations with Russia, served in later cabinets as Minister of War and Minister of Public Instruction, and in 1927 led the movement within his own (the so-called Radical Socialist) party to refuse participation in the Poincaré coalithe ministry.

A "GENTLEMAN'S AGREEMENT" having been reached on the subject, Mr. Chick Meehan, coach of the New York University football team, announces that he will not play his star player, Dave Myers, in the game against the University of Georgia on November 9. Myers is a Negro; the Georgia players are Southern gentlemen. Was a formal protest made to the N. Y. U.? Oh, dear no! Did N. Y. U. ask the New York University Board of Athletic Control if it might play Myers anyway? Again, no. It was all done in a perfectly nice way, one gentleman to another. Somebody whispered that if Myers were allowed to play in a game with Southern gentlemen he might have his face stepped on or the Southern gentlemen might burst out crying and refuse to play, which, from the standpoint of the spectators, would probably be even less

fun. Somebody else whispered back that it was all right, they hadn't meant to play Myers anyway. So it was all arranged and would have passed off quietly without any fuss except that the newspapers heard about it and thought it was news. And in a sense it was news; for on several other occasions in which a Northern football team with a Negro player has scheduled a Southern team, the latter has been told politely but firmly that if it did not care to play a Negro it need not play at all. Apparently Mr. Chick Meehan did not think of that, which is a great pity.

MOORFIELD STOREY'S death removes one of the finest figures in American life, one of the few remaining men who embodied the best American traditions and lived up to them. Upon his gravestone should be written: "He was the friend of all oppressed." Beginning life as private secretary to Senator Charles Sumner, he naturally acquired an interest in the colored people which he maintained until his death. Repeatedly he gave his legal services without charge to carry to the Supreme Court of the United States cases upon which the economic and political freedom of the Negro depended. One of the founders and for many years the head of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, he is surely entitled to the gratitude of every colored American. To the cause of the Indian and to civil service reform his service was likewise of utmost value. During the days of our subjugation of the Philippines his voice, together with those of Carl Schurz, George S. Boutwell, Charles Eliot Norton, William G. Sumner, and others spoke for the conscience and the moral integrity of the American people. One of Harvard's most distinguished graduates, he was far too outspoken, as in his protest against the football evil, and too dissentient in his political views to be really popular in that institution. But his profession honored him.

Wall Street's Crisis

IN five hours of hysterical trading on October 24 nearly thirteen million shares were sold on the New York Stock Exchange—four million more than had ever been handled in a single day—and over six million on the New York Curb; an amazing total of over nineteen million shares with an estimated loss of several billions of dollars. It was a record day in the history of the Stock Exchange and, coming as a climax to more than three weeks of declining prices, it was most disastrous in hammering down security values. Nor did it stop with one day's trading. We have not yet seen the end of the decline. How narrowly the market escaped catastrophe one can only conjecture, for at a crucial moment in the day's trading the combined support of J. P. Morgan & Company, the National City Bank, the Chase National Bank, and the Guaranty Trust Company came to its aid. But even this quartet was not enough four days later. Every great New York bank then pledged its help.

It was a combination of fear and mob psychology that carried the debacle to the absurd lengths it reached; but obviously the market must have been extremely vulnerable to offer so little resistance. For why should this sudden hysteria, this utter lack of confidence, spread like wild-fire into every important financial center at a time when the country as a whole is enjoying at least a normal prosperity? The explanation lies, of course, in the speculative mania that has so long dominated the thinking of the financial community and in that time has jockeyed the prices of certain securities up to extravagant levels. This speculative spirit has long assumed that nothing could ever interrupt the greatest bull market on record.

Careful observers repeatedly pointed out that many stocks were selling at prices ridiculously high and wholly unwarranted by present or prospective earnings. It is no exaggeration to say that a number of the issues selling at from 30 to 50 times annual earnings thoroughly discounted prospects and income for a decade ahead. Of course these high selling ratios and high hopes were inspired for some time by rumors of mergers, stock dividends, split-ups, and similar stunts, but after a while when the hoped-for profits did not materialize the illusion began to pale. We have already commented on the action of the Massachusetts Department of Public Utilities in issuing a sweeping decision disapproving the plan of the Edison Electric Illuminating Company of Boston to split its stock and change its par value. As a result the stock dropped about a hundred points and upset the whole utility list. The undeniable justice of the Massachusetts Commission's decision and its probable application to a great many other grossly inflated stocks were factors influencing the market just before the break.

It needs no profound analysis to reveal what part was played by the deluge of new securities which has flooded the market this year. During the first nine months of 1929 nearly ten billions of dollars in new securities were floated, while in September alone these totaled $1,615,000,000—125 per cent more than in any previous September on record. And of this enormous total over one billion was made up of issues of investment trusts—making a total of more than $2,200,000,000 of this nature issued in 1929. No wonder then that brokers' loans advanced about $600,000,000 in September, during a decline in stock prices that should have brought them down about $600,000,000! Thus the Gargantuan fare since January 1 has created a large lump of undigested—possibly indigestible—securities. The "new-era" speculator, of course, had a much more bullish theory about this huge financing of investment companies. His contention was that these investment trusts would constitute a great force for stabilization in the markets. How disappointed he must have been at the apparent disposition of the investment trusts in the present instance to stand aloof and let the market shift for itself.

Together with these more or less definite and fundamental weaknesses in the market's position was the unsettling situation which Colonel Leonard P. Ayres termed "the creeping bear market." As he pointed out, more stocks on the New York Exchange have declined since the first of the year than have advanced, and although the fact was somewhat concealed in the averages, the situation was none the less apparent in the repeated periods of uncertainty and irregularity in trading.

Undoubtedly this so-called "healthy reaction" will do much toward sobering Wall Street's speculative enthusiasm and establishing more realistic standards of stock values. It is a costly process, however, for the thousands, wise or unwise, who have had their accounts wiped out.

The Romance of the Waterways

THERE was a dignity, a certain epic quality, about Mr. Hoover's passage down the Ohio River upon the opening of its new nine-foot channel that is lacking at the usual Presidential cornerstone layings and monument dedications. "La Belle Rivière" of the French, or the Indians' "River of Many Whitecaps," did its bit. The Presidential party left Cincinnati in a driving rain, which became almost a gale as their flat-nosed, stern-wheeled craft steamed down the dark river by night and finally was made fast against the mud banks of the Indiana shore to await the dawn. Nobody in the party could have failed to catch some of the spirit of the early pioneers who paddled canoes or poled ungainly flatboats down the tawny river in the infancy of American history, halting for the night along the same mud banks of the interminably flowing highway. Mr. Hoover himself was at his best. Less the President and more the engineer, he talked with ease of things familiar to him, and spread the enthusiasm for inland waterways which has long been part of his creed.

There is a mysterious intimacy about a river which gives a special quality of life to the communities along its banks. A seaport touches only a crumbling edge of the ocean; all the joy and terror, the romance and reality of the wide waters lie somewhere beyond the horizon. Men go out and come back with strange tales, or go out and never come back at all, but most of a seaport's inhabitants live their lives ashore and know the ocean only at second hand. A river community is different. It is a part of the stream it touches. It sees all of the flowing pageant; it knows all of the river's moods and changes. To the seaport the ocean is at best a distant stepfather; to the inland community the river is a fostering mother, gathering her children to her bosom and making their life inseparable from her own. Not without reason are some rivers worshiped by the people along their banks; the flow is in truth the water of life.

Nor is any river in our country more closely associated with American history, more intimately connected with the growth of the soil, than the Ohio. The name Mississippi River has been bestowed in an arbitrary and misleading way. Historically, and perhaps geographically, the Ohio and the Mississippi are one stream, to which other waters are tributaries. The Ohio River was the means above all others by which the Middle West was explored and settled. As Sherwood Anderson puts it: "In its youth the Middle West had breathed with the breathing of a river." In 1800 a seagoing vessel, the 110-ton brig St. Clair, was built at Marietta, Ohio. Its owners sent it downstream to New Orleans, thence to Havana, and from there to Philadelphia, where it was sold. A few years later Pittsburgh had developed a thriving industry in the building of seagoing vessels. The first commercially successful steamboat on the Ohio River was the New Orleans, built at Pittsburgh in 1811. This craft made a trip to Natchez, where it was sold for use on the lower river. It was doubted then if a steamboat could return against the current, but in 1816 the steamboat Enterprise made the round trip between Louisville and New Orleans.

The just-completed improvement of the Ohio River goes back to the appointment of the Inland Waterways Commission by President Roosevelt in 1907. Three years later Congress passed the act under which the dredging, the dams, and the locks have finally been completed that insure a nine-foot channel in the river all the year around. This will not bring back the old steamboating days, but it will open a 2,000 mile waterway between Pittsburgh and New Orleans to motor barges which can carry bulk freight at less than half its cost when shipped by rail.

We are not hopeful of the revival of canals in this country in the near future, successful as they are known to be abroad. The railroads killed the canals and they are probably strong enough to prevent their revival on a successful basis. The impossibility of obtaining favorable routing arrangements with the railroads is probably the chief cause of the failure of New York State's barge canal to live up to the expectations of its sponsors, although Governor Roosevelt pointed out the other day that the tonnage on that waterway had increased 60 per cent in the last five years. But although canals themselves do not now present a happy prospect, the outlook is more hopeful for the development of our great river and lake systems, which are extensive enough to have a great measure of independence. Mr. Hoover looks to the eventual improvement of 9,000 miles in the Mississippi River system and proposes to add $20,000,000 a year to our present appropriation of $85,000,000 for inland waterways. Of this, $10,000,000 would be for the improvement of the St. Lawrence River, in conjunction with Canada, so that large-sized ocean vessels might have access to the Great Lakes. In his Louisville speech Mr. Hoover was apparently inspired to say on the moment (the remark did not appear in the text sent in advance to the press) that the annual increase which he proposed for waterways amounted to only half of the cost of one battleship, and we might be happy enough to save the sum as a result of the forthcoming conference in January on naval limitation.

As Secretary of Commerce and chairman of the United States St. Lawrence Commission, Mr. Hoover went on record in 1926 as favoring the improvement of the St. Lawrence. He has now placed the weight of the Washington Administration behind that proposal as against the scheme for converting the New York barge canal into a deep waterway between the Atlantic Ocean and the Great Lakes. As far as the Mississippi River system goes, the outlook is already good. Common-carrier transportation on the Mississippi was taken over by the federal government when the United States entered the World War, but proved a failure under the Inland and Coastwise Waterways Service. The job was then given to the Army Engineer Corps, and has been successfully reorganized under Major-General T. Q. Ashburn. The work of the future seems to be to obtain and maintain the right kind of boats and develop satisfactory feeders for cargo. Nature may be depended upon to supply the water, for so far as we can see Ol' Man River is destined to keep right on rollin' along.

Destroy the Stadiums!

YES, tear them down! For more than twenty-five years college athletics and the forces behind them have been making college education progressively impossible for athletes—or anybody else; and today those forces are more strongly intrenched than ever. Every real educator in the colleges knows it, and by the thousands they have struggled manfully against these forces that have been transforming our colleges from educational institutions into factories for the production not only of high-powered "amateur" athletes but of competent bond salesmen and glib Rotarian commentators on current happenings. Eager students, with the aid of no less eager teachers, still succeed in educating themselves, it is true—and in increasing numbers, we believe. But to a large extent the American college machine today serves no important educational purpose.

Among the fat defenders of that machine, who inhabit largely the offices of presidents and deans and alumni secretaries and chairmen of this, that, and the other, the Carnegie Foundation report on athletics fell like a sixteen-inch shell, scattering death and destruction. Small wonder that they rushed to cover. With the details of that report, important though they are, we do not concern ourselves. We are not interested in the comparative rightness of the way in which various colleges do things that are wrong in themselves because they prevent the colleges from doing their proper job. Lily-white Yale, for example, with a clean bill of health on recruiting and subsidizing, pleases us no better than Georgia and Fordham, with their professionalism unashamed; for Yale is just a particularly happy example of a bigger and better way of doing what ought not to be done, and the better it is done the worse for the only thing that really matters, namely, the quiet meeting of mind and mind that leads to education. We do not think it greatly important if, as the report points out, college practice in respect to most of the abuses cited has improved during the past twenty years. What does matter is that the commercial investment in athletics, with its attendant publicity, its exploitation of young men of brawn, and its resultant demoralization of college life, has enormously increased.

The most important sentence in the Carnegie report we have not yet seen quoted: "It is not the affair of the college or the university to reflect modern life." It is its affair to help its students understand and, as far as possible, ameliorate that life. In the mad rush to succeed, the colleges have become largely reflectors. As far as athletics go, the report places responsibility squarely where it belongs, on the shoulders of our faculties; at the last, they can have the institutions they want. But the athletic problem is only a part of a larger question which cannot be met by compromise, because it requires a flat and courageous choice between incompatible ends. There is a fresh educational interest among students. Have our faculties the courage and intelligence to rededicate our colleges to the age-old purpose of education, putting athletics into their proper minor place in such a scheme, though it involve, as it doubtless would, tearing down the stadiums? It is some such question that thousands of college teachers are asking.

Hey, Rube!

THE decline of "the road" is a topic of perennial but desultory discussion in theatrical circles. Recently, however, our enterprising contemporary the *Billboard* made a serious effort to discover just why this prosperous and allegedly "amusement mad" land of ours is rapidly becoming one in which the theater does not exist outside a few large cities. It sent a questionnaire to the dramatic editors of newspapers in all the towns having between 25,000 and half a million inhabitants, and it has now published a summary of the replies which is well worth pondering by theatrical interests as well as by the general public.

Naturally various causes for the decline are cited, prominent among them being the high cost of tickets, the demands of unionized stage hands, and the competition of the movies—which latter, by the way, have put vaudeville in a condition quite as precarious as that of the legitimate stage. The cinema interests have been accused of deliberately buying up regular theaters in order to keep them dark, and there is no doubt that they put great difficulties in the way of any manager who attempts to solve his financial problem by playing pictures on nights when no theatrical bookings are available. But there is obviously something wrong with an institution which succumbs so easily to the enterprise of a competitor, and it is interesting to note that the majority of the dramatic editors put the blame on the theatrical magnates themselves. These latter have not played fairly with their public. They have charged first-rate prices for second-rate companies, they have misrepresented facts in their publicity, and they have, in general, acted as though the good name of the manager and the good-will of the customer were worth nothing. Again and again those who answered the questionnaire said in various ways the same thing: "The people of my town have been fooled once too often."

Whatever the artistic sins of the moving-picture industry may be, it has for a long time been conducted upon business principles far more enligthened than those adopted by the legitimate theater. For fifty or seventy-five cents one may have a more comfortable seat in a cleaner theater than one is likely to get for four times the price in a regular playhouse, and one may be reasonably assured of politer treatment while one has been buying it. Much fun has been poked at the regimented ushers and the ornate lobbies of the movie palaces but they represent a shrewdly calculated reaction against the general indifference of the theater manager to the comfort of his public. There is something ironic in the adjective "legitimate" when it is used to distinguish the stage from the screen, for as a matter of fact the business of the former has been conducted upon far from "legitimate" lines. "Hey, Rube!" was the battle-cry of the old-time circus, and it still expresses the spirit of many managers of traveling companies. They come into a town to get as much as they can as quickly as they can, and when they have worked the suckers they depart. No wonder they have lost out to the local movie. At bottom it is a matter of what the trade journals call "showmanship," and there is no doubt which of the contending forces best understands what that means.

It Seems to Heywood Broun

THERE has been some talk of late that college football coaches should not be allowed to run their teams from the sidelines during the course of the game. There is room, I think, for argument upon this point but surely it is not excessive to say that the football coach ought not to be the boss of the college which employs him. This situation seems to exist at New York University. When the time approached for the game scheduled between N. Y. U. and the University of Georgia, some of the New York sporting writers began to comment on the fact that the star player on the local team was Dave Myers, a Negro. One or two of them expressed the opinion that N. Y. U. would probably leave the player out of the lineup in deference to the wishes of the Southern collegians.

This suggestion was flatly repudiated by Professor Giles T. Courtney, chairman of the Board of Athletic Control. The professor said roundly that the Georgians would have to play against Dave Myers or cancel the game. It seemed to him, then, that any other attitude upon the part of the New York University would be monstrous. The editor of the New York University *Daily News* took the same position. In a leading editorial the college journalist wrote:

> Professor Courtney's statement concerning Dave Myers, colored star of the Violet football team, which was printed yesterday in the *Daily News*, brings into the open a problem which has long been designated as officially taboo. The why and wherefore of this previous silence becomes relatively unimportant when we consider that the opprobrium which has gathered about our school because of this matter has been dispersed.
>
> The direct and straightforward nature of this announcement leaves no room for any further doubts. Perhaps the cynical scoffings of metropolitan sport columnists will cease, and perhaps New York University students will be able to keep their heads high when the problem is brought up in the future. Our only regret is that the statement was not issued far earlier.
>
> It has long been one of the blemishes on the standards of many Northern institutions that they have catered to the prejudices of certain Southern schools in the matter of color discrimination. Baldly stated, football teams from south of the Mason and Dixon line refuse to compete against teams in which no color line is drawn. Whether this is the case, or whether Northern colleges merely bench colored players in deference to Southern prejudices, doesn't matter. The evil exists, despite the fact that we label our age one of unprecedented liberalism and freedom from prejudice. . . . It is with great gratification that we see the shadow of the stigma removed from the Violet and we proudly hold up this action as a model for our neighbors to follow.

But these proud and gallant words were spoken before Chick Meehan, football coach for the university, had declared himself. The professor and the student body seemed to feel that it was their football team and that they had a right to speak for it. This was a delusion. Mr. Meehan reversed his field, both faculty and undergraduate, and announced to the newspapers that the Negro would not play against Georgia. He said that there had been a gentleman's agreement to this effect. Professor Courtney, who had spoken so boldly, immediately drew in his horns. In a letter to the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People he stated: "The head football coach has full jurisdiction over the selection of his players for each game scheduled. I have learned from Coach Meehan that he does not expect to play Myers in the game on November 9."

In other words, the university abrogated its relationship to its own eleven entirely. The team belongs, admittedly, to Chick Meehan the hired coach. Perhaps in time such dictatorship may be diminished by alumni pressure. I have a communication from Dr. Joseph Girsdansky which I hope may be representative of the views of other graduates of the institution.

> I have just read [writes Dr. Girsdansky] that the firm up in the Bronx for which I used to work, N. Y. U., Inc., has been in danger of losing an important Southern account in Georgia. I used to work for the Bronx concern many years ago, when they were a small outfit. In those days our income wasn't much, but we kept the overhead down and we had no funds for advertising campaigns or expensive football superintendents, though we did have Werrenrath, Deems Taylor, and Newman Levy. These weren't money makers, but made a good though small seller for the church and artistic trades.
>
> For four years I was one of their traveling men in Eastern territory and covered many towns, large and small, selling the local firms our brand of basketball. As a matter of fact, this became one of our best sellers in those days. Our football, track, and baseball salesmen couldn't compete with most of the Eastern factories that had more capital, better stock, and a greater number of employees. Until today (for I am resigning) I have belonged to their branch of the Rotary Club, known as the Letter Club, composed of the better-grade workmen who, in lieu of bonuses or old-age pensions, are given the right to wear N. Y. U., the trade-mark of our business, on sweaters or overalls.
>
> The factory had a break in luck and found just the right man to put in charge of the football plant. They brought a fellow named Meehan from up the State, Syracuse or Utica or maybe Schenectady, and he has put us on the map, so that now we are a national concern, with customers South and West as well as East and North. In fact, it is rumored that the stock will be listed on the curb very shortly. Go bullish on it, it's a good buy.
>
> And now simply because Myers, one of our crack salesmen, happens to be a Negro, Georgia threatened to call off a deal we had with them in November. Some hotheads suggested suing, others an injunction or habeas corpus, but I am glad to report that the whole matter has been satisfactorily settled and the possible loss of $22,000 to $50,000 has been averted.
>
> The faculty, like all big-business men, disclaimed all knowledge of, or authority over, annoying details and left everything in the hands of Superintendent Meehan. Of course without Myers we'll probably lose the deal to Georgia, but we will at least save our $50,000 and our honor, so what the hell? And why anybody in this town should see any more of N. Y. U.'s games I can't see. Can you?

HEYWOOD BROUN

Russia from a Car Window

I. The Observer's Problem

By OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

I. Moscow

MOSCOW at last! The first impressions are utterly disappointing. The city is shabby, down at the heel, badly paved; it vividly suggests Berlin immediately after the war when every stucco building was faded, dirty, peeling, cracking. Gradually, however, the visitor begins to feel the charm of which foreign residents speak. When he returns to it the third time he finds himself moved and impressed. The Oriental in its architecture stirs him; the Kremlin's skyline appears as one of the most impressive and beautiful sights in the world; the Red Square, with that amazing Cathedral of Saint Basil, has a power and an originality not to be denied. Everywhere churches and separate buildings begin to stand out. Then one realizes that the worst pavements are a heritage from the Czar, that this is a capital in the remaking—that there have been far more important things to do than to lay pavements. For everywhere buildings are coming down and new ones going up; on the outskirts arise those great apartment houses for workmen which make it clear that, whatever else may be said of the Moscow of the Bolsheviks, it will never be stained with the infamy of those old-law tenements in New York, with their 250,000 windowless rooms which no authority has yet been able to wrench from the grasp of the private-profit-making landlords.

Moscow at last! At first one is stunned by the uniformity of the people in the street, all so much alike, all clad so much the same, all working people by their aspect. It is a human monotone one sees and hears, this state of, by, and for the workers. Then one begins to differentiate types, one passes beyond the uniformity; the children, most of them so well and strong and finely developed, take the eye. Earnestness, perhaps somberness, is here; some of my fellow-travelers say they see neither happiness nor smiles. There are few evidences of the joy of life. No cafes appear with well-fed, well-to-do people drinking wine and beer on the sidewalks; no gay night-clubs or balls; only a couple of resorts where one may hear gipsies sing and orchestras play at night. But then there are several large amusement parks, which are thronged by crowds intent on hearing operas and good plays, given side by side with some of the better amusements of a Luna Park. Yes, the gay worldly pleasures of the other great capitals of Europe are lacking. Moreover, life is hard for the many who are at odds with this strange, new order, and also for the sympathetic multitudes who have little or no margin left when they have purchased the bare necessaries of life.

Moscow at last! A city of riddles, but not of social contrasts. One sees automobiles here, Rolls-Royces, Lincolns, Packards, Buicks—all in the service of the government until such time as its great Moscow factory can produce all the Amo cars it needs and the proposed Ford plant in Nijni Novgorod shall be brought into being by American engineers —Rolls-Royces in amazing contrast to springless carts. One sees some palaces lived in by separate families, but they belong to the diplomatic corps. The rest are apartments, government offices, sanitaria, put to the use of the people as a whole. The stores are nearly all government institutions, with long queues of people waiting to buy despite the dangerously high cost of living and the limited stocks—some even buying jewels that the government offers for sale. People have grown habituated to queues—in good weather not a bad place to exchange gossip and news. Time still counts for little in Russia. The high prices? Yes, they are bad, but the Russians wear belts and can tighten them.

Moscow at last! One soon forgets that this is a communist experiment. The human side stands out so much more vividly and strikingly: the divorce courts; the marriage registry offices; the prisons where every convict gets an annual vacation and where he makes money for his family; the new homes; the workingmen's clubs; the many new cultural centers and schools; the Red Army; the great campaign to end all adult illiteracy; the crowds of working people in the art galleries and museums; the popular thirst for knowledge; all the evidences of a people set free mentally—these impress deeply. It is all so new, so genuinely thrilling, so overwhelming in its vividness that it is not easy to sleep when one finally goes to bed. Is this a titanic making over of the world which goes on under our eyes? Is it to mean, as some Americans in Moscow tell you, the real coming of Christianity on earth, the living of the Christ doctrine, or only another of the idealistic experiments of man who never is but always to be blest? Is it all to go down in more bloodshed and rapine precisely as it came into being in a welter of murder with brother at brother's throat?

Here the riddle. What Sphinx shall answer?

II. The Complexity of the Problem

"You have come," chorused the American correspondents when we reached Moscow, "to the most vital and interesting place in the world." To which one man added: "A German professor once wrote a book on the United States called 'The Land of Unlimited Possibilities.' This is the 'Land of Unlimited Contradictions.'" After I had been in Russia a few days, I wished to add also: "The Land of Unlimited Paradoxes."

"Going to write a book on Russia after you've been here four weeks?" was another greeting. Well, if one wishes to do a book on Russia it should be done in two or four or six weeks. If it is not composed then, it will not be written in three or four years, for the longer one stays in the land of the Soviets the more one doubts the value of one's own opinion, the more baffling become the contradictions and paradoxes. Nowhere is human testimony more conflicting and less reliable. You walk three blocks from your hotel and meet a trustworthy American you have known before,

who has now been three or four years in Russia. He gives you a quiet, factual statement as to a certain phase of the problem. You leave him delighted. At last you have something tangible for the building of your own opinion.

Five minutes later you meet another American, equally trustworthy, equally sincere, equally desirous of giving you solid facts, also a resident for years. He stops you. You ask him his view of the situation discussed, and you receive precisely the reverse of the picture just painted for you. It is not a question of propaganda or a desire to mold your opinions; it is simply that the usual tendency of individuals to diverge in their accounts of the simplest happenings is here accentuated to a remarkable degree. Our boat lay at Samara. We came back to it after hours ashore. Some of us professional observers had compared notes and agreed that the people seemed well-fed and happy. There could be no question of any starvation there or bitter struggle for life; how few beggars there were and how splendid the children looked!

At that moment there appeared another of our company. "Wasn't it dreadful?" "What?" "Why the looks of the people. Don't they look starved and utterly wretched? And did you *see* the beggars? Well, I thought Moscow dreadful, but Samara! I'll never forget those dreadful faces." It is true that the speaker was one of those who came to Russia determined to make what he saw fit his views. But the incident was typical. We speedily discovered, too, that for every divergence of opinion there were witnesses to be found—American, Russian, Communist, anti-Communist, together with a string of events and facts bearing out each thesis. One entirely reliable foreign correspondent assured us that the condition of the villages in the Ukraine was dreadful. "I could not find a happy village." Other witnesses testified to the exact contrary. A dozen competent persons declared that the lot of the entire peasantry was wonderfully improved. The next dozen swore that it was worse than before, especially during the last two years. Is it any wonder that writing on Russia seems the most difficult and perilous adventure in a journalistic career of more than thirty-two years?



—From Gropper's "Drawings of the U.S.S.R."

As to the contradictions in Russian life, it must never be forgotten that the Soviets claim to control one-sixth of the world's habitable surface. Russia is composed of a great variety of peoples, no less than 169 ethnic groups, according to the Russian Academy of Sciences, living under amazingly varied circumstances from the shores of the Black Sea to Vladivostok and the Lena Delta. This makes generalizing about it as difficult as it is to generalize about Maine, Texas, Arkansas, Massachusetts, or California. What holds true of one section does not apply in another. To say that the peasants of the Ukraine are suffering or prosperous means nothing as to conditions in Siberia or Azerbaijan. Here is another pitfall for the foreign observer.

III. The Paradoxes

As for the paradoxes, here are some of them:

The Russians are among the most lovable and kindly of people, eager to help others, and they are also capable of extraordinary cruelty and brutality.

The peasant Russians have been declared to live a life more nearly Christian in their attitude toward one another than is to be found elsewhere. But the peasant has also been a drunken wife-beater, capable of shocking ferocity toward others and of cruelty to his animals.

The Soviet government is perhaps the most honest in the world; the Russians themselves, outside of the cities, are all too generally given to thieving—a heritage from the Czars.

The Russians are capable of conceiving and of executing efficiently projects of an extremely far-reaching character. They run their trains and trams and boats efficiently and on time. They have built an efficient army. Yet individually and collectively they are often maddeningly inefficient with the inefficiency of a child-race which has no sense of time. But the Soviet government is the only one that has made inefficiency in office a crime. One may plead the best of intentions and prove one's complete loyalty, but if he has been guilty of inefficiency of a character to delay an important public work the official faces a term in prison.

Thus some of the paradoxes.

But if one is on guard against all these difficulties, there remains the necessity of some knowledge of the history of Russia and the background of the present regime. The average foreigner goes into this great empire in order to measure its conditions by those that he left behind in Germany or France or the United States. He forgets—if he ever knew—that the Russia of the Czars was one of the wickedest and most infamous governments in the history of the world. He forgets—if he ever knew—that Russia was in 1914 at least fifty—yes, seventy-five—years behind European countries in education, in social legislation, in science, in industry, above all in freedom. On top of this came the all-wrecking World War with its horrible slaughter of Russian manhood. After that followed the horrors of three years of civil war—a most dreadful civil war, the terrors and waste of which cannot be measured until one goes to Russia. Russians can pass over the slaughter of the World War. They shudder today over the civil war, supported and instigated as it was by the Christian Allies and our own United States.

It is thus only seven years that there has been peace in Russia—only seven years since there was the most dreadful famine. Yet the average foreigner blames upon the Bolsheviks the inevitable consequences of war-time anarchy and bloodshed, of famine and pestilence. He censures because in seven short years the Bolsheviks have not performed miracles—or rather more miracles; for some, in my opinion, they have achieved. He, consciously or unconsciously, is outraged because, taking over a situation of the utmost desperation, they have not, within only eighty-four months of peace, brought Russia to a standard of happiness, efficiency, and prosperity comparable to that of Germany or France or England today, although pre-war Russia never even approximated those standards. He declares that the Bolsheviks have failed or will fail because Moscow is not like New York or so well paved as Boston; because Samara or Saratov or Stalingrad are without the creature comforts of Detroit or Denver or Des Moines. What he fails to ask is, what was

life in Samara or Saratov or Stalingrad for the worker under the Czars?

Finally, we, the members of the party organized by the American-Russian Chamber of Commerce, saw Russia from the car windows of our special train, save when we were in Moscow, or Leningrad, or on a Volga river steamer for five days at the end of last July. In the cities that we visited we inspected one industrial plant after another. We traveled approximately 9,000 kilometers (6,000 miles). We never saw a Russian village or talked with any peasants. Only a few of us could speak any Russian. We were dependent upon interpreters furnished by the official Russian travel bureau, most of whom were deficient in their control of the English language. We could not study any one problem such as education, or the press, or the prisons, or finance and banking. While we were not prevented from asking anything we liked, or seeing anything that we wished to, or talking with any people we met or went by ourselves to call upon, we were naturally as circumscribed as tourists must be who cover a large amount of ground in a given time according to a program set, in this case, not by the Russian government, but by our American guides in connection with and by the aid of the Russian travel bureau, the "Intourist."

The views set forth in this series of articles, gathered in this way, will bear their limitations on their face. They are offered with full understanding of their inadequacy, with a feeling of hopelessness that a great deal worth while can have been obtained thus; for the multitude of impressions won was overwhelming and the awesomeness of this tremendous human undertaking makes hesitation inevitable in recording any judgment. For it is, without question, the greatest human experiment ever undertaken. This, of course, entirely apart from the question whether one believes or does not believe in communism; I, for one, cannot yet give up my faith in democracy and the liberal principles which, however often they may be honored in the breach in America, were intended to control and shape our American life.

IV. The Nature of the Task

What the Bolsheviks have essayed is obviously not, as so many people assume, the mere changing over of a going concern, of a modern industrialized, capitalized state into a communistic one. They have had, first of all, to repair the damage everywhere done by a world war, by a civil war, by famine and pestilence At the same time they have had to tear down the old religious and governmental systems in order to build up a great federal system of allied republics on political lines never before attempted. Next they have set themselves the task of lifting a nation in which only 20 per cent of the people were literate, out of the ranks of the analphabet nations; this they expect to do in less than fifteen years. Simultaneously they have provided a whole vast code of new laws governing every human relationship. Turning to industry, they have set out to modernize the entire antiquated industrial machine inherited from Czarism—a machine never adequate to Russian needs. But they have gone far, far beyond this. Under their ambitious five-year plan they are creating new industries, power plants, factories of every kind in order to raise Russia literally overnight to the industrial level of the United States —not that of England or Germany—and to man industry with labor which heretofore has never handled modern tools.

Nor is this all, for this plan involves changing the character, the human nature, of the Russians by teaching them honesty where they are dishonest; efficiency where they are inefficient; giving them social liberty where they were enchained. It involves, moreover, striking from them the fetters of a rotten, an utterly corrupt church which, steeped in superstition and bigotry, was merely a degraded tool of the Czarism which supported it and was in turn upheld by the priesthood it controlled. Finally, this Gargantuan task involves the readjustment of the most delicate social relations of 150,000,000 citizens, as it does the readjustment of all the groups that live under the Soviet flag. This, I repeat, is the most stupendous governmental feat ever undertaken—the social, moral, political, industrial, economic emancipation of a people and its reorganization upon the basis of service to society and to the nation, with the profit-making motive suddenly removed from the individual. These Bolsheviks are playing for the greatest of stakes. If they win, they will by their example of a successful communist state affect every government under which reside thinking men. No man is wise or far-sighted enough to foretell what will come. It suffices to say that the minority which controls the destiny of Russia is on its way with extraordinary and completely unselfish devotion, with the fiercest determination to succeed at any cost and to smash every person or group that may seek to interfere with the progress of its plans.

V. The Power of the Leaders

They are on their way. No observer, whatever his prejudices or preoccupations, can fail to be impressed with the remarkable ability of the men in charge, their vision, their vitality and vigor, their objectiveness, their passion for their cause. Fanatics? Of course they are. Who else but fanatics would have the courage needed for the task or could be relied upon to drive through to the end without essential compromise? Who but fanatics would have dared to essay so stupendous a task with the odds all against them? Who but fanatics would have the faith to believe that human nature can be made over in a short space of time? Who but fanatics would dare to face the hostility of organized society throughout the world because of their purpose to eliminate the profit motive and to declare the end of private property, which everywhere else is held to be the cornerstone of the family and therefore of the community, the nation, and the state? No timid or half-way reformer could suffice for such a task.

They are on their way. By means of dictatorial powers, by force, by the use of exiling and drastic executions, by the use of all the means of repression to which Mussolini also resorts so freely and so basely. But with this difference: the Bolsheviks are working for the good of the masses of the working people. Their great aim is to give them vast opportunities for work, to give them clothes, tools, the leisure for rest and culture, the use of modern inventions, education; they seek to uplift them. Mussolini seeks nothing but the development of a new imperial Power in Europe, the increase of the nationalistic spirit, the further intrenchment of capitalism, of industrialism, of militarism, of government for and by the few who are privileged. No sincere democrat, no progressive, no humanitarian can fail to prefer the Russian experiment of the two autocracies, however much he may dissent from its cruelties and its intolerance.

The Big Show in Washington

By PAUL Y. ANDERSON

Washington, October 26

CONTRARY to earlier fears, it becomes increasingly likely that if any tariff bill is enacted into law by the present Congress, either at this session or the next, it will be enacted in a form that will not too flagrantly assault the nostrils of mankind. The record of the Democratic-Progressive coalition in the Senate thus far, while marked by some lapses, seems a sufficient guaranty that the final draft will bear little resemblance to the charter of piracy which issued from the House, and may even represent an improvement over the existing law. By the same token, opposition to it in the end may be expected to come from the Administration rather than from the other side. Certainly it would be an ironical turn if the bill were finally killed by the President who called Congress into special session expressly to enact it, but it is entirely possible. The deletion of the flexible provision, in the face of his earnest plea for its retention, undoubtedly cooled any ardor which Mr. Hoover may have felt for the measure, and the inclusion of the debenture plan, in the face of his vehement denunciation, makes it positively repugnant to him as it stands. As a matter of fact, the debenture was put in for trading purposes. When the bill goes to conference, the House conferees will be told that the Senate is ready to sacrifice the debenture if the House will agree to sacrifice the flexible clause. Since the presence of the debenture is even more offensive to the Administration than the absence of the flexible provision, the House can have but one choice. It can hardly insist on having its way in both instances. If it does so it will be a safe guess that the President has sent word to the House leaders that he will take all or nothing, in which event the bill probably will die a natural death.

* * * * *

MR. HOOVER has chiefly himself to blame for his present dilemma in the matter. Throughout the long summer months when the committees were laboring over rates, he flatly declined to give any intimation of his feelings. When his original request for limited revision was perverted into covering a multitude of increases, he still declined to raise a hand. His friends were left in doubt, his enemies were allowed to surmise the worst, and the interests bent on plunder accepted his silence as an invitation to go the limit. One would have supposed that his experience with the farm bill, where an identical course of silence ultimately involved him in painful and wholly needless controversy, would have taught him a lesson. Apparently it did not, with the result that he is now confronted on one hand by a dwindling group of his own party pledged to the support of an indefensible measure, and on the other by a successful coalition of his opponents bent on depriving him of powers which he already enjoys. And all—or chiefly—because he would not speak out in the beginning. Of course, the possibility remains that the coalition, under the pressure of local self-interest, may permanently crack—just as it temporarily cracked the other day long enough for the manufacturers of calcium carbide to slide off tackle with a duty of one cent a pound on a product of which the country exports twice as much as it imports—but such a debacle is not to be anticipated. Much bait for Southern votes has been distributed through the bill by that shrewd and pious priest of protection, Reed Smoot, but hardly enough to decide the final issue.

* * * * *

THE act of Senator Hiram Bingham in introducing a stool pigeon of the Connecticut Manufacturers Association, disguised as his own secretary, into the secret sessions of the Finance Committee, continues to provide the subject of an interesting controversy. The debate turns on the color of the Senator's motives—whether he was a willing tool or merely a blind one. By those who contend that Bingham knew exactly what he was doing, it is pointed out that he is over twenty-one years of age and a former member of the Yale faculty. The pains which he took to conceal the transaction, moreover, are cited as evidence that he recognized its reprehensible character. The opposing school argues that the fact that a man has been a professor is no evidence that he has any sense of propriety; that, on the contrary, every act of Bingham's since he entered the Senate has shown beyond question that he is too deeply infatuated with himself to be a competent judge of his own actions. It is a nice question, and there is a great deal to be said on both sides. It was a notable fact that Mr. Joe ("Stick 'Em Up") Grundy, daddy of all the lobbyists, came off much better from his encounter with the Senate lobby investigators than had the smug Bingham. "Sure, I'm a lobbyist—what of it?" was the burden of his thoroughly hard-boiled rejoinder to their questions. He had no hesitancy in saying that he had raised $700,000 to elect the Republican ticket in 1924, and a similar sum for the same purpose in 1928, and he made no bones of his belief that to the purchaser belongs the merchandise. Uncle Joe made few pretensions to patriotism—he was, and is, working for the Pennsylvania Manufacturers Association, and his business is to raise the tariff as high as it can be raised on the products which they make and sell. The committee was so stunned by his candor that it omitted to ascertain what views, if any, he harbors toward the ethics of that business.

* * * * *

IF there is one thing, more than another, which makes it difficult to maintain a lasting enthusiasm for Herbert Hoover it is his capacity for mingling noble actions with others which are reminiscent of the late Calvin. Such a change of pace baffles his best friends. Undoubtedly it was a great day for common decency when he told the patronage panderers of Florida in their teeth that efficiency must govern the nomination of federal appointees and that the executive power would no longer be a party to their sordid game. This resounding blast deserved the florid encomiums which it elicited from such liberal organs as the New York *World*. Yet at the very same time, in response to demands from the patronage bosses of Pennsylvania, Mr. Hoover was

desperately engaged in trying to place on the Federal bench in that State a candidate whose unfitness had drawn condemnation from almost every informed quarter, including that of the senior federal judge of the circuit. Concerning this briefless lawyer, one Albert L. Watson, it is sufficient to say that most of his practice had been in handling uncontested divorce cases, that for two years he abandoned it to become a bond salesman in another State, and that his principal sponsor and supporter is W. W. Atterbury, president of the Pennsylvania Railroad, which has more than 17,000 employees and more than 2,500 miles of track—with a commensurate volume of litigation—in the district over which Judge Watson would preside. The fact that he would owe his lifelong job to Mr. Atterbury would not, it was solemnly argued, influence the judge in deciding any case involving the Pennsylvania Railroad—a fact which, if true, establishes him as far fitter to hold court among the angels than in the middle district of Pennsylvania. Almost the only person who appeared to believe it was the President. The Senate, which must act on his confirmation, remains unconvinced at this date, and the Senate has repeatedly shown an uncomfortable inclination to do what it thought best, instead of saying yes to the President.

ON the subject of patronage, I am able to report that a quiet but interesting luncheon was given at the Capitol this week by Senator Frederick Collin Walcott, Connecticut colleague of the ill-fated Bingham. The guest of honor was Claudius Huston, new chairman of the Republican National Committee, and the ostensible purpose was to enable members of the Old Guard who had previously been denied that privilege to become acquainted with him. On the whole a pleasant time was had by all, but some of the guests took occasion to air certain grievances. It was remarked by such statesmen as Patterson of Missouri and Glenn of Illinois that the White House had been guilty of a lamentable neglect of Senatorial feelings in making federal appointments. It was intimated that in some instances Senators had received from the newspapers their first information about important appointments in their States. Mr. Huston's reply was calculated to console. He intimated that in future these statesmen would have less cause to complain. Unhappily, a doubt as to whether Mr. Huston spoke with Presidential authority lingered, and still lingers, in the Senatorial breasts. They heave wistfully for the departed days when the White House was inhabited by a Great Little Man who knew his politics, and took them seriously.

To Our Children—November 10, 1929

By WAITSTILL HASTINGS SHARP

TODAY is what your parents and ministers call "Armistice Sunday." You who are twelve, thirteen, and fourteen wonder what kind of Sunday that can possibly be. Today you will be hearing words like "Great War," and "November 11, 1918," and "end of the struggle for democracy." And perhaps you will notice that people look more serious than usual. You may see several mothers wearing gold stars on their dark clothes. Everyone in church will be thinking back over eleven years to 1918.

This is what "Armistice Sunday" means:

From 1914 to 1918 almost the whole civilized Christian world was at war Thirty nations were fighting on two sides. The people in these countries spent $250,000,000,000 and the lives of ten million soldiers in these four years. Besides these ten million soldiers who lost their lives, 3,500,000 people who stayed at home died too. These were babies and old fathers and mothers who could not get enough food and heat and who died of disease.

In the state of Prussia, in Europe, 800,000 babies and old people died because the British battleships would not let boats from Norway and Sweden take food to Germany. The bones of the children were soft and many children had no teeth because they could not get the right food to eat for building bones and teeth.

Thousands and thousands of people froze in the snow of Russia or died of thirst and starvation in Southeastern Europe and Asia Minor.

The soldiers did not march with flags and drums or ride around on beautiful horses. They dug holes and trenches and hid in the earth except when they were fighting with bayonets. For four years millions of men lived and fought and died in these two lines of trenches which ran parallel from the North Sea to the Alps. All day and all night they shot at each other across a space about 500 feet wide, called No Man's Land. Now and then they would jump up out of the ground where they were hiding and run across to the other soldiers' trenches and cut the barbed wire and try to kill the other soldiers with knives about sixteen inches long fitted to the end of their rifles and called bayonets. Or they would try to blow the enemy soldiers to pieces with bombs.

All these soldiers were Christians.

There were also some Mohammedans and some Buddhists and some Japanese and some savages from Africa whom the Christians taught to fight in this way.

The soldiers did not know the names of the other soldiers. The other soldiers had never done them any harm. But they were ordered to shoot the other soldiers. Sometimes they burned them alive with flame throwers. Very often they poisoned all the air with a cloud of deadly gas and killed the other soldiers in this way. Soldiers on both sides did this. Their generals told them to do it.

The English and French and Americans thought that they were right. They thought that they were defending their countries. Their priests and ministers led them in prayers to God to help them kill the Germans.

God helped. More than a million German boys and men were killed in battle.

The Germans and Austrians and Turks and Bulgarians thought that they were right. They thought that they were defending their countries. Their priests and ministers led them in prayers to God to help them kill the English and French and Americans.

God helped. Almost two and a half million French and English and American boys and men were killed.

Submarines blew up great liners with torpedoes. Thousands of people were drowned. One day one submarine sank four battleships near Constantinople. Four thousand sailors were drowned.

Fifty-three thousand American boys were killed in battle. Acres and acres of white crosses mark their graves in France.

Many thousands of soldiers died in camps from disease or were crippled for life.

Airplanes and zeppelins flew over cities and dropped bombs on the people and blew up their homes.

Museums and libraries and cathedrals hundreds and hundreds of years old were burned down or blown up.

Half the world made all the land and the sea and the sky just as deadly for the other half as it could.

On November 11, 1918, the German generals gave up the war. Two hundred and fifty billion dollars had been spent to kill thirteen million people in four years. The great cannon were quiet. Everyone said: "The war is over!"

A Gold Star mother is a woman whose boy was killed.

If you see a big grown man wipe tears out of his eyes in church today, perhaps you will find that he was a father and had a boy sitting beside him once and hoped to have a boy sitting beside him when he was old.

Now he has only a memory.

There is a chance that you will see one of these fathers in church today. There are five million of them in the world.

In the Driftway

IN an address before the English-Speaking Union in London the other day Dean Inge of St. Paul's Cathedral made the prediction that 200 years hence the United States would be in no sense an Anglo-Saxon country. The old stock was dying out, he said, not only relatively but absolutely, in spite of immigration laws designed to preserve it. The prediction is a safe one in view of the fact that the United States is not now—perhaps never was—an Anglo-Saxon country in any but a limited sense. There has always been a substantial—and increasing—admixture of other races. At the same time, it is true that the country has been, and is, under Anglo-Saxon dominance, and it is doubtless the passing of this to which Dean Inge looks forward, apparently with regret.

* * * * *

DEAN INGE is not the first one, of course, to predict the passing of Anglo-Saxon dominance in the United States. A quarter of a century ago Charles E. Woodruff, then a major in the medical corps of our army, predicted the disappearance in the United States not only of the Anglo-Saxons but of the entire North European stock—an elimination of the blond, blue-eyed, fair-haired type. Major Woodruff became interested in the subject because of his work in the Philippines, and set forth his theory in a book called "The Effects of Tropical Light on White Men." He came to the conclusion that the tropics were unfavorable to white men not because of the unusual heat, but on account of the greater light, due to the more direct and intense radiation of the sun in the lower latitudes. Dark skins, dark hair, and dark eyes, he asserted, were nature's method of protecting men from the violence of tropical light; the color of the human race varied according to the latitude in which a given group lived rather than according to origin or other considerations.

* * * * *

IT is not necessary to accept Major Woodruff's thesis in its entirety to agree that at least he is correct in his contention that the United States as a whole is climatically hostile to a blond of the pronounced type. Whether it is the light or the heat or something else, one sees here only rarely that fresh, transparent type of blond which is so common under the cool, cloudy skies of England, while the American woman who goes to the tropics is seldom able—no matter what soap she uses—to "keep that schoolgirl complexion." Probably Major Woodruff's theory can never be proved or disproved, because the immigration of dark-hued races into the United States has been so great in recent years as to vitiate any conclusions that might otherwise be drawn from the relative number of blonds and brunettes. As for the Drifter, he is only mildly interested one way or the other. If the Anglo-Saxon type is on the way to extinction in the United States, that proves that it has done its work and that something else is better suited to the needs of the America of the future. THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Dinosaurs of 1929

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Recently I took two of my nieces to the National Museum in Washington and while there we spent some little time in the room in which are found the fossil remains and reproductions of the dinosaurs and other prehistoric animals. One of my companions, in her early teens, remarked in substance that she would not want to have lived when such creatures were upon the earth. A moment later, however, she added thoughtfully: "But perhaps they were no worse than automobiles."

Kensington, Maryland, October 10 C. W. BROOMALL

One View of Culture

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Professor Wilm in The College and Main Street essays to tell us what is wrong with the colleges. It's the students, he says—fraternities, athletics, low salaries of professors, the marking system, honorary degrees.

What he wants is "culture" and "scholarship." But what is culture in the professor's opinion? He turns from Dr. Frank Crane and Henry Ford to "the sentences of Montaigne and of Emerson." Style for him is the "ultimate morality of the mind." He places "the annual Greek play" as "the most important event of the year" in his college.

Has Professor Wilm never heard of John Dewey, Bertrand Russell, Thorstein Veblen, Anatole France, Sidney Webb, James Harvey Robinson, or Bernard Shaw? Has he never read "Progress and Poverty" or "Democracy and Education"? What intelligent person or what raw freshman, for that matter,

gives a hoot for his Greek plays and narrow class culture?

What is needed in our colleges is not more money for degree-decorated morons who are worshiping style and "the sentences of Montaigne," but a college that is an integrated social unit and teachers who are alive to the ebb and flow of ideas and energy in the modern world. There lies culture, often stifled, it is true, in poverty, disease, and ignorance, or "higher education," but respondent, possibly, to the leadership of courage and intelligence. "Cultural background." Rot! Cultural foreground is what is needed.

Detroit, Michigan, October 10 MACK P. MONROE

Frank Harris

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I shall be greatly obliged if you will permit the use of your columns to request those who have any material bearing on Frank Harris to communicate with me. I am preparing a biography of Mr. Harris and for that work I have received the assistance of most of those now living who are depicted in the "Contemporary Portraits." I am especially eager to procure transcripts of letters from him, reports of meetings, and conversations. Send communications to 1421 South St. Louis Avenue, Chicago, Illinois.

Chicago, September 29 ELMER GERTZ

Democrats and Pennsylvania

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Considering the assurance with which your Louis Francis Budenz wrote about Pennsylvania politics in the issue of October 2 he went rather far astray when he said that Pennsylvania went Democratic for the first time since the Civil War in 1924 when, adopting Mr. Budenz's view of the result, William B. Wilson defeated William S. Vare for the United States Senate. Leaving out of the picture others who from time to time have been counted out, Pennsylvania twice elected Robert E. Pattison governor and George Berry was elected state treasurer. About the time Pattison was first elected governor the Democrats had control of the legislature and sent William A. Wallace to the United States Senate.

Fairmont, W. Va., September 28 J. C. H.

The Color Line

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: While I fully share the indignation aroused by the Rev. Blackshear's action toward his Negro fellow-Christians, I have to smile cynically remembering that what this young man has done is practiced unrebuked throughout the entire South by ministers of all Protestant denominations with the full approval of millions of our fellow-citizens. Negroes are deprived not only of membership, on equal terms of belief, in all Protestant churches, but of most economic opportunities. But nothing is done about it. On the contrary, our Northern church denominations are reaching out the hand of fellowship and inviting organic union with Southern organizations every member of which entertains the same despicable, un-Christian attitude as this young man in Brooklyn.

Good may come of this evil thing if it causes men to examine their minds and cast out racial animosities.

New York, September 19 BENJAMIN MACMAHON

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HARPER & BROTHERS

Books, Music, Drama

Autumn

By CARLETON DREWRY

When the cool hours
Curving down the day
Measure a slow mellowing to decay,
Something will draw our eyes
To dream beyond the meadow and the hill
In distances past knowing, past surmise,
Till the mind grows quiet
And intent and still.

Now is no hope to harass,
No grief that needs be said
Over the dreams that pass:
All is undying when dead.
Now desire is done
Under the touch of the sufficient sun.
Freed of all frenzy and bewilderment,
We taste at last a calm futility,
A casual content.

From Lossiemouth to Westminster

J. Ramsay MacDonald: Labor's Man of Destiny. By H. Hessell Tiltman. Frederick A. Stokes Company. $5.

MR. TILTMAN'S book is probably as good a biography of the British Prime Minister as could well be written at this stage of Mr. MacDonald's career. It is somewhat old-fashioned in plan, but it offers a detailed record of the events of Mr. MacDonald's life, incorporates in the narrative extended extracts from his writings and speeches besides some ninety pages of similar matter in appendices, tells a good deal about the political situations of which he has been a more or less important part, and dwells in general with discretion upon personal traits and habits or the incidents of family life. Nothing that it contains, we are assured, has been "inspired or suggested" by Mr. MacDonald. The obvious limitation of the book is one which inheres in every biography of a person still living, namely, the inability of the author to follow some things through and let us see how they came out. Within this limitation Mr. Tiltman has done a very creditable piece of work, and the reader who wants to know what Mr. MacDonald was doing at any particular time, the more patent features of the political struggles in which he has engaged, or the political aims which he and his party have sought to realize, will find a reasonably satisfactory answer somewhere in the 456 pages of this book.

Whether, in addition to the record of facts, Mr. Tiltman has succeeded in drawing a picture of Mr. MacDonald that will be accepted as satisfactory is not so certain. It may be assumed that he undertook to do so and that he was not unaware of the difficulty of the task. The fact is, of course, that Mr. MacDonald makes upon the public of Great Britain, and to some extent upon that of other countries as well, two sharply contrasted impressions. To far the larger number of those who know him or know of him he stands out as the devoted and magnetic leader of the British Labor Party, a firm believer in the principles of socialism, and a staunch but persuasive advocate of universal peace. His political followers see in him a man who rose from the humblest circumstances to the highest political leadership that his country has to offer, a zealous worker for his party, and an effective orator and skilled parliamentarian. To such he is, by and large, the best and most interesting embodiment of the Labor Party ideals, whatever those ideals are. A smaller, more intimate, and more observant group look upon him as a man of unusual culture and intellectual refinement, dignified, reserved to the point at times of coldness, preferring books and the society of his friends to the noise and hustle of politics, a gentleman rather than a commoner, but withal, a politician and statesman.

The reader of Mr. Tiltman's book will be likely to gather, and rightly, the impression that Mr. MacDonald is in fact both of these things, and something besides. As far as fundamental political principles are concerned, Mr. MacDonald has carried on the tradition of compromise which a Liberal England regards as the height of practical political wisdom. Only in England could a Socialist party, grounded theoretically in opposition to capitalism, have worked its way to control of the government without throwing the country into a panic of fear lest a revolution should presently be launched. The reason is that Englishmen are not much given to theorizing and hence are not easily driven to extremes. Mr. MacDonald's socialism has about it very little that in the United States would be accounted radical. It was not as a dangerous enemy of the established economic or social order that Mr. MacDonald was recently welcomed at the White House or applauded by bankers and business leaders in New York. His progress from the slow methods of the Fabians, through the more aggressive radicalism of the Independent Labor Party, to the headship of a Labor Party bulwarked by trade unionism has been marked by an adaptation of theories to the apparent necessities of practice. When he wrote, in 1906, that "an essential feature of the Socialist state" will be "the common ownership of all those forms of property in the use or abuse of which the whole community is more interested than private individuals, and the employment of such property for common ends and not for private profit," he laid down a definition loose enough to admit of a vastly greater measure of government ownership or control than Britain, file leader in some respects of the socialization of industry and common life, has yet seen; but it is as the friend and aider of the general welfare, and not as the potential destroyer of capitalism and all its works, that the Labor Party today dominates the British political situation and summons the world to peace.

Yet it may well be questioned whether Mr. MacDonald would have been able to impress himself upon the British people as he has if he had not been one of those leaders whom someone has aptly characterized as intellectuals with revolutionary sympathies. Mr. Tiltman, apparently, would have us believe that the aloofness and mental abstraction which attach to Mr. MacDonald, together with the stout adherence which he has often shown to a course which he believed to be right, are to be ascribed to heredity. "He is the descendant of Highlanders—aloof, reserved, inclined to obstinacy and intolerance —and this accounts for the fact that there are few in this country who can give him the complete appreciation to which, as one of the greatest warriors for an ideal, he is entitled." Doubtless heredity plays its part, but the better explanation of Mr. MacDonald's leadership, I think, is that he is at once an intellectual and a consummate politician. It is the union of both those qualities that has made him a revolutionary whom sensible Englishmen do not fear. His rise from poverty and narrow opportunity to the leadership which he now enjoys would have been impossible had he not possessed rare intellectual power, but he has also learned that the demands of

New Book Club Cuts Price of Month's Leading Books to 42c

By ARTHUR K. WHITLEY

NEVER before in the history of book publishing has there been so wide and varied a deluge of important—really significant—books. A recent list of best-sellers includes such names as Julian Green, Susan Ertz, John Galsworthy, Hugh Walpole. There is no doubt that American readers want good literature, and are willing to read any amount of good books—if they are within reach.

But so many books are published each year that it is almost impossible for the average reader to buy every volume he would like to own. As a result, hundreds of worthwhile volumes are overlooked—due to the "high cost of literature."

Why are books so expensive? Why can they not be sold as cheaply as magazines? This has long been the problem of a group of distinguished writers, educators and publishers.

The Writer said: "The author's earnings do not increase the price of good books. He would much prefer having 50,000 readers purchase his book for 42c a copy than only 5,000 at $2.50."

The Educator said: "Free public education has given the average citizen an appreciation of good books. More fine literature is being read today than ever before."

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theories must be tempered to the conditions of practical politics if much that is important is to be accomplished. His devotion to peace, for example, goes much farther than opposition to war at arms; he is equally opposed to violent changes of any kind, realizing as many of his followers do not that the surest changes are gradual, that growth is better than dislocation, and that leadership of mind, shrewdly adapted to what the people from time to time will stand, is more lasting and beneficent than the dictatorship of mere authority. He is a revolutionary only in the sense that he looks confidently for a society radically different from that which Britain now has, but he knows history too well to take chances in breaking violently with the past.

If Mr. MacDonald's career is one that could hardly have been found in any other country than Great Britain, it must still remain an almost unique example of what may happen in politics when, in a really self-governing society, courage and ideas join hands. Mr. MacDonald's opposition to the World War was complete, and he was not numbered among those who, having opposed the war at the beginning, threw themselves into it afterwards as if patriotism was to be shown only by following the crowd. He opposed industrial conscription as firmly as he opposed war, protested against the atrocities campaign, lost his seat in the Commons rather than abandon his principles, and fought his way back to Parliament in the face of a systematic policy of silence in a hostile press. Mr. Tiltman, commenting upon his return to the House in 1922, after an absence of four years, and his restoration to his former position as chairman of his party in place of J. R. Clynes, remarks that "in the whole tangled skein of British politics there is to be found no more striking instance of a man plunged from power into the depths—into depths where he found awaiting him loneliness, hatred, obloquy, everything but dishonor—only in the course of time to be elevated once more to power and prestige far exceeding that he had formerly known."

It would be idle to urge very strongly that in his stormy and tumultuous career Mr. MacDonald has not always been consistent, that he has been less of a Socialist in practice than he may have been in his personal convictions, that he has sometimes hesitated, or that he has not accomplished all that he set out to do. Among national political leaders of the present moment he is preeminently the idealist in a world of hard facts; and therein, it would seem, lies much of the secret of his remarkable influence and the ground of hope in what he may yet do. Mr. Tiltman has not explained everything that one would like to have explained, and there is a good deal of British political history to be taken into the account beyond what he gives; an earlier anonymous appraisal by "Iconoclast" may still be read with profit; but he has at least given us the essential historical background of a statesman who is the most significant international figure in the world today.

WILLIAM MACDONALD

Barrie and His Plays

Barrie. The Story of a Genius. By J. A. Hammerton. Dodd, Mead and Company. $5.

THE author of this biography is singularly sober in style, sparing in the use of superlatives and even of adjectives; yet he begs the whole question in his title—"The Story of a Genius." For surely that noun is higher than any accumulation of positives and comparatives. Yet Stevenson, who could not be accused of carelessness in the choice of words, applied that crowning appellation to Barrie more than thirty-five years ago: "I have no such glamor of twilight on my pen. I am a capable artist; but it begins to look to me as if you were a man of genius."

Although Barrie, in the phrase which Carlyle applied to Thackeray, was "writing for his life" in the early and middle eighties, his fame is exactly forty years old. It was in 1889 that "A Window in Thrums" appeared—clearly an addition to English literature. In 1891 "The Little Minister" gave its author a prodigious reputation as a novelist, made him independent of hack-writing, and eventually led to his success in the theater. His best novel is undoubtedly "Sentimental Tommy," which appeared in 1896, but the comparative failure of its sequel may have been owing partly to the fact that his heart was already given to the stage. "A Window in Thrums" and "Margaret Ogilvy" will not be forgotten; but today his fame as a novelist is overshadowed by that of his plays, which last year he collected in one volume and which have helped to make 1898-1928 the best thirty years in British drama since the death of Shakespeare.

There have been books written about Barrie, notably by H. M. Walbrook and Thomas Moult, but this is the first carefully documented biography. Here we have a tall volume of nearly five hundred pages, copiously illustrated and concerned chiefly with facts. It does not profess to be a work of criticism, though the author candidly states his preferences; what he is after is to present a truthful account of the circumstances of Barrie's childhood, education, early struggles as a journalist, and a record of his later triumphs. Mr. Hammerton was himself educated at Glasgow and during a long career has been journalist, editor, and writer of books. In this biography he has striven faithfully to record only what is true—a difficult matter indeed; much of his time and space is devoted to annihilating the numerous myths and legends that necessarily accumulate around the career of a prominent creative artist, especially when the artist has done his best to keep out of the limelight.

Yet as no book is without errors, a few may be found in these pages. Alexander Woollcott, whose name is misspelled, is called "an English actor." What does Hammerton mean (page 109) by implying that Skelton and Nash were Restoration satirists? Inasmuch as he flattens out so many myths and repeatedly warns us to be careful in taking literally what so great a humorist says of himself, it is singular that he accepts (page 93) the story that went the rounds of the press describing Barrie's first meeting with Stevenson: they bumped in the street, nearly fought, etc. It is a pretty story, but Barrie himself told me there was no truth in it. Hammerton also gives (page 340) a picture of the house where Barrie wrote "Peter Pan," though Barrie himself cannot remember where he wrote it. Furthermore (page 419) he does not believe the statement that "Shall We Join the Ladies?" was originally intended to be the first act of a four-act play. It was, though, as I have the best of reasons for knowing; the author told me so in all seriousness. Mr. Hammerton adds that he does not believe even the genius of Barrie could have maintained the interest after such a first act; I have no doubt he could, for look at the third act of "Dear Brutus."

In his comment on the ending of "The Admirable Crichton" and the difficulty Barrie had in satisfying himself, further proof of this difficulty would appear if Mr. Hammerton would consult the three versions of the printed play. It was not until after 1912 that Barrie would consent to the publication of any of his plays, but now we have three texts of this particular masterpiece: the beautiful illustrated quarto of 1914, the first trade edition of 1918, and the collected edition of 1928. As no attention has been called to these three texts, and as they indicate the difficulty the author had, it is worth while here to quote significant passages, all dealing with the last moments of the play.

"WHAT PROHIBITION NEEDS IS DISARMAMENT"



JANE ADDAMS

reviews a decade of

PROHIBITION

Survey Graphic for October was scarcely off the press when the western office of the A. P. wired for permission to send out the nib of it; the Franklin Square librarians chose it as one of the 10 outstanding articles of the month; the Literary Digest gave up two pages to condensing it.

Miss Addams writes from a neighborhood which saw the rise of bootlegger and hijacker; from a city which "holds the key to the rich trade of the West and the Northwest in whiskey, wine, gin and beer exactly as it does in wheat, hogs, furniture and more stable commodities." "It is big money that makes Chicago gang wars so murderous."

She compares the days of the corner saloons and the dry years of '19 and '21 with the "general unenforcement of prohibition regulations" and the issues we all confront in our American cities. She visualizes as no one else has done the economic structure and the human back-wash of an outlaw industry.

IMMIGRANTS UNDER THE QUOTA
by **JANE ADDAMS**

in November Survey Graphic again brings Miss Addams' name and that of the Survey Graphic into the list of ten outstanding articles chosen by Franklin Square judges. This is an interpretation, by our deftest master in social relationship, of the efforts of newcomers to America, to answer the old question—"Is the Universe Friendly?" Miss Addams is drawing on her

SECOND TWENTY YEARS AT HULL HOUSE

The first instalments are appearing in Survey Graphic. A great editor once spoke of her writings as "fresh-minted"—struck off from experience, searching in their philosophy, stamped with gentle courage and the candor of deep understanding. These new writings are fresh minted from larger dies, for her neighborhood has become the nation and the world.

SURVEY GRAPHIC

interprets

EDISON AND HIS LAMP

The bright side of swift social changes wrought by his invention, portrayed in the October Survey Graphic by *Waldemar Kaempffert* is singled out by the Review of Reviews for reproduction this 50th anniversary month. In a comparison article Martha Bensley Bruere carries a woman's candle into the dark corners left in our family budgets by the high cost of lighting.

RACIAL STAKES IN PALESTINE

The New Pilgrims in Israel as he met them in the Zionist colonies are portrayed by *John Haynes Holmes* and *An Arab Voice* is made articulate by *Elizabeth MacCallum*, who tells of Ameen Rihani, reared in Washington Street, lower New York, who has traveled up and down the Arab world in pursuit of a goal contrary to that of Laurence, the English adventurer.

THE ROOTS OF RAMSAY MACDONALD

the rise of the British Labour Party and his insurgent leadership in wartime and at the elections enter into a pageant of *Pittsburgh, Essen and Manchester* by *Paul U. Kellogg*. Three great modern industrial nations measured against each other with Energy, Liberty and Security as yardsticks.

NEW YORK'S REGIONAL PLAN IN A NUTSHELL

Robert W. de Forest, Thomas Adams and Robert W. Duffus give the pith and purpose of the great blue print of the future as it spreads before the millions at the mouth of the Hudson.

REFEREES OF HUMAN BEHAVIOR

With edge and whimsy, the psychologists tell what is revealed by our modern court procedure. We meet *"That Blamed Old Fool"* through *Mary Edna Mc Christie* of the Cincinnati Court of Domestic Relations, and learn *When Ladies Scrap* by *Eleanor Rowland Wembridge* of the Juvenile Court of Cleveland. You get close-ups of people in *Survey Graphic*. You feel that you are joining in animated discussion with men and women behind the scenes. Here is an adventurous company eagerly following the trail of facts and searching out reality back of billboard slogans and newspaper headlines.

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N

Version of 1914. LADY MARY. "Do you despise me, Crichton?" CRICHTON. "Yes, my lady."

1918. LADY MARY. "Do you despise me, Crichton?" (*The man who could never tell a lie makes no answer.*)

1928. LADY MARY. "Do you despise me, Crichton? (*The man who could never tell a lie makes no answer.*) I am ashamed of myself, but I am the sort of woman on whom shame sits lightly." (*He does not contradict her.*)

Mr. Moult, in his little book on Barrie, says that "while no English-speaking writer is held in such affectionate regard by readers and playgoers alike, his genius has consistently been denied serious appreciation." Mr. Hammerton contradicts Mr. Moult point-blank; but leaving out the word "consistently," I am afraid there is some truth in the statement. I have no doubt myself that Barrie is a man of genius; that "The Admirable Crichton" and "Dear Brutus" are masterpieces; that "Peter Pan" is an addition to the world's permanent population of characters. But those who persist in calling Barrie "sentimental," "whimsical," "elusive," "wistful" are denying him a place in the front rank. In a speech to the dramatic critics Barrie suggested that none of these adjectives applied; that he was in fact a "realistic" writer, and I believe he is. Storm Jameson, in her thoughtful book "Modern Drama in Europe," says: "His work eludes definition as does the work of all men who are masters of their art. There is nothing like it in the whole of modern drama, and though to be unique is not to be great therefore, few will be found to withhold from Mr. Barrie any honoring word." Of his plays she says: "There is nothing sentimental in the mind that called them out."

Of all living men, Barrie is my favorite dramatist. His dramas are the dramas of ideas as distinguished from the dramas of opinions. With no preaching and no propaganda he has done more to elevate the British stage than any other man except Shaw, because he deals not with contemporary themes but with the things that are eternal—what Richardson called "love and nonsense, men and women."

Mr. Hammerton's book, while not particularly valuable for its literary criticism—he surprisingly admires Barrie's worst play, "Der Tag"—is indispensable as a biography. He admirably accomplishes what he set out to do: to give us the facts of Barrie's life and career from earliest childhood to the summer of 1929. There is an index, but there should also have been a bibliography. WILLIAM LYON PHELPS

Speculation and Loans

Wall Street and Washington. By Joseph Stagg Lawrence. Princeton University Press. $5.

IT was to be expected that the bitterness of feeling over the Federal Reserve's recent declaration of war on Wall Street's bull market should call out much vigorous speech and the pouring forth of much ink, but hardly that it would lead so soon to the appearance of a 468-page volume full of argument and data designed to prove the amazing incompetence of the authors of the Federal Reserve Board's famous public statement of February 5, warning the nation of the danger of speculative loans. The extraordinary vigor of Mr. Lawrence in marshaling arguments and information and completing his work so soon may find its explanation in the joy he appears to have found in the task. His is the spirit of crusade; of David going forth to do battle with Goliath. Wall Street is the righteous House of Israel that must have a champion; Washington the camp of the Philistines which wicked connivance has brought into array for the destruction of the stock market and all its virtuous bulls and innocent lambs. Mr. Lawrence makes his war, however, upon certain Senators as well as upon the board; upon a body of public men who have permitted "fanatical passions and provincial ignorance to find expression in unrestrained virulence." He centers his attack at the very start upon the irresponsible utterances of a "small group of flannel-throated fanatics" who have dragooned the members of the board into doing what they have done, and—here is a discovery—finds that with one exception these fanatics are staunch supporters of prohibition.

From this unconventional starting-point and in an atmosphere thus created Mr. Lawrence takes us through the mazes of credit theory and practice. The book is readable and even entertaining. Not only is there information on banking, credit, the money market, the stock market, brokers' loans, domestic and foreign trade, prices, profits, gambling, ethics, but there is bristling opinion on all these subjects. The book seeks to demolish popular and unpopular conceptions of the purposes of central banking authorities, goes into the details of banking technique, and discusses at length and (when not too heated) in a scholarly fashion the inter-related factors on which Federal Reserve policies are based.

Mr. Lawrence always has his sling ready to hurl a stone at the unsuspecting head of some hoary old economic theory. To him nothing is sacred simply because it is ancient. One old theory in particular—that we must have an adequate gold reserve—he shows to be historically fallacious; no two central banking systems in the world have ever interpreted the term "adequate" alike. Even as our gold reserves are now calculated, he asserts that if we were to use the rate of the nation's growth actually realized during the past year, our current reserves "would last until Gabriel sounded his final summons." Another theory that high money rates in themselves repress industry and break down business activity he cracks in a highly interesting fashion. Still another theory—that inflation occurs when business turnover moves forward more rapidly than bank deposits—he demolishes. He attacks the theory that a falling off in foreign loans must bring about a decline in the American export trade, but here he is not so effective. We know that Europe for years has bought much of the American output from the proceeds of American credits, and we expect it to buy less if funds are not readily provided.

There are various other theories outlined in detail and supported or attacked, but the one which Mr. Lawrence sets out with most gusto to explode is that over which most controversy rages today, namely, that brokers' loans must come down. The supporting argument that our gold supply is not sufficient to carry the great credit structure which has been reared, Mr. Lawrence calls "groundless and fanciful, or inspired." He traces competently the manner in which not only brokers' loans but other loans have grown, and then very properly asks why the growth in the buying of stocks on part-payment should have become so pregnant with sinister import while the same kind of buying of railroads, public utilities, farms, homes, radios, and refrigerators has met with approval. He concludes, and rightly, that there is ample gold under our system of banking and finance for all our credit requirements, and demonstrates with excellent logic what most experienced bankers have recognized, but what the public generally has missed, that it is not the danger to our reserves that should cause so much concern, but rather the character of outstanding credit.

Here he comes to grips with present-day Reserve Board policy, and incidentally has some fun with those who have wrung their hands because brokers' loans in Wall Street have increased so much that they are now in the neighborhood of seven billion dollars. Securities listed on the New York Stock Exchange have a present approximate value of 120 billion dollars; for every $100 of securities, $5.80 is borrowed through brokerage channels. As against this, for every $100 of farm

property (not counting implements and stock) $9.10 is borrowed, while for every $100 of railway property the borrowed funds represent $57. That the Federal Reserve authorities have lately deliberately exceeded not only their generally acknowledged functions but also their statutory duties in attacking Wall Street loans while leaving others alone is the conclusion the author seeks to prove; whether or not he has succeeded is a matter of opinion. Fiat enforcement by propaganda and the swaying of market psychology, such as we have seen at the hands of the Reserve Board, were surely never intended by the authors of the banking act; still, the board and its protagonists seem to have justified themselves in their own eyes and in the estimation of a considerable part of the sober-minded public. It cannot be denied that stock-market speculation had gone to great lengths during the winter and early spring of 1928-1929, and that the time had come for the application of brakes on senseless gambling. The method used by the Reserve Board was not the best method; in all likelihood, if it had the task to do again, the board would choose a different course. The pity is that the March, April, and May deflation in stock-market prices was so drastic and hit so many innocent people.

HENRY HALL

The Third Rome

The Seven Vices. By Guglielmo Ferrero. Translated by Arthur Livingston and Elizabeth Abbott. Harcourt, Brace and Company. Two volumes. $5.

FOR those who know Signor Ferrero as a historian and would learn his opinion of fascism his novel will be a disappointment. Neither by reference nor suggestion does he record his attitude toward the dictatorship of his native land. Nor is there a clue in either of the two volumes to suggest that his attitude to the present government in any way accounts for the writing of the book. In the long paragraphs that form a running commentary on the plot he pokes playful thrusts at the dignity of a world which pretends to pivot on truth and justice but which actually moves by power, chicanery, and passion. Apart from such mildly satiric reflections, which apply equally to democracies and autocracies, there is nothing to indicate that the author offers his work for anything but its literary value.

But if "The Third Rome" (the original title) is disappointing as theory it is even more disappointing as fiction. The great political and social novel of Italy at the end of the nineteenth century, the novel to complement the "Chartreuse de Parme," for instance, is still unwritten. Signor Ferrero has gathered the material, arranged it, threaded his characters through it, and made a woof of intrigues and personalities that is monumental in its effect and the ease and skill with which it is woven, but size alone cannot make it impressive. At the end of the book, when Susanna, who has furnished Rome with its chief gossip in 1895, has been vindicated, when Senator Alamanni's riches and shrewdness have won him his title, when Olievro's youthful humanitarianism has been whipped into firmer mold and the climax comes, it falls with no more weight than the denouement of a long, intricate, tedious piece of drawing-room gossip. The excitement, the sense of accomplishment that a good novel inspires are lacking.

The cause lies mainly in the author's attitude toward his material. He has approached his data as a historian and not as a novelist. He has misused the historian's chief faculty—the ability to fix characters and events in an exact and unique relation to time and space, to correlate all the facts of a given case to its immediate setting so that personalities and circumstances belong irrefutably to a specific moment and to no other.

"God's glory and my country's shame"



One cried, "Where is the bastard hid?"
"He is not here."
It was a faint
And futile lie.
"The hell he ain't.
We tracked him here. Show us the place.
Or else . . ."

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So imbedded are the figures of "The Seven Vices" in their environment, in their special decade and city, that it is impossible to disentangle them as, for example, the Shrew may be unwound from the tapestry of the sixteenth century and put into modern dress and lose nothing vital thereby. Neither romance has transfigured them to delight our imaginations, nor realism translated them into the common experience of mankind to touch our sympathies. They stand like models in a museum, accurate to a detail, with a confusing, lifelike appearance, but they are imprisoned, they lack the true novelist's liberating touch, the stroke which will project them beyond their literary provincialism and launch them into the realm of cosmopolitan fiction.

Signor Ferrero has made a comprehensive and authoritative study of Rome under Crispi's rule; a study which, while lacking the endurance of a fine novel, nevertheless has significance as a historian's estimate of a generation whose sins have been visited heavily upon our own.

FLORENCE CODMAN

International Briefs

Survey of International Affairs: 1926 and 1927. By Arnold J. Toynbee and Others. Two volumes. Oxford University Press. Each $8.50.

Mr. Toynbee and his associates in the Royal Institute of International Affairs are producing a meaty and invaluable work of reference. As with the preceding volumes, the field covered is not confined to the years whose dates the present issues bear. The financial reconstruction of Austria and of Hungary, the admission of Germany to the League, the conditioned offer by the United States to enter the World Court, and the formation of the international steel cartel fall in the field of the issue for 1926; but half of the volume deals with the Far East. Mr. Toynbee has made an earnest and often successful effort to write an impartial history of the rise of the Kuomintang; unfortunately he had to rely frequently on reports to the London *Times* which reflected to a degree the prejudice of the British colonies in China. He gives an excellent history of the "Communist" uprising in the Dutch East Indies, and a valuable picture of Chinese immigration to the Malay lands. The 1927 volume includes a careful summary of the abortive Geneva disarmament conference, a shrewd analysis of Fascist foreign policy, a summary of the interminable Polish-Lithuanian dispute, a very anti-Bolshevik account of the decline of Russian influence in China, and a cynical story of "the titanic expansion of the financial and economic activities of the United States from end to end of the American continent" —a phenomenon which Mr. Toynbee compares to a Niagara Falls or a rushing prairie fire.

International Arbitration from Athens to Locarno. By Jackson H. Ralston. Stanford University Press. $5.

Judge Ralston has compiled a learned treatise, essentially legal in substance and style, on the theory and practice of international arbitration. He begins with a discussion of the general principles of judicial settlement between nations, including such topics as the legal status of international tribunals, the nature of the disputes which may be considered, and the usual procedure of deliberation and award; goes on to outline the history of arbitral tribunals from the days of the Greeks to the present time; and offers an elaborate examination of the work of the two Hague conferences and the so-called World Court. It seems strange that so learned a writer should commit himself to the proposition that the World Court, because the statute under which it operates "forms a protocol signed



The weird, weird trail from Endor to Manhattan.

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separately by the nations adhering to it," is "not a part of the League of Nations"; and his statement that the Court "has authority to render advisory opinions . . . at the request of the Council or Assembly of the League" is only a half-truth. The rendering of such opinions is mandatory under Article XIV of the Covenant. The most eminent American critic of the Court, David Jayne Hill, to whose writings on the subject Judge Ralston does not refer, has abundantly demonstrated that the Court is not, in any proper sense, a World Court, but a Court of the League.

Music

Toscanini's Wagner and Siloti's Liszt

EVEN in the career of super-conductors there are degrees of excellence and moments of almost uncanny inspiration when the interpreter seems to lose even the semblance of self and become wholly merged in the work he is endeavoring to recreate. Such supreme interpretation was contributed by Toscanini in his performance of Siegfried's "Rhine Journey" at Carnegie Hall on October 13. Under his baton this excerpt evolved into something more than a moving pageant of tone; it took on the accents of permanence and became translated, as Wagner intended, into the realm of the epic. Siegfried is here more than the hero; he is the symbol of eternal youth in relationship to the forces of love and nature. The result is tragedy, but tragedy cast in heroic mold, and it was this blending of youth and tragedy that Toscanini emphasized in both the recasting and the rendering of the "Götterdämmerung" score.

Unlike his predecessor, Humperdinck, Toscanini has joined the music of the Dawn and of the Incantation of the Norns to the later Rhine narrative by means of the second rather than the first half of the scene between Siegfried and Brunhilde. By this treatment the excerpt gains both in coherence and in dramatic fervor. Moreover, Toscanini's arrangement has reset these highly romantic pages so that they have gained in emotional directness while remaining faithful to the Wagnerian orchestration and losing none of their elemental eloquence. Is this not the final test of the transcriber's art—this ability to reclothe fittingly a composer's language—and does not the interpreter's task demand much of the same intuitive insight?

So at least it seemed to me in listening to Mr. Siloti's reading of another great romantic, Liszt. For, apart from the fact that there is something demoniacal in Siloti's playing, something that storms and sweeps past the usual barriers of expression, he imparted to the fine frenzy of Liszt's style an ennobling character which the average pianist fails to discover. In his paraphrase of the "Dies Irae" Liszt the prophet has found his true utterance in a music that soars and blazes, at the same time that it is free from the bombast and claptrap which mark some of his work. We have the almost mythical figure of Weimar, the man who held the musical world enthralled, gathering in his hand the diverse strands and tendencies of the musical romantic age and giving it a new direction. It is as the follower of such a personality that Siloti played at his concert in Carnegie Hall on October 15. His interpretation is memorable in these days of pyrotechnic and bravura pianism for its own sake.

Mr. Siloti's program included also the Emperor concerto of Beethoven and the B-flat minor concerto of Tchaikowsky, and to both of these compositions Siloti brought the tribute of his ripened art and amazing technical resources.

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Drama

"Boule de Suif"

EVERYONE who has ever taken a course in the short-story or owned a "Library of the World's Best Literature" knows Maupassant's old shocker "Boule de Suif." Alexander Woollcott and George Kaufman have now turned it into an entertaining play which will doubtless never be as famous as the original, but which might reasonably be called a good deal more sensible. By completely changing the mood while retaining the main incidents they have afforded a very pretty illustration of the fact that a plot is hardly more than a challenge to the intelligence of an author.

Maupassant's strongest point was his amazing power of invention. His collected works are filled with incidents whose ingenuity recalls that of the "Arabian Nights"; and when he hit upon the story of the patriotic prostitute who refuses to bed with a Prussian officer he accomplished one of the things which seem most difficult for a modern writer: he invented a new situation. Complicate it by adding a group of conventional people in the power of the officer who are led by their interests to persuade the prostitute to ply her trade; show them reverting to their original self-righteousness when the momentous transaction has been completed, and you have a story which, in its outline, is as unforgettable as any of the best traditional tales like that of the Ephesian matron or that which Boccaccio recounts of the falcon and the lady. But though Maupassant could tell stories superbly well his temperament was neither very delicate nor very subtle. He was violently patriotic, violently misanthropic, and (as this combination implies) distinctly deficient in humor. Hence "Boule de Suif" is made the vehicle for only the most obvious emotions. The prostitute is a nobly heroic creature, the Prussian officer is a pig, and the other inhabitants of the inn are despicable beings who are individually typical of that nation which, as the result of an unexplained paradox, it is one's duty nevertheless to love with patriotic fervor.

Now the story is so obviously dramatic as to invite retelling on the stage, but any sensitive person who undertook to retell it would soon perceive not only that it is blatantly obvious but that one can hardly propose the stubborn prostitute as a modern Joan of Arc to an audience whose sense of proportion does not happen to be, as Maupassant's was, considerably disturbed by the fevers of war-time hatred. The story is not tragic and neither can it be transformed by pathos into that species of demi-tragedy which constitutes one of the varieties of the sentimental drama. Like the juggler of Notre Dame, Tallow Ball expressed her loyalty by the manner in which she proposed to practice her profession, and she had ethical scruples about entertaining an enemy alien, but this pathos also is tinged with the ridiculous. The more seriously one attempts to tell the story the more comic it becomes, and to discover that is to discover that the situation actually belongs to the realm of comedy. The man who invented it did not realize the fact, and it requires a good deal of boldness to borrow his story for purposes so different from his own, but that is exactly what Messrs. Woollcott and Kaufman have done. They have taken most of the main incidents but none of the spirit They have very skilfully transposed the whole thing into the key of comedy, and the fact that their play will stand analysis far better than the original story is proof that they were right in so doing.

They have called it "The Channel Road" (Plymouth Theater). The action begins when the party of fugitives arrives at the inn which serves as headquarters for the Prussian lieutenant, and it ends when, by a slight twist, the prostitute has been enabled to depart with the last laugh on her righteous companions. But the important thing is that with the change of little except the point of view the whole has been lifted out of the murky region of patriotic melodrama into the serene atmosphere of comedy. As soon as one forgets to be in a rage because the Germans instead of the French are winning the war; as soon, that is to say, as one uses one's head instead of Maupassant's heart, all the events fall into a new perspective. One perceives that they constitute a contretemps rather than a calamity and that the occasion is one rather for wit than for either indignation or tears. Messrs. Woollcott and Kaufman supply the lightness of touch which is necessary and the whole thing goes off with a ripple of laughter. Doubtless many serious persons will accuse them of having perverted the story but it was the original author who did that. "Boule de Suif" is startling, unforgettable, and preposterous; "The Channel Road" is slight and not tremendously important, but it uses intelligence to deflate a melodrama and it puts Maupassant's ingenious situation in exactly the category where it belongs. Incidentally there is one very fine performance—that by Siegfried Rumann in the role of the Prussian officer.

Mrs. Fiske has returned to Broadway in an extravagant but pretty continuously amusing farce called "Ladies of the Jury." In it she appears as a very clever woman who skilfully cajoles eleven other jurors into giving what is obviously a just verdict. Vincent Youman's new musical comedy "Great Day" (Cosmopolitan Theater) has two excellent dance tunes sure to be heard on many phonographs. It has also a thrilling chorus of colored singers, but it is only fair to add that the book is even lamer than most of its kind. "Naughty Marietta" is the third of the Victor Herbert revivals at the Jolson.

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The Crisis in East Africa

By RAYMOND LESLIE BUELL

IT sounds sensational to say so, but it is none the less true that within the next few weeks the future of the entire continent of Africa may be decided by the British government. Ramsay MacDonald's Cabinet must decide which of two reports—which of two policies—in regard to East Africa shall be adopted. If the MacDonald Government decides in favor of white settlement in East Africa, it will mean the triumph of the plantation system, under which natives are reduced to wage-earners for white overlords, throughout the continent as a whole. If the MacDonald Government decides in favor of native development for East Africa, it will mean the strengthening of this principle in Belgian, Portuguese, and French territories.

Although the continent of Africa lies in the tropics, vast areas in the South and East have, because of their elevation, a semi-temperate and healthy climate, which makes colonization by Europeans possible. Stirred by the same impulses which led to the colonization of America and Australia, British emigrants have taken up their abode not only in South Africa, but in the Rhodesias and in Kenya. In this latter colony about 12,000 Europeans may be found—perhaps 3,000 families—who are attempting to spread the principle of white settlement into the adjoining mandated territory of Tanganyika. Declaring that every British settlement has sooner or later been given self-government, the Kenya settlers demand the abolition of the present system of crown-colony rule by a governor responsible to London. As a first step toward self-government they ask the establishment of a legislative council having a settler (or unofficial) majority. Once the goal of self-government for Kenya is realized many Britishers look forward to the establishment of a federation of the East and Central African territories (Kenya, Uganda, Tanganyika, Nyasaland, and Northern Rhodesia), a federation which would eventually become as independent of England as is the Dominion of South Africa today.

The question in East Africa comes to this: Will the native population, which outnumbers the white 400 to 1, be better or worse off as a result of the extension of white settlement and the granting of self-government to European settlers? This question may be answered by showing what has already happened to the natives in the British colony of Kenya. The two fundamental needs of a European farmer in Africa are first land and second labor. In Kenya much of the area now occupied by European farms consists of land the ownership of which was not claimed by natives at the time of the arrival of the white man. Nevertheless, the government authorities, under settler pressure, have alienated thousands of acres of land which was admittedly the property of the Kikuyu, Akamba, Nandi, and Wanyika peoples—without making any compensation to these tribes whatever. Likewise, through questionable negotiations, the government moved the Masai people out of the famous Rift Valley, where today will be found Kenya's most flourishing farms. If the British government had made ample provision for the native population elsewhere, these injustices might be overlooked. It is true that in 1926 the Kenya government finally published the boundaries of native reserves which could not be encroached upon without the consent of the Colonial Office in London. Nevertheless, the Kenya government in 1928 introduced a new land bill which authorized under certain conditions the leasing to Europeans of land within these reserves. Statistics show that it is only a matter of a few years, in view of the increase in native population, before the Kenya reserves will be inadequate for native needs as are the reserves of South Africa.

Many settlers and some officials look with favor upon this overcrowding, simply because it forces natives to leave the reserves and become wage-earners on European farms. So far, however, this indirect form of pressure has not been sufficient to supply the labor demand. Consequently government authorities have actively "encouraged" natives to leave their homes and to accept periodic terms of European employment. The result is that nearly 35 per cent of the native men are chronically away from their homes, their families, and their gardens—a larger percentage than in any other territory in Central Africa. The vast majority of disinterested observers agree that this labor system is demoralizing to native development. The Belgian government has laid down the principle in the Congo that not more than 10 per cent of the native men should be away from their homes at European labor centers.

If a Kenya native leaves his employer before the termination of the contract, he may be clapped in jail for the offense of desertion. In order to trace deserters, the government keeps the finger-print records of each native man and obliges him to carry a pass outside the reserve. A Kenya native is not even allowed to purchase land outside the reserve areas.

These conditions have come into existence while Kenya has been governed in theory from London. So strong, however, has settler pressure been that the officials on the spot have repeatedly given way. Some people argue that if the full responsibility for the government of the natives of East Africa were placed upon the local white population, it would realize the necessity of giving the natives a square deal. On the contrary, the experience of the American South and of the Union of South Africa has proved that when a white group gains complete political control—such as self-government involves—over a more primitive race upon whose labor and whose land it depends, the group will inevitably adopt policies which will promote white interests. It has been the principle of "imperial," or federal, control which has mitigated the hardships of the Negro in the American South. Had it not been for the safeguards of the federal Constitution, of the federal courts, and of the federal Congress the American Negro would not have progressed as he has during the past fifty years. The remarkable gains in Negro education were due originally to philanthropies which originated in the North. If the Kenya

settlers succeed in extending white settlement throughout the rest of East Africa, the remarkable development of native life and tribal government in Uganda and Tanganyika is bound to come to an end. The fate of the native population of East Africa cannot be intrusted to self-interested settlers; responsibility for their welfare must rest with the British government at home.

In 1923 the Colonial Office made a formal statement to the effect that in Kenya "the interests of the African native must be paramount." Later it proclaimed the doctrine of Dual Development, namely, that both native and non-native interests in East Africa would be simultaneously promoted. The difficulty is that, as far as land and labor are concerned, these interests are in fundamental conflict, and hitherto the conflict has usually been decided in favor of the European.

In November, 1927, the Baldwin Government appointed a commission, consisting of Sir Hilton Young, Sir Reginald Mant, Sir George Schuster, and Mr. J. H. Oldham, to go to East Africa and study the demands of Kenya for further self-government and the proposal to establish a closer union of the five territories. In January, 1929, this commission published a report which is one of the most enlightened and far-reaching contributions to the inter-racial problem that has been made. The commission was primarily concerned in working out economic and social principles for East Africa which would insure to the native population the same opportunities for development that they elsewhere enjoyed. Secondly, it was interested in establishing a political system which would guarantee the application of these principles. The commission frankly declared that it was a duty of the British government to prevent conditions from arising that would hinder native development. It insisted that European immigration, European enterprise, and the recruiting of labor should be controlled with this end in view. The native population should be guaranteed an area of land adequate for present and future needs. The commission declared that the government should prevent the the destruction of tribal authority "until there has been time for the native people to assimilate the new ideas introduced by Western civilization and to adapt their institutions to new conditions."

The commission, moreover, was convinced that these principles could be applied only by more effective imperial control, not because the Europeans were not fit as individuals for self-government, but because of the conflicting interests between blacks and whites. While the commission consented to the establishment of an unofficial inter-racial majority, composed not only of settlers but of Indians and native representatives, it made this proposal depend upon the establishment of a High Commissioner with far-reaching powers over native policy throughout East and Central Africa as a whole. Each colony would have its governor and legislature, subject in certain matters to the veto of the High Commissioner. The commission also declared that it was essential to bring about greater uniformity in native policy. The duty of the High Commissioner, who would remain aloof from the pressure of local legislative bodies, would be to guarantee the uniform application throughout the whole of East Africa of those principles of native policy to which the British government was pledged.

The publication of the Hilton Young report caused a

IN THIS ISSUE

"The Observer's Problem," the introductory article of an astonishing series on

RUSSIA

by

Oswald Garrison Villard

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furor in East Africa, and it was not palatable to the Baldwin Government. Consequently this government adopted the unusual policy of sending out to East Africa a permanent official of the Colonial Office, Sir Samuel Wilson, to see whether the settler population liked the East Africa report! The reader of Sir Samuel's report, which has only just been published, will be astonished to find that nothing is said about the native viewpoint or the necessity of laying down clear and detailed principles of native policy. The "views" which Sir Samuel reports are predominantly those of the European community and to a lesser extent of the Indians. The Wilson report would withhold from the High Commissioner in East Africa all authority in regard to native policy and would merely confer upon him powers to unify such economic services as customs and railways. The Wilson report also recommends the establishment of a Central Legislative Council, containing a large settler element, to control the acts of the High Commissioner. This proposal would subject this imperial representative to local pressure, a situation which the Hilton Young report expressly wished to avoid. In other words, the Wilson report strikes out the guaranties which the Hilton Young report regarded as fundamental. The Hilton Young report points a way out of the East African dilemma. The Wilson report would simply perpetuate, if indeed it would not accentuate, existing evils.

In its proposals to terminate the British occupation of Egypt and of Iraq, the Labor Government has shown a sympathy toward peoples under imperial control and a courage in dealing with colonial problems which were lacking in the Baldwin regime. Those of us in America who have heard the sincere and even impassioned pleas for human betterment and for world peace of the British Prime Minister upon his recent visit, have faith that he will apply these ideals to the problem of East Africa, which is one of the most difficult inter-racial problems in the world.

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The readers of the *Nation* are especially invited by the Executive Committee to visit the Russian Bazaar at **17 West 57th Street,** which will be open from November 1st to December 31st, from 9 A. M. to 7 P. M.

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MR. HOOVER'S APPEAL to the Senate to pass the tariff bill because there was much important legislation to be enacted, because he believed that the Senate was not "unable to legislate," and because "the interests of the country require that the tariff legislation should be completed during special session," was tactically an unwise move which served only to bring out the complete control of the situation by the Democratic-Progressive coalition. That control is due in large part to Mr. Hoover's own wobbling leadership and the outrageous character of the bill as it came from the House of Representatives, dominated by the President and the Republican machine. The House let a bill emerge which bore no relation to the promised measure to aid the farmers. The Progressive group in the Senate would have been unfaithful to its admirable record if it had not fought a bill which was in itself a swindle and which could not possibly help the farmers. The President has only himself to thank for obliging them to kill the measure. The chief Washington correspondent of the New York *Times* says that "those Republicans who now follow his [Mr. Hoover's] lead have dwindled to a minority so weak" that Mr. Hoover "finds himself powerless to do anything to induce the Senate to follow his wishes." The Finance Committee's bill is dead, the Old Guard is squarely beaten, and an agreement is being sought whereby the measure may be rewritten to suit the ideas of the coalition. What will happen when it comes to discussing particular rates remains to be seen, but at least the outlook is better for the much-plundered consumer than at any previous time since the bill started on its way.

"SENATOR NORRIS announces his candidacy for re-election"—that is excellent news for the entire country. Six years ago it required much persuasion to induce this veteran Progressive to stand again. Since then he has declared that he would retire to carry out his plan of becoming Governor of Nebraska and making over the entire State government with a single chamber—a proposal we have frequently commended. But evidently years of combat have not weakened this splendid war-horse. In the midst of an amazing and remarkably successful fight against the Administration on the tariff bill, he naturally finds it impossible to consider the retirement which he has earned many, many times over. A report that he was to be opposed by a Hoover-designated Administration candidate, Commissioner McKelvie of the Farm Board, particularly drew Mr. Norris's ire and forced the announcement of his decision. Fortunately, Mr. McKelvie has denied the report. We cannot believe that Mr. Hoover would lend himself to anything like this. Much as he must be hurt by Mr. Norris's opposition, the President knows that among all his colleagues the Senator from Nebraska stands preeminent for courage, independence, ability, and long experience.

IT WOULD BE BAD FAITH as well as bad economics for Congress to extend the coastwise shipping laws to the Philippines, thereby preventing any but American vessels from trading between the islands and the United States. Quite apart from the question of Philippine independence, which is being considered by Congress this winter, the proposal would limit shipping facilities and inevitably increase rates. In other words, the policy would be wholly disadvantageous to the interests of the Filipinos, as their resident commissioners in Washington told the Commerce Committee of the Senate in a recent hearing. The War Department, which supervises the Philippines through its Bureau of Insular Affairs, also opposes the suggested change. The Shipping Board, on the other hand, is for it, although Alfred H. Hoag, director of its Bureau of Research, admitted when pressed by members of the Commerce Committee that the proposal would probably result in higher shipping rates. The demand for a change in our present policy comes solely from certain American ship companies, backed by our beet-sugar interests, which are keen for anything which would put a crimp in cane-sugar imports from the Philippines. Thus the issue is a part of the perpetual battle between the good of the people, on the one hand, and the profits of special interests on the other.

NOTHING IF NOT SPECTACULAR seems to be the motto of Marshal Pilsudski, officially Minister of War in the Government of Prime Minister Switalski, but to all intents and purposes dictator of Poland. His latest performance runs true to form. On the afternoon of October 31, shortly before the Sejm was to begin its budget session, some ninety officers, all armed, entered the chamber without troubling about such formalities as by your leave. When asked to retire they refused; they were there, they said, to protect the Marshal, who intended to preside in the absence of the Premier, who was ill. Enters the Marshal presently by a back door. Naturally, under the circumstances, the members of the Sejm declined to do business; but the president of the republic, Dr. Moscicki, while advising an adjournment, announced that he must confer with Pilsudski. With the unpleasantness temporarily adjusted, the deputies then took tea. It all looks like opera bouffe, but Washington political circles are reported as wondering whether the irruption of the officers means that Pilsudski was actually in danger, or whether the first step has been taken toward another coup d'etat. The fact of the matter, of course, is that Pilsudski as the "strong man" of Poland has precious little use for parliamentary institutions, and would probably welcome a dictatorship in the fascist manner.

IN TIME OF PEACE Italy, possibly in response to certain protests from this side of the water, is loosening her grip on her sons and, if one may say so, grandsons. American-born sons of Italian parents, American citizens of Italian birth, and even Italian citizens resident in the United States may return to their erstwhile native shores without fear of being conscripted into military service—in times of peace! A statement issued recently by the Stefani Agency in Italy and by the Italian Embassy in Washington makes clear that while persons who were once or still are Italian citizens may expect to visit Italy with impunity and to stay from three months to a year, this does not apply in any sense to a period during which Italy is at war, when new regulations will presumably be announced. The present ruling, however, is a welcome release from obligations which no country is wise in imposing. It may be that as he grows older in government, Mussolini is learning diplomacy.

EVERY DAY THE CABLE brings news of more executions in Russia—for sabotage and for counter-revolution. Five former generals were reported shot in a group on October 21; a colonel and two "apostles" were stated to have been killed on October 25, and the same dispatch records the shooting at Samara of one priest and five rich peasants (kulaks) for opposition to "Soviet socialization measures." At Simbirsk and Novosibirsk a half dozen "class enemies" were put to death, and Walter Duranty of the New York *Times* reports that "one day's bag of executed kulaks totaled upward of fifty." His dispatch of October 27 told of the removal of twenty-six more foes of the Soviet. This more nearly suggests a peasant uprising than anything else and it is beyond doubt a measure of the grave resistance the Soviets are encountering in their efforts to bring the peasant into line. Of this there is striking proof in an item in the Moscow *Izvestia* that the "autumn grain sowings in the Kubas region of North Caucasus total only 4 per cent of the five year plan's amount. The kulaks sowed only 26,000 hectares and the plan estimated their sowing area at 200,000." If other dispatches record that the Government is as a whole winning its fight with the peasants, that cannot conceal the fact that it thinks itself compelled to use shocking means to accomplish its ends. The only creditable thing about it is that the Soviets seem to be telling the world of the killings they authorize. But they must not be surprised if those killings produce injurious resentment abroad.

WHEN MATTHEW WOLL climbs upon the bandwagon and indorses old-age pensions, as he did at the recent convention of the American Federation of Labor in Toronto, it is a good index of the remarkable progress which pension advocates have made during the past year. Thus far in 1929 four States—California, Minnesota, Utah, and Wyoming—have provided old-age pension systems, bringing the total States having pension legislation up to ten. Of course, the systems adopted by several of these States are far from ideal, and the allowance of one dollar a day made by most States is miserably inadequate, but the whole movement is significant because it is breaking down the American prejudice against social insurance by the state. When the community has learned to think of old age as a social responsibility the day may come when every person who spends his life in useful work will be guaranteed a living income during his declining years. How critical is the problem of old-age security was revealed by the experience of an employment bureau in New York City which was opened last year and maintained exclusively for those past the age of thirty-five. In eighteen months 5,800 persons of middle age passed through this bureau but only 200 found work. No one knows what happens to the aged poor who cannot get relief or work. The Welfare Council of New York estimates that there are 28,000 persons past sixty-five in New York City who are dependent, but only about half of these are cared for by institutions.

SOBER ISLAND HAS GONE WET. Not because Sober Island (a small community in Nova Scotia) has had a sudden flair for riotous living, but because it wishes to remain relatively sober. Ten years ago Nova Scotia, by a majority of 57,000, passed a prohibition law, or temperance act as it was called, which made illegal the public manufacture and sale of liquor but provided for government stores where liquor might be sold for medicinal purposes only on prescription by a physician. Corruption set in early. Large blocks of the population were continuously "sick"; doctors sold prescriptions and bootleggers flourished; at last the government stores were selling liquor without even the formality of "scrips." On October 31 Nova Scotia held a plebiscite on two questions: "Are you in favor of retention of the Nova Scotia temperance act?" "Are you in favor of the sale of liquor under government control?" The latter proposal won by almost 27,000 votes. Meanwhile in Ontario government control and sale of liquor has been upheld. Premier Ferguson (Conservative), who was elected in 1926 on a platform solely devoted to a promise of government control, has once more been elected, with a larger majority, in a campaign of which his record on the liquor question was the main issue. Prince Edward Island is now the only Canadian province which has a prohibition law.

THEODORE E. BURTON twice represented Ohio in the Senate and in years gone by was a useful and vigorous Congressman of the more independent Republican type, earning deserved praise for his steady opposition to the pork-barrel expenditure of public funds and for his interest in the civil service. But it is as a lifelong advocate of peace that he will be longest remembered. As vice-president of the Inter-Parliamentary Union and as chairman of the American delegation at the Geneva conference in 1925 for the control of international traffic in arms he won deserved praise. Indeed, as a member of various peace societies he supported every move for disarmament. And he fought for the arbitration treaties, the abolition of the submarine and of poison gas, and the outlawry of every aggressor nation. We are happy to recall that one of his most conspicuous services was his breaking with President Coolidge in 1926 over the question of funds for the last three cruisers of the eight authorized in 1924. He not only opposed the building of those vessels, he demanded a decrease of the forces we had at that time. Mr. Burton is believed to be the only person on record who served first in the House, was then promoted to the Senate, returned to the House, and finally in his seventy-fifth year again took his seat as Senator.

THE DEATH IN NEW YORK of Thomas Hastings, the surviving partner of the distinguished architectural firm of Carrère and Hastings, removes another one of the figures who contributed greatly to the fixation and development of American taste in architectural matters. Like Charles F. McKim and Stanford White he was a classicist, and like them he was facile in his adaptation of French and Italian types to our American life. That he had much imagination in his early career was clearly demonstrated by those remarkable St. Augustine hotels, the Ponce de Leon and the Alcazar. As time went on, however, he was unable to interest himself in the great new development of American life and architectural taste exemplified in the skyscraper. It became apparent, too, that his work was not always of the best quality; it is stated that he has left a considerable sum in his will to the city to alter the façade of the New York Public Library, which was perhaps the most important creation of his firm. But all in all, Mr. Hastings's taste was high and he made great contributions to the evolution of American architecture by way of the Beaux Arts road.

THIRTY-SIX YEARS AGO exactly a correspondent of *The Nation* had his say about the matter of college athletics. He was Henry Rutgers Marshall and in a letter to the editor he inclosed certain lines from Euripides, as translated in Symonds's "Greek Poets." The lines are as pertinent now, in the face of the recent Carnegie Foundation report on college sports, as they were then.

Of all the thousand ills that prey on Hellas
Not one is greater than the tribe of athletes; . . .
How to be poor and row in fortune's boat
They know no better; for they have not learned
Manners that make men proof against ill luck.
Lustrous in youth, they lounge like living statues
Decking the streets; but when sad old age comes,
They fall and perish like a threadbare coat.
I've often blamed the customs of us Hellenes,
Who for the sake of such men meet together
To honor idle sport and feed our fill;
For who, I pray you, by his skill in wrestling,
Swiftness of foot, good boxing, strength at quoits,
Has served his city by the crown he gains?
Will they meet men in fight with quoits in hand,
Or in the press of shields drive forth the foeman
By force of fisticuffs from hearth and home?
Such follies are forgotten face to face
With steel. We therefore ought to crown with wreaths
Men wise and good, and him who guides the state,
A man well tempered, just, and sound in counsel,
Or one who by his words averts ill deeds,
Warding off strife and warfare; for such things
Bring honor on the city and all Hellenes.

Grundy and Us

AS a student of constitutions, give us Uncle Joe Grundy, Pennsylvania high-protectionist, in his testimony before the Senate Lobby Investigating Committee. Madison, of course, was all right in his day, and as Uncle Joe so well observes, in making the Constitution he was probably doing the best he could under the circumstances; but it is hard luck for the "great reservoirs of wealth and taxation" like Pennsylvania to have their tariff making interrupted, in consequence of his misguided two-Senators-per-State arrangement, by the too "vocal" representatives of the "backwoods commonwealths."

So, coming to us, we offer this constructive suggestion. Let us reduce the backward States to, say, a quarter of a Senator apiece. Then let us draw and quarter, for example, Walsh or Borah or Blaine, or perhaps best of all Norris, most vocal of the Senators of backwardness, and send a quarter each to North Dakota, Idaho, Arizona, and Arkansas, as a beginning. The entire quartet of Senators named would furnish adequate representation to sixteen States, and Uncle Joe could doubtless name enough other qualified Senators so that each of the numerous backward States could be properly supplied at the same rate. And this method would certainly be more effective than Mr. Grundy's futile appeal to Senator Walsh's "intelligence" to produce a satisfactory silence from these States when we enter the high realms of protectionist thinking.

We amplify next that profound and pregnant suggestion of Uncle Joe that the backward States ought to "hold their peace" on the tariff because they "have no chips in the game," but that their Senators should have their say on matters not too high for them like "Junior Red Cross and outdoor relief." We have rarely seen more wisdom in fewer words. Simply systematize it. Let everybody talk and vote on the big matters, say we, in proportion to the chips he has put up for. Then we shall always know just where we are at. Thus: Pennsylvania (a forward State, mind you—an Oliver Twist State, in fact), Hoover campaign contribution, $1,000,000; words allowed in debate (at a cent a word), 100,000,000; votes on tariff schedules (at $2 a vote, the historic Philadelphia rate) 500,000. Senator Norris's Nebraska (a backward State for sure), Hoover contribution, thirty cents; words in debate, three (three too many); votes, divil a vote. This is our idea of efficiency in political science. In that realm, first came Madison, then Uncle Joe Grundy, then us, and the greatest of these is us.

Mr. Hoover and the London Conference

THE London Disarmament Conference is but two months off. It is of the utmost importance to all the world. It is of especial importance to Herbert Hoover. A success there means great prestige for the President—something that he needs sorely in view of his failure to put through much of his Congressional program, his silence on the tariff-bill swindle, his numerous bad appointments, and the slowing down of prosperity which will inevitably follow the crash in Wall Street. But if his own fortunes were not in the least involved he would still owe it to the country to put forth every effort to make the conference one of real achievement. If it labors mightily and brings forth only a mouse after all the promise of Ramsay MacDonald's extraordinarily successful visit, there will be bitter disappointment the world over. If it should be wrecked as was the Geneva Conference, humanity will be in a worse plight than if no conference had been called.

What the hour demands, therefore, is leadership from Mr. Hoover and genuine preparation for the London meeting. We do not mean mere technical preparation. We are aware that the State Department is at work upon that and we have complete trust in the ability of Messrs. Stimson and Cotton to prepare their briefs with fidelity and vision. But adequate preparation does not end there. The President is not rousing the public mind to support his contentions at London any more than Mr. Wilson rallied the liberal forces of the country before he set out to his disastrous failure in Paris. By no means every American stands with Mr. Hoover on this issue. The big-business forces which employ the Shearers are not in line, though for the present silenced and hamstrung. The loyalty of many of the high naval officers is still questionable; they do not yet act as if they knew that Herbert Hoover is commander-in-chief; and the shipbuilders will continue to hope that somehow or other the cruiser program will be continued. These and others would welcome failure at London.

Hence it seems to us of the utmost importance that Mr. Hoover should mobilize all the great liberal and religious forces which are ready to uphold his disarmament policy to the fullest extent. But they must be concentrated around a definite platform. He cannot, of course, do this without revealing, at least in part, just what his program is to be, and that he may be reluctant to do if he is planning a *coup* for the start like the drastic proposals offered by Secretary Hughes at the Washington Conference in 1921. But it seems to us of far greater importance that Mr. Hoover should have behind him the solid battalions of liberal opinion. We know that it is not Mr. Hoover's habit or policy to take the public into his confidence. He is still to a considerable degree the engineer working away in his office and expecting that his wishes will be questioned by no one and carried out precisely as he formulates them. He has, for instance, not touched in a single speech upon his conference with Ramsay MacDonald, or the results achieved. The public has learned what it knows about the conference not from the American President but from the British Prime Minister, except for the joint statement signed by them both. It is a fact that that statement and Mr. MacDonald's speeches have not fully allayed the fear in European countries that Hoover and MacDonald went beyond the naval agreement and practically concluded an unwritten Anglo-Saxon entente. Absurd as this belief may be, its existence is still another reason why Mr. Hoover should speak out frankly to his countrymen.

It is idle to deny that two of the announced appointments to the American delegation to the London conference have chilled the enthusiasm of many of Mr. Hoover's supporters. We understand that his choice of Senators David A. Reed and Joseph R. Robinson was dictated by political strategy. We suppose that Mr. Hoover considered it clever to select a foremost Republican Senator and the leader of the Democratic Senate minority as his representatives so that they would come back to the Senate committed to whatever decisions are arrived at by the conference—they will be compelled to defend their own work against the criticisms or attacks of their fellow-Senators. But sometimes strategy of this kind is too clever. Certainly it is not encouraging that the two men he has chosen are both imperialistic and militaristic; both are on record in favor of large defense programs. If that will lend strength to any demands on their part for reduced armaments, it puts on the fighting line in London men who must necessarily be far less eager for radical reduction than would others. To us it seems a profound mistake not to have placed at least one man or woman on this commission who was known for his or her advocacy of far-reaching naval limitations, someone who would fight with absolute determination for the most that could be achieved. Failure to give the commission any such zealot somewhat offsets for us President Hoover's wisdom in relegating the admirals to the position of technical advisers.

The fact remains that whatever the personnel of the commission, the public is in entire ignorance as to what its demands are going to be. We do not know whether the United States will ask the abolition of all battleships, or merely extend the life of those in existence and further delay replacements; whether we shall demand the abolition of all submarines or their limitation; whether we are after an agreement which shall compel us to build more cruisers or not. We do not even know whether Mr. Hoover intends to hold up as he should the construction of the remaining ten cruisers and the air-craft carrier authorized by the Fifteen Cruiser Bill of last February. The American people remain in ignorance of what the general naval policy of the country is because, as far as one can see, we have none. Our Presidents declare that we maintain our navy only for defensive purposes, yet the construction of the fleet is not based upon any policy of rigid coast defense; ships are being built to be used in other waters and to fight major battles at remote distances from our coast line. It is time, Mr. Hoover, to clarify public opinion. The liberals and the pacifists of this country, like the multitudes who believe in extremely limited armaments for America, are ready to cooperate. They need, however, to be told at once exactly what the objective is, and how far the standard of disarmament is to be carried.

It Seems to Heywood Broun

IT is heartening to discover that there is much articulate protest at New York University against the action of the football coach in dropping a Negro football player rather than run the risk of a cancelation by the University of Georgia. Upon the issue the college paper speaks out boldly:

> If there is any further attempt to sidetrack this issue by "passing the buck," as had already been illustrated by a declaration that the coach alone can decide the line-up, or sobbing, as some of the papers have done, that Myers might be injured if he played, which is an indictment against the courage of all our own players and that of the officials, to say nothing of the offense to the tender sensibilities of Georgia; if, we repeat, this issue is side-tracked, then we urge all our students with a sense of decency to boycott that game and let an empty Stadium stand as a monument to New York University's belief in the racial equality upon which democratic government exists.

This seems to me forthright. I refrain from calling it brave because I have become convinced that there is a good deal of nonsense in crediting journalists with exceptional courage whenever they speak out hard in favor of minority opinions. It requires very little nerve to speak frankly when you are alone with your typewriter. I have been in plenty of controversies with newspaper employers and did manage once to get myself fired. It did so happen that I was writing what I believed to be absolutely and literally true but courage was no factor in the proceedings. I hadn't the slightest notion that there would be any objection to what I had said. And many of the fiercest storms in which a columnist finds himself are of this same accidental variety. Not even a trained newspaperman realizes the difference between the phrase typed out and those same words printed in a paper. Constantly there are ructions in editorial rooms because some well-known personage insists that he was grossly misquoted by the reporter who met him at the pier. Naturally reporters have been known to make mistakes but generally in case of dispute it is the well-known personage who has erred. Some trivial phrase slips out which sounds innocent enough until it is backed by the majesty of cold type and then it seems so different that the man who uttered the words cannot believe that he ever said them.

Nevertheless, though humor may get a speaker into trouble it is one of the best bulwarks behind which a writer may bore from within. Within recent years I have gained the reputation of being a somewhat dangerous man in a newspaper office. It has been said that I make many enemies and I only wish it were more nearly true. Controversy, and I mean bitter and violent controversy, is not only the very life of the column but also of a community. I am not going to put on any false modesty and pretend that I have never started a good row. When I got mad I wanted to. Sometimes I succeeded. And yet for six years I went along doing a daily column for one of the most conservative papers in New York. We had no disagreements and few of the rock-bound Republican readers ever asked for the scalp of the columnist who chanced to be a socialist, a pacifist, and a heretic. Being younger at the time I had much more capacity for humorous invention than I possess now. Indeed, I even had hopes of being accepted as a funny man. This never came to pass. There were too many competitors with more wit, but at least it kept me in bread and butter. My inclination was to be alternately grave and gay. If Monday's column was, according to my notions, a funny one, Tuesday's would be designed with the intention of utter seriousness. To my surprise and chagrin I found that readers could not tell the difference. They thought that all of it was clowning. Accordingly nobody minded in the least if I took potshots at sacred cows. In the office and out the impression prevailed that I was only fooling.

This sort of liberty never was very satisfactory. Years ago I decided to go straight and abandon the hopeless effort to be a humorist. This resolution was the result of a shock. There was a preacher in our town whose opinions I heartily detested. I didn't like his personality, either. So on a Monday afternoon I sat down with the intention of making him squirm. The piece seemed to me a very fair example of vituperation. Next day there came a note from the clergyman saying that he had enjoyed my foolery immensely and wouldn't I come and have lunch with him.

Of course, the best way to make people mad is to be mad yourself, but this is a difficult formula. There are certain emotions which can't be faked. A theatrical manager told me that in Paris it was the accepted practice for producers to pay the newspaper critics in advance so that they would write favorable reviews. This condition, he said, was no secret even to the general public. "I don't see why you stand for it," he said to an amateur theatergoer. "How on earth can you tell from the notices whether a new show is any good or not? Your critics praise everything."

"Why, it's perfectly simple to tell," explained the Parisian; "enthusiasm can't be bought." It is likewise impossible to manufacture indignation for your own convenience. A columnist finds only infrequent situations in which his own honest anger at some monstrous miscarriage of justice is sufficient to enable him to foment sufficient fervor to madden his adversaries. Generally he must content himself with arousing much more minor irritations. This is not difficult. Using the pronoun "I" too frequently will always do it. There must be several hundred persons in New York who make an habitual practice of clipping out columns and ringing with a blue pencil the first person singular wherever it appears. This is then sent to the columnist. Another cult waits for any mention of "New England witch burners." This inspires anywhere from one to half a dozen letters pointing out that the Puritans in America never actually burned a witch although they hanged a few and condemned one to death by a process known as "pressing."

The fact that Keats made an error in the name of a famous discoverer is also a stimulant to protesting clients. You remember the poet placed Cortez on that peak in Darien when the great Pacific first swam into his ken. But just let a columnist make a reference to "stout Cortez" and he will get five letters calling his attention to the fact that it was really Balboa.

HEYWOOD BROUN

Russia from a Car Window
II. The Industrial Vision*

By OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

I. The Task of Rebuilding

THE rebuilding of an ancient commonwealth! What could be more fascinating for men of vision, purpose, and power, determined to set free the victims of priests, princes, and czars? To this task the Bolshevik leaders have set themselves with absolute determination and with such ability, intelligence, and devotion that if this were happening under any other government under the sun the world would be ringing with their exploits and marveling at their daring and their triumphs. The traveler in Russia cannot witness it without being profoundly impressed by it, if he has imagination. He forgets that he is beholding a Communistic experiment because this industrial program is precisely what should be undertaken in China were it to be united under a similarly determined but non-communistic group of leaders; it is precisely what could and should be done in any backward or war-wrecked country, quite aside from any question of social changes. It is about what any group of capitalist leaders would have to do were they to drive out the Bolsheviks and themselves take charge.

For with the Revolution has come to the Russian masses a thirst for more tangible things, a demand for a richer as well as a freer life. This the Bolsheviks themselves fostered by their promises, voiced primarily by Lenin. They must, therefore, make good and so would any possible successors have to make good. Gone forever is the illiterate Russia of the Czars, in which millions of slaves of a feudal land system went without shoes, without adequate clothing, often without sufficient food, without profit from the gifts of the machine age and from modern inventions. In the brief decade of Sovietism the masses have learned so fast to demand and to expect more goods and more opportunities that the Bolsheviks realize that theirs is a race against time. They must satisfy the workers. They must whip or cajole the peasants into line if they would succeed, and they cannot wait too long to produce the necessary goods, to reduce the cost of living, to render the habitually complaining peasant contented, lest a genuine opposition arise to dispute their iron-handed oppression. Work must be found for the additional millions who annually reach the age of economic self-support—there are three and a half millions added to Russia's population every year, and every time an agricultural machine displaces a peasant worker he goes to the nearest city for work. Hence their "five-year program" for the industrialization of Russia.

To me, I confess, there seems something profoundly anomalous in the attitude of the Bolsheviks toward the modern machine; they not only welcome it, but actually embrace it with the fervor of a most passionate lover. When I think what the machine age has done to America and to other countries by its exaltation of materialism, its enthronement of prosperity as the sole god of the people, by its creation of such a ghastly difference between the rich and the poor, by its regimentation, its standardization, and its effort to reduce everyone to complete mental subservience to the *status quo,* the Bolshevik desire to put Russia on a plane with the United States overnight strikes me as being as contradictory as it is daring. To this, however, the Bolshevik economists with whom I talked replied that they were unafraid of the machine because they would not allow private individuals to master the nation through control and ownership of that machine. By joint ownership of it by all the people, they will, they declared, bend it to their purposes, and make it their slave without any deleterious consequences to themselves or their state.

They even hope to surpass this country by cutting out the waste which comes with the competition of private ownership. The head of one of the greatest Russian iron works, the historic Putilof plant in Leningrad, who had recently returned from a considerable stay in the United States, assured me that the great American plants devoted 40 per cent of their expenditures to advertising, salesmanship, and other exploitation of their goods. In a non-competitive industrial state this disappears. Moreover, the Russian plant has an extraordinarily low overhead in salaries to its executives. Thus, the head of the Putilof factory receives the regular Communist stipend of 250 rubles a month ($125) in addition to a modest apartment. A similar executive in the United States would receive between $50,000 and $75,000 a year, and would have at his service highly paid vice-presidents and assistants. The highest salary paid in the Putilof works is 300 rubles a month; it is paid to a non-Communist. If, in addition, the Russians succeed not only in industrializing their plants, but in infusing into their workers the spirit of working for *all* instead of for themselves, they will produce with a cheapness no capitalist industry can equal.

II. The Spirit of the Workers

That they are perhaps already getting into their workers something of this spirit of laboring not merely for themselves and their unions, but for their fellow-Russians, seems to be borne out by the testimony of an American engineer from Detroit. Him we found in Stalingrad erecting the buildings for a tractor factory which is expected to be producing at the rate of 60,000 tractors a year within fifteen months. I asked him if he felt the presence among the workers of any other motive than the wage incentive. He replied—before other witnesses—that he did. "I do not know," he said, "whether you would call it nationalism or communism or what you would call it. But it is there. It makes them feel they are working for others than themselves." In the great agricultural implement plant at

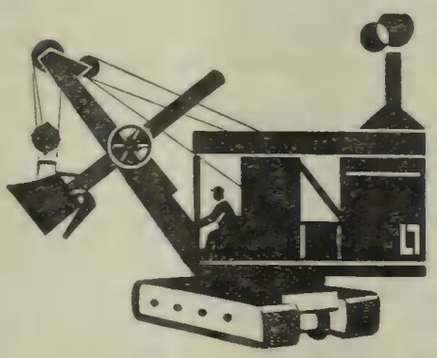
* This is the second of a series of six articles. The third will appear in our next issue.—Editor The Nation.

Rostov-on-the-Don more than one-half the Communist civil engineers have declined as a matter of principle to accept higher wages. This is not an isolated case. Incidentally, the Stalingrad American added his belief that when the Russian labor he was handling became efficient under adequate and sufficient foremen, now lacking, it would surpass American labor because of its greater stamina and endurance. The lack of foremen is extremely serious.

At present, however, the other industrial nations have nothing to fear from Russian competition. It will be generations before the Russian factories now planned can supply the wants of their own people. Not all of those we saw by any means are working their labor efficiently at present. Some were; as, for instance, an extraordinary newsprint mill on the Volga above Nizhni Novgorod. Here was the latest pulp and paper-making machinery—there are only five such mills in all Europe (though there are a considerable number in the United States). Everything about it was up-to-date; the workers, wisely enough, were nearly naked, revealing superb bodies; the engineers, here as everywhere, were young and able, some with American and Canadian experience. Elsewhere the control was often slack; the dearth of foremen was manifest. The flow of raw materials to the machine was inadequately organized. At Dnieprostroy 12,000 Russians are doing what 3,000 or 3,500 Americans would achieve. Everywhere, however, were competitions in efficiency between shifts, banners urging greater speed and accuracy for the sake of the country and the cause, and lunch-hour entertainments of music interspersed frequently with shop-talks. Everywhere there were pictures, or tables, showing what the factory has produced and what it is expected to produce under the five-year plan. It is a common event for the workers of a factory to sign a manifesto against the shortcomings of the plant and to pledge themselves to end waste, delays, and inefficiency.

III. Inefficiency a Crime

I have said in a previous article that Russia is the only country in which inefficiency is a crime. One American engineer told us that he was informed immediately on his arrival that it meant life-imprisonment if he were caught grafting. (He opined that we should have to have many more jails in the United States if there were any such policy here.) He told of a man about to go on trial for delaying the work by failure to move some great piles of gravel to the point where they were needed. After we left Russia it was announced that nine directors and engineers of the Shipbuilding Trust were to be tried for building unseaworthy ships, and delaying and sabotaging the work. If they are found guilty they are likely to be shot, as were the unfortunate engineers who were executed after trial for sabotaging the work in some mines in the Donetz basin in 1928.



Grafting by a Communist is a deadly sin. One hears much outside of Russia of the higher-ups privately lining their pockets. I did not find any reliable observer in Russia who took any stock whatsoever in this. Colonel Hugh L. Cooper, the distinguished American engineer who is supervising the construction of the great Dnieper River power plant, informed the American press men on August 8 last that he had disbursed under the Soviet $600,000,000. "The most glorious thing in Russia," he added, "is the absence of graft. There was not a kopek of graft in all these millions—not even a suggestion of it." Yet I find, on my return, that American cynicism—and corruption—is such that few people will believe that the Russian government is free from graft. The very seclusion of Stalin and other Russian leaders and their refusal to allow themselves to be written up or to be hobnobbed with by foreigners and correspondents would ordinarily make for gossip; but the Moscow correspondent of the Associated Press cabled on July 21 last that the only gossip connected with any of the leaders was to the effect that two of them occasionally indulged in too much liquor. A similar analysis of public men in prohibition Washington would hardly limit the number of over-imbibers to two!

There is still another fact about the Russian industrial revolution which may in the long run be serious for business competitors. The Russians are doing their utmost to release and bring out the creative abilities of the plain workingmen. I think that every member of the unofficial delegation of the Russian-American Chamber of Commerce which I accompanied would agree that the men we encountered at the head of the great enterprises or in high government office were an exceedingly impressive lot. All of them were in their forties, but, far more significant, the most striking were men who had themselves toiled at the lathe and at the work-bench. The head of the Putilof works, whom I have cited, worked at a lathe until the war came; his technical education he acquired at night. No one could talk with him and not believe that he knew his business from A to Z. The head of the Nizhni Novgorod Soviet was formerly a machinist familiar with most of the large metallurgical plants of Russia. Mr. Ivanov, the head of the tractor factory in Stalingrad, the son of a workman, himself labored with his hands, obtaining only a public-school education. Later he saved money and took special courses. These were but a few. I am aware, of course, that many, many examples of men rising from the ranks could be cited in America—Ford, Schwab, Edison, and others. Yet I cannot but feel a marked difference in emphasis. There are exceptional plants in America where the aid and counsel of workers are sought and their ranks searched for able men for promotion. I doubt if there is a single American factory which has on file 1,400 suggestions and inventions received from its 2,300 workers in one year, as is the case in one Russian works. In Russia this bringing out of the creative impulses of the workers is a fundamental government policy.

As for the control of their workers, these heads of industry declared that their word was final except in occasional cases which were taken to the Labor Court. The chief of the Putilof works declared that he was quite sufficiently in control to consider himself the final arbiter. Since my departure from Russia the government, if press dispatches are to be trusted, has itself further weakened the democratic control of industry by the workers in it and has given to the heads of the factories almost as much arbi-

trary power as have similar heads in capitalist states. This is another effort to speed up production and end waste.

IV. Shortcomings of the Engineers

It needs, of course, all the engineering training and experience, administrative and executive talent it can find; the lack of them, as in the railroads, is often serious. The Russian engineer is one of the highest-grade technicians to be found anywhere in the world. When it comes to practical matters he is often lacking. Frequently he has not proper respect for manual labor. But he has vision—if anything, too much. It is related of one of the numerous American engineers in Russia that he was asked to study a new electric-power project involving $50,000,000. He read it, laid it down, and then said: "I wish one of you fellows would come to my hotel and fix its electric elevator. It isn't working." His auditors left, insulted and indignant. In a week they came back, saying: "We get your point." It is a lesson the Russian in many walks of industry deserves. He can see a great need, plan for it like a field-marshal—or rather as no field-marshal ever planned—and then forget the details or try to go too fast. The engineers at Dnieprostroy and Stalingrad probably no more overshoot estimates than do the average American engineers who have often wrecked new and old enterprises by their blunders or by underestimating costs. Beyond doubt some of the great plants are ahead of any demand in the section in which they are placed. The officials admit this and then tell you just how many towns of 250,000 people will spring up within five or ten years to absorb the surplus power. They have just (October) let the contracts for a town to cost $300,000,000 to be built alongside the Dnieper dam—$100,000,000 of which will go for American equipment—to house 300,000 people. It is proof of their foresight that the very expensive office-building used for the dam construction is to become the administration headquarters of the new city.

Wasteful, the American engineers call this policy of anticipating the needs. The Bolshevik smiles. He knows that this is not a case of making private profits; that his government is bound to care less whether an auto factory or a synthetic nitrogen plant makes money than would a private man risking all his capital. The Bolshevik government is, or should be, looking at the problem as a whole. It can pool the profits and losses of a whole nation's businesses. It can afford to take many losses if by doing so it meets pressing needs and provides for the future. It must, as already explained, work with the utmost speed and it knows that such speed means hastily drawn plans, with increased opportunities for error. And it must, by reason of its humane and wise code for labor, do things which no private employer would think of undertaking. We drove one day into a great new plant. The factory buildings had not progressed beyond the foundations, but there stood a number of most impressive apartment houses for workers, each apartment with all modern equipment, including a bathroom. "Cart before the horse," said the fellow-traveler, an American engineer, who sat next to me. "The idea," he said, "of building such costly barracks for workingmen before you put up the plant and find out whether it will pay! We'd put our men in huts till we found out." A Russian nearby looked amused. Later he said quietly: "That is just the difference between your system and ours. Our creed is to consider our workers first and profits next. We could never ask our workers to live in shacks." There was an American engineer employed in this plant. He took the Russian's point of view, saying with heat: "It was just the right thing to do to look after the laborers first. They'll get their money back in good-will and far greater efficiency."

V. A Tremendous Danger

Our visiting engineers and business executives could not, however, get over their belief that all this haste and speedy planning, this pouring of millions of rubles into plants without even a guaranty of sufficient capable foremen, engineers, and executives might easily lead to the entire collapse of the Soviets. There is undeniably much force in their contention. Losses after a certain point will count and will cost the people dearly in heavier taxes or heavier cost of living, or in gradual wrecking of the entire financial system by the depreciation of the ruble. At the very least they would curtail the speed of production and limit the program of future years. Again, there is tremendous danger in the fact that the Soviet officials control the bookkeeping. There are no independent committees of audit, any more than in the Italy of Mussolini. Every American executive knows how easy it is to fool oneself and others by bookkeeping devices. The Soviet managers not only have this temptation, they are also on both sides of the fence as manufacturers and consumers. If they find that a tractor factory is not making profits, what is to hinder their raising the price to themselves—in the form of their trusts—to the rich peasants, to the cooperatives? No one can stop them. Few will criticize—if any. Finally, the temptation to show the capitalist world, at any cost to themselves, that their system is successful may prove perilous to a degree, if not their economic undoing. This is in part what some of the Moscow correspondents had in mind when they said to me that if the Soviets last through the next four years, they will hold Russia for generations.

It would take the canvas and the genius of a Tolstoy or a Dostoevski adequately to portray all of this wonderful activity. It has, I repeat, in many of its aspects nothing to do with communism. As it is, the number of new plants and new industrial enterprises is overwhelming. At Leningrad the Soviets are far along toward the completion of the greatest lumber port on earth—four ports in one—with all the work of handling done, a minimum by human labor and a maximum by electricity. It already exports 1,000,000 tons of lumber annually. The Dnieper power plant is to be the largest in the world. They are building a merchant fleet of six hundred steamers. The railroads are being modernized with amazing success and greatly developed; they are operating 50,000 cars daily as against 20,000 three years ago. Everywhere we went there was feverish activity; everywhere the claim that where industry had not far surpassed pre-war activity it was close to it. It is impossible for a layman to understand how so much could have been done in so short a time; how such a vast machine, whatever its defects, could be built so rapidly and work so well; and how the stupendous sums necessary for it are obtained. It is a gallant, far-sighted, magnificent effort to rebuild an ancient commonwealth and to bring relief and happiness and well-being to one hundred and fifty million souls.

Prosperity—Believe It or Not
III. The Worker's Share*

By STUART CHASE

SEVENTY-ONE in every one hundred urban persons belong to the Working Class; twenty-nine to the Business Class. In this article we shall talk chiefly about the seventy-one. They work primarily with their hands and address their activity to physical things. The twenty-nine work more with their heads and deal in words and ideas.

No clean-cut division of social classes can ever be made in America. A skilled mechanic is likely to be a garage owner or landlord at the same time, and thus be in both the Working and the Business Class. This sort of potpourri must be borne in mind in connection with all the following group figures.

The national income per capita increased from $625 in 1922 to $742 in 1928, a gain of 20 per cent during the period of prosperity and perhaps the most significant single figure in the whole exhibit. It told us nothing, however, as to income by classes. Dr. Melvin T. Copeland, in "Recent Economic Changes," has prepared a table which does.

SHARE OF THE NATIONAL REALIZED INCOME

	Billions of Dollars 1925	*Per cent 1925*	*Per cent 1913*
Wages	30.7	38	37
Salaries	15.0	18	15
Pensions and benefits	1.1	1	1
Rents and royalties	10.6	13	15
Interest	3.9	5	4
Dividends	4.1	5	6
Profits withdrawn (mostly farmers and small business men)	16.4	20	22
Total	81.8	100	100

The Working Class received in 1925 nearly 31 billion dollars in wages, or about 38 per cent of the total national income. The Business Class received in salaries, rents, interest, and dividends some 33 billion dollars, or 41 per cent of the total income of the country. Nor is this all. A considerable slice of the last item in the table also belongs to the Business Class in the form of merchant's profits. The jump since that year is in salaries. Clerks and salesmen are increasing their numbers, and executives in this era of prosperity lengthen at once their tee shots and their annual retainers. Landlords are losing ground but not bankers.

We can now venture a rough estimate of average family income. Dr. Copeland finds that 10 per cent of American income receivers took a third of the national income in 1925:

	Number of families	*Share of National Income*	*Average per family*
Richest 10 per cent	2,700,000	27 billions	$10,000
The rest of us...	24,300,000	54 billions	2,200
Total	27,000,000	81 billions	$ 3,000

The richest 10 per cent comprises the upper strata of the Business Class—capitalists, landlords, bankers, higher executives, the more businesslike of the professional men. The remaining 90 per cent includes the lower levels of the Business Class, the Working Class, and the farmers. It averages $2,200 a year and does not always know just where the gasoline is coming from for one car. Probably a third of the members have no car at all. Today, with a national income of 90 billions, the averages for both groups will be a little higher, though the number of families has, of course, increased. The change will not be great. If we take only the poorest 80 per cent of all families, their average income would be well under $2,000.

Dr. Copeland has calculated the average income per employee for the year 1925 by various industries and occupations.

Agriculture (mostly farm laborers)	$ 537
Merchandising (including shopgirls and clerks)	1,315
Mining	1,318
Manufacturing	1,362
Transportation and utilities	1,554
Construction	1,574
Government employees	1,585
Banking (mostly clerks)	2,179
Unclassified	1,408
All groups	$1,384

This is not strictly a Working-Class exhibit as it includes all who work for wages and salaries. It serves, however, to show two very important things. First, in a year of great commercial prosperity the average employee received only $1,384. Second, great sections of the white-collar class, although a part ideologically of the Business Class, are in the same low economic condition as the manual workers. This applies particularly to shopgirls, telephone girls, shipping clerks, messenger boys, the lower ranks of bookkeeping.

The reason these figures are below the family-income estimates is that increasingly in America it takes two or more workers to support a family.

The minimum cost of living for a "standard family of five" in Middletown in 1924 was $1,920.87. How many families received it? One hundred Working-Class families were picked at random. The total income of seventy-four of them was less than the cost of living budget of $1,920.87—although some had fewer than five members in the family. Only twenty-six families earned more than this modest budget of health and decency. The income of the group ranged from $344.50 to $3,460, with a median at $1,494.75.

In the summer of 1929 the New York Department of Labor surveyed 536 Working-Class families where the wife worked for money at home. Husbands averaged $28.26 a week ($1,470 a year) when working, but 17 per cent of them were unemployed at the time of the investigation. They

* This is the third in a series of seven articles on American Prosperity. The fourth will appear in the issue of November 27.—EDITOR THE NATION.

were day laborers, building tradesmen, clothing workers. The wife added an average of about $6 to the weekly budget. "None of the families had median income as large as that required to maintain a family of five at a minimum comfort level." The New York of 1929 does not vary much from the Middletown of 1925.

We turn next to wages. Since 1920 the striking changes in the American labor market have been: (1) The restriction of immigration; (2) the decline in birth-rates and death-rates; (3) the growth of industry in the South.

From 1907 to 1914 an average of no less than 686,000 immigrants from Southeastern Europe and Asia landed on our shores each year. In 1925 just 22,000 landed. As a result some half million a year of pick-and-shovel men have ceased to flow into American industry. Again, as a result, employers have been forced to handle the available supply of labor with more care and efficiency than heretofore. Wages have tended upwards; automatic and semi-automatic machinery has been greatly stimulated; strikes have declined.

Hourly rates for unskilled labor jumped from 20 cents in 1914 to 55 cents in 1920. They slid down to 41 cents in 1922 and have crept slowly up since then. On January 1, 1928, the United States Bureau of Labor Statistics estimated the average for unskilled work the country over at 43 cents an hour, with the Middle Atlantic States paying the maximum, 49 cents, and the East South Central States the minimum, 27 cents. This indicates the very meager share in prosperity which labor in the South is receiving. Indeed it is difficult to observe anything particularly prosperous in the whole body of unskilled workers, the country over.

The United States average of 43 cents an hour means only $1,032 a year.

The Southern average (the minimum) of 27 cents means only $648 a year.

The Middle Atlantic average (the maximum) of 49 cents means only $1,176 a year.

How much gasoline, on top of food, shelter, and clothing, does this pay for? And, of course, the annual figures as given are far too high. They are based on a 300-day year. Unskilled laborers are lucky if they are employed three days out of four.

The best available barometer of wages during the present era is found in the combined hourly rates of twenty-three industries, as presented by Dr. Wolman:

	1922.....$ .49	1925.....$ .56
1920.....$ .61	1923..... .54	1926..... .56
1921..... .52	1924..... .56	1927..... .57

Here certainly is no great cause for rejoicing. The peak was registered in 1920 with 61 cents. By 1922 rates had fallen to 49 cents, rising to 57 cents in 1927.

The building trades are about 50 per cent unionized the country over, and they have pushed up their hourly earnings farther than any other Working-Class group. In 1914 they averaged 53 cents; in 1927, $1.32. The plateau in the hourly rate curves of other industries (from 1923 to date) is not found among carpenters, masons, and plumbers. Their curve goes steadily upwards. We find large variations between cities, however. Carpenters receive 80 cents an hour in Atlanta and $1.50 in New York. Bricklayers get $1.38 in Los Angeles and $1.75 in St. Louis.

It must be remembered, however, that hourly rates and cash put into the pay envelope are two entirely distinct things. Rates may be high, but if a man works only half a year, his net income may be very low. Nor are fines and systems of docking unknown in American industry. Fifty-seven cents an hour—call it 60 cents in 1929 if you like—for an eight-hour day, 300 working days a year, means an annual cash income of $1,440. Probably the majority of wage earners are not working 300 days. Dr. Copeland, you will remember, calculated an annual average wage of $1,384 for various occupational groups in 1925.

The prosperity chorus has raised a considerable hue and cry as to labor's savings and investments in corporation stocks. No statistics are available showing the amount of Working-Class savings as such. The savings of the entire population increased from 8.4 billions in 1912 to 26.0 billions in 1927, while the number of depositors grew from 12.6 millions to 48.4 millions. This looks like a tremendous increase, but Mr. Abraham Epstein points out that on the basis of the 1912 dollar the increase instead of 26 billions is nearer 15 billions. Mr. Epstein concludes that the net increase in Working-Class savings has been greatly overemphasized. He is undoubtedly right; but making all due allowances, a very hefty increment has been registered.

While the number of Working-Class stockholders is large, however, their average holdings are small. There were about 100 billions of corporate stock outstanding in the United States in 1926. Employees had subscribed to not over one billion of this amount. Many executives and professional employees held substantial blocks in the billion. This leaves the share of the Working Class at far less than one per cent. Assuming a 10 per cent return—which is high—dividends now distributed to the workers, if equally divided among all American workers, would amount to about $4 a year.

To sum up our findings as to the share of labor. We have reason to believe:

1. That wages as a whole are tending slowly upward.
2. That wages as a whole are increasing faster than the cost of living—without allowing, however, for the *new standard of living*. If a motor car, a radio, a telephone, and a bathtub be counted as prime essentials, wages are not keeping up to the cost of living. That they have not done so the six billions of instalment credit bear striking tribute.
3. That the share of the Working Class in the total national income was, up to 1925, neither increasing nor declining.
4. That savings and savings-bank depositors are increasing, but large reservations are in order in respect to the net increment to the Working Class.
5. That the share of labor in corporate securities is negligible.
6. That the average industrial worker receives somewhere in the neighborhood of $1,500 a year, with large variations vocationally and geographically. Unskilled labor in the South comes perilously close to the rock bottom of bare subsistence with an annual income of not over $650.
7. That the only real prosperity has come in the ranks of certain skilled workers—notably in the construction industry. Even this is relative.
8. That family income is normally greater than head-of-the-family income. If "the mister" had to pay all the bills, not only would the new standard of living be inconceivable, but it would be a life-and-death struggle to maintain the necessary modicum of food, shelter, and clothing.

Austria Faces Her Crisis

By G. E. R. GEDYE

Vienna, October 12

LITTLE Austria has been making a nuisance of herself to the Great Powers on and off for more than two years. The new Austrian nationalism which is growing up under the wing of Heimwehrism and which is as intolerant of foreign comment as is the nationalism of any big Power, bitterly resents the attention paid to Austrian affairs in the foreign press. It complains that many worse things happen in Germany and elsewhere than in Austria but attract less notice.

The chief reason why Austria is not allowed the privilege of having her revolution behind closed doors and shuttered windows lies in the threat to European peace inherent in any disturbance of her slender hold—financially, economically, politically, and militarily—on life. For her delicate health the Powers themselves must bear the largest share of responsibility. Had we of the victor Powers in the World War shown less vindictiveness toward the German subjects of the Hapsburgs, and less extreme generosity at their expense to the Hapsburgs' Slav subjects—and to Italy—this *malaise* would probably not exist today. Had we seen that the inhabitants of German-Austria had as fair a chance of economic health as the inhabitants of Czecho-Slovakia or Jugoslavia—or even Hungary—instead of throwing them the bone of present-day Austria to live on when the meat had been cut away by others, and on top of it forbidden them to seek sustenance at the table of the German Reich to which they were invited, Austria would never have become a danger spot in Europe. There would not have been that army of unemployed, discontented, and disinherited—that array of wasted energy and even of talent living in enforced idleness, ready to listen to Heimwehr cure-all demagogy. These unfortunates would not have been so eager to feel themselves *men* again in olive-green uniforms with cocks' feathers in their hats. And if there had been a coup d'etat in a healthy Austria against Socialist predominance in Vienna, though it might have cost the country the sympathy of democrats abroad the rest of the world would have felt no more concern than it did over the coups in Lithuania, Poland, or Jugoslavia.

There is little need to trace the growth of the Heimwehr. Everyone knows how unimportant in home politics were the little patriotic groups of ex-officers and soldiers who had done much for the local defense of Austria's frontiers, up to the time of the riots of July 15, 1927. These riots were the product of the extreme bitterness of Austrian politics—of the incitements of the extremist Socialist press combined with the provocation of the acquittal of Nationalists who had shot down Socialists. The Austrian peasantry, which distrusted Vienna before the war and hated it afterwards, firmly believed that the Vienna Socialists had tried to set up a dictatorship of the proletariat. The story, which everyone in Vienna knew to be utterly untrue, was assiduously propagated by the Clericals to inflame the countryside against the Socialists. From their agitation was born the modern Heimwehr.

What is the truth about the Vienna Socialists? Many—not all—of their leaders are doctrinaire extremists. Dr. Otto Bauer is separated from Mr. J. H. Thomas by a gulf precisely as broad as that which separates that religious crusader against Socialism, Dr. Seipel, from Mr. Baldwin. Austria has not only the Jews, but also the Socialists and Clericals whom it deserves.

The great tactical error of the Socialists has been their concentration on a local triumph within Austria's narrow frontiers to the neglect of world developments. They have ignored the definite resettlement of Europe into capitalist grooves and have continued to conduct themselves as though the world were still in the state of flux of 1919. It is true that they have done literally magnificent social-welfare work in Vienna, but they have used it to strengthen their rigid party system. They have done much to redress the balance of open luxury on the one hand and hidden poverty (of spirit as of pocket) on the other which characterized imperial Vienna. But to do so they have bled Vienna commerce, so it declares, nearly white. They have broken the "lackeyism" of the Hapsburg capital, but they have humiliated the bourgeoisie with continual threats of street demonstrations. But a denial of certain loudly trumpeted allegations of their enemies needs to be recorded once again. They are not Bolsheviks. They have adhered throughout to the platform of democracy and rejected that of the dictatorship of the proletariat. Whether expediency alone induced some of their wildest leaders to do so is another matter. They are entitled to be judged by their actions and professions. To their leaders more than to anyone else in Austria is it due that the country escaped bolshevism when that movement prevailed around her in Munich and Budapest in 1919. And in July, 1927, their leaders not only never dreamed of a Socialist coup d'etat but risked their lives to calm a mob which had got out of hand. They must accept the blame for failing to restrain the mob which they believed they could control and which their press had helped to inflame. The responsibility is serious, but it does not justify the legend which by dint of assiduous repetition is now almost graven in the face of the Austrian Alps, that they planned the July riots to overthrow the state.

Chancellor Schober, the man of the hour, the Police President of Vienna, has spoken of the Heimwehr as a great *Volksbewegung*—a movement of the people. He is justified by the facts. The Austrian industrialists have lavished money on the cause of crippling the powers of the trade unions. The Hapsburg aristocracy of Austria, far prouder than that of parvenu royal France (was it not the aristocracy of the Holy Roman Empire, of papal if not of divine origin?) has, in part openly but still more secretly, grasped at this hope of recovering that past eminence which it sees its Hungarian counterpart maintaining today. The peasant always disliked Vienna, even Hapsburg Vienna—how simple to persuade him to dislike the Vienna of the Socialists! A "Heimwehr terror" exists today throughout the Austrian countryside which is the counterpart of the "Socialist terror"

of the factories. If there is no job for the non-unionist in the cities, equally there is no roof to shelter the peasant who is backward in declaring his allegiance to the Heimwehr of his lord and master. The bigoted and superstitious among the Alpine peasantry rushed to the Heimwehr colors at the call of the priest. The disinherited—the officer, the civil servant, the caterer to a great court and aristocracy, the bank clerk, the lackey—all those whose world had crumbled about their ears found in the demagogic words of the Heimwehr leaders a new-old gospel which they had not dared to hope to hear again.

I have written elsewhere of the Heimwehr movement as a crowded charabanc careering downhill with no one at the steering wheel, destined only to crash into the wall. Socialism bars its path, with a dozen eager hands anxious afterwards to grasp the wheel—if there is anything left to grasp. Dr. Seipel would steer toward Hungary. The Vatican—and Dr. Seipel is the Vatican in Austria—proverbially thinks in centuries. Wilder dreams than that of a revived Austro-Hungarian monarchy have been entertained in Europe since 1918. A Hapsburg restoration today sounds fantastic, but a Danube confederation strikes a less fantastic note. It would be no bad stepping-stone. At least it would prevent the extinction of Hapsburg hopes which union with Germany would imply. The *Reichspost,* commonly considered Dr. Seipel's paper, is well known to be monarchist in sympathy, though that is kept in the background. But to say—as some Vienna papers do—that Dr. Seipel is actually planning a Hapsburg restoration is a wild exaggeration.

There are many other eager hands ready to grasp the steering wheel after the smash: those which flirted with Italian fascism, the German nationalist organizations which have supplied much of the money, the industrialists who wish to curb the trade unions and even to put back the clock of social legislation, the *schwarz-gelb* Hapsburg aristocracy, the higher bureaucracy, and the former imperial generals who see in present-day Hungary the best stepping-stone to a restoration of something at least of the past. There is also the Wittelsbach influence which dreams of a Bavarian restoration helping toward the realization of *schwarz-gelb* dreams.

What of those "moderate Heimwehr," the people who really justify Chancellor Schober's description of "a great people's movement"? Although artificially cultivated with lavish funds by cynical party politicians for their own purposes, the Heimwehr has recently, especially in the federal states, become a cause to inspire a large section of the population with genuine enthusiasm. In Vienna, despite all the rhetoric of its friends and leaders, it remains a delicate hothouse plant beside the robust wild flower of Socialism. But in the provinces it has taken firm root, and as Herr Schober told Parliament, it must be reckoned with seriously. It is a swing of the pendulum—a reaction against the extravagances of the revolution, which is in danger of becoming Reaction with a capital letter. Herr Schober has set himself to the task of guiding this purely anti-Socialist enthusiasm into legal channels. The Socialists, after several years of truculence, are in yielding temper. They are in a mood today to surrender most of their really "revolutionary" gains, which it would have been far better for them to have yielded gradually and unobtrusively years ago. But for the essentials they are not merely prepared, but determined to fight, in Parliament and outside it, on the plaform and—behind the barricades. And they believe that with Heimwehr acceptance of Schober as chancellor that movement has reached and passed its dangerous zenith.

Johann Schober, who has always looked on police work as a trust, who has been happiest as a district police commissioner, a "people's judge" to whom the workers turned in times of trouble of many kinds for counsel, knows the price which Austrian Socialism paid under the monarchy in the long struggle for universal suffrage, parliamentary government, and the abolition of class franchise. He is not of their camp. He has no high opinion of "parliamentary" government with its endless quarreling over trivialities and its secret bargains between a handful of party leaders. Although he probably considers Austria unripe for "full" democracy, the Socialists are at the moment content to see him in charge. For many years their leaders have privately given him more of their confidence than they have given to any non-Socialist, trusting him as a level-headed non-political servant of the republic as he was of the monarchy. The scandalous campaign of the Socialist press against him as the "bloodhound" of July 15, 1927, was never more than a discreditable party maneuver to give the fury of the workers an objective after the terrible slaughter of that day of evil memory. Schober is human. He cannot have forgotten the treatment to which he was subjected, but a man with his sense of duty is likely to put aside these memories as far as possible in the interests of the state, which includes the great Social-Democratic (Socialist) Party as well as its enemies.

It is doubtful whether the Heimwehr threats can be held responsible for the downfall of Austria's biggest bank, the Bodenkredit Anstalt. Probably the bank was in any case in too bad a state to have maintained its independent existence for long, but the Heimwehr scare certainly precipitated the debacle. The tragedy of the Bodenkredit taught a lesson to those behind the Heimwehr movement which may have important results. It has completely stopped the contributions of banks and industrialists to Heimwehr funds, and has led them to exert such influence as they may possess over the Heimwehr leaders in a sedative direction. Complete disarmament of both bodies is, of course, the only final solution, and the day will come, if Herr Schober remains chancellor as long as every well-wisher of Austria must hope, when he will find himself in a position to take this essential step to pacification. It is difficult for him to do so at the moment on account of the entirely laudable pacifism of the Socialists. If he acts while they alone demand disarmament, he incurs the risk of being charged with doing so at their instigation. When someone in the bourgeois camp has the courage to raise the same cry and so earn the gratitude of the greater part of the nation, which is heartily sick of the whole business, he will feel free to move.

The future is not yet clear. The heavily armed Heimwehr battalions have been wildly incited for two years against parliament, democracy, and the Socialists. The latter have been urged to prepare to resist to the death. Their armament in general is much inferior, but in Vienna and Upper and Lower Austria it is probably better than that of the local Heimwehr. Some of the Heimwehr have unquestionably made detailed and serious plans for a putsch, and may do so again. Some of the bourgeois party leaders are with them. Almost all of them render eager lip-service to the Heimwehr which they created but which, like Frankenstein's

monster, now threatens their very existence. The party politicians (except, of course, the Socialists) are tumbling over one another in their eagerness to be accepted by the movement which scorns party politics. Today Herr Schober's name is sacred to the Heimwehr leaders. Tomorrow it may be a name of scorn if he fails to persuade them to see reason. The Heimwehr leaders insist on a clean sweep, on no concession whatever to the Socialists or to democracy. This is possible only by a violent break of the constitution, which cannot be altered legally without the assistance of the Socialists to obtain the necessary two-thirds majority. There are various places for a "bloodless" putsch, for a breach of the constitution on a minor issue first, which would not arouse the workers but which could then be used as a precedent. The Clericals are showing casuistic skill of a high order in twisting the wording of the constitution to this end, especially in the pages of the *Reichspost*. But legal progress involves compromise. It is Chancellor Schober's difficult task to see that this is effected with the maximum of "face-saving," especially for the Heimwehr.

[Since the above article was written, Chancellor Schober's bill has been introduced. It is far more reactionary than anyone anticipated; yet the Heimwehr declare that it is only one step on the road to the abolition of parliament and a fascist dictatorship.—EDITOR THE NATION.]

In the Driftway

THE Drifter has just been X-rayed. Not for the first time. But for the worst time. Medicine, like the rest of our civilization, grows ever more complex. The Drifter recalls having had his teeth X-rayed a couple of times in the past, and it was all over with the celerity, and about the expense, of a passport photograph. Likewise he once before had some plates made of his insides. It was done in two visits on the same day with an interval of five hours in between. But such simple methods seem to be demoded. This last time the Drifter had to make seven visits to his X-ray doctor, occupying the better part of three days. His captors photographed practically every square inch of his insides, standing up and lying down. They filled him up with all kinds of fluids and washed him out with every known purge. They must have taken a couple of dozen pictures, discovering all the bodily secrets which the Drifter possessed. That is, all those below the neck. The Drifter's captors had the forbearance not to turn their probing rays upon his head, thereby sparing him from the most humiliating revelation of all.

* * * * *

THE X-ray specialist to whom the Drifter went occupies a large private house, four or five stories in height, on New York's upper East Side. There is no physician's sign at the door; the doctor evidently wants to avoid calls from his neighbors. The entrance hall and reception room has a fireplace on either side and enough floor space so that it would carve up nicely into apartments for two average New York families. There is quite a staff. In three days' more or less continuous stay the Drifter made the acquaintance of the footman, the secretary, the X-ray nurse, an assistant physician, the scrub lady, and several patients—everybody, in fact, except the doctor himself. The Drifter never saw the latter at all. Apparently he spends his time in the upper part of the house studying his patients' plates and investing their fees.

* * * * *

THE Drifter's X-ray plates were made by a nurse—a young woman skilful, considerate, and attractive. The Drifter often marvels at the high percentage of fine young women who take up the profession of nursing. Or is it that the profession of nursing makes fine young women of such a high percentage of those who take it up? X-ray photography is tedious rather than painful for the patient, but the Drifter admits he is always a bit nervous under the ministrations of the formidable machines that are used; and the way in which they spit, hiss, and sizzle is not reassuring. The Drifter read recently of a doctor who sat down on a radiator with the cord of an X-ray machine in his hand—and was electrocuted. There is always a chance of some mistake by which an X-ray may lead to an ex-Drifter. A little ray—or rayon—must have got loose somehow when the Drifter's first plate was made on the occasion about which he is writing. Anyhow he felt a slight shock and jumped a little. Thereupon he was strapped to the plate as to an electric chair.

* * * * *

BUT the most sardonic touch occurred on the morning when the Drifter made his final trip to the X-ray specialist. He picked up his mail as he left home. Among other waifs there was a letter from a bank on Fifth Avenue. As the size of the Drifter's account precludes any connection with banks on Fifth Avenue, he knew the letter must be advertising and stuffed it unopened into a pocket. Arrived in the dignified, austere, and depressing reception room of his doctor, he had a moment to wait, and in idle curiosity opened the missive. The Drifter pulled out a circular saying that if he would return the enclosed reply post card the company would be pleased to send its pamphlet "How to Begin Making Your Will."

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

So Rabelais

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: You may be interested in seeing the inclosed copy of a letter I have just written to the Collector of Customs in Chicago, Illinois.

MY DEAR SIR:

I am informed that on September 23 you seized, under Section 305 of the Tariff Act, a parcel containing the "Complete Works of Rabelais," which I had mailed to a correspondent in your district—C. R. Wilson, at Oak Park, Illinois.

I may observe that this issue of the works of Rabelais was published in the United States only a few months ago. It was advertised extensively in the whole literary press of the country, and as far as I am aware it is freely circulated and sold in the domestic market. The copy which you confiscated is one that was sent me by the New York *Nation* for review, and my review of it has probably appeared by this time. You will probably perceive at once

that under these circumstances a seizure of the books at a port of entry is simply silly.

Furthermore I may observe for your information that the Works of Rabelais are one of the great classics of the world's literature, and that a discrimination against them as obscene would hold equally against the English Bible, and the works (among many others) of Shakespeare, Chaucer, Dryden, Pope, and Swift—all of which I understand are freely imported and sold.

My correspondent to whom the parcel was addressed is a scholar, Master of Arts of the University of Oxford, who lately collaborated with me in an essay on Rabelais, which is now being issued by one of the oldest and best-known publishing houses in the United States. Fortunately the volumes which you confiscated are of no value to a scholar or even to a serious reader. I sent them to my colleague only as a literary curiosity of no importance. Hence they are not worth the trouble of reclamation by any of the methods which you kindly point out as available. I am, however, sending a copy of this letter to the Secretary of the Treasury, thinking it possible that he may wish to dissociate himself from this utterly ridiculous proceeding.

Brussels, October 12 ALBERT JAY NOCK

"All Quiet——"

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Mr. W. R. Hearst should not have printed "All Quiet on the Western Front" in his papers as probably, in spite of the League of Nations, this country some day will have some other war to fight and then the boys will be afraid. If such books are recommended the boys will run away if the U. S. A. has a war—and what will Mr. Hearst say then?

A former German officer with four years' service at the front, I am now occupied helping to keep this country clean by washing dishes and windows, but in the name of all my old war comrades let me tell you that Germany would have been finished within three months if all her soldiers had been of the type of Remarque!

His book as the work of a 100-per-cent pacifist can hardly be recommended to *men*. War is hell, certainly, but in a war even a kitchen-pot washer has a chance to become a hero for his country.

And life isn't worth so much as Remarque thinks it is.

Los Angeles, California, September 2 E. V. KIENITZ

A Public Defender

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The movement to establish by law the office of Public Defender to represent indigent accused persons in the criminal courts—which has been spreading rapidly throughout the country during the past few years—has received a powerful impetus recently.

This proposed reform, according to the press reports, has just received approval in a nation-wide preferential vote taken by the National Economic League with respect to this and other reforms looking toward a better administration of justice.

Chief Justice Taft, Mr. Samuel Untermyer, Justice William Harman Black, and many other distinguished judges, lawyers, and sociologists have indorsed this proposal, as have numerous civic, political, labor, and women's organizations throughout the country.

The poor man in the courts should be given a real equality before the law. He should have the right to a real defense—not a perfunctory one. Too often under present conditions he is discriminated against—not because of his guilt—but because of his poverty. The present assigned counsel system is archaic, unfair, and unsatisfactory. It should be replaced by a system of public defense which will give to all persons accused of crime a fair trial—regardless of race, creed, color, or purse. Justice is the ultimate goal. Charity does not avail as a substitute for justice.

New York, October 29 MAYER C. GOLDMAN

Political Prisoners

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: All over the world thousands of people are imprisoned arbitrarily on account of political, social, or religious beliefs which happen to displease military or government officials. In order to make them confess their so-called crimes they are submitted to unspeakable torture, and whether a confession is obtained or not they are cast into prison, or as in Greece and Italy, deported to outlying islands.

There are several non-partisan organizations which are helping defend these prisoners, but it is hoped that some international program may be worked out which will concern itself primarily with their defense. The Women's International League for Peace and Freedom at its recent congress at Prague appointed a committee for this purpose, and it is the duty of every nation to cooperate with the League in their work for the release of political prisoners.

"Toute notre dignité consiste donc en la pensée," says Pascal. Can we without cowardice allow thousands of beings to suffer hunger, cold, torture, and, what is worse, dreadful isolation and inaction because they have committed the crime of thinking?

Paris, October 1 CAMILLE DREVET

Women and Citizenship

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: To J. Mark Jacobson's very excellent summary in *The Nation* of August 21 of the difficulties arising out of the contradictory bases of the nationality laws of the various countries, may I say a word in behalf of the Cable Act, which, with all its faults—some of them not named by Mr. Jacobson—is still the object of satisfaction to women citizens of the United States?

What has subjected the Cable Act to the severest criticism is that it puts some foreign women who marry United States citizens in a stateless group. Even before the adoption of this act, many countries had recognized that their women citizens could not by the mere fact of marriage acquire the nationality of their foreign husbands, and had laws preserving to their women their own nationality. This was true of China and Japan, whose women for many decades have been excluded from United States citizenship by marriage. It was also true of France, Poland, Italy, Bulgaria, Portugal, Siam, and of Mexico and half a dozen other Latin-American states.

Since the adoption of the Cable Act by the United States a steadily increasing number of countries have safeguarded the nationality of their women, such safeguards being a distinct characteristic of recently enacted nationality laws or regulations, as in the Scandinavian countries, Albania, Egypt, Jugoslavia, Rumania, and Switzerland. The outstanding countries having no such provision are Germany, the Netherlands, Spain, and Great Britain and its Dominions, none of which have in any radical way amended their laws regarding women since 1922,

but in all of which organized women are demanding a change in favor of the retention of their own nationality and respect for the nationality of foreign women. Since the information upon which Mr. Jacobson bases his figures was compiled, Albania, Guatemala, and Jugoslavia have joined the countries giving women the right to elect to keep their own nationality; Turkey and Cuba have declared that their women nationals shall not lose nationality on marriage. There is, therefore, everywhere a distinct tendency toward a recognition of the independent nationality right of married women.

Furthermore, the difficulty arising immediately after the enactment of the Cable Act, when an American citizen could not secure admission to the United States for his alien wife because the immigration laws made no exception for her, was removed by the immigration act of 1924, which gave non-quota status to the wife of a United States citizen, so that now the stateless foreign wife of an American can enter this country and after a year's residence become a citizen.

Again, in the illustration given by Mr. Jacobson of the American woman who has lost her American citizenship by marriage to an Italian and who, on the dissolution of the marriage, decides to reacquire her American citizenship but whose children must await their turn under the overcrowded Italian quota, Mr. Jacobson overlooks the provisions of the immigration law. At the present time she can return to the United States as a non-quota immigrant. She can regain her citizenship after a year's residence, and she can then bring her children in as non-quota immigrants. It is not a perfect solution of the difficulty, but the situation is less serious than is pictured.

The faults in the Cable Act, making it seem far from perfect to the American woman, are not mentioned by Mr. Jacobson. Its provision placing an American woman married to an alien in the same class with naturalized citizens is fraught with confusion, for after two years' residence in the country of her foreign husband or five years' residence out of this country her nationality status is left in doubt. The rule that the American woman who marries an alien racially ineligible to citizenship herself becomes an alien is, in effect, not a punishment to white women but an injustice to our American-born Orientals. The failure to make easy the resumption of United States citizenship by American women who automatically lost it by marriage before September, 1922, has created serious difficulties, only partly remedied by a recent amendment to the immigration law. These and other features of the act are matters that can well be considered in perfecting the law as a national measure.

Mr. Jacobson, however, is undoubtedly correct in maintaining that there is need of international action of the sort that is planned by the coming Conference for the Codification of International Law at The Hague. Such action in connection with the important matter of nationality of women cannot be taken at this period of history without giving attention to the rights and the voice of women. It is not only "American feminists" who are interested. Women of many other countries, whether so-called feminists or not, are making themselves heard. It is significant that the leading international groups of women, the International Council of Women and the International Alliance of Women for Suffrage and Equal Citizenship, have long advocated the independent citizenship of married women; that the latter organization, representing organized women of forty-three countries, and a body of more recent inception, the Inter-American Commission of Women, representing the women of the Americas, after a most careful study of this question have drafted their own proposals for submission to The Hague conference. This is probably the first time in history that any large body of the world's inhabitants have given articulate expression to their wishes regarding the subject of their own nationality.

Washington, D. C., September 1 EMMA WOLD

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Books, Films, and Drama

Stonehenge

By AUDREY WURDEMANN

In this white circle, on what midsummer night,
Did the gnome-folk, the gnarled and knotty of thews,
Lead the wreathed innocent? When the first light
Of the sun crept over the sacred stone, and the mews
Were full of the sound of birds in the stirring-hours,
Then was the gleam of the faceted flint, and a moan
Smothered at starting beneath the woven flowers,
Where the trilithon shadowed the sudden flow over stone.

The throbbing heart was held high to the sun, and the crying
Cadence of voices was belled and full of thanksgiving.
The red that flooded the sky and the stone was a flying
Banner of triumph speeding against the night,
And the crumpled flowers were sweeter than anything living,
And the full-throated chanting rang in the chequered light.

Desperate Apologetics

The Present Crisis in Religion. By W. E. Orchard. Harper and Brothers. $2.50.

What Do We Mean by God? By Cyril H. Valentine. The Macmillan Company. $2.

HERE are two books admirably illustrating two traditional forms of Christian apologetics in their latest English garb. The Rev. Dr. Orchard is frankly worried, for the Church of England is visibly failing. Church attendance is dropping rapidly, the force of revivalism is spent, the Sunday schools are no longer effective recruiting agencies, the "people of importance" scoff and the "masses" are indifferent. The church is, therefore, little more than a haven for mediocrity —mediocre talent in the pulpits and middle-class congregations in the pews. No one can blame a parson under these conditions for becoming homesick for a surer and godlier world. His book, however, promises to be more than a flight to safety; it opens with a realistic survey of the present crisis in religion (whereby he really means the present crisis in the Anglican Church), and he succeeds in portraying a situation which is genuinely crucial in the sense that things may go either way. He emphasizes repeatedly his opinion that the contingency is real and ultimate and that there is no reason for believing in any sure guaranty that the church must triumph. But having said all this, he then turns round and argues that the real cause for the low estate into which religion has fallen is its lack of a certain faith and an authoritative church, and he confesses his own indomitable faith in the ultimate validity and value of the Christian religion. In fact, he overdoes it, for his empirical uncertainty is poorly concealed beneath the trite and loose arguments which culminate in the grand conclusion that "the abandonment of religion, to which so much in modern thought, interest, and life seems to be tending, means the undermining of every rational interpretation of existence, the negativing of any hope of reaching secular stability, and the destruction of the compensating spiritual treasures which might make man content: it is therefore making for nothing else and nothing less than irrationality, madness, strife, and unendurable misery."

Such a contention is so evidently absurd that it is small wonder that his arguments do not prove it. Had he followed the drift of his analysis and seriously considered the actual factors which were producing the crisis, he would have faced such facts as that people are now finding more attractive ways of spending Sunday than going to church, that they seek diversion and excitement instead of "rest and inspiration," that the clergy are not the intellectual leaders they used to be, that art has become largely secularized, and other similar considerations which the book raises only to drop them hastily and to fall back into the more conventional exercises of theological and theoretical apologetics. As it is, the book closes with a scheme for the "rehabilitation of the church" which is little more than a rationalization of the Catholic Party's policy in the Anglican crisis. Dr. Orchard urges universal adoption of the Catholic faith without compromise to higher critics or surrender of dogma as a sop to science, but with broad toleration within this faith for the various Protestant forms of religion. The Papacy ought to be "constitutional and benevolent" and ought to sanction Methodism and other forms of evangelical religion for their utility in winning over "the indifferent masses" to religion and thus preparing them for the reception of Catholic truth. Similar tolerance ought to be extended to other Protestant churches for their specific functions. Failing this, the church will do well to emphasize the invisible "mystical Catholic Church" as the only ark of salvation, and individuals will do well to practice mysticism in place of evangelical revivalism.

Dr. Orchard is shrewd; he notices that Catholic churches are filled; but this is not the ground on which he argues for Catholicism. The arguments for this scheme are negligible, but the conclusion is probably a piece of practical wisdom under the circumstances in England. Anglo-Catholicism will probably not result in a glorious revival of both Christianity and the church, as Dr. Orchard hopes, but it may reduce the empty pews temporarily. The whole temper of Anglican clergymen at present is defensive. Their philosophy is well described by the words of John Dewey: "The evidence for skepticism is so overwhelming that we must be dogmatic."

Dr. Valentine's attitude is quite different; for although he, too, ends with the ancient doctrines, he regards them as disguised forms of the latest revelations of science. He is more up to date in his learning. He shares Dr. Orchard's fear of psychology and philosophy, but instead of merely dismissing them as "lamentably" prevalent he has taken the trouble to learn and exploit their secrets. He has learned, for example, what less technically trained psychologists may overlook, that though a person is excited into action by a "stimulus" he does not respond literally to the stimulus but to the total situation. Seizing upon this apparently innocent psychological fact, and following the clues suggested by General Smuts's "Holism" and Eddington's "The Nature of the Physical World," Dr. Valentine concludes that God is man's response to reality as a whole. Science, so the argument runs, is engaged in analyzing particular stimuli, not in responding to wholes; and art, while it deals with concrete wholes, has no technique for responding to the whole of reality; hence religious experience is a necessary supplement to these other forms of experience and also the most intimate and final form of knowledge. On the side of the human individual the whole is known as personality, and this human, personal whole responds immediately to reality as a whole and reality in turn responds to it. Therefore reality is also personal both in the sense that it includes persons and in the sense that only a person can hold intimate communion (mutual responsiveness) with another person. This conception of God avoids pantheism by making a distinction between reality as a whole, which is God, and the totality of particular realities, which is God's "field"—another scientific concept made to do heavy religious duty.

On this basis, one after another of the familiar truths of the Christian tradition reappear. The Trinity, for example, is God as subject (Father), object (Son), and response (Holy Spirit). The book is not so much a well-developed argument as a wearisome repetition of this one idea. That such a God may be useful to certain psychologists and philosophers is evident from the numerous treatises now written on this theme, but that He is the God of religion remains a sheer assumption. A religious man might well agree that this is "the least that we can mean by God." How curious that a God based on such dialectical fancy-work should be regarded as having religious reality, while the gods that are expressions of human needs and ideals are scorned as "mere fictions"! Theologians would do religion a great service if they would return to the gods of religion and let philosophers and scientists play with their metaphysical toys. For in all probability, unless science and philosophy are utterly untrustworthy, the "whole of reality" is merely an abstract term, denoting the totality of concrete reals but not implying a unitary being; and certainly "a response to reality as a whole" would be a psychological monstrosity. What right has a theologian to lay down the law to science and say: you can not cope with personality; you make no total responses; you can not face reality directly? Science and philosophy can do all these things just as well as religion if not better. To deny them this privilege is sheer theological presumption and a clumsy exploitation of a philosopher's burlesque of the supposed materialism of nineteenth-century science; and all this show of intellectual up-to-date-ness and scientific precision is little more than a rationalization of a failure to be scientific in spirit and method.

HERBERT W. SCHNEIDER

Science and the Savage

The Mind of the Savage. By Raoul Allier. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $3.75.

Are We Civilized? By Robert H. Lowie. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $3.

THE average intelligent but uninformed reader who is generally invoked in discussions of scientific popularizations will be much confused as to what anthropologists really know or believe about man and his achievements if he reads these two books, for they are neatly disparate. M. Allier, dean of the faculty of Protestant theology at Paris, looks upon human culture through ethnological spectacles which show him the world divided into "Le non-civilisé et nous," the title under which "The Mind of the Savage" originally appeared. This view seems a weld of two European schools: Frazer's, which postulates peoples on a kind of cultural Jacob's ladder, with the white European of course at the top, and Lévy-Bruhl's, which divides the world into logical and pre-logical minds, chiefly geographically and by race. Much of the material presented by M. Allier has been gathered for him by missionaries, but it is often the case that the clearest and most detailed accounts of a people are made by missionaries. M. Allier interprets these data, together with the theories advanced by anthropologists who have impressed him, in a manner curiously reminiscent of a twelfth-century Father laboriously proving that heretics and sorcerers are immoral and degenerate persons..

> We have continually to return to our one essential discovery [he says], that uncivilized mentality, with its belief in magic as its dominant factor, is characterized by real spiritual disintegration. This disintegration—whose origins go back to far-distant times and which consists essentially of an almost mechanical acquiescence in facts, of a rooted passivity toward the moral events that make up the interior life, of complete absence of initiative —is the deep-rooted cause of that intellectual and moral ankylosis that has kept each of these tribes at a stage beyond which it has never been able to advance. Mentality of this kind can be changed only by grappling with the moral state which, in some way, is its consequence, but which also originates it and keeps it alive. With this change, everything becomes possible. This change, which is a radical alteration in the direction of mental forces, we call, from the religious point of view, conversion.

To an American ethnologist these statements are preposterous nonsense. The word *magic* has generally meant, in European theology, black magic, and in Europe this has been often practiced by renegades of the church; broadly, it is a cult unconsciously hostile to Catholicism. An anthropologist means by the same word certain principles of behavior toward natural phenomena current in every civilization and based fundamentally, he now perceives, on the psychological processes of association. Frazer's "sympathetic magic," for example, is roughly contained in the ancient and widely elaborated notion that harm to the image is harm to the man, and likewise in the therapeutic formula of "the hair of the dog that bit you." Thus a "non-civilized" sorcerer would easily understand vaccination.

M. Allier has ingeniously identified the anthropologist's concept with the theologian's, and on that basis he resurrects an old self-flattering thesis that primitive people are retarded, or fallen. The French dean and the American technologist become irreconcilable dissenters in Dr. Lowie's remarks on primitive mentality and primitive religion.

> They [primitive peoples] are using the same sort of mental operations as ourselves; they observe, they classify, they draw inferences and make practical applications. The very same people who at one moment think the most arrant nonsense turn at another into past masters of logic. In this they resemble not only the civilized man in the street but even great scientists. . . . Of course the believer in a revealed religion can never treat primitive religion as on a par with his own. The reason is obvious: in any such comparison the savage starts with a handicap, for he is pitted not against civilization, but against civilization plus Providence.

The ethnological glasses through which Dr. Lowie and most of his American colleagues look upon human achievement do not show him a stairway resting in hell and reaching to heaven, nor a simple division of talents according to color; he sees, literally, maps. In one region one people has developed certain activities, perhaps one kind more than the others, and has emphasized certain values, much as might an individual. The differences between peoples are set forth by Dr. Lowie in terms of degree of cultural complexity and organization. From this standpoint the factors of geographical situation, ease and multiplicity of contacts, acquire dominant importance. A given civilization or group is thus chiefly described by historical analysis, much as a modern psychiatrist treats an individual case; though neither the ethnologist nor the psychiatrist necessarily concludes that everything can be explained historically, chiefly because the process is too complex to be completely traced.

It is a point of view which results from sincere attempts at accurate methods of investigation, and it falls back often on sheer common sense. M. Allier, on the other hand, with the assurance of a seer, chooses to join both science and religion to prove his points. The disparity is perhaps ultimately due to the fact that M. Allier is a French theologian and Dr. Lowie an American ethnologist and university professor. These differences show themselves in the two styles; the former pedestrian, meticulous, burdened by data often obscure; the latter chatty, informally entertaining, full of benevolent irony, and without footnotes. The average reader will probably be convinced by Dr. Lowie's style unless, of course, M. Allier best conserves his peace of mind.

ANITA BRENNER

This Side of Greatness

Hawthorne. By Newton Arvin. Little, Brown and Company. $3.50.

IT is satisfying to observe that, in a day when biography employs many of the methods and seeks many of the results of fiction, Mr. Arvin has had the wisdom and courage to write a study of Hawthorne that relies for its interest on straightforward portraiture and especially on candid and careful literary criticism. Certainly the important task to be undertaken in relation to Hawthorne is the reestimation of his place in American letters and the analysis of his significance for our time. This task Mr. Arvin has done, and done uncommonly well.

Primarily, then, the importance of the book lies in the seriousness and the scope of its critical method, but one should not, for that reason, suggest that it is deficient as biography. On the contrary, the author has contrived to combine portraiture and criticism in such a way that each enhances the other. He has blended his narrative of Hawthorne's life so subtly with his estimates of Hawthorne's work that we finish the book with more insight into the man than we could derive from a dozen exercises in the new biography, while at the same time we feel ourselves invigorated by the thorough and original discussion of the writer. It is perhaps true that the relations between the man and the writer are more easily perceived in a study of Hawthorne than in an examination of most other authors, but even so Mr. Arvin has revealed them to us more clearly than they have ever been revealed before.

In his analysis of Hawthorne's writings Mr. Arvin displays discipline and discrimination of a high order, and as he proceeds with his study of separate stories his estimate of Hawthorne's position in literature emerges. He explains why Hawthorne belongs with the half dozen American writers of first importance, despite the fact that he falls somewhat short of true greatness. Mr. Arvin assumes that an author is not altogether great unless he is fundamentally representative and unless he possesses the ability to create three-dimensional characters. Of Hawthorne's representativeness Mr. Arvin is fully assured, and in his presentation of the argument he offers a profound and by no means unnecessarily depressing description of American civilization. But Mr. Arvin freely admits and, indeed, takes pains to point out, that Hawthorne could not state his serious and important ideas in terms of flesh-and-blood men and women.

This is sound and dispassionate criticism, but Mr. Arvin is armed for his analysis of Hawthorne with better weapons than general ideas about literature, however astute, can provide. He has that quality so rare among English teachers, a sincere love of literature, and coupled with it is the capacity for discriminating appreciation which only a deep-rooted affection for literary excellence can bring. Only a man who himself believes in the validity of the literary life may hope to understand Hawthorne. It is that kind of understanding that Mr. Arvin has, and from it springs the fineness of his discussion of Hawthorne and his stories.

In "Hawthorne," with its careful style, so satisfyingly adapted to the expression of difficult distinctions and minute gradations of praise and blame, both criticism and biography attain a dignity which they have not always possessed in our literature. Such a book as this helps us to understand America, to clarify our views of literature, and to appreciate the struggles of the creative writer. In short, it does all that criticism can do to prevent the repetition of Hawthorne's tragedy of isolation.

GRANVILLE HICKS

Mid-Victorian Letters

The Later Letters of Lady Augusta Stanley. Edited by the Dean of Windsor and Hector Bolitho. Jonathan Cape and Harrison Smith. $3.

LADY AUGUSTA BRUCE, sister of Lord Elgin, was for many years the favorite lady-in-waiting and confidante of Queen Victoria. A selection from her letters to her sister, Lady Frances Baillie, written before her marriage to Dr. Stanley, Dean of Westminster, was published in 1927 under the editorship of her nephew, Dean Baillie of Windsor, and Mr. Bolitho. The present collection, prepared by the same editors, consists of matter taken from her correspondence during the years of her married life, with a brief introduction and some explanatory editorial comment.

As a member of the aristocracy, an intimate friend of the royal family and the wife of a noted ecclesiastic, Lady Augusta had a wide circle of friends. She was a vivacious and untiring correspondent, and her letters throw interesting side-lights on many persons of prominence in the social, political, religious, and literary life of mid-Victorian England. In company with the Dean she frequently traveled on the Continent and freely recorded her impressions of foreign notables. She is revealed in these pages as a woman of great social charm, broad interests, and generous human sympathies that were not bounded by the limits of social class. Her devotion to Victoria is apparent throughout, and on occasion she did not hesitate to give wise advice, which was not always followed, as when she tactfully urged the Queen to visit Ireland: "The people are very sensitive and so alive to anything that honors them and their country and *raises them and it* in their own estimation and in the scale of nations." Upon learning of her death the Queen wrote: "She was such a help in so many ways, so sympathizing, loving and kind, so attached to me and mine, so clever and agreeable, known to so many. She used to write such interesting letters and knew so many interesting people. It was always a treat to me when she came."

ROBERT LIVINGSTON SCHUYLER

Aldington's First Novel

Death of a Hero. By Richard Aldington. Covici-Friede. $2.50.

THIS first novel by one of the most distinguished among English poets and critics is a continuously interesting portrait of the artist as a young man who, when he is no longer quite so young and has found the first great excitements of life—first love and first artistic recognition—a little tarnished, goes to the war. The first two-thirds of the book chronicle his pre-war life. It is a chaotic, angry, brilliant, naive, beautiful, and childish mass of reflections, experiences, vituperations, loves, and hates. It has too much form and too little. It shouts too much, curses too much, thumbs its nose too much:

> Those three musketeers of publicity cheap and silly, of tattered debates on torn topics—Shaw, Chesterton, and Belloc. Shaw, yes, the puritan Beaumarchais—*un coup de chapeau*—but the others! To the Goddess Ennui, sung by Pope, the groans of the Britons! Who will deliver us from the R. C. bores?

It too consciously experiments in styles. On one page is invective after the whole-souled manner of Ezra Pound or Wyndham Lewis; on the next a lyric, sometimes too neat and too mannered, sometimes quite exquisitely realized. The satire

Liberalizing the Minds of American Students with Paine's "AGE *of* REASON"

THOMAS PAINE was the friend of Washington, of Franklin, and of Jefferson. Yet today he is hardly known to the growing generation of Americans! What an amazing commentary on our educational system! In no other nation on the face of the earth would such a patriot be so neglected.

The greatest Americans—Presidents like Jefferson, Lincoln and Wilson; scientists like Edison and Slosson; naturalists like Burbank and Burroughs; authors like Mark Twain and Walt Whitman—all proclaimed their praise and enthusiasm for Paine's vivid, gripping writings that helped free the bodies and minds of Americans.

Surely if there is any person who should be made known to the students of American schools that person should be Thomas Paine. He was the first exponent of Liberalism in America. His name has always stood as the symbol of Free Men and Free Conscience. Perhaps, in this age of legalized snoopery, this very liberalism explains why some backward pedagogues have denied their students the privilege of knowing Thomas Paine and his great works

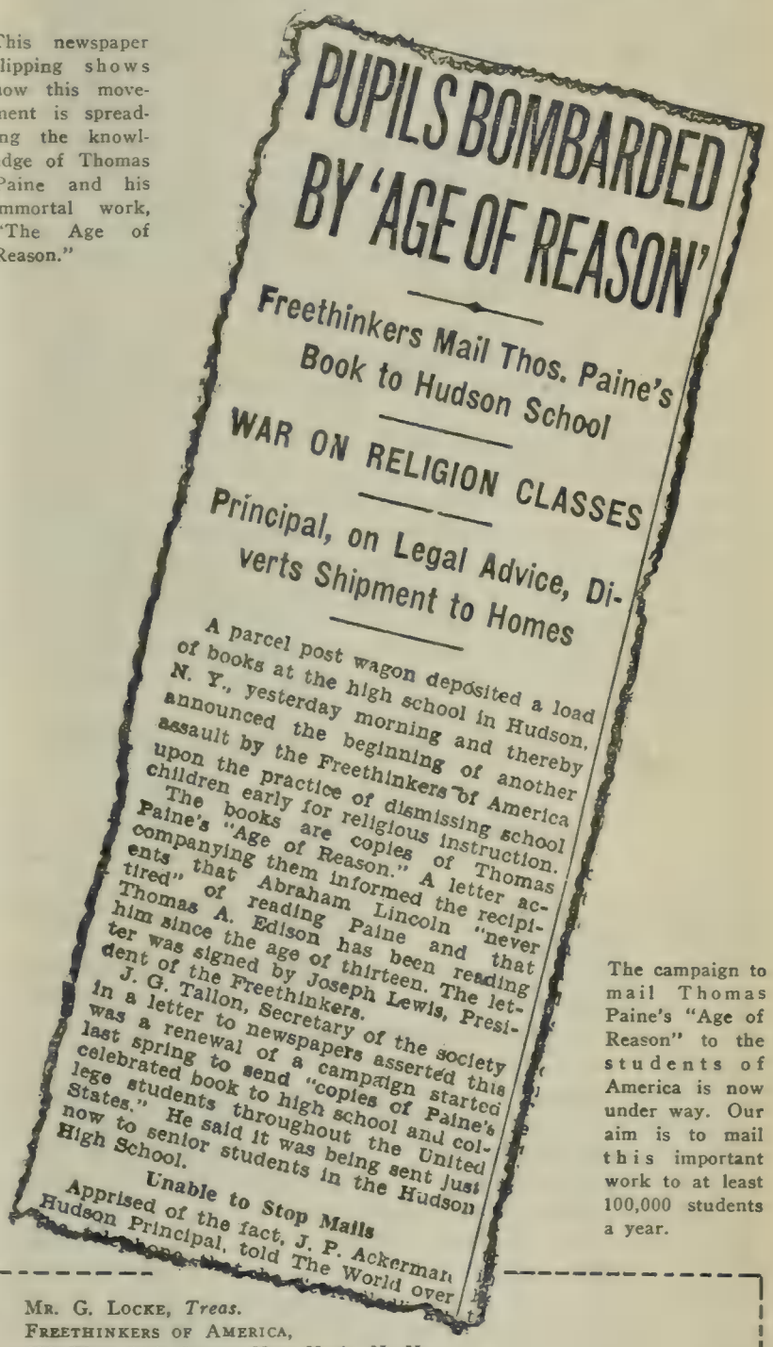
It is to correct this grave neglect that this movement has been organized. Through it tens of thousands of American students are learning—for the first time—what they should know about Thomas Paine. For the first time they are discovering not only his true place in American history, but they are also becoming acquainted with his liberalizing, thought-provoking books. The article on this page, reprinted from the New York *World* of October 4, 1929, shows how rapidly this movement has already grown.

But it must grow even greater. It must extend across the length and breadth of our nation. Thomas Paine should be made known to every student in every American school in the land. That is why this appeal is made.

A few years of this work will show its fruits in the quality of the men who will enter our educational, political and commercial life—a person cannot read the "Age of Reason" without being the better for it, and it will do more to rationalize the intellect of man and eradicate bigotry and prejudice than any other book.

Here is a cause worthy of every patriotic and liberal support. What will YOU do?

This newspaper clipping shows how this movement is spreading the knowledge of Thomas Paine and his immortal work, "The Age of Reason."



PUPILS BOMBARDED BY 'AGE OF REASON'

Freethinkers Mail Thos. Paine's Book to Hudson School

WAR ON RELIGION CLASSES

Principal, on Legal Advice, Diverts Shipment to Homes

A parcel post wagon deposited a load of books at the high school in Hudson, N. Y., yesterday morning and thereby announced the beginning of another assault by the Freethinkers of America upon the practice of dismissing school children early for religious instruction. The books are copies of Thomas Paine's "Age of Reason." A letter accompanying them informed the recipients that Abraham Lincoln "never tired" of reading Paine and that Thomas A. Edison has been reading him since the age of thirteen. The letter was signed by Joseph Lewis, President of the Freethinkers.

J. G. Tallon, Secretary of the society in a letter to newspapers asserted this was a renewal of a campaign started last spring to send "copies of Paine's celebrated book to high school and college students throughout the United States." He said it was being sent just now to senior students in the Hudson High School.

Unable to Stop Mails

Apprised of the fact, J. P. Ackerman Hudson Principal, told The World over

The campaign to mail Thomas Paine's "Age of Reason" to the students of America is now under way. Our aim is to mail this important work to at least 100,000 students a year.

If you are in sympathy with this movement to acquaint the students of America with Thomas Paine's celebrated "Age of Reason," help us in this great educational work with your contribution.

FREETHINKERS OF AMERICA,
250 West 54th Street, N. Y. C.

(The Freethinkers of America is an organization incorporated under the laws of the State of New York and can legally receive donations and bequests.)

MR. G. LOCKE, *Treas.*
FREETHINKERS OF AMERICA,
250 West 54th Street, New York, N. Y.

I am anxious to help in the distribution of Paine's "Age of Reason" to the high school and college students of America and am enclosing my contribution for the following number of copies to be distributed (check box below).

☐ $1.00 for 10 copies ☐ $25.00 for 250 copies
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is as broad as that which flung the Yahoos at our insensitive ancestors' heads, and yet it apes the manners of realism. The hero's parents, George Augustus and Isabel, are savagely drawn. Any human being described with unalloyed hatred would seem as grotesquely horrible. They are evidently intended to symbolize Victorian England; that they satirize it with amazing energy and spleen there is no doubt. The first two-thirds of the book are as young and alive as the mind of a man who can keep all his hates undiminished and his contempt free from rust.

All this serves as orchestration for the theme that follows—a turning of the contemporary life of ideas and emotions upon the third and final part. When at last the curtain rises and his hero Winterbourne actually reaches the front, Aldington drops his mannerisms, his scorn and argumentation and unreason, and gives us a magnificent picture of the war, all the more magnificent, perhaps, because of the angry hubbub that precedes it. Perhaps Aldington knew what he was about. The war broke upon a Europe going its accustomed ways much as it breaks into the chaotic pages of this book; its senseless but tremendous logic bursting into the sensible, muddled world of partially apprehended ideas and ideals.

After a lifetime of groping and slow tortuous growth which had at last flowered into a short-lived lyrical enchantment, the war seemed real to Winterbourne, although he frankly hated and despised everything about it but the devotion of its unwilling victims. He seemed an alien when, living in a world of death, he returned to England on leave. Just as the war was ending and with the armistice expected any moment, he stood up in the trenches and was killed. The book would be more effective if we had only its last part, for that takes its place among the half dozen superb stories of the war that will not let men forget. Yet I should be sorry to miss the rest of the book, savage, often wrong-headed, and muddled though it is, for it is furiously alive.

ALICE BEAL PARSONS

British Labor

Trade Union Documents. By W. Milne-Bailey. London: Bell. 8/6.

UNLESS one happens to be in the very act of stalking a fact, the enthusiasm with which one greets a handbook is apt to be a moderate enthusiasm. But Mr. Milne-Bailey's "Trade Union Documents" is a good handbook. It has three obvious uses. It collects in a single volume practically all of the important and hitherto fugitive textual sources of post-war trade-union history in England, especially those running from 1925 to the present—from the general strike to the current phase of the Mond-Turner committee.

The book has this advantage as compared with most collections of the kind: besides the significance of its individual parts it has a significance as a whole, and therefore an interest for the reader coming to it without specialized requirements. The forty-page introduction is a terse summary of British trade-union history, a condensed form of what may be found at length in the Webbs' "History of Trade Unionism" and "Industrial Democracy," and G. D. H. Cole's "Short History of the British Working Class Movement." The five hundred-odd pages which follow are divided into four sections, on the Value, Aspirations and Objects, on the Structure and Organization, on the Functions and Methods of Trade Unionism, and on the Place of Trade Unionism in the Community. Each of these sections is preceded by a statement linking the quoted excerpts. The quotations come from all parts of the trade-union field: there are samples of organizers' pamphlets, of trade-union constitutions, of yellow-dog contracts, and sections giving the gist of important judicial decisions, of the theories of such men as Mr. Tawney and Mr. Laski, of the reports of parliamentary commissions, and of statutes relating to trade-union status and activities. As these documents succeed one another it becomes obvious that what is being unrolled is a cross-section of British trade unionism viewed as an institution.

H. D. HILL

War in the Air

Aerial Bombardment and the International Regulation of Warfare. By M. W. Royse. Harold Vinal. $3.

DR. ROYSE has brought together a vast amount of material in support of the thesis that legal restrictions on the use of weapons of war have never been enacted or applied where they would hamper military effectiveness in destruction. Where a restriction has been adopted, as in land bombardment to a limited extent or in the prohibition of aerial bombing from free balloons, at the First Hague Conference of 1899, it was due to the fact that no useful military purpose was thought of as served by those practices. After 1907, when it was realized that airships and airplanes were effective military weapons, restrictions were no longer agreed on, or at least ratified by governments. And even if new weapons are at first resisted or denounced by the humanitarian, the objection is never long effective. Thus law and morals are helpless before the militarist, who ultimately molds both to his service.

Dr. Royse has had practical experience in flying. He has studied the materials used in conferences on the rules of war, the positions taken by military advisers and by governments both before and after conferences, the rules of war manuals and the comments of military and legal authorities, the state of the art in aircraft at various periods—all designed to show that the views of governments regarding the restriction of air warfare have always been purely utilitarian, depending on the efficiency of the particular government in air warfare.

Post-war developments are examined by Dr. Royse with a critical eye. He sustains his thesis by showing that the conventions subscribed at the Washington Conference of 1922 with respect to submarine and poison gas have not been ratified, though he might have pointed out that the poison gas convention has been ratified by every nation represented at the conference except France, and on that account alone is not in force among the signatories. The author questions the good faith of the professed intention to restrict poison gas by showing the unremitting development of experiments in this form of warfare. The submarine pronouncement of the Washington Conference was perhaps more a moral confirmation of political positions assumed during the war than an expression of firm conviction about the illegality of submarines. That pronouncement also is unratified, although England is doubtless serious in desiring to see submarines abolished; others find no sound reason for abolishing them even as commerce destroyers.

In the convention of 1923 for the control of radio and aircraft in war time, which is also examined at considerable length, the signatories agreed to restrict aerial bombing to military objectives exclusively and to refrain from bombing civilians or non-military private property. Dr. Royse sees technical difficulties in applying such an agreement, but finds his thesis amply sustained by the fact that not a single Power has ratified the convention. But it does not follow, as Dr. Royse suggests in his preface, that the distinction between combatant and non-combatant is practically obsolete. Even if women and children and farmers should be bombed, it would not make them combatants or wipe out those rules of law which through the centuries have made that distinction fundamental, not only

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Harcourt, Brace and Company, 383 Madison Avenue, New York

as to belligerents, but especially as to neutrals. Nevertheless, it probably remains true that with poison gas and the airplane the world now has at its disposal instrumentalities of a character calculated to effect the extermination of human beings on a scale not yet experienced; a fact, however, which is producing no marked change in the methods or objectives of European diplomacy. It can only be hoped that the practice of identifying peace with the preservation of the *status quo* will undergo some modification on the Continent, for otherwise Europe is beset by the danger of again having Dr. Royse's thesis demonstrated. EDWIN M. BORCHARD

Time and the Poets

Time's Profile. By Hildegarde Flanner. The Macmillan Company. $2.

Indian Earth. By Witter Bynner. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

Leaves in Windy Weather. By Eunice Tietjens. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.

Sonnets from a Lock Box. By Anna Hempstead Branch. Houghton Mifflin Company. $2.

A FIRST book of poetry is seldom proof of a poet's power. Youth is always charming and the youthful imagination is delightfully fresh. But not until we have had a second or third book is the authenticity of a poet's work determined. The four volumes listed above are all examples of the mature work of poets with whose names we have long been familiar. Curiously enough each volume is, in its way, a statement of its author's philosophical acceptance of emotional maturity.

Hildegarde Flanner, by many years the youngest of these four poets, has been publishing since she was eighteen. "Time's Profile" has the fine maturity of technique and thought which gives her a place among the recognized lyricists of America. With the same grave eyes that fathomed the world of her first book, "Young Girl," Miss Flanner looks upon the images carved out by Time. There is no fearful shutting of the lids against life's disillusion. The religious note which was struck tentatively in the poet's earliest lyrics and which deepened to organ prelude in the third volume, "A Tree in Bloom," has here its fugue. Miss Flanner has found a poetic intensity in the religious search itself, and without denying her poet's heritage of doubt. If in her earlier volumes she skirted the territory of complete awareness, she has now traveled it and has faced her own deepest need. Her deity, once just a little too tranquil, has become a passionate desire consuming all the pallid forms of actual living. Such a deity is commanding subject for poetry.

Miss Flanner's book has a wide range. There are many personal lyrics on "the small specific glory living in my own breast," and these lyrics have the same fragile loveliness as her earlier lyrics. There are poems of the California hill country. There is an interesting sonnet sequence in the Quaker language; Miss Flanner is the only modern poet who has explored the musical subtleties of this form of speech. But the best poetry is in those pieces that tell of spiritual search. "Nearer than body's flesh is God to me" is very true of this poet. Gerard Manley Hopkins can sometimes be heard singing under her rhythms, for he is too unique to be an undefined influence on any poet. Blake, too, has suggested certain lyrics. But Miss Flanner is not an imitator. Her moments of vision, like her technique, are her own.

Miss Flanner seldom makes the mistake of considering a single image as a whole poem. The other three poets we are reviewing are more inclined toward this error. In 1912 poets went around looking for interesting images which would fix a single emotion. They jotted these down, an image to a page! The better poets of today allow themselves no such easy versifying. For them a poem, to be a poem, must be fully conceived; a poem is a series of images fused by an emotion and not just a single pretty idea or picture.

Witter Bynner has published many volumes. "Indian Earth," his ninth or tenth, is certainly one of his very best. Mr. Bynner has held to a belief that youth alone was worth the living, and he elected therefore to remain vitally and exuberantly young. But stopping Time has its price. His earlier poems of the "Grenstone" collection and "The New World" were convincing in their declaration of a Whitmanlike faith in human love and in the equality of mankind. Later volumes were prone to echo the same boyish moods; it was full summer and the poet continued his spring songs. Now, however, in "Indian Earth," Mr. Bynner has, it seems, accepted his own maturity. He has turned to study a subject-matter more impersonal: the beauty of Chapala, Mexico, its naive peoples, its Mexican singers. His precision of language, fluency in rhythms, delight in all physical experience are here brought to focus on material which he understands and interprets excellently. The Chapala poems are among Mr. Bynner's very best. The last group in the book, on the other hand, a group of Indian dances, while showing an intimate knowledge of Indian symbolism is nevertheless a little disappointing. The rhythms employed seem more like Vachel Lindsay negroid than like Indian:

> The priest was waiting but the church was bare,
> There were the altar and the candle fare.

Eunice Tietjens has given us many volumes of travel poems and personal lyrics. "Leaves in Windy Weather" seems to me a little dull and the wind not very high, but the sonnets "From the Mountains" are well-turned and emotionally moving.

Anna Hempstead Branch, like Miss Flanner, has always been sincerely concerned with God and with moments of explicit faith. Her chief fault is wordiness. She is too fluent and too easily didactic. Certain sonnets in the "Lock Box" have, however, the compression and individualistic outlook of a true poet. EDA LOU WALTON

Books in Brief

Daisy, Princess of Pless. By Herself. E. P. Dutton and Company. $5.

This is one of the most completely disarming autobiographies on record. A boiling, turbulent flood of words, its five hundred pages are anything and everything except dull; one becomes almost as much interested in the myriad accomplishments of this English lady who became (and still is) a German princess as one is interested in the buckles on Pepys's shoes. Her art consists in the fact that she literally has no art except the sublime one of being able to enthrall her readers by her utterly unsophisticated babble about nothing at all.

Aspects of Biography. By André Maurois. Translated by Sydney Castle Roberts. D. Appleton and Company. $2.

It is easy to say—the fact has already been dwelt upon by several reviewers—that M. Maurois advocates the introduction of a dangerously large volume of the personal note in the art of biography. As it happens, however, he realizes better than most of his critics that biography, like all other forms of writing, of necessity has to be largely autobiographical. Such qualities as aloofness and detachment, for instance, are merely forms of self-expression which, when overdone, become a tiresomely sentimental pose. M. Maurois is right in that the au-

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thor of a biography is in a sense more important than the subject itself; but only when both author and subject are superb can one expect what one finds in such men as Plutarch, Boswell, and Strachey. And M. Maurois, in spite of all his imperturbable urbanity, his penetration into the subtleties of human behavior, and his generally lucid and persuasive style, can hardly be reckoned with such company.

English Political Portraits of the Nineteenth Century. By G. R. Stirling Taylor. With Illustrations. Little, Brown and Company. $3.

These seven sketches, "concise summaries of the national spirit," are drawn from the Duke of Wellington, Canning, Lord Melbourne, Peel, Disraeli, Gladstone, and Queen Victoria. What the author may lack in the niceties of style—his jokes, for instance, are now pert and now rather ponderous—he more than atones for by a mind of unusually keen discrimination. It is no small accomplishment to have said something new about characters concerning whom so much is known and such enormous masses of words have been written; and this Mr. Stirling Taylor has done, not once but many times. Before one completely accepts Mr. Strachey's magnificent portrayal of Queen Victoria, one would do well to see what this author has to say concerning her; for his shrewd judgments are based upon absolutely authentic documentary evidence.

Attila: the Scourge of God. By Marcel Brion. Translated by Harold Ward. Robert M. McBride and Company. $3.50.

Although somewhat disfigured by the now all but universal device of fictionary dialogue, this biography is in the main a sober and dignified discussion of the acts and character of Attila. Perhaps its chief fault is that it is neither quite scholarly nor quite gay enough.

Louis XIV in Love and in War. By Sisley Huddleston. Harper and Brothers. $4.

If one accepts Mr. Huddleston's premise that Louis XIV can be wholly explained by the assumption that his character was the inevitable product of certain complexes which have been curiously overlooked by previous biographers, one will thoroughly enjoy this book. Otherwise, one will probably say that a more than capable writer has wasted his time in defending a highly dubious thesis.

Birds and Beasts of the Greek Anthology. By Norman Douglas. Jonathon Cape and Harrison Smith. $3.

Mr. Douglas's book is exactly what the title indicates—a disquisition upon those non-human creatures whose existence was noted and recorded by the various authors of the Anthology. The compiler has no theories and no purpose other than to indulge his fondness for the poems and his curiosity concerning the rather cursory interest exhibited by the Greeks in natural history. It is a dilettante's book—the kind of thing which one would be more likely to expect from an English rectory than from the pen of the author of "South Wind"—but it is a delightful example of what happens when a foible is treated with the seriousness of a passion.

The Trophies, with Other Sonnets. By José-Maria de Heredia. Translated by John Myers O'Hara and John Hervey. John Day. $3.50.

Heredia's one book, "The Trophies," comprising sonnets gathered for publication after he was fifty, at once established a reputation which the years have little altered. Early allied with Leconte de Lisle and heading the Parnassians, Heredia found for classical themes and moods, for medieval desires and visions, for modern scenes and moments a fluidity of phrase—each poem smooth from a single block of marble—that makes him perhaps the French master of the sonnet form. The present translation, "offered as an act of homage," presents the work in a rendering which, allowing for the difference in the languages, preserves much of its chiseled beauty and should make Heredia better known in this country. The typography is of a reserved beauty according well with the spirit in which the volume was prepared.

The Spirit of Catholicism. By Karl Adam. Translated by Justin McCann. The Macmillan Company. $2.

A clear and dispassionate exposition of the theory of the Catholic church. It will neither convince the skeptical nor satisfy those who are accustomed to the historical treatment of religion; but it will prove valuable to anyone interested in understanding the position of a learned, reasonable, but completely orthodox Catholic theologian.

Procopius. Vol. V. Translated by H. B. Dewing. *Plutarch's Moralia. Vol. II.* Translated by Frank Cole Babbitt. *Athenaeus: The Deipnosophists. Vol. II.* Translated by Charles Burton Gulick. *Epictetus. Vol. II.* Translated by W. A. Oldfather. *Oppian; Colluthus; Tryphiodorus.* Translated by A. W. Mair. *Lucan: The Civil War.* Translated by J. D. Duff. *Cicero: The Verrine Orations. Vol. I.* Translated by L. H. G. Greenwood. *Cicero: Letters to His Friends. Vol. II.* Translated by W. Glynn Williams. Loeb Classical Library. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.50 each.

Of these eight new volumes in the Loeb Classical Library the fifth is by far the most interesting, not because of its contents—they are poor enough—but because of its editor. A. W. Mair is a distinguished scholar of Scotland who in his introduction to Oppian, Colluthus, and Tryphiodorus makes a very human gesture. It had not been the desire of his life, he admits, to spend years upon editions of late minor Greek poets; but as such turned out to be his fate, here now is the work of an old man, to be taken for whatever it is worth. It is worthy work indeed. Oppian's treatises on animals and fishes are served up with the most painstaking and affectionate care; the enormous labor of identifying and describing the poet's fauna in English terms is exhaustively done; and throughout the volume, in notes and obiter dicta, we get the flavor of an estimable scholar and a decidedly living man.

The Book Shelf

Medals of Honor, by James Hopper (The John Day Company; $3), contains sketches of a number of soldiers who won the army Congressional medal of honor for services in the World War.

The history of various forms of government from the city-state to modern democracy is summarily traced by Sir Charles Petrie in *The Story of Government* (Little, Brown and Company; $3.50).

The Bureau of Prohibition: Its History, Activities, and Organization, by Laurence F. Schmeckebier (Washington: The Brookings Institution), forms No. 57 of the Service Monographs of the United States Government issued by the Institute for Government Research.

The physical characteristics and history of the Pocono region of northeastern Pennsylvania have been interestingly described by Carroll B. Tyson in *The Poconos* (Philadelphia: Innes and Sons). There are twenty-four illustrations and a map.

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A Source Book of American Political Theory, edited with introductory notes by Professor Benjamin F. Wright of Harvard University (Macmillan; $3.75), is a collection of extracts from contemporary sources chosen mainly from works not readily accessible elsewhere for classroom use. The chronological range extends from Cotton Mather to President Hoover.

Heine's Views on German Traits of Character, by Professor John Ambrose Hess of Ohio University (G. E. Stechert and Company), is a critical study of Heine's appreciations of the German language and literature, German uncouthness, slowness, patience, thoroughness, idealism, etc.

Essays by Divers Hands, edited by Laurence Binyon and forming Volume VIII, new series, of the Transactions of the Royal Society of Literature of the United Kingdom (Oxford University Press; $2.50), contains six essays, among them "Jane Austen: A Depreciation," by Professor H. W. Garrod, and "Celtic National Poetry," by Alfred Perceval Graves.

Three Comedies by William Shakespeare (Harcourt, Brace and Company; $3) is a handsomely printed large-type edition of "The Merchant of Venice," "The Tempest," and "As You Like It" with decorations and full-page illustrations by James Daugherty.

An edition in one volume of the *Collected Poems* of Edwin Arlington Robinson, containing all the poems thus far published in book form, has been brought out by The Macmillan Company ($5).

The Kellys and the O'Kelly's, by Anthony Trollope, has been added to the World's Classics series (Oxford University Press; 80 cents).

Films

Talkies and Dummies

NOT having seen Mr. George Arliss in "Disraeli" when it was produced as a stage play, I am deprived of the necessary basis of comparison in judging his performance in the screen version of the same play (Warner's). Mr. Arliss is, of course, a very polished actor and, moreover, one of considerable resource—a rare quality among the modern actors. The talkie in question conveys all this quite unmistakably. Thanks to the spoken dialogue—and one feels that without it the picture would not be nearly so effective—Mr. Arliss's subtleties of characterization are brought home to the spectator with all the poignancy of effect that one may wish for; in fact, more successfully than could be done from the stage. But this new invention of the talking picture is a



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curious medium. It has given the screen a degree of realism which in its silent form it never had. It is not that spoken dialogue as such is necessarily realistic. A purely cinematic and at the same time non-realistic use of human speech is not only feasible but inevitable with the advance of the screen art. Where, however, as in "Disraeli," the characters are portrayed as we would see them in normal life, the element of speech becomes a powerful factor in creating the illusion of reality.

And here a curious phenomenon arises. Instinctively we become aware of something checking the complete illusion of life. The characters, natural as they are, appear to lack the essential warmth, material solidity, and individual isolation of real people. Clearly, the thing that is missing here is the sensation of natural colors and stereoscopic space. Until the moving picture solves this problem—and some recent experiments have brought this moment almost within its reach—realistic plays on the screen will always and unavoidably fall short of their counterparts on the stage. As far as the present version of "Disraeli" is concerned, it may be pronounced a fairly good entertainment provided one likes Mr. Louis Parker's Sardouesque stagecraft.

"Young Nowheres" (Central) is one of the more successful talkies. It is well recorded and well photographed, and is distinguished by the very able acting of Mr. Richard Barthelness. But its story, though a relief after the garish pictures of stage life, is too sugar-coated for our jaded palates. Surely even elevator boys, not to speak of girl typists, are not so "green" and helpless as this picture would ask us to believe.

Since the advent of the talkies the silent pictures have withdrawn to the "little cinema theaters." Unfortunately today there are very few silent pictures worth showing. "The Soul of France," shown in the Film Guild cinema, is a thoroughly banal and sentimental glorification of patriotic frenzy during the World War. The Russian picture "Scandal," also at the Film Guild, although more human and not infrequently and sometimes unintentionally amusing, is conventional in its technique and is spoiled by loquacious titling. Perhaps the worst picture seen in a long time is "Rasputin" (Cameo). It would be difficult to find its equal for cinematic incompetence, amateurish acting, and stupidity of narrative. Even pictures heralded here as great achievements of cinematic art turn out to be, in the majority of cases, extremely disappointing. A case in point is Alberto Cavalcanti's "Sea Fever" (Fifty-fifth Street Playhouse). In its attempt to create a mood by mere views of scenery, long pauses, and slow acting it succeeds only in making one thoroughly bored. One feels that the director was searching for some elusive, poetic quality but that he utterly failed to capture it—in striking contrast to Mansfield's sea poem which is quoted throughout the picture.

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Drama

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GEORGE KELLY is the author of six full-length plays. Only two of them—"The Show-Off" and "Craig's Wife"—achieved notable commercial success and only the same two could be called entirely satisfactory. Yet there is something about even his failures which causes them to be remembered, and it is tantalizing to see so much talent exhibited in works which obviously fall short of what one has a right to ask. Nor is his "Maggie the Magnificent" (Fort Theater) any less defective than his other more recent plays; for here is an acrid and realistic study of vulgarity which

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commands respect without awaking enthusiasm. Mr. Kelly has passion, sincerity, and an almost terrifying gift for exhibiting vulgarity of soul. No one could question the vividness of certain of his characterizations. And yet something is indubitably awry. Something which he wishes to communicate is not communicated, and the difficulty seems to arise less out of any ordinary maladroitness of technique than out of the fact that the audience refuses to judge his personages exactly as he judges them and hence misses the emotional effect intended.

The new play, like his last previous effort, "Behold, the Bridegroom," is concerned with integrity of character. In the earlier piece the essential vulgarity of a loose-living woman was contrasted with the dignity of the man who loved her; and in "Maggie" the ugly disorder in the soul of an uncultivated mother is contrasted with the character of a daughter whose sheer determination lifts her out of the mess in which she was reared. But Mr. Kelly seems incapable of making his heroes and heroines as likable as they ought to be. There is in them something stiff and prim and priggish which chills the beholder, as though the author hated what is cheap and common with such a cold fury that he had become incapable of exercising a critical judgment upon anything which escapes the one vice he cannot forgive. The bridegroom in the former play was not intended to be repellently self-righteous, but he was, and Maggie is actually a good deal less than magnificent. She is neat, orderly, assured, competent, and correct, but only Mr. Kelly could admire her with warmth. We are expected to feel in her an austere nobility, but what we actually feel is only a kind of spinsterish frigidity; and we cannot rejoice as we should in her triumph because we cannot sympathize very warmly with her essentially negative aspirations.

It was commonly remarked that Craig's unpleasant wife was punished with such relentless thoroughness that the sympathy of the audience tended to change sides; and it was remarked also that the same thing happened when the frivolous heroine of "Behold the Bridegroom" was condemned to die of a broken heart. Apparently Mr. Kelly has pondered these criticisms, and attempted to prevent a similar disaster by making the heroine of the new play forgive her antagonist; but the difficulty is not to be solved so easily. It lies in the very nature of his moral judgments, which make it impossible to follow him all the way in his likes and dislikes. One feels the impulse to argue with him, and when one feels that, one has lost the capacity to get from his catastrophes and resolutions the emotional effect that is intended.

Hate seems to be the real source of his inspiration, and one is almost inclined to suspect that behind the harshness of his attitude lies some personal experience which would have to be known before one could entirely understand the vehemence of certain emphases which destroy the proportions of the work for the ordinary spectator. He likes certain persons and despises certain others with an abandon which seems not quite reasonable. He has idiosyncratic standards of judgment and he distributes rewards and punishments according to some personal canon of poetic justice which leaves the spectator less satisfied than vaguely resentful. I suspect that the unsuccessful plays are in certain ways more sincere than the successful ones, but the key is lacking. Mr. Kelly is not in tune with his audience and he does not succeed in making it in tune with him.

"Week End" (Golden Theater) is a comedy drama which deals with the amorous difficulties encountered by hard-drinking expatriates. It just misses success because it does not quite succeed in divesting itself of that slightly portentous air likely to surround the fashionably wicked when they are presented on the stage.

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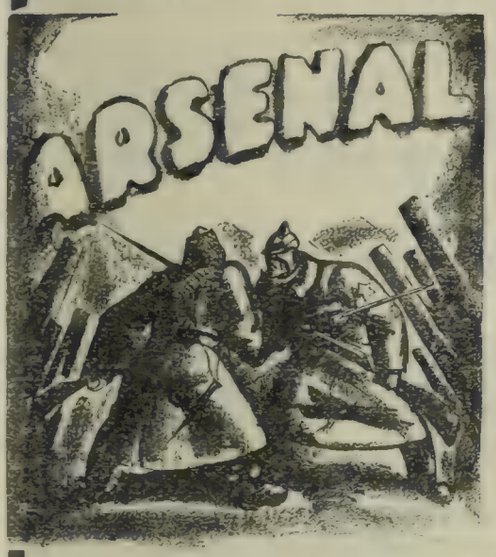
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Britain's Conscientious Objectors

By HUBERT W. PEET

THE British Military Service Acts of 1916 may be considered to be finally dead and buried by the announcement that the Government has decided to remove the disabilities imposed on civil servants who during the war were conscientious objectors.

These disabilities have varied. In a few cases civil servants, availing themselves as they had every right legally to do of the exemption clause of the Conscription Acts, were allowed to continue in their positions at special rates of payment, as their form of "alternative service." Others who worked on the land, in ambulance, or civilian relief work during the war were put at certain disadvantages on their return to the service, either in the matter of pay or promotion. The objectors who were known as absolutists because they refused any kind of compromise with conscription and claimed the absolute exemption allowed (but in practice never granted), with the result that they were sent to prison, were refused any sort of reinstatement in the Civil Service on regaining their liberty about the middle of 1919.

Among the 1,400 absolutists, all of whom did between two and three years' hard labor in English prisons, there were a number of civil servants. They were not taken back by Whitehall, but today I know several who are in secure and useful positions in the trade-union and international peace movements, in business, and in journalism. They could now go back to the Civil Service, but I doubt if any wish to.

The prejudice against these C. O.'s, of whom as far as can be ascertained there were just over 16,000, has almost entirely died down today. The penultimate remnant (next to the Civil-Service ban) was the disfranchisement of the absolutists for five years after the official end of the war. Long before this expired two of these men, Mr. J. H. Hudson and Mr. Walter Ayles, had been elected by Huddersfield and Bristol North, respectively, to sit in Parliament, though they themselves were not allowed to vote in an election. Mr. Morgan Jones, now Parliamentary Secretary to the Board of Education, the first C. O. to be elected to Parliament, had retained his personal vote because he did alternative service. All three have been joined in this new Parliament by other C. O.'s such as A. Fenner Brockway, Wilfred Wellock, Rennie Smith, and several others.

"Conchies"—the name still sticks—both those who went to prison and those who did some alternative to military service, are to be found today holding leading positions in many other spheres. They include Mr. A. Barratt Brown, principal of Ruskin College, Oxford; Principal G. A. Sutherland of Dalton Hall, Manchester University; Mr. Scott Duckers, the well-known solicitor; Mr. Wilfred E. Littleboy, clerk (i.e. secretary-chairman) of the Meeting for Sufferings, the Quaker Executive Committee; Mr. E. Roy Calvert, author of "Capital Punishment in the Nineteenth Century" and prison reformer; and a large number of educators, successful business men, artists, and writers.

I have heard it persistently stated since the war that British Quakers as such were exempted from military service, and that certainly none was sent to prison. This was not the case, although I have every reason to believe they could have been exempted had their young men not refused to accept privileges which were not available to other honest men who might not happen to bear the name of Quaker. The Quakers therefore took their chance before the tribunals with the other men making their legal claim. About 5,000, somewhat less than one-third of the total number, accepted alternative service of various kinds. About 3,300 joined the Non-Combatant Corps, 1,200 worked in the Friends' Ambulance Unit, and about 100 joined the Royal Army Medical Corps. Of the 6,261 "resisters" who were refused exemption by the tribunals all were subsequently reexamined by the Home Office after they had been sent to prison, and all except 1,400 were eventually freed from jail to do some sort of alternative work. These included a mere handful—under fifty, I think—considered by the authorities to be "insincere."

The absolutists included Quakers such as Stephen Hobhouse, son of the Rt. Hon. Henry Hobhouse and nephew of Lord Courtney, and Mr. Maurice Rowntree, son of the former Member of Parliament for Scarborough, and also men of such high character and capabilities as that admirable leader, Mr. Clifford Allen, chairman of the No-Conscription Fellowship, who but for illness, it is safe to say, would by this time have attained to high position in the Labour Government. These men continued as hard-labor prisoners till six or seven months after the end of the war, if bad health had not already led to release. Nine hundred of them served sentences of two years and more. Ten died in prison.

In addition, it is not generally remembered that a party of C. O.'s was sent over to France in the early summer of 1916, despite Mr. Asquith's pledge that none should go out of the country, and thirty of them were sentenced to death. The late Dr. F. B. Meyer and I were allowed to visit these men in prison at Boulogne. It is generally believed that it was the prompt action of Professor Gilbert Murray, in bringing to the notice of Mr. Asquith the fact that the military authorities had ignored his instructions and taken them into the war zone, which saved their lives, and led to a sentence of ten years' penal servitude instead. Quakers were among them, too, and they remained convicts till late in the summer of 1919.

Although Great Britain treated its conscientious objectors less drastically than any other country—and it is now known there were C. O.'s among all the belligerent nations—the administration of the Conscription Acts in Great Britain with regard to the exemption for those having a religious or moral objection to war was not a matter to be proud of. It is a war chapter which now appears to be finally closed. Those who took what was admittedly an unpopular and generally misunderstood stand, however, felt then and still feel that it was their definite contribution toward a warless world, which can, after all, be brought about only when men refuse to fight because they believe it wrong. If the excuse is made that "the other fellow" began progress is eternally delayed

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THE "SONS OF THE WILD JACKASS," to quote the trouble-making phrase of Senator Moses, seem for the time being to control the Senate completely. There is even talk of organizing a coalition in the House to back up "the gyrating crew that rules in the Senate," to quote the Senator from New Hampshire once more. Senator Smoot, wearily admitting the complete rout of the Old Guard, suggests on the floor that the Senate take a recess until November 20 to give the coalition time to rewrite the bill, which he would then be willing to see voted upon, amendment by amendment, without a word of discussion. Senator Borah, for the coalition, flatly refuses to accept this offer. The ruling combination goes on its devastating way, voting down one higher rate after another; but in restoring the duty on manganese ore, for example, it shows that it is animated by resentment, not against protection, unhappily, but simply against the high rates selfishly desired by the industrial interests. Senator Norris's proposed amendment for a tax that would absorb practically the whole profit in excess of 25 per cent on any sale of imported goods can scarcely be intended seriously; for it is hard to see how it could be administered. The situation as a whole—wherein a tariff bill is virtually abandoned to its enemies—appears almost without precedent in American tariff making.

DESPITE NORMAN THOMAS'S fine showing in the New York City election we cannot regard the results of the campaign, with Mayor Walker's overwhelming victory, as anything else than discouraging and disappointing. The vote for Congressman La Guardia was almost the lowest ever polled by an anti-Tammany fusion candidate. Not even the Italians seem to have voted en masse for Mr. La Guardia; the other foreign-born groups were unaffected. Curiously enough, snobbish reasons put on the side of Thomas many who never before voted a Socialist ticket. They discovered that Mr. Thomas is a "gentleman" and a graduate of Princeton, and that Mr. La Guardia is not a college graduate, or a silk-stocking, or of old American family. Hence it will not do to regard all of Mr. Thomas's vote as indicating a renewed interest in socialism. But it does leave him the undisputed leader of his party in this country and puts him in a better position than ever to render public service. In Reading, Pennsylvania, the Socialists, by the way, have now made a clean sweep and hold almost every elective office—proof that the voters of that city are not displeased by the government they have been receiving. In Boston, to the dismay of all those curious persons who would like to see a progressive, well-governed, modern city, the good-government candidate was defeated by more than 19,000 votes by James M. Curley, who was twice before mayor of that city.

IN THE INDIANA ELECTION the Democrats carried practically every large city, unhorsing a number of Republican bosses and further eliminating the Ku Klux Klan from the sordid politics of the State. Cold chills are reported to be running up and down the spines of various Hoover managers in consequence. But the overturn was due to come if only because of long-continued Republican mismanagement and corruption. In Virginia the effort to hold the State in the Republican column ended disastrously, as should have been the case with Bishop Cannon at the head of the bolting forces. There may come a time when Virginia will really take its place among those American States in which there is honest bi-partisanship, but it will surely not do so under the lead of this apostolic stock gambler. While we cannot feel that these results are to be attributed to dissatisfaction with Mr. Hoover or Congress, it may well be that they point the way to a sharp reaction from republicanism in next year's elections. Finally, we are glad to note that Mr. Thomas's supporters in New York are joining hands with the new Committee for Independent Political Action with a view to capitalizing the enthusiasm engendered by his campaign.

FOR TWO RECENT SPEECHES Governor Franklin D. Roosevelt of New York deserves warm thanks. Speaking on the Sunday before Armistice Day, at the foreign military ceremony known as the "massing of the colors" which has lately been adopted by some super-patriots in this

country, he refused to devote his address to extolling only the militaristic virtues. Instead he called upon his hearers not to fight more battles in the field of arms but to devote themselves to warring against "the evil forces of greed, of materialism, of selfishness, headed by those who cynically deny that there is any prosperity or goodness that cannot be expressed in dollars and cents." It was a good, well-spoken word, at a most effective time and place. Similarly praiseworthy was his recent exhortation to the legal profession to end red tape in the law, to put a stop to the growing popular belief that there are two kinds of law, one for the rich and another for the poor. The bar needs such excoriation. It sits idly by while officials freely violate the laws and put their own interpretation on them; it cannot bring itself to end the third degree, to take the offensive against a corrupt judiciary, or to end the delays by which it profits.

A BRAIN-SHAKING PROBLEM was recently presented to our State Department—namely, what to do about the Soviet fliers who inconsiderately appeared over the environs of Washington, flying due east from Moscow. These four young Russians had piloted their plane Land of the Soviets 13,000 miles across half the world, part of the way over Siberian wastes across which no track, even in the air, had previously been made. They turned out to be modest, unassuming members of their craft, interested in the progress of aviation, and with no apparent desire to turn the United States Government on its ear. But the State Department was worried. It had been the custom to send an official representative from that branch of our government to welcome fliers coming from foreign lands. French, Germans, Mexicans, Irish, and Guatamalans have already been so welcomed. But obviously a plane from a government that is technically non-existent cannot be honored in this happy company. What to do? The State Department took counsel with itself and uttered its ukase: Henceforth no official welcomes will be tendered to representatives from any country! One hopes that the Soviet fliers will be able to bear up under the blow. Meanwhile there were many Americans, among them Colonel Lindbergh himself, who were willing to welcome them as brave and skilful craftsmen, and who now wish them a safe voyage home.

IF TOM MOONEY did not plant the bomb that killed ten people in the San Francisco preparedness parade of July, 1916, who did? Three people have come forward to answer that question and to declare that the real criminal, according to a death-bed confession which he made to them, was Lewis Smith, a wandering soldier of fortune and army deserter who died in 1922. The three witnesses are the dead man's sister, his nephew, and a friend named Frank O. Stevens who brought the confession to light by writing from the National Military Home at Dayton to Senator Schall of Minnesota. This new evidence is now under investigation by federal authorities and by Chief of Police William J. Quinn of San Francisco. We hope that it will lead to the discovery of the criminal, but we do not believe that Governor Young of California should make it a pretext for any further delay in freeing Mooney and Billings. Their innocence does not depend upon the guilt of Lewis Smith. They have remained in prison for thirteen years although the judge and jury which convicted them declared that they were convicted on perjured testimony. Their continued detention in prison is the clearest case of judicial tyranny in the history of our courts.

IT MAY NOT BE DANGEROUS to murder strikers in North Carolina, but recent developments in Gastonia prove that it can be somewhat embarrassing. Stung by nation-wide criticism because the case against the murderers of Ella May Wiggins, Gastonia striker, was dismissed without even an indictment, Governor Gardner appointed Judge P. A. McElroy to make an investigation of his own into the killing and the alleged suppression of evidence. On the first day of Judge McElroy's investigation Horace Wheeler, a Loray mill worker, was identified by witnesses as the man who had killed Mrs. Wiggins, and when the investigation ended fourteen men were charged with murder and conspiracy and held for the January term of the Superior Court. Probably they cannot be convicted in view of the present state of public opinion in North Carolina, but Governor Gardner's determination to make them face a trial is worthy of praise. Meanwhile in Marion, North Carolina, where the strike of cotton-mill workers came to a climax with the killing of six strikers by a local sheriff and deputies, the community has been divided in bitter warfare by the dropping of some hundred union members from the mill-village Baptist church. Five criminal trials growing out of the strike are scheduled, with the strikers as defendants in four of them.

THE DIFFICULTIES of the French bloc system were never better revealed than in the floundering efforts to form a Cabinet which characterized the three weeks after Briand fell. Briand had succeeded to the premiership when his chief, Raymond Poincaré, was forced by illness to resign, and his Cabinet, which included André Tardieu as Minister of the Interior, was substantially the Poincaré Cabinet, composed mainly of members of the Right but governing with the tacit support of the Radical Socialists. Extreme Right and extreme Left combined, by insisting upon an immediate discussion of foreign affairs to which Briand objected, to topple the Government. Thereupon Edward Daladier, the impetuous chief of the Radical Socialists, sought, retaining Briand as Foreign Minister, to form a Left Government, and might have done so had not the orthodox Socialists decided, by a bare majority, not to participate in a bourgeois government. An effort to form a Center Cabinet also failed, and finally Tardieu, who seems to have outlived most of the memories of the N'goko Sangha scandals, formed a Right Government, still retaining the elastic M. Briand in the Quai d'Orsay. The Chamber remained the same throughout; it is so splintered into tiny parties that almost any government or policy, if led by a sufficiently strong or oratorical personality, can win a momentary majority; and by the same token, almost any government can be defeated in a moment of tension.

THE BRITISH LABOR GOVERNMENT seems to be holding its own well in political matters, however it may succeed in dealing later with economic troubles. Mr. MacDonald's report on his American visit, given to the House of Commons on November 5, was well received and brought cordial expressions of approval from Mr. Baldwin, the Conservative leader, and Mr. Lloyd George, the Liberal

chief, although the latter had to have his fling by insisting that Mr. MacDonald assure the House that no valuable British rights, privileges, or immunities had been bartered away in conversation with Mr. Hoover. The House of Lords accepted the assurance of the government spokesman that the declaration of Lord Irwin, Viceroy of India, to the effect that India was headed for "dominion status" involved no change of policy; and on that point the House of Commons, after talking the matter over, saw no revolution impending. The proposed resumption of diplomatic relations with Russia also received the expected support. All this means, apparently, that Mr. MacDonald will be allowed to go on with his preparations for the London Conference without interference by the Opposition, and be given a chance to show what can be done in the way of reducing and limiting naval armaments. Even M. Tardieu, the new French premier, spoke in the most friendly terms in his ministerial declaration of the London Conference; and M. Tardieu, if we remember aright, is not exactly an ardent lover of Britain and its ways.

UNEMPLOYMENT is the danger spot in Mr. MacDonald's immediate future. J. H. Thomas, who adds to his duties as Lord Privy Seal those of minister in charge of unemployment, laid his proposals before the House of Commons the day before Mr. MacDonald spoke. The Government intended to go ahead, he said, with public works already begun to the amount of some $200,000,000, nearly all of that sum representing wages either to workers directly employed in the undertakings or to workers in industries that would be indirectly benefited. The larger items mentioned included $50,000,000 for water-supply systems and other local improvements, $35,000,000 for the improvement and electrification of railways, $65,000,000 for the London underground railways, and $40,000,000 for highways. With these expenditures for public works were to go also efforts to increase the export trade, especially with the dominions. How much actual relief will follow from these huge outlays is uncertain; Mr. Lloyd George, who took Mr. Thomas sharply to task for his recent visit to Canada, insisted that the government plan would not give work to more than 30,000 men this winter; but there is no doubt that taxation will have to be increased in the long run. The primary cause of unemployment in Great Britain is the marked decline in British industry and agriculture under foreign competition. It seemed like an echo from the halls of Congress to hear L. Worthington Evans, Mr. Thomas's principal Conservative critic, calling for protection in the shape of a continuance of the McKenna duties as a better remedy than public works.

POLAND AND AUSTRIA seem to be vying with one another in the effort to bring parliamentary government into contempt. The Polish Sejm, whose budgetary session was put off on October 31 because of the presence in the building of a body of armed officers known to be supporters of Marshal Pilsudski, was prorogued for a month on November 5 by President Moscicki, apparently much to the relief of its members. The vacation is interpreted in some quarters as indicative of a desire on the part of the Government to compromise, but as long as the parties opposed to Pilsudski are mainly concerned with nursing their differences there seems no reason why Pilsudski's power should wane. In Austria a new constitution is the bone of contention. The constitution which Chancellor Schober, under pressure from the fascist Heimwehr, has introduced would break the Socialist hold on Vienna by reducing Vienna from a province to a capital district, with its finances and administration directly under state control. In the face of this threat the Socialist resistance has stiffened, at least in words, but this did not prevent the Heimwehr from staging one of their biggest parades at Vienna on October 27, while on November 7 a pitched battle in the medical school of the university, said to have been started by Heimwehr students, resulted in the closing of the university for several days. The report of a constitutional compromise which the Socialists may agree to accept offers little hope for anything beyond a temporary adjustment of the difficulty.

A WELL-MEANING GENTLEMAN from Florida finds himself in an extremely delicate position. He is Mr. L. A. Tatum of Tallahassee; one of his daughters attends the Florida State College for Women. Mr. Tatum discovered that the young ladies were being exposed to certain textbooks which contained "very improper and objectionable" matter. So with a colleague, Mr. A. Pichard, Mr. Tatum caused to be published a pamphlet containing extracts from the improper and objectionable textbooks as proof of the danger that the young ladies were in. And, such is an ungrateful and shortsighted justice, both of these public-spirited gentlemen have now been indicted for sending obscene literature through the mails. Alas for public spirit! The New York *Times* finds itself also in a fix over what it considers improper and objectionable. Harcourt, Brace and Company wished to advertise Vina Delmar's latest novel. The title—whisper it—is "Kept Woman." The *Times* would not pollute its advertising pages with such bad and, of course, unfamiliar words, although it was willing to advertise the novel without the title. The publishers replied by canceling their year's advertising contract, a matter of some $25,000. But in this case, as in that of Mr. Tatum, virtue must surely be its own reward.

A LIBERAL, broad-minded, public-spirited prince was the late Max of Baden; a fine figure, if not a strong one. But he was strong enough to force the abdication of the Kaiser in the closing days of the collapsing German monarchy, and forever to eliminate the effeminate and ineffective Crown Prince from the public life of his country by compelling him to sign his renunciation of all right or title to the empire and the kingdom of Prussia. Prince Max's arrival at the chancellery in the Wilhelmstrasse was certain notice to the Allies that the democratic forces were gaining the upper hand. Indeed, he had the respect of all who knew him. But the Prince himself went down with the wreck, in that his chancellorship ended forty days after it began, with the rise of the new republic which might well have called this enlightened man to serve it in one capacity or another. Instead, he was allowed to retire to his seat at Salem on Lake Constance, where he devoted himself, among other things, to the establishment of a modern experimental boarding school for boys of all nations, with the purpose of giving them the broad, tolerant, international point of view which distinguished the Prince himself.

The Protection Swindle

THESE are glorious days in Washington for those who have been for years declaring protection a pure swindle and a bold-faced robbery of the people. Never since the time of McKinley and the Mulhall inquiry of 1913 has the machinery of tariff-making been so exposed to public view and the utter cynicism and selfishness of the tariff beneficiaries so revealed in all their nakedness. From the purchase of tariff favors to the deliverance of the bargain, the complete *modus operandi* has been exposed for everybody to see. Henceforth no honest man can deny that as tariff-making is now carried on it is merely a question of bargain and sale plus political influence. All pretense that this is to benefit the American laborer or the consumer is at an end. Only Joseph Grundy himself has had the effrontery to bring up that long-discarded shibboleth "the foreigner pays the tax." That the tariff hurts the farmer has been freely admitted. The very object of this session of Congress is to offset the injury done him by the magic hocus-pocus of including him within the sacred tariff wall, as if this would in some way raise the prices of his products to him and lower them to the consumer.

Were there bold and radical leadership in Washington in either the Progressive or Democratic camp, irreparable damage could now be done to the whole protection theory. Had the Democrats, and Al Smith in his utter ignorance of things economic, not entirely abandoned in the last Presidential campaign their historic party theory that the tariff should be for revenue only, they would have in their hands today a mighty weapon with which they could certainly wipe out the Republican majority in Congress, as the Democrats were able to wrest control of the House from the Republicans in 1892. Were the Progressives able to free themselves from the entire tariff fetish and refuse to uphold it in any manner, they could electrify the country and could drive home beyond dispute the crookedness and the economic folly of the whole business. But the Progressives, with due respect for their courage and their fine intentions, are economically blind on this tariff issue. They fight valiantly against corruption in the field of oil, against the misuse of water-power, against lobbies and the prostitution of government to personal advantage and profit, but they do not see that there is no other source of special privilege as potent of evil as the tariff.

Senator Bingham has been deservedly censured by the Senate both for his imposition upon the Senate Finance Committee of an official of the Connecticut Manufacturers' Association in the guise of his confidential private secretary, and for imputing political motives to the Norris committee of inquiry which properly criticized this dishonest and dishonorable procedure. We are, however, ready to thank heaven for his stupidity, since it has revealed to the public how one Senator thought of his office—that he was the servant not of the people of the State of Connecticut, but of its manufacturers; that his prime duty as he saw it was to increase their profits. Senator Bingham was stupid enough to get caught; but no one need think that his position was otherwise unique.

Joseph Grundy of Pennsylvania, too, deserves well of all tariff reformers. He has unblushingly stated that he raised a million dollars for the Hoover campaign fund. When Senator Caraway asked him: "You feel that the manufacturers bought this legislation and ought to have it?" he replied: "If the legislation was mentioned in the platform it ought to be enacted." When asked again: "You have not asked for any legislation except that which would put money in the hands of the manufacturers?" he could only answer: "I would not put it that way." Again pressed by Senator Caraway's query: "Did you think your party could not be trusted and that it would be better for you to come here and watch it?" he responded: "It is helpful for us to be here. There are not enough of us down here as it is. The bill has not yet been passed and we do not know definitely what it will contain." Finally the very frank Mr. Grundy admitted in reply to a question from Senator Walsh that "we were seeking increases generally." "Were you seeking for any reductions?" "Not a single reduction."

So there we have it! A deliberate, brazen assertion that the manufacturers were out only for increases in tariffs to enlarge their profits—not even the claim that foreign competition demanded it, or that it was done to benefit labor, or to raise the American standard of living, or to protect infant industries. The farmers may go hang, and all the consumers, too. The manufacturers having got their snouts in the tariff trough want to get their feet in, too. They do not pretend that they are going bankrupt. How can they? Take our poor down-trodden steel industry. Since the last revision of the tariff in 1922 the profits of the United States Steel Corporation have been $642,875,105; those of the Otis Steel Company rose from $492,207 in 1922 to $3,476,811 in 1928, while the starving Bethlehem Steel Company could only increase its profits from $4,607,254 to $15,908,830 and the poverty-stricken Inland Steel Company of Chicago could barely raise its profits from $1,150,008 in 1922 to $10,394,297 in 1928.

So all along the line. The weak little chemical industry, Senator La Follette pointed out in an admirable speech, has now surpassed the steel business in size; Treasury statistics show that it is the "most prosperous" of all the large American industries. Yet it secured in the new bill more than ninety increases in tariffs, some as high as 700 per cent while only fifty decreases of no great significance were made. The duPont Company, Mr. La Follette showed, was interested in fourteen of the paragraphs in the new bill in which increases were granted, and the Allied Chemical Company and Union Carbide Company in five paragraphs each. Yet the duPont net profits rose from $12,920,458 in 1922 to $66,653,039 in 1928, during which period their invested capital grew from $234,000,000 to a mere $397,000,000. The Allied Chemical net profits in the same period rose $12,000,000, and the Union Carbide $22,000,000. Yet these poor starving concerns demand more protection!

The picture is complete. We are utterly opposed to the whole tariff swindle and we devoutly wish that it could be carried to the people as a single issue in a political campaign.

The Reparations Tangle

WE do not yet know whether the second meeting at The Hague of the Powers immediately concerned with the Young Plan is to be postponed until after the London naval conference, or whether an attempt will be made to get in a meeting before the London conference assembles; but the second session, whenever it is held, promises to be as memorable, if not as spectacular, as the one at which Mr. Snowden fought and won his dramatic duel with France and other claimants of German reparations. There will be, nominally as the most important item of business, the report of the committee which has been laboring for weeks at Baden-Baden to draft the statute organizing the proposed Bank for International Settlements; but along with it, and rivaling it in importance, will be, in all probability, the text of an agreement or treaty between the United States and Germany providing for the direct payment to the United States, without using the bank as an intermediary, of what Germany still owes on its American war account.

Until the report of the Baden-Baden committee is made public we shall not know, of course, what the final recommendations of the committee are, but there is abundant reason for believing that the committee have been having a pretty hard time. The novel task of organizing an international bank would have been difficult enough under any circumstances, but it appears to have proved doubly difficult because of the curiously mixed and contrary conditions that have to be met. The proposed bank is political and non-political, and both at the same time. It is to perform political functions, those, namely, of collecting and paying reparations imposed upon Germany by the Powers that defeated it, but it is to do this as a strictly non-political financial institution. The main purpose of the Young Plan is to take reparations out of politics. On the other hand, the bank is also to be endowed with all the powers of an international super-bank, with the right to engage in industrial or commercial operations anywhere in the world, but all the while it remains a political institution because it is to act as the agent of a group of Powers in accomplishing a political purpose. No wonder that the committee have found it hard to determine from what source the bank is to derive its authority or what its legal status should be; no wonder that some of the smaller European states feel that unless the bank is effectively controlled by some other international body it may easily become a menace; no wonder that the Belgian members of the committee left for home when the committee refused to locate the bank at Brussels and decided to establish it at Basle, in neutral Switzerland.

Meantime, without regard to what the proposed set-up of the reparations machinery may be, the United States has dislocated it somewhat in advance by announcing, in effect, that it does not intend to have anything to do with the international bank. As soon as the proposal of the bank by the Young committee was definitely known, the Hoover Administration announced that the Federal Reserve system would not be allowed to take any official part in it. The United States has consistently taken the position that war debts and reparations are separable matters; that it is not interested in what the European states may do in exacting reparations, provided its own claims upon Germany are not jeopardized; and that it can not allow the payment of what the so-called Allies owe to it to be made dependent upon the amount of reparations that Germany may pay. As the proposed international bank, apparently, is in practice to handle both reparations and debts, collecting and administering the one and with the proceeds paying the other, Mr. Hoover has only followed a principle already laid down in asking Germany to make its payments to the United States directly.

Of course such an agreement, if it is concluded, will make trouble for the Powers when they meet again at The Hague. They will have to rearrange the schedules of annuities set out in the Young Plan, and will probably have to recast other provisions of the scheme. This does not mean, necessarily, that the ultimate adoption of the Young Plan will be endangered, any more than the success of the German Nationalists in forcing, by a bare margin of required votes, a popular referendum on the adoption of the Young Plan means that the plan will be repudiated by the German electorate. What it does mean is that the United States intends to avoid another European entanglement.

It has become increasingly clear, as the report of the Young committee has been studied, that an international bank is no essential part of a reparations settlement. The committee proposed it as a convenience, but their elaboration of the scheme shows that they also had in mind an institution whose functions should far exceed those required by the reparations business. Mr. Hoover, as far as we know, has not expressed any opposition to an international bank as such, or as an agency for handling reparations. His opposition is to an arrangement which, if it were carried out, would force a change in American policy.

On Watch in Haiti

THE American marines in Haiti are sleeping with their arms beside them, and are not permitted to stray away even for the usual diversions of golf and tennis. Two editors were arrested in Port au Prince on November 4 for violation of the press laws and their newspapers suspended. There is fear of an uprising—fourteen years after the Occupation began! It is somewhat startling to recall, in view of all that has happened in these fourteen years, that Admiral Caperton, acting upon instructions from Washington, assured the Haitian people when he landed his troops on that remote August day that

> The United States of America has no object in view except to insure, establish, and help to maintain Haitian independence and the reestablishing of a stable and firm government by the Haitian people. Every assistance will be given to the Haitian people in their attmpt to secure these ends. It is the intention to retain United States forces in Haiti only so long as will be necessary for this purpose.

The uprising, if uprising there be, will not today be directed against the American occupation, though doubtless the marines would be called upon to put it down. It will be directed against the puppet President, Louis Borno, who was elected, with Yankee connivance, in 1922, and reelected in 1926 by a Council of State which he had himself appointed. M. Borno, who in 1928 solemnly assured the Haitian people

that he would order congressional elections for the spring of 1930 and then retire, has just informed his people that there will be no elections in 1930, which seems to mean that he intends to continue as president and dictator until the United States treaty with Haiti ends in 1936, when the protection of the marines will presumably be withdrawn. It means also that Brigadier-General John Russell, American High Commissioner to Haiti and its super-President, consents to this.

We doubt, as a matter of fact, the likelihood of an uprising this year. But the fact that the marines have been ordered to stick to their posts has its significance. It is an admission by our military authorities of the unpopularity of the government they support. But what do they intend to do about it? Is there no hope in sight of a restoration of constitutional government in Haiti?

If there is any hope, it must lie in Washington. General Russell has abundantly demonstrated what should have been evident from the start, that the military mind cannot understand the processes of democracy or instruct in the art of government. General Russell's ideal at best has been efficient rule; he has not been interested in self-government. Under the Occupation the communal basis of the Haitian governmental system, which endured, through many vicissitudes, for a full century, has been whittled away. The entire financial system has been concentrated in Yankee hands, and no effort has been made to instruct or train Haitians to supersede the foreigners. Power has been concentrated in an Executive whose position was of doubtful legality in the first instance, and the only people in Haiti with any tradition of governmental responsibility have been kept out, a sullen, cowed, but patriotic minority.

The first step toward remedy is to name a civilian to replace General Russell. Congress contemplated a civilian High Commissioner when the office was created, and the mistake should be remedied at once. Fortunately, there seems to be hope that the new Administration may take this first step. *The Nation's* readers are well aware that it regards the whole course of the American occupation as an utterly unconstitutional and unjustified invasion of an independent republic and an illegal usurpation of its sovereignty. We should like to see immediate, unconditional withdrawal of our invading troops. But in fourteen years we have destroyed the old basis of the traditional Haitian government; and even those who have disagreed sharply with *The Nation* in the past will admit that today we have an imperative and immediate obligation to prepare the way for that withdrawal which even the treaty we foisted upon Haiti contemplates for 1936. A civilian with a civilian mind could take steps to that end; General Russell, plainly, cannot or will not.

"We have not materially increased literacy, or, what is more important, economic, social, and political capacity," Dr. Millspaugh, for some time the American Financial Adviser, wrote in *Foreign Affairs* last July. It is an appalling admission; but Dr. Millspaugh might have gone farther. He might have said that we have even made the Haitians less capable of efficient self-government than they were when we so confidently took them in hand. To permit "President" Borno to continue to postpone the restoration of legal, constitutional, elective government in Haiti would be a confession of the utter bankruptcy of the American administration. Let us have as our representative in Haiti a man who will not be a mere conniver in dictatorship.

Blood and Thunder

EDMUND PEARSON has written a book about dime novels. Doubtless it will be appropriately noticed by the literary department, but in the meantime we wish to make a confession—which is that during a certain period of our own youth the adventures of Diamond Dick and his fellows constituted our chief reading. Many a time since we have listened with shame to the stories told by our contemporaries and regretted that we could not boast like them of precocious taste, that we could not add our own story of how we had devoured Pope's "Homer" at the age of eight or like Max Beerbohm preferred "Marius the Epicurean" to "Two Years Before the Mast" because the former, containing no hard nautical terms, was easier to understand. But the truth is sacred. Even Henty was too mature for us, and we were barely up to the Alger books. For pure aesthetic delight only the paper-backs would do.

In those days the name of Beadle, whose "Dime Library" was responsible for the generic term used to designate a particular class of literature, was unknown to us. He—great innovator that he was—had disappeared before our time, and we remember that we wondered vaguely why our favorite books were called "Dime Novels" when the standard price for them was five cents. But a generous nickel's worth it was. It included a lithographic cover illustrating the most exciting scene of the story, and this cover was in brilliant colors which would have put to shame the drab black and white Mr. Beadle had supplied for double the price. Moreover there was the greatest variety available in the different series, each of which appeared once every seven days and constituted a successful book-of-the-week club.

For some reason only Diamond Dick and Nick Carter seem to have survived in the consciousness of the general public, but there were others whom we admired as much. Surely Frank Merriwell, invincible on the athletic field, deserves to be remembered, and so does a certain other youth so fertile in invention that he constructed a new flying-machine, submarine boat, or amphibian caravan every week. Nor, for that matter, was Diamond Dick the only great Westerner or Nick Carter the only great detective. Indeed we greatly preferred Old King Brady (ably seconded by his son Young King Brady) as a sleuth, and Young Wild West as a knight-errant of the plains. This latter, we remember, had long golden curls which showed up beautifully in the lithograph and he was accompanied by a beautiful girl named, if we mistake not, Annette. They were "sweethearts" and generally believed to be engaged, but during the years when we followed them neither seemed in any haste to get married. Yet the breath of scandal never touched them, for like Robin Hood and Maid Marian they ranged the country content with a purely platonic affection.

We repeat that we are sometimes ashamed to confess our early reading, but we are not sure that we regret it because we have noticed that since our maturity we have been little troubled by that hankering after "a good detective story" which seems to affect most other great minds. Perhaps we got enough of that sort of thing when we were young. If so, we are inclined to regard the time as well spent.

It Seems to Heywood Broun

WITH the football season drawing rapidly to a close I am assailed by my annual pang of regret that Harvard and Princeton are still at loggerheads. In its day this encounter was buoyed up by an old and interesting tradition. Football, like wine, is poor stuff until it has been aged. I would not go across the room to turn a radio dial for the sake of hearing Ohio State and Northwestern. Not, you understand, that these institutions are not admirable, but their rivalry is of much too recent a vintage to be very thrilling.

The more I mull about the matter the greater becomes my puzzlement that Princeton should have taken the decisive step in the break with Harvard. No college ever sat prettier than the Tigers. Year after year they met the Crimson team after a disappointing season and always they came to life to perform prodigies and win a brilliant victory.

To many Princeton undergraduates that one game represented the hope of an education. There were scores who worked their way through college by betting each year against Harvard. And in the homes of Princeton graduates from the classes before the break one could note rich rugs, fur coats, and electric pianos. They were prosperous enough to afford luxuries. Indeed, in one Princeton home I saw a book, and when any man from old Nassau goes in for literature you may be sure that he is treading on velvet and that he doesn't care how he squanders his money. And in those days there was no need for thrift among the Tigers. Princeton Football First Preferred never failed to yield a dividend to those who backed it.

One Tiger, whom I used to know before the break in the relations severed our old friendship, supported two aunts and a grandmother by parlaying his bets against Harvard. It seems to me a tragic thing that these three fine old ladies must now go hungry since the source of their income has been cut off. And the worst of it is that their ordeal is imposed for a matter of petty pride. Princeton, as I understand it, felt that Harvard was too high hat. Whether or not this complaint is well founded makes very little difference. It is never necessary to establish a complete case in order to set up a symbol. To Princeton, Harvard became the archtype or token of snobbery and superciliousness. And out of this idea came great benefits to young men who wore the orange and the black.

Thousands and thousands of Princetonians have gone out into the world quite freed from the inferiority complex because of the peculiar efficacy which Tiger teams had against the Crimson. And this was salutary because, as a matter of fact, the Princetonian who feels inferior is suffering only by the kindest stretch of the imagination from a complex. But even an actual inferiority can be swept away in the glamor of a football triumph. It should be unnecessary to point out that the benefits were conferred upon many who never made Coach Roper's squad. When Wittmer gets loose the most meager freshman in the cheering section is also free and hell-bent for glory. "Hold 'em!" shout the undergraduates in the stands, and as they cry out they brace their legs against the concrete and all their muscles are ridged and tense.

It was very pleasing to all the friends and supporters of St. George to have him slay the dragon. As I remember, the contest was conducted privately and they only read about it in the papers. Yet even this was helpful. After that men on lonely roads were less afraid and when dragons came against them they said "Scat!" most resolutely. But in time the spell began to wear off. A dragon is pretty big and when a few years had rolled around after the exploit people began to forget about it. There was one man in particular who came suddenly around a bend in the road and there, lying with his head in a ditch and his tail in the opposite gutter, was a most venomous monster spitting fire. The traveler, upon a sudden impulse, turned and ran. The fact that St. George had killed one even bigger seemed to slip his mind for the moment. To run was a mistake. One should never run from dragons but approach them resolutely, crying "Down, Sir!" At least, running was a mistake in this particular case, for the dragon caught up with the fugitive within a hundred yards and then and there devoured him completely.

The moral lesson of the mastery of man over monsters would have been better established if St. George had made his dragon-killing an annual affair with a low charge for admission. There would have been less fear in the minds of the timid if the gallant warrior had walloped one of the great beasts every year. So it was with Princeton. The fish-scaled reptile from Cambridge had no terrors for the Tigers since they had seen him humbled with great regularity. Heaven knows what this seasonal triumph did for the ego satisfaction of all engaged in education at the New Jersey college.

Once I knew a boy who planned to go to Princeton, and when I saw him shortly before he had matriculated he was among the most bashful youngsters I have ever met. He was embarrassed in the presence of any sex at all. Upon the slightest provocation he would perspire. He stuttered and he stammered, too, and there was an impression even among his friends and parents that maybe the boy was not quite bright. After he had passed his examinations to enter Princeton they felt a shade more hopeful but not very much. The first change was noted when he came home for the Christmas vacation shortly after watching the Tigers impose a humiliating defeat upon Harvard. What a change there was in him! Milton his name had been but it seems that at college everybody called him Butch. Milton's head used to be carried at a despondent angle but the chin of Butch was up. He talked incessantly and there was not the slightest trace of a stammer.

There was no doubt that Princeton had made a man of Butch, and it was not his course in long division, penmanship, or wood-carving which effected the change. The credit belonged to Roper. Butch talked of nothing but the victory over Harvard. In fact, I remember his mother saying to me a few hours before her son returned to college: "Have you noticed that Butch doesn't stutter any more?" It almost seemed to me as if I detected a plaintive note in her voice.

HEYWOOD BROUN

BURROUGHS PUB

Russia from a Car Window

III. The Spirit of the Government

By OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

I. The Great Fear

"WHAT of the Government of the Soviets? Is it sincere? Has it abandoned its anti-foreign propaganda? What is its attitude toward the payment of its debts? Is it planning to conquer the world?" These are but a few of the many questions hurled at the visitor to Russia. They cannot easily be answered. I am prepared to say, however, that I believe that the Soviets genuinely desire to be a peaceful government; that they are planning their armaments for defense and not for offense, and that the strongest wish the government has is to be let alone. I am aware, of course, that the Commissar for War, Mr. Voroshiloff, has in various speeches declared that Russia will soon have to be fighting for its life against the capitalist nations, and has been talking the same militaristic buncombe voiced by every war minister and militarist the world over. Much of this sort of thing is done deliberately in Russia in order to keep the government before the people in its role of defender of their rights and of the ark of the Communist covenant. But there can be no doubt that there is genuine fear of another attack upon the Soviets by the capitalist nations. Can anyone blame them?

Put yourself in their place. Supposing certain foreign countries claiming superior virtue and greater social, economic, and political vision had planted armies on American soil, encouraged civil war, supplied arms and ammunition to one side, and killed and wounded many thousands of Americans. Would any American be blamed eight years later for believing that those same nations might repeat the same wicked acts, especially if they admitted no change of heart or regret? As this is written the dead bodies of the pathetic American soldiers who were killed in the Archangel district are being returned to the United States. They had no personal quarrel with the Soviets or their subjects; they were the pawns of Woodrow Wilson in his illegal and unconstitutional war on Russia. Most Americans have completely forgotten that we sent two armies into Russia, without a declaration of war, to fight and kill. The Russians have not. In a workers' club in Nizhni Novgorod, where some of us made a totally unexpected visit one evening, we found a teacher showing an illuminated map of Russia to a group of boys and girls. For our special benefit he turned on the lights which showed where the American troops invaded Archangel and Siberia. The Russians are surely sincere in saying that they wish no more such outrageous and murderous attacks.

This is not a defense of the Soviets' policy of keeping their people in a state of alarum. To me it seems as if they ought to muzzle their war minister. Such speeches are as hateful to me in Russia as when they come at home from talking generals of our own army, or from officials of the National Security League and the American Defense Society. Mr. Voroshiloff simply plays into the hands of the cynical and hypocritical statesmen at Geneva who, while pretending to wish to disarm, refused to discuss the Russian proposal for complete and genuine disarmament offered by Litvinov—the only decent proposal forthcoming from anybody. Such speeches as M. Voroshiloff's may achieve the desired results at home; they cost too dearly abroad.

Far wiser and finer was the attitude of the Soviet Government after the seizure of the Chinese Eastern Railway by the Chinese last July. Their refusal to go to war was, of course, sneered at. They were pacific, the foreign press declared, because they could not afford to be anything else; their Communist system, their great work for industrialization, would collapse if they went to war. Undoubtedly there was much truth in this. Yet I am convinced that other motives also controlled. The Russian army, under a descendant of Field Marshal Blücher, could have taken Harbin easily and readily defeated any army the Chinese could have thrown against it; foreign experts declare that the Red Army is a good one. By such action the Russians could have added considerable stretches to the communized territory of the world, have achieved a great deal of prestige and possibly some indemnities, and thrown all Chinese out of a large part of the Chinese Eastern Railway. It had excuses enough according to pre-World War standards. Had its honor not been impugned? Had its citizens not been thrown into Chinese jails by the hundreds?

II. A Bolshevik Statesman

At the height of this crisis I was one of the American journalists who interviewed Commissar J. E. Rudzutak, the Soviet Minister of Transportation, one of the three foremost personalities in the government, who is also first vice-chairman of the Council of People's Commissars. This impressive man, who looks like an efficient German schoolmaster, answered freely and fully every question put to him. There would be no war with China. There could be no thought of that. Yes, the seizure of the railroad would cost the Soviet heavily—25,000,000 rubles a year. But to go to war for *that*? How many millions would it cost a day to fight a war with China? Not once did any of the familiar shibboleths come from his lips, no buncombe about national honor, no resort to Theodore Roosevelt's pet phrase that there are worse things than war, no assertion that the glory of the Russian people would be upheld in blood, not one word to inflame the populace or to arouse further the wrongdoers in China. Instead came a quiet, firm insistence that whatever other nations might have had in mind, when Russia signed its name to the Kellogg Pact it meant what it said. It would not go to war. All this without "side," without passion, without the manners of the self-conscious Western statesman bent on impressing his audience. Others in this group of American journalists besides myself wrote this down as a genuinely thrilling in-

terview; we had seen and reported too many statesmen of the other kind not to be moved by the contrast. Incidentally, M. Henri Barbusse, the distinguished Frenchman, has just published a collection of seventy documents of the Russian Government issued between 1917 and 1929 bearing upon peace and disarmament. I think he is correct when he writes that "despite the innumerable international obstacles put in the way of the Soviet Union by its imperialist foes and opponents, it has never relinquished its aspirations toward peace, never lost an opportunity of demonstrating them, and never refused to take the initiative in advancing the affairs of peace."

We took up in this same interview with M. Rudzutak the question of Russia's relation to the United States and asked why he was not satisfied with the existing trade relations. Normality, he replied, is not to be established by accidental contacts. He explained that any large amount of business with the United States would require long-term credits which involve complicated legal questions. The operation would be a matter of years and this fact alone called in turn for diplomatic relations. Russia, he said, was ready to discuss the question of the payment to the United States of the many millions advanced to Kerensky's government by the United States, but when it came to the repayment of the Czarist debts his answer was emphatically no. His people, he said, did not feel that it was a proper debt since it was used in part for the support of the police, the gendarmes, and the troops which held the Russian people in subjection. He added that he spoke with some feeling in this matter because he himself had been sent to prison for ten years and he was sure that some of that money helped to keep him in jail. The war, he went on, started without consent of the peoples, cost 10,000,000 lives and untold suffering, and the money that made it possible should not be repaid. It was not a question of the amount, he stated, but of principle. When I asked him if in any settlement of the American claims the Soviets would submit bills for the damage done by the American troops in Russia, he replied "most assuredly"—which means that Uncle Sam will have to pay a very large bill, indeed.

As for the much-mooted subject of propaganda against the governments of foreign nations, he declared that no government with which the Soviets now have relations has been able to prove any hostile propaganda whatsoever. The Soviets, he went on, even limit their diplomatic representatives in their personal freedom in political matters, and had just recalled a minor official in the Turkish Embassy for his activity in connection with the Turkish Communist Party. He insisted that the Soviets would use, and are using, no influence to change any governments anywhere, but he added: "In this respect we can complain of some foreign governments which urge us to change our form of government." He suggested that there were organizations in America that were very much interested in propaganda to overthrow the present government of Russia.

He declared that his government was ready to send a mission to the United States to discuss all outstanding issues. It has repeatedly offered to do this, but there has been no satisfactory reply from the United States. M. Rudzutak then stated his belief that there was organized propaganda at work in other countries to prevent the United States and Russia from coming together. As for the Third International, he declared that the Soviets are no more responsible for it than the United States for the K.K.K., or Italy for the activities of the Catholic church.

III. The Compelling Motives

Obviously what the present controllers of the government are striving for is to make Russia self-contained and self-sufficient. To an outsider it would seem as if, from their point of view, it would be wiser and safer for them not to have close business relations with the greatest capitalist nations, that it would be better for them to lift themselves by their bootstraps, rather than to enter into those elaborate financial arrangements which so easily lead to quarrels, misunderstandings, and then diplomatic entanglements. The answer has already been given in the first of these articles: The Soviet leaders have a slender margin of time. Hence their ardent desire to bury the hatchet even at the risk of another such sudden and damaging rupture of relations as took place with England. Hence their willingness to enter into close diplomatic relations with the United States and England, the two nations most suspicious of them and hostile to them.

These motives will, I believe, induce the Soviets to desist from foreign propaganda if once they get relations established with the United States. They have left far behind them the days when they believed a world revolution at hand. They ought to have learned from their experience in England and Germany the utter folly of the attempt to propagandize abroad. They did do a lot of damage in Germany for a time. Then they had to stop their activities. In England they admittedly spent millions some years ago, but when the ballots were counted in the election of May, 1929, out of a total of about twenty-two millions less than 50,000 were cast for Communists—I have seen the figure put as low as 39,000. Obviously, the Soviets wasted every ruble they spent in Great Britain. Stalin, Rudzutak, and their associate directors of the Russian state ought to be wise enough now to see that the only sound propaganda is to make a complete success of their government and of their economic system, and to prove that it is a better way of life for mankind. If they do that there will certainly be no need whatsoever to agitate abroad, especially if by that time they should be willing to share their power with larger groups, abandon their bloody repression, and move in the direction of complete freedom.

Meanwhile Russia arms. There is no doubt that it is carrying its military training of youth into the schools and the clubs where children congregate. The Russians are doing precisely what the American General Staff would like to do, inculcating nationalistic and militaristic ideas in every child no matter what the age. Our supporters of universal service would also like to pump into every child under our flag the doctrine that the proudest distinction open to it is service in the army, and that the severest sentence which can be passed upon a criminal is to deprive him of his right to serve with the colors. If we gave our militarists free rein there would be no difference whatsoever in their policies and the extent of their propaganda and those of the Bolsheviks. Both desire to adopt precisely the pre-World War tactics and philosophy of the Germans. Arguing with some teachers in Nizhni Novgorod about their instructing boys and girls in the use of the rifle, we encountered a

passionate defense of it on the familiar ground that all the capitalist nations were certain to attack Russia. When I pointed out that their language was identical with that of the militarists in all capitalist nations, our new-found Russian friends appeared as hurt as they were puzzled. "But we are *right*," they replied; "we are never going to attack. We are going to be the ones attacked." No amount of arguing could make them see that a persistence in this attitude of theirs is bound to lead to repercussions abroad and to deliver other peoples more and more into the arms of their militarists; that such a policy is certain to produce a conflict.

IV. The People Not Militaristic

Other Americans who were in Russia when our delegation was there reported that they ran across many who declared that the Soviets would not fight China, but said: "Wait until 1932 and then let the Chinese attack us." I encountered nothing of this. I cannot feel that the people are anything like as badly humbugged by their militarists as were the Germans in January, 1914. The Russians are still too near the horrible mass-murders of the World War and of their civil war. Nor do I see anything sinister in the fact that in their industrialization program the greatest attention is being given to their heavy industries. This would have to be the case if the country were absolutely pacific and without a single soldier. For what the Russians need most today is steel and iron for new buildings and innumerable rails, railroad cars, automobiles, trucks, tractors, plows, harvesters, and all the implements of modern agriculture and transportation. While we were not taken to any of the factories in which guns and munitions are made, we found that the impression is widespread that although hundreds of thousands of men and women are being given some military training, there are no very large stores of military equipment on hand and that much of the artillery is antiquated. We heard very little of the development of the chemical industry; yet this, in the eyes of many, perhaps most, soldiers, is the vital arm in the war of the future. That industry may, of course, be important in Russia and quite concealed. It would seem as if the Soviet leaders must recognize that all the attention they devote to purely military affairs retards by so much the fulfilment of their five-year program and thereby threatens their success in their race against time.

What a wonderful lesson for the world it would be if these leaders were but willing to lay aside their arms, confident that the workers of the world would never permit their governments to attack the Soviets if they remained unarmed and obviously friendly to all and without military ambitions! Unfortunately, even idealists like these, when in office, turn to the familiar technique of repression at home and to the sword for defense abroad. The pacifist Wilson of 1914 became in two short years the militarist Wilson demanding, as at St. Louis, "incomparably the greatest navy in the world." The liberal democrat Wilson became in three years the complete autocrat, imprisoning as many as possible of those who, like Debs, dared to oppose his course, and determined to brush aside all who dissented from his demand for "force without stint." The spirit of the Bolsheviks who dominate Russia is much the same.

It is, of course, a bitter disappointment that Communists whose desire it is to exalt the masses and to free them from the tyrannies and unfairnesses of capitalist society should adopt the same methods as those whom they reprobate. But surely there is no need for those of us who are onlookers to be pharisaical and hypocritical about it. It is no worse for a Stalin to do these things and teach reliance upon gas bombs, airplanes, and heavy artillery than for a Mussolini, or a Churchill, or a Coolidge, or a de Rivera. They are all parts of a mad world and preachers of a mad philosophy which during four insane years brought humanity to the very edge of the abyss.

V. Cultural Freedom at Home

It is pleasanter to turn from Russia's attitude toward foreign countries to certain phases of its domestic policies. It has, for example, granted full cultural freedom to the Ukraine, to Georgia, to the Tartar Republic, to the German Volga Republic, and to other separate government units, and has just now set up a new republic quite near the Afghan border, in response to popular demand. However much one may regret the increase in the number of languages when the whole world ought to be moving toward a single medium of communication, the Soviets have shown great wisdom in reversing the policy of the Czars and granting linguistic freedom to all groups which desire it. For example, the Czars long sought to suppress the Ukrainian language—until 1905 there was no Ukrainian press; the Soviets have made it the first language in the Ukraine just as they have permitted the Germans of the Volga Republic to speak their mother tongue while the Tartars and all the rest of the varying groups rejoice in similar freedom. In the schools of all these linguistically different republics Russian must also be taught—every Russian child must learn two languages; indeed, the pure Russians are now to learn English in their schools, German having just been ousted from the second position—an extremely important decision.

The effect of this policy in the Ukraine has been extraordinary—for one thing an amazingly rapid creation of a Ukrainian daily press and literature. At Kharkov we of the American-Russian Chamber of Commerce delegation were shown a large collection of standard works of all the world—even "Uncle Tom's Cabin" and an anthology of recent American poetry—all brought out since the conferring of linguistic autonomy. In the first nine months of the fiscal year 1928-1929 there were printed 12,200,000 copies of books in Ukrainian, and 7,200,000 periodicals and pamphlets were sold or distributed, for the sum of 15,000,000 rubles—this in a country which is still 20 per cent illiterate but hopes to wipe out all illiteracy by 1932. There are today 232 Ukrainian dailies and the several racial minorities within the Ukraine, such as Germans, Poles, Moldavians, Greeks, and Bulgarians, have their own press.

To turn to Georgia, where the Soviet regime was established with great harshness and the driving or blotting out of a whole section of the population, the present head of the Soviets in Tiflis listed for us the following benefits which Bolshevik rule has conferred upon the Republic:

1. It has abolished feudal land ownership and established peasant ownership.
2. Peasants and workers have been relieved from all payments to feudal landlords, pay no rents, and but small taxes.
3. Church and state have been separated.
4. Universal education has been affirmed in principle.

5. An oppressed colony of the Czar has become a free state.

6. In place of autocratic Russians appointed by the Czar, native Georgians conduct the government.

7. All local government officials are elected by the people instead of being chosen in Moscow.

8. Free development of native Georgian culture, art, and language has taken the place of compulsory Russification.

9. Friendly interracial cooperation has been encouraged between Armenians, Georgians, and Azerbaijans instead of their being played off one against the other.

"Georgia," he said, "is far better off under the Soviets." There can be little doubt that this is true.

If this generous treatment of national minorities now in control of Soviet states is the height of wisdom, it is again in marked contrast with the attitude of Moscow toward those beyond the Russian borders whose philosophies are so different from their own. Somehow or other I believe that if Lenin had lived the spirit of the government would be different. It would not fear so much, or inculcate fear of other nations so widely for its own ends. The Soviets should at least realize that fear responds to fear, hate to hate, and hostility to hostility. Naturally, the Soviet leaders say that as soon as they are secure and communism safely established they will cease to take life to safeguard them against the failure of their sacred experiment and will bestow greater freedom upon their people. One wonders. Dr. Arthur Feiler, a distinguished editor of the *Frankfurter Zeitung,* recently asked a high Russian official how soon he thought the time would come when he and his associates would turn back authority to the people. The frank reply was: "Never." One need not take this too seriously, but it is true that this is the inevitable tendency of men in autocratic control of nations.

VI. Recognition by the United States

As for our own relations with Russia, I am more than ever convinced that we should recognize the Soviets at once and resume diplomatic relations with them, and I should attach no terms beyond an agreement for a conference to settle the question of war debts and the bill to be presented by Russia for our inexcusable military attacks upon the Russian people. In Moscow, among the men I met privately without any official Russian's knowledge, was one who had many reasons to be bitter against the Soviets. He had a long list of friends who had been exiled or imprisoned; he may himself be in Siberia by now. But he begged me to continue to urge the recognition of Russia by the United States. "Nothing," he said, "could do more to help us than that. The sooner international relations are normal, the sooner will the force of the world's public opinion be felt here, the sooner will the Soviets reach the point where they will desist from repression and give up the punishment of those who differ from them." The man who said this had lived years in America; for all the wrongs he sees about him, he is convinced that the Communist experiment is priceless and that it should not be allowed to go down because of the blunders of the leaders. Colonel Hugh L. Cooper, the great American engineer I have already cited, declared to us: "If it were in my power I'd give those fellows (the Soviet leaders) every opportunity to try out communism to the n^{th} degree. I'd do anything to help keep them in power until they work out the changes now necessary in Russian life." This is wisdom and common sense.

Pity the Poor Tariff

By PAUL Y. ANDERSON

Washington, November 9

THE heartburning and chagrin which resulted from Hiram Johnson's failure to receive his invitation to a White House dinner to which all other available members of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee were carefully asked, has doubtless impressed the Great Engineer with the truth that efficiency should begin at home. No President celebrated for the perfect functioning of his personal staff was ever placed in a more embarrassing position. It is difficult to say which was the more awkward—the "accident" itself, or the subsequent efforts to explain how it occurred. In his letter of apology Mr. Hoover did not go into detail, beyond explaining that he learned of the omission on the night of the dinner. This was strange, because the absence of Johnson's name from the guest list was detected at four in the afternoon by White House reporters who promptly sought an explanation from a responsible member of the President's staff. From that official's reply they gained a distinct impression that it had been omitted deliberately. Not until after the ubiquitous Dave Reed had made a hasty call on the President the following morning was this impression corrected. Then it was explained that the discovery that the list contained too many names had resulted in an order to "strike off Johnson"—meaning Nelson Johnson of the State Department—and that Hiram's name had been deleted by mistake. But this only added to the mystery, since it developed that Nelson Johnson wasn't there either. It was an unfortunate coincidence that made Johnson the victim of the "accident." The well-known fact that no love is lost between him and Mr. Hoover gave color to the initial impression that he had been deliberately slighted, and even among the Old Guard the reaction was unpleasant. Responsibility for the "accident" has not been established, but the White House seems badly in need of a little more Hoover efficiency—or a little less.

* * * * *

THE admiring hosannas which originally welcomed Uncle Joe Grundy's exhibition of brutal frankness before the Lobby Investigating Committee have sunk to low moans of pain as the sad truth dawns that Uncle Joe wasn't so very clever when he bluntly admonished the "backward States" of the West and South to step aside while Pennsylvania and Connecticut wrote the tariff bill. A few days

later seven Senators from these "backward States," who had theretofore been impeccably regular, joined the Progressive-Democratic coalition in butchering Pennsylvania's beloved duty on pig iron. Instead of increasing it to the $1.50 a ton recommended by the Finance Committee, or even leaving it at the $1.12½ where it was placed by Calvin, it reduced the rate to seventy-five cents. The following day a duty of a cent a pound was placed on manganese, of which the Bethlehem and United States Steel corporations import a huge volume, and which they had earnestly sought to have placed on the free list. The rout of the Old Guard reached a ludicrous climax in this instance when Chairman Smoot joined the uprising and voted against his own bill. Grundy's bold broadcasting of opinions deliberately calculated to affront the West and South may not have influenced the final results, but it was obvious that he had made a bad matter very much worse. The dazzled reporters who described his "triumph" before the committee apparently did not realize that he had played plump into the opposition's hands. What he said about his attitude and the attitude of the interests he represents is precisely what the Western insurgents have been charging for years. Even Brookhart's accusations seemed tame in the light of Grundy's confession of organized self-interest among Eastern industrialists. Let the "practical" gentlemen in control of the Republican organization try to beat Norris in Nebraska now, or Borah, or any other Western insurgent who has fought the organization on the ground that its policies are dominated by Eastern manufacturers and bankers! By his display of cleverness and superiority Grundy destroyed the last hope of obtaining the tariff schedules for which he has sweated throughout the hot Washington summer. Thus the tradition of sagacity which surrounds the American Big Business Man receives another hard blow.

* * * * *

AS a matter of fact, that famous old legend is in a pretty bad way. No sooner had Uncle Joe taken his bland presence away than J. A. Arnold came on to continue the work of destruction. For years Arnold has made a business—or is it a profession?—of chiseling money out of American Captains of Industry. His "sucker list," as Blaine of Wisconsin so aptly called it, contains the names of dozens of the most opulent and powerful corporations in the country, and hundreds of its most illustrious leaders of business and finance. Arnold takes them impartially for what he can get, in sums ranging from ten to fifteen hundred dollars a year. His game is not new, but he has given it new refinements and perfected the technique to a degree that is unusual even among go-getters. Arnold works both sides of the Mason and Dixon line, appealing to the North through the American Taxpayers Association, and to the South through the Southern Tariff Association. The harvest during the year ending September 1 was more than $200,000, of which Arnold and his subordinate collectors got approximately 55 per cent for salary and "organization work." Arnold is general manager of both organizations, and in the light of the foregoing figures it seems idle to dilate on their main reason for being. The formal aim of the Taxpayers Association, as stated by Arnold on the witness stand, is to obtain the repeal of the federal inheritance tax and the corporation tax, and the stated object of the Tariff Association is to create sentiment for protection in the South. Arnold does all the "experting" for both bodies. It seems to consist chiefly in trying to build fires behind Senators who are not responsive to the desires of Arnold's subscribers. None appear to have been seriously scorched, although Fletcher of Florida was stung into writing a letter in which he pointed out that if he swallowed the tariff bill just as it came from the Finance Committee he would have nothing left to trade on. A very sensible point, too. But the "educational measure" comprised the least impressive aspect of Arnold's work. It was on the collecting side that his talent really shone. He coolly made sight drafts for $10 each on 1,700 Texas banks—and sixty were actually honored! He got $1,500 from the Insull interests for "carrying on the work." W. L. Mellon, nephew and protege of the omniscient Andrew, has been giving $1,000 a year for quite a while. Armour & Company, the Van Sweringens, and the Westinghouse Airbrake Company each contributed $1,000, and Bill Wrigley, like the hot sport that he is, poured in another thousand. And so on down the list of suckers, large and small, to the most delicious item of all—a contribution of $10 from Joseph R. Grundy!

So, naturalists observe, a flea
Has smaller fleas that on him prey;
And these have smaller still to bite 'em—
And so proceed ad infinitum!

* * * * *

PRESIDENT HOOVER'S preposterous admonition to the Senate to pass the tariff bill within two weeks, and his explicit refusal to express any opinion on rates is sufficient indication that he is ready to quit a sinking ship. If there is a new tariff it will be a Borah-Norris-Simmons tariff, not the Hawley-Smoot measure. If the coalition needed any more ammunition against the latter it was amply provided in a printed 500-page volume containing the income-tax returns of 140 corporations, prepared by the Treasury at the Senate's request. It is not permissible to publish the details until they are divulged on the Senate floor—as many of them soon will be—but a hint will be interesting. The data will disclose that among the industries actively seeking higher tariffs on the ground that they need additional protection against foreign competition are the following:

A chemical manufacturing concern whose taxable profit of $90,000 in 1922 increased to more than $1,600,000 in 1928.

A Connecticut manufacturing concern whose 1922 profit was $150,000, and whose 1928 profit was more than $1,000,000.

A nationally known manufacturing company whose profit in 1922 was $12,000,000, and in 1928 was more than $63,000,000.

A manufacturing company which lost money in 1922, and made a profit of more than $3,500,000 in 1928.

Another manufacturing concern which reported a net loss of $100,000 in 1922, and a net profit of nearly $20,000,000 in 1928.

These figures, and dozens of others equally significant and astounding, make it apparent that somebody is in dire need of protection, and the public which pays these profits should have no difficulty in determining who it is.

Parity Up or Down?

By FREDERICK R. BARKLEY

THE joint statement issued by President Hoover and Premier MacDonald at the conclusion of their conversations undoubtedly marks a long and gratifying step toward ultimate naval disarmament and enduring peace. We are informed that the coming conference, if successful, will result in a parity agreement between us and a "large decrease in the naval equipment of the world" ending "the waste of public money involved."

This undoubtedly sounded highly satisfying to both American and British taxpayers. But when it is translated into cold facts, so far as they now are known, it will be found that this parity which is to end all competitive building between us is to be an expensive boon. Furthermore, the reason why this so-called limitation agreement is to cost us between $170,000,000 and $225,000,000, plus a new heavy up-keep expense, casts interesting light on what appears to have been a strange blind spot in the eyes of both statesmen.

All advance discussion of the naval accord, it will be remembered, centered around the question whether, to attain the desired equality in the cruiser category, we should add eighteen or twenty-one of these expensive weapons to our present commissioned and nearly completed cruiser force.

To those citizens who were following negotiations at that less-advertised stage this must have been rather a shock. Since America, in a magnificent gesture of peace in 1921, scrapped twenty-eight battleships and battle cruisers, the American people seem to have had the impression that any new parity agreement would mean further scrapping and further cutting of armament costs. When President Hoover stated, just before the present negotiations began, that we must make further efforts to cut both army and navy expenses, he fortified that impression. All the talk that has surrounded the recent conversations, too, has found the word "limitation" prominently displayed, and to the average citizen limitation means reduction.

Now, with the conversations ended, the most optimistic forecast as to where cruiser parity will be reached is predicated on an American cruiser force of 285,000 tons. Inasmuch as America will enter this conference with only 70,500 tons of cruisers in commission and 80,000 tons more nearing completion, even this optimistic forecast presages the building by this country of at least fourteen more big cruisers in addition to the completion and commissioning of the eight 10,000-tonners now well under way. Even for Britain the parity-agreement forecast will mean the construction or completion of several large vessels of the same type; for Britain, it is announced, plans as part of the agreement to scrap 40,000 tons of her older vessels in this class.

If the good faith of both nations is conceded—and that good faith appeared most gratifyingly evident while Mr. MacDonald was here—why should both countries be able to reach equality only by saddling already overburdened taxpayers with the cost of all this new construction? The British people can stand it even less easily than we can.

It is true that if parity is reached at 285,000 tons as our cruiser total, this will mean abandonment of the construction of about 15,000 tons—one or two ships—of the fifteen 10,000-tonners authorized by Congress last spring. But why must we still build even 135,000 tons more than we have now?

Fortunately, the answer appears to be available, as far as this country is concerned—and there is no reason to doubt that it fits Britain just as well. This answer was put forward plainly and specifically by both Admiral Charles F. Hughes, chief of naval operations, and by Secretary of the Navy Wilbur when the seventy-one-ship bill was before Congress two years ago. The Navy Department, within the past few weeks, has issued a new statement by Admiral Hughes repeating almost verbatim what he explained then.

Cruisers have three uses, Admiral Hughes pointed out. The first, he said, is purely pacific—the "cultivation of friendly relations" and the "showing of our flag wherever our interests require it." The second is the protection of our commerce, trade routes, "focal points," and shores from raiders, either when we are at war or are maintaining neutrality in a war between other lands. But the Admiral told the House Committee on Naval Affairs also that all these purposes required only seventeen cruisers—one less than we then had in commission or under construction.

The final and most important use for the cruiser is purely militant. It is a screen and support for the grand fleet, whether in a fleet movement or in actual battle on the high seas. Both naval spokesmen made this clear.

"We are building our navy," said Secretary Wilbur, "starting with eighteen battleships, with the appropriate proportion of destroyers, and then with cruisers properly apportioned to battleships and destroyers, and with submarines bearing relation to the other three. . . ."

And these battleships—were they needed to protect our shores, commerce, and focal points as cruisers can protect them? No, battleships are needed only to fight other battleships or to offer such a strong threat of a hot fight that other battleships won't challenge them. Furthermore, battleships in modern war fight only as the backbone of the grand fleet—say, our fleet versus the British fleet—and only on the high seas.

No commander, said Admiral Hughes, would take his battle fleet as close to an enemy's coast as a hundred miles, because the enemy's land planes would come out and demolish it. Admiral Sims, retired, has gone even further; he says the only place to take our battleships in another war would be up the Mississippi, where they would be safe. But Admiral Hughes stuck to the high seas.

> The cruiser is the type of ship [he explained] which can most effectively screen the main body during a fleet movement and obtain information of the enemy's movements. On the high seas secrecy can be maintained only by denying sight of the fleet to enemy forces. Sight of the fleet may be denied to enemy ships only with ships of sufficient speed and offensive power to drive off or destroy

enemy observing vessels. . . . Other facts being equal, the fleet most effectively supported by light forces will win the day. A superiority of cruisers will almost certainly decide this result.

That was why the Admiral wanted additional cruisers—he asked for twenty-five then—and why the navy wants them today.

"Added to our present naval force," said the Admiral, of the new building program, "it will give pause to any nation at war whose special interests might otherwise make a violation of our neutrality profitable by restricting our trade unlawfully either with belligerents or with neutrals."

But that was in January, 1928, a year or more before the ratification of the anti-war treaty. Today this country and Great Britain approach this same cruiser question as joint signatories of a solemn pact "outlawing war as an instrument of national policy," and mutually agreeing that "the settlement of all disputes or conflicts, of whatever nature they may be, shall never be sought except by pacific means." And if "pacific" signifies anything it certainly prohibits the threat of war as well as war itself. Why, then, battleships, which are useful only for threatening or fighting pitched battles between grand fleets on the high seas far from either country's coasts? And why more cruisers solely to protect battleships which can only be used for warlike purposes?

To the non-seagoing taxpayer it would appear much more practical, as well as economical, to resume this parity and limitation program where it began in 1921—with the costly and apparently outlawed battleship. The ground appears much better prepared for a further scrapping today. There are only sixty-two battleships in the world, all in possession of the five naval Powers. Who can say that any Power would be less safe if all these battleships were sunk?

For this country alone their elimination would reduce the naval budget by $33,000,000 a year for the pay, maintenance, and transportation of crews alone, to which must be added the cost of fuel, practice ammunition, and general up-keep expenses. But even more important, their elimination, in company with other nations, would remove, by the navy's own statements, the need for the fifteen new cruisers authorized by the last Congress.

As navies are constituted today, the battleships are the backbone of the grand fleet. But why seek parity by building more cruisers to protect a backbone that is already broken?

Communist "Criminals" in California

By UPTON SINCLAIR

Pasadena, October 25

SOUTHERN California has acquired another lot of political prisoners. What a sense of security and relief must have been in the homes of the "orange belt" when they opened their beloved *Times* and read that five Russian Jewish working women have been sentenced to San Quentin, one for a period of from one to ten years, and the other four, from six months to five years, for the felony of conducting a summer camp for working children with the flag of Soviet Russia flying over it!

I witnessed the scene in the courtroom, full of court officers and district attorneys and detectives and "red squad" and Better America Federation agents and reporters of Los Angeles newspapers, and it pleased me so that I wish to spread its fame to the farthest corners of the civilized world. Friends and comrades in New York and London and Paris and Berlin and Stockholm and Amsterdam and Moscow and Tokyo and Sydney and Johannesburg who will read these words, join with me in acclaiming the courage and loyalty to duty of our "heaven-born band" of patriots who saved the orange country from the peril of five Russian Jewish working girls and a little piece of red silk, home-cut and home-sewed by the fingers of working-class children! Many glorious events are set forth in our patriotic annals—Concord, with its shot heard round the world, and Bunker Hill, where we trusted in God but kept our powder dry—but nothing, I am sure, can claim a higher place in history's roll than the raid upon the Yucaipa Camp by the Better America Federation of Southern California.

It seems that some working people of the east side of Los Angeles, Communists or sympathizers, wanted a place to send their children for a glimpse of the country in summer time, at a cost not too far beyond their means. They rented a shack at Yucaipa in the mountains of San Bernardino County, sixty-five miles from Los Angeles, and a group of half a dozen women, with one man to chop wood and do the heavy work, took care of two score children at a price of six dollars a week each. The teacher of the camp was Yetta Stromberg, nineteen years of age, recently a student of the University of California. The name "Comrade Yetta" comes with a familiar sound, because Arthur Bullard wrote a novel by that title some twenty years ago; now here is his heroine—except that times have changed and she calls herself Communist instead of Socialist.

She is, I should estimate, something less than five feet in height, and if she weighs a hundred pounds I am a bad guesser. She has quaint little old-fashioned features of delicate loveliness which would charm a painter of miniatures; and she has a faith which has caused some to hail her as the "Joan of Arc of Los Angeles." Now she will no longer study social problems in the University of California, but in a more realistic school, the women's department of San Quentin Prison, along with hammer murderesses and bootleg queens and dope fiends. She received a double sentence because of the very special and aggravating series of crimes which were proved against her in the Superior Court of San Bernardino County.

Yetta, it seems, taught the children history. She taught them that there had been various stages in the development of human society—tribalism, barbarism, feudalism, capitalism. She had got almost through with the first two, so she testified, and intended to go to the others, and wind up with

her conception of communism, which she hopes will be the next stage of human evolution. As a preliminary, to prepare the children's minds, she got some red cloth and they made a flag, and with water colors painted on it a hammer and a sickle. The red symbolized human brotherhood, because of the fact that all human blood is red—excluding, of course, that of patriots and supporters of the Better America Federation, which is blue. The hammer stood for the workers and the sickle for the peasants of Russia—it being the idea that farmers and workers should unite to have a government for their own benefit, instead of for the benefit of landlords, capitalists, and bankers, as in America. Every morning the children raised the flag and made a pledge—which was read over and over in court, and constituted the special aggravation which brought the double conviction by the brave jury, and the double sentence by the conscientious judge. The pledge read as follows:

I pledge allegiance to the worker's red flag
And to the cause for which it stands:
One aim throughout our lives,
Freedom for the working class.

So long as Yetta and her children were let alone, the above words were heard only by some fifty persons. But news of her doings leaked out to the noble bands of American Legion men who guard the cause of patriotism in San Bernardino. From them it spread to the Better America Federation in Los Angeles, with the result that the camp was raided, and the evil words were repeated before a crowded courtroom day after day, and were published in all our Southern California newspapers. They are now reproduced in this narrative, and will be read in New York, London, Paris, Berlin, Stockholm, Amsterdam, Moscow, Tokyo, Sydney, and Johannesburg. A campaign in defense of Comrade Yetta will go on in all these cities, and the formula which she taught to a handful of children will be recited and discussed by countless millions of workers. Here is a singularly beautiful illustration of what happens when we set out to suppress ideas by means of policemen's clubs and jails! The demonstration should be of the greatest help to the Better America Federation in its next campaign to raise funds among our bankers and business men.

To get on with the story; a gallant band of strapping six-footers, county sheriff's men, American Legion heroes, and red-hunters of the "Intelligence Bureau" of the Los Angeles police department, swooped down upon that little camp and carried half a dozen children off to a detention home. The six women and the man who chopped the wood were shut up in the San Bernardino jail. When Mr. Leo Gallagher, an attorney of Los Angeles, member of the executive committee of our Civil Liberties Union, went out to arrange for their bail, a deputy sheriff seized him by the throat and choked him. (I took occasion to report this assault to the so-called "Constitutional Rights Committee" of the Los Angeles Bar Association, which referred the matter to the similar committee in San Bernardino County, which in turn did nothing.)

In due course the prisoners were brought to trial before Judge Charles L. Allison. John Beardsley, another attorney of Los Angeles—not a radical, but a member of our Civil Liberties group—defended the prisoners, and after a trial lasting nine days, "Comrade Yetta" was convicted on two counts, and four women and one man upon one count, "conspiracy to display a red flag or other emblem of opposition to organized government." The women are Emma Schneiderman, Jennie Wolfson, Esther Karpeloff, and Bella Mintz. It is interesting to note that there was one man from Holland on the jury, C. F. De Meyere, and he held it up for twenty-three hours and forced the acquittal of Mrs. Schneiderman's mother, who had arrived at the camp just a few hours before the raid. The mother then applied to be allowed to take her daughter's place in jail.

As a sample of the fairness of the trial it should suffice to record that the sole man at the camp was a veteran of the World War, severely injured by gas in the trenches and partly incapacitated as a result; and that the jury of patriots of the orange country were denied an opportunity to know that this man was a war veteran. Isidor Berkowitz would now be on his road to San Quentin, save that he found a way to deliver himself from the clutches of patriotism. On the night before he was scheduled to be sentenced to San Quentin, he took a rope and hanged himself.

Picture the band of five female felons, assembled in court to hear their fates: all of them frail, and only one of them what we should call a woman of normal stature. They face the stern judge and he questions each in turn. All but one were born in Russia, only two have had a school education, two or three are mothers of children who were in the camp, and the others are self-supporting. None of them uses dope, they state in answer to questions, and none has ever been previously convicted of a felony. The two who are members of the Communist Party, of course, refuse to apply for probation; the other three do apply, and the judge turns down the application on the ground that they are not persons who would be reformed by receiving a new chance. Then he sentences them, and I observe the signs of satisfaction among the four representatives of the Los Angeles "red squad" who have supervised the entire procedure. I do not observe the representative of the Better America Federation in court. Mr. Wainess is his name, and at the trial all those who gave evidence for the State were ignorant of his presence at the raid; it wasn't until the attorney for the defense put the district attorney on the stand that it was definitely established that Mr. Wainess took part in the raid.

Another court proceeding followed immediately. We have in Southern California a lady by the name of Kate Crane-Gartz, who is what the Better America Federation calls a "parlor red." She is one of the children of the late Richard T. Crane, the iron master, and is wealthy according to the highest American standards; but she does not consider that she has earned her wealth, and therefore devotes a large share of it to efforts to establish social conditions under which she and others of her class will not receive what they do not earn. Mrs. Gartz is not a Communist but, like myself, a member of the Socialist Party, compelled to advertise the Communists by the stupid persecutions to which they are subjected.

It is the custom of Mrs. Gartz to write what she calls "letters of protest" to those in high places; four bound volumes of these letters are read by radicals in all parts of the world. Reading in the paper that the jury had brought in a verdict of guilty, Mrs. Gartz, under the inpression that the case was settled, wrote to Judge Allison. Here is the letter:

Dear Sir:

It was a great surprise to believers in justice that the Young Communists were found guilty in your court. For some unknown reason many people, presumably intelligent, are afraid of ideas. In this case the idea is that the Red Flag means danger, but danger to what? There is danger only to the conservative idea that the world in which we live is perfect as it is. The people who take the Red Flag as their emblem feel that there is plenty of room for improvement, and I for one do not blame them, because I realize the many shortcomings of the present order of society all over the world. Man's inhumanity to man is the biggest factor in this man-made world, which the youth of the world is rising against in every country. They ought to be encouraged instead of clapped into jail. Couldn't you tell, as you listened to "Yetta," that she was a young woman of high principles and ideals, and not a criminal fit only for crucifixion? Yes, we must listen to these young crusaders, and learn that there is a big work to be done in this world before we can rest on our oars and say, it is finished.

We would like to have more respect for our courts—would like to feel that they are unprejudiced, especially against the foreigner, who has long been invited to this country, with the hope of finding an earthly paradise. When he does not, and tries to better his condition, and that of all workers, he is considered a menace, and told to go back where he came from. Our only answer to unjust treatment is always a guilty one, because we do not know how to cope with the evils of our present social system. So, I say, go easy with these young enthusiasts.

Mrs. Gartz was promptly cited for contempt of court, and a crowded courtroom watched a somewhat unusual scene. Judge Allison inquired as to her purpose in writing the letter, and Mrs. Gartz explained with quiet dignity that she does not believe in sending people to an evil place like San Quentin for any cause, and least of all for the holding of unpopular opinions. She does not believe that these young people committed a felony, and considers that any citizen has a right to protest against cruel sentences being imposed for crimes of opinion. Judge Allison sternly informed her that at the time he received the letter the case was still before him, and if anyone could write "a private letter" to a judge advising him what to do about a case there could no longer be respect for our courts.

The remark about "a private letter" seemed something of a joke, since, at the time the letter was mailed to the judge, a copy had been sent to the *Open Forum*, the little paper of our Civil Liberties Union, which reaches a couple of thousand people in Southern California. The letter was published in the *Open Forum* October 19, four days before Judge Allison was due to sentence the prisoners. But perhaps it was just as well that Mrs. Gartz and her attorney did not mention this publication to the judge He fined her seventy-five dollars. She wished to appeal, but was informed that under California law the only basis of appeal could be that the judge had no jurisdiction—which he obviously had in this case.

I am interested to note this morning's newspapers dealing with the procedure according to their usual custom. The *Times* reports Mrs. Gartz as "modishly attired and wearing many diamonds." She wore a ring with one diamond, which she always wears. The *Examiner* reports that "she did not speak with the Los Angeles Communists while in court and took no part in the demonstration that included much embracing and kissing after the court pronounced judgment."

As a matter of fact she paid the cost of their bail-bonds, and invited them and their friends to a dinner party at the very swankiest hotel in the orange belt. When our party of nineteen reached the place we found the open-air dining-room in the very fancy patio half filled by a banquet of the County Committee of the Republican Party, the wealth and fashion of the region, the very same patriotic kind that was sending the Communists to jail. The gentlemen were rosy and well-groomed, and the ladies, in their chiffon and satin tails, displayed the latest fashions from Paris.

A sumptuous affair and an edifying experience for five working-class felons out on bail. They had been eating beans and potatoes at their two meals per day in the county jail; now they ate toasted marrow, and hors d'œuvres, and ripe olives and celery, and consomme en tasse, and filet of sole a la I forget what, and lemon sherbet, and roast young turkey with dressing, and October spring lamb and ice cream, and demi tasse and cheese and crackers—we began to weaken, and few of us got to the end of the menu. The liberal ladies of our party lit their cigarettes, and so did many of the Republican committee ladies, but I was interested to note that all five of the convicted felons declined to smoke. I noticed also that a chorus off stage serenaded us during the repast and the first song was

My country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty—

I forgot to add that I was introduced to Judge Allison. He was cordial, and kind enough to say that he was pleased. I replied: "Now that the matter is over, I suppose it is all right for me to point out to you that California has again acquired some political prisoners, which is very bad for its reputation with the rest of the world." The Judge replied that he had not been able to help what had happened; it was the legislature which enacted the law, and the jury which decided the question of guilt. This you will recognize as what Pontius Pilate said in the case of another political prisoner.

I said to the Judge: "I suppose that you and I, as citizens, now have a right to urge the repeal of this red-flag law." He replied: "We certainly have." I said: "I shall take pleasure in coming to you before long with a petition to the legislature for its repeal." He did not say that he would sign it, but he did convey to me the fact that he was a Democrat in politics. I was too polite to tell him that the bones of Thomas Jefferson would rise up in their grave to denounce a "Democratic" judge who enforced alien and sedition laws of the kind which Jefferson had made the chief object of his antagonism. I here remind Judge Allison of Jefferson's saying to the effect that mankind has nothing to fear from error, provided that reason is left free to combat it. Also of his sterner saying which reads:

"The tree of liberty must be refreshed from time to time with the blood of patriots and tyrants. It is its natural manure."

Reaching for the Sky

By DAVID G. BAREUTHER

AFTER having reigned supreme for seventeen years over all other spires in the famous Manhattan skyline, the Woolworth Tower has now lost its proud title as the tallest building in the world. Not only has it been surpassed in height, but recently within one week the steel skeletons of two giant skyscrapers climbed above its peak. Such is the speed at which builders are racing for the clouds in America today.

Both of these new buildings happen to be located in New York City. One is the sixty-eight-story Chrysler Building, whose topmost beam at 808 feet made it the tallest skyscraper—for one month. The other is the seventy-one-story Bank of Manhattan, which just passed the 865-foot mark on its way to a goal of 925 feet and 4 inches. The Woolworth Building measures 792 feet.

However, New York is no longer the only city with an ambitious skyline. Show the average New Yorker a picture of Chicago's lake-front profile and he will pucker his brow and ask: "Where was that taken from?"—thinking, of course, that it is a new view of Manhattan Island. Then there is Cleveland's fifty-two-story Terminal Tower, second in actual height to the Woolworth Building. Minneapolis boasts of a thirty-two-story structure.

A skyscraper-building contest loomed on the Middle Western horizon early this year. Chicago, with plans for a seventy-five-story Crane Tower, challenged New York's supremacy for building height. The Chicago Crane Tower was designed to rise 880 feet.

It was former Governor Alfred E. Smith who drew attention back to his home town. With a surprising gesture, he became the head of a syndicate to take over the destruction of the old Waldorf Astoria Hotel. Carefully reading from a prepared statement, he informed newspapermen that he would build an eighty-story office building in that in-between neighborhood over which real-estate men had been puzzled. Al Smith promised that his Empire State Building would be the highest in the world—approaching 1,000 feet, the record set by the Eiffel Tower in Paris.

And Governor Smith found an enthusiastic public to hear his words. With skyscrapers towering above every large city in the country and with stocks and bonds of various values offering every man opportunities to share benefits and risks in great projects, popular interest in skyscrapers was found to be running deeper than mere awe inspired by cloud-wreathed pinnacles.

It behooved Al to act quickly. The sixty-eight-story Chrysler Tower, rising from what was a deep hole in the Grand Central Zone at Christmas, was rapidly nearing completion. There was the Bank of Manhattan Building in Wall Street, started long after the Chrysler Building, but steadily gaining on it.

No sooner had Mr. Smith spoken than the skyscraper race centered in New York again and became exciting. The National City Bank announced that it would erect for the not yet merged City Bank-Farmers Trust Company a seventy-one-story building which would attain an altitude of 925 feet. The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company was quick to follow into print, admitting that it was considering plans for a building of no less than one hundred stories to cover an entire city block just north of its once famous tower in Madison Square. A. E. Lefcourt, a prolific skyscraper builder, rushed into the field with a 105-story dream for a comparatively small plot in Times Square. And then the excitement went out of all bounds.

Representatives of the architects for the Chrysler and Bank of Manhattan Towers met by chance and immediately found themselves in an argument. The Bank of Manhattan had been planned to be 836 feet overall. The Chrysler man declared he would beat that and did—by filing plans with the city for a 50-foot flagpole, to be structurally a part of the building. The Bank of Manhattan revised its plans and set 925 feet as its aim.

The Metropolitan Life then announced its plans—to build thirty-five stories on an entire block with a foundation and columns capable of supporting one hundred stories should they be needed for future expansion. Charles F. Noyes and David Schulte, two shrewd real-estate operators who control two consecutive city blocks, declared that within about eight or ten years they would build a 150-story super-skyscraper. With that announcement they captured a full page of a Sunday paper.

As extreme as 150 stories may seem, even to city dwellers, architects and engineers are virtually in accord that it is physically possible. There is the question of economical height, however, the point at which a building reaches its greatest efficiency and at which the law of diminishing returns becomes effective. From purely physical considerations, such as the strength of steel and concrete, a structure perhaps twice the height of the Eiffel Tower could be erected. Raymond Hood, architect of the Chicago Tribune Building, believes that the theoretical limit might even be 7,000 feet. Of course, an enormous plot of land would be required for 150 stories, not only for the building, but for transit and all means of access. The foundation would rest on a strong rock stratum, studied for faults by geologists. But, as far as common sense and utility are concerned, these same architects and engineers who admit the mechanical possibilities set only seventy-five stories as the efficient limit. That was the mark determined on in a recent report to S. W. Straus & Company, extensive financiers of building projects.

The principal factor in determining the height of a building today is that of elevators. Skyscraper elevators must transport thousands regularly and quickly—the question of safety can be dismissed temporarily, for now an average of only one passenger in 218,000,000 is killed in New York elevators. But these cars, of which no less than 28,104 are transporting 10,900,000 persons daily on Manhattan Island alone, take up a great deal of space. When a structure is as large as the Equitable Building with its fifty-nine elevators, the shafts cut a big slice out of the rentable area. It follows that the higher a building goes, the more the elevators required, and the less the space remaining in the narrow tower to bring in rent.

Nor can the number of elevators be arbitrarily reduced. In Wall Street today a schedule is maintained by which cars leave the ground floors of first-class office buildings every twenty seconds. Ernest Van Vleck, of the architectural firm of Starrett & Van Vleck, points out that architects take it

for granted that business men cannot wait longer than twenty or thirty seconds for an elevator. Once the car is underway it can travel 700 feet a minute and stay within New York's speed limit for elevators, yet even at this rate it would take more than one minute to travel from the ground to the top of the Woolworth Building going at full speed, that is, if the trip made were in one lift without stopping for passengers to change cars.

Taking the 150-story architectural monstrosity as an example, it is easy to estimate just about how high America is likely to build. The sponsors of the 150-story fantasy declare that they believe the public would be glad to finance it, although such a venture would involve from $75,000,000 to $100,000,000. What else is to be expected of that same public? The city would be asked to build more subways to jam the public into for an hour's ride downtown. The great building would house 50,000 persons in its offices, and on the basis of the average use of other large office buildings, it is estimated that 200,000 would pass through the portals of this structure daily.

Is that possible? Simple arithmetic shows that many approaches would be needed, for if these 200,000 persons were marched through the building at the street level, ten abreast, with each group of ten spaced three feet apart in marching order, at least eight hours would be required for the parade to pass through. Two hundred and fifty elevators would be required to serve such a building. It would take more than ten minutes for an express car to make its few stops, reach the top, and start down again. The shafts would take up so much space that rentable area would be so reduced as to be appropriate only for frankfurter stands.

How do responsible builders look at it? William Orr Ludlow, of Ludlow & Peabody, architects, believes that not only the shafts, but space through all lower floors needed for heavy supporting columns, plumbing, heating and all piping, will keep skyscrapers below one hundred stories. Louis J. Horowitz, who as president of Thompson & Starrett has been building skyscrapers on a national scale, admits that it costs no more to build one story than another when going up twenty stories or more, but he thinks "there ought to be a law" to save man from such a tower of Babel.

Yet, there may be possibilities of the world changing itself to fit such fantastic conditions. John Sloan, of Sloan & Robertson, designers of the fifty-six-story Chanin Building in New York, sees the chance of elevators traveling at much greater speeds than at present.

"There is no reason from a purely technical and safety viewpoint," he recently said, "why the speed of elevators could not exceed 1,400 feet a minute. . . . Only speeds over 1,800 feet a minute would prove too uncomfortable to passengers."

On the other hand, elevator manufacturers are studying the practicability of running two or more elevators in one shaft, one above the other, with the upper car an express car regulated to leave a safe margin above the lower one.

The General Electric Company has developed ultraviolet lamps of an incandescent type, which might provide artificial sunlight in the interior reaches of buildings two blocks square. In fact, windows probably would be eliminated entirely to prevent interference with artificial ventilation, which today is providing balmy atmosphere, more constant than the real, to swimming pools and tennis courts in second sub-cellars, below the sea level in New York.

Architects are beginning to discuss ideas of using modified pneumatic tubes to replace elevators and to shoot persons into skyscrapers. Perhaps the tenants will like that, since even today they are willing to pay rentals of $7.50 and $8 a square foot for top-floor space, while they could get the same offices lower down at $2.50 a foot.

In the Driftway

NOW that the elections are over and the smoke of battle has cleared away, the Drifter wants to intrude a little propaganda of his own. He wants to launch a movement for the revival of bad roads. In the past quarter of a century good roads have become so ubiquitous in this country as to be a nuisance. It is no longer necessary to argue for them. Every schoolboy and every grand dad has swallowed the good-roads movement hook, line, and sinker. Nobody wants any longer to go even to heaven by a narrow path. If he can't drive up to the Pearly Gates on a cement highway, he would rather stay at home and play bridge.

* * * * *

ON the other hand, the Drifter anticipates that considerable missionary work will be necessary to make his bad-roads movement popular. Users of cars—and who isn't one?—will be especially skeptical. But the Drifter isn't going into this campaign blind. He has already marshaled his arguments. Bad roads wear out an automobile sooner than good ones, and so enable the owner to get a new car quicker than otherwise, and the fun of getting a new car, as everybody knows, is most of the joy of motoring. Then there is the question of exercise. Practically the only exercise in motoring consists in the bumps. A sufficiently bad road, taken at a smart clip, is as good as a horseback ride. A return to poorer roads would be a boon to the American digestion. Finally, if an adequate system of bad roads were provided, the hikers would take them, relieving drivers on the better highways of the nuisance of avoiding pedestrians by day and the mess usually incident to running them down on dark nights.

* * * * *

THUS the Drifter is coming gradually to his real object, which is to open up the countryside once more to pedestrians. Frankly he hasn't much hope of converting the users of cars to the advantages of bad roads, cogent though his reasons may be. But he thinks it possible, by appealing to the selfish interests of drivers, to get their support for a movement which would rid our cement thoroughfares of hikers. This could be done by leaving the good roads as they are in all their ugliness and laying out a paralled or supplementary system of dirt roads or paths for those who want to walk.

* * * * *

AND who wants to walk? the Drifter hears 999,999 out of his 1,000,000 readers (Query to Circulation Department: Or is it 2,000,000?) asking sarcastically. Well, there the Drifter isn't so sure of his ground. But if he is anything of a prophet (and probably he isn't), he fore-

sees a reaction presently from our craze for speed, and a desire to go about again in the simplest and most primitive fashion. Of course the automobile is not going out of use. But in so far as it is driven as a sport or a fad—and that accounts for an appreciable part of its hold on the public during the past quarter of a century—it is probably already on the wane. The airplane is rapidly cutting in on it among the younger generation. And how soon the younger generation grows up and becomes the ruling one!

* * * * *

SO the Drifter thinks the outlook for pedestrianism is good if only an opportunity is provided to pedestriate. In spite of the fact that our country roads have long been both unsafe and uncomfortable for walkers, they are still tramped by a hardy few, a number ready to expand prodigiously at the first fair opportunity. While we are agitating for special highways for cars, what's the matter with laying out, also, special byways for hikers? Will not some millionaire come forward and give the Drifter's bad-roads movements a great big handful?

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

What Is a Bingham?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: It would seem that with the activities of Senator Hiram Bingham (R., Conn.) the term Nutmeg State would take on a new meaning. There are not a few of the Senator's constituents who cannot look upon his work on the Senate Finance Committee with the charming urbanity which Mr. E. Kent Hubbard displays. Day after day the people of Connecticut have flushed with shame at the reports of Mr. Bingham's "indiscreet" conduct, and on November 4 their embarrassment reached its peak at the vote of censure passed on him by the Senate. Shall the citizens of Connecticut continue to be bossed by a powerful Republican machine which puts into office men of Senator Bingham's stamp?

"Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings . . ." a young child heard her family talking about a young man whose mother was a Bingham. She pondered this in silence for a time and then asked, "What is a Bingham?" I pause for a reply.

Hartford, Connecticut, November 5 BEATRICE BROWN

A Protest

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I wish to record my formal protest against the review of Count Keyserling's "Creative Understanding and the Recovery of Truth" which appeared in your issue of June 12, and in which the whole tone is one of superior scorn. The book was reviewed by a writer on politics, evidently out of sympathy with the entire subject of metaphysics. In the old days it was *The Nation's* habit to send books for review to the one person who knew most about the subject, and whatever one may think of the work of Keyserling, his books should be given for review only to an expert in the same field, i.e., a metaphysician and philosopher. It is even unfair to the reviewer to have given him such a work to review. It is like asking H. L. Mencken to review Dante.

The Hague, August 8 CARROLL BRENT CHILTON

For Detroit Readers

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: A dinner of Detroit friends of *The Nation* will be held at the Turn Verein Clubhouse, 8731 East Jefferson Avenue, on Friday evening, November 15, at six o'clock. Henry Raymond Mussey, Managing Editor of *The Nation,* will speak on *The Nation's* Program. A cordial invitation is extended to all readers in and around Detroit.

Detroit, November 1 JOSEPHINE GOMON,
15804 Ashton Road

Pressing and Hanging

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Heywood Broun, speaking of cartoons of burning witches, says: "Let us waive the quibble that the Puritans actually burned no witches and merely killed a few by a process known as 'pressing.'" The cartoonists should indeed be warned not to be guilty of the quibbling of representing burning as if it were a specially objectionable method of killing. But Mr. Broun is still inaccurate. The Puritans merely killed a few by a process known as "hanging." Among the accused, at the moment when juries were convicting everybody, was one man (presumably Mr. Broun's "few") who saw that the juries were determined to convict, and reflected that if he were convicted his property would be forfeited and his family left destitute; so he decided to put a kibosh on that by committing another violation of law, the penalty of which under English law (which in this matter allowed no discretion to a judge or a jury) would be that he should be pressed to death, this taking precedence of the business of trying him for witchcraft. So, by voluntarily becoming guilty of an offense for which he would have to be pressed to death, Giles Corey brought it to pass that he was never tried for witchcraft, and it remains judicially undetermined to this day whether he was a witch or not; and his widow and orphans had something to live on after his death, because he was never adjudged to be a witch nor to be punishable as such. But as for those who were adjudged to be witches, they were hanged, until the Puritans speedily decided that this was a bad business and quit it.

Ballard Vale, Mass., October 1 STEVEN T. BYINGTON

For Paxton Hibben's Memorial

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The Paxton Hibben Memorial Hospital Fund is sponsoring a Russian exhibition and bazaar at 17 West Fifty-seventh Street during November and December. A large collection of Russian peasant handicraft, especially suitable as Christmas gifts, is offered for sale at extremely reasonable prices.

The proceeds of the bazaar will be used for the equipment and maintenance of a children's hospital bearing the name of Paxton Hibben. It is probable that this hospital will be located in the Crimea on the Black Sea, so that children suffering from tuberculosis of the bone may have the benefit of the mild climate and sea air.

The bazaar is open from 10 a. m. until 7 p. m.

New York, November 5

DR. GREGORY STRAGNELL, Chairman
FORREST BAILEY, Vice-Chairman

Mr. Doheny and Mexican Oil

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: To Jonathan Wickwire's observations in the issue of *The Nation* for September 25 on American Investments in the Petroleum Industry in Mexico this might be added:

In one of Mr. Doheny's reports to his company he also states that he was originally encouraged to go oil hunting in Mexico by Mr. Robinson who in 1900 was president of the Mexican Central Railroad, running from El Paso to Mexico City, with branches. The Central had a fuel problem, the Mexican coal then available being costly and not of especially high quality. He urged Mr. Doheny to go after oil in Mexico and promised to take his product for locomotive fuel, under a contract, if he found it. Mr. Doheny found the oil, but, as he states in his report, before he brought any of it to the surface ready for market, the Central lines had become merged in the National Railways of Mexico, Mr. Robinson had retired, conditions had changed, and for a long time Mr. Doheny had hard work to dispose of the very heavy oil that came from his original Mexican wells in the Ebano district.

As a matter of petroleum history, so far as it concerns daring enterprise, persistence in face of profound discouragements, and the amount of cash actually invested before profits began to come in, it always has been understood by the *cognoscenti* that the real pioneer in the Mexican oil fields was the Britisher, Lord Cowdray. It was Cowdray's huge Dos Bocas well, not Mr. Doheny's Cerro Azul, that first focused the attention of world oil experts and investors upon the possibilities of the Mexican fields and started the boom there. Dos Bocas, which I believe still holds the record for size and estimated potential production, was worse than a dead loss to Cowdray. Immediately it began to spout it caught fire and burned furiously for months, the glare being visible far out at sea, before the immense pool which it tapped was exhausted. Not a barrel of the oil was saved. Dos Bocas it was that advertised Mexico's oil resources to the world, at Cowdray's expense. It is well known that Cowdray, who for years in the beginning played in the worst kind of hard luck in his petroleum-development operations in Mexico, of which the destruction of Dos Bocas was the culmination, sank millions of dollars —in fact, strained even his adequate financial resources to the limit—before his luck turned and he began to make money. Among Cowdray's other traditional business eccentricities he never employed a press agent to blow his horn.

The modest original sum which Mr. Wickwire finds represented Mr. Doheny's investment in Mexican oil, before he began to play the game on velvet, directs attention to this not generally appreciated fact: Estimates of the amount of American capital invested in Mexico—*I mean real money actually put into the country*—always have been grossly exaggerated, even by our official statisticians in Washington. No one knows the correct amount, of course, and there is no way of finding it out. But twenty years ago the legend began to run that "there is a billion dollars of American capital in Mexico." Latterly the sum has been jacked up to a billion and a half.

There never was, and there is not now, anything like a billion American dollars invested in the Republic. The total, figuring liberally, is not more than $750,000,000. Probably $650,000,000 would be closer to the mark. I mean actual cash, not inflated company capitalization or potential development values of American-owned properties and business enterprises of all descriptions.

As a matter of fact, before the revolution Great Britain had almost as large, possibly as great, a financial stake in Mexico as the United States. But the Britishers didn't talk about it as much as the Americans. Most statisticians still insist upon setting down the railways of Mexico under the head of American investments. While it is true that substantially all of the important lines there, leaving out the British road beween Mexico City and Vera Cruz, were projected and built by Americans, the bulk of the capital came originally from the same source as that which supplied most of the cash used in the construction of our own railway systems—from Europe.

This super-inflated notion of the aggregate of American capital in Mexico also prevails with respect to our investments in all of the Caribbean countries.

Mexico City, October 1 Robert Hammond Murray

A Reply to Heywood Broun

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In the September 11 issue of *The Nation* Heywood Broun reverts again to his favorite indoor sport of explaining to his readers why Governor Smith was defeated. This time he fastens the blame on President Hoover because, as a candidate, Mr. Broun states, Mr. Hoover "remained silent when his accredited managers raised the religious issue." There was no reason whatever why Mr. Hoover should have spoken on this issue since his managers did not raise the religious issue. It was first raised by Governor Smith in his speech in Oklahoma City.

As proof of Mr. Broun's statement, he refers to the speech of Mrs. Willebrandt in Ohio. This speech was delivered before the Methodist Conference, and Mrs. Willebrandt did not raise a religious issue when she sought to mobilize the Methodist church in opposition to Governor Smith's anti-prohibition policy. This was done by scores of speakers before church assemblies. The Methodist church, for nearly one hundred years, has waged a vigorous campaign against the liquor traffic. Its bishops and ministers have been the most implacable foes of liquor in the history of this country. This is the only denomination which maintains a prohibition lobby in Washington. Mrs. Willebrandt committed no offense in calling upon the leaders of this church to mobilize against Governor Smith's candidacy, because he favored changing our national prohibition laws. Mr. P. H. Callahan of Louisville, an ardent and nationally known Catholic prohibitionist, has publicly stated many times that he saw nothing objectionable in Mrs. Willebrandt's address.

Heywood Broun states that the South was won on the religious issue. Mr. Broun cannot state this as a fact. The solid South was broken as much by the prohibition issue as it was by the religious issue, for it is well known that the voters of the South are ardently in favor of prohibition. For years the South has been solidly dry. No group of States in the country represents such an unalterably dry sentiment, and Governor Smith, had he been a Protestant, in all likelihood could not have carried the South. Besides how did the millions of Catholics in the South vote? For Mr. Hoover? Hardly.

In his closing paragraph, in referring to Bishop Cannon's objection to Raskobism in Virginia, Mr. Broun says: "Mr. Raskob is a leading Wall Street operator and a prominent Catholic." Why did not Mr. Broun also add what he knew to be true, namely, that Mr. Raskob is "sousingly wet" in his attitude toward national prohibition? Was it because he knew that this fact is the chief reason for Bishop Cannon's opposition to Raskob and if he stated the whole truth about this Democratic leader he would be defeating his own argument?

Denver, Colorado, September 11 William E. Sweet

Books and Drama

The Boy in the House

By ROBERT P. TRISTRAM COFFIN

If I find spread out upon a chair
Broken toys the dearer for their wear,
  Lead soldiers lacking feet and tops their bloom,
  I know a small boy sleeps in the next room.
Boys make treasures of an empty shell,
A wormy acorn, and a tongueless bell.

And I have found the sad-eyed trilobite
Who stared a million years ago on night
  Turned into rock, the rapt calligraphy
  Of fossil shells a thousand miles from sea.
I have learned from coal that trees stood straight
Before there was a man to emulate
  Their grace and wish to lift aloft his face
  As high as might be from his feeding place.
I have come upon the broken bones
Of mountains, and found shut in amber stones
  Gilt flies that drink the air at every pore,
  Wilted roses women never wore.
White stallions by the thousand I have seen
Come up the beach together, rear and lean
  Their breasts on wind with nothing else to do
  But waste the power of their every thew.
I have seen ten thousand palms of frost
In a moment of the sunlight lost;
  Cathedrals of the thunderheads slide down
  As idly as the wasted thistledown;
A billion seeds go off on happy wings
Into the place prepared for swimming things.
  I have seen the deepest of the dyes
  On a moment's rainbow in the skies.

I know the boy who holds these playthings dear
Is sleeping in the room beyond us here.

The Illustration of Children's Books

By STEPHEN G. RICH

"JUVENILES," as they are called in the publishing business, begin with early textbooks for school use. In colonial days the only juvenile reading consisted of books of the type of the "New England Primer" and a few stories of presumably or intended moral purpose "written down to the children's level." The schoolbooks were illustrated with crude woodcuts lacking perspective, delineation, and even relevance to the incident supposed to be illustrated. From this inauspicious beginning to the present excellently illustrated juveniles is a long development, and one that falls into several definite stages. These stages overlap, of course, but each nevertheless stands out quite distinctly.

Before the juvenile as such had become sharply differentiated from the textbook or the moral tract the era of woodcuts had well set in. We find in such schoolbooks as Parker's "Juvenile Philosophy" (1848) the fairly well-drawn woodcut illustrating children's activities; moral tracts of this period likewise have this type of illustration. As far as I now know, this type of illustration was in use before any juveniles as we now understand the term had been published.

With Thackeray's "The Rose and the Ring" and Lewis Carroll's "Alice in Wonderland" the juvenile as such may be said to have become a recognized type of book. Both of those books were illustrated with woodcuts made from pen-and-ink drawings. In the sixties and seventies another type of juvenile—the book of stories or the tale of adventure or the popular-science book—began to appear. Here the woodcuts reached a high development. Full-page woodcuts, often well executed, adorned the boys' favorites of the period, such as the works of Jules Verne, some of which were translated into English as fast as written.

This same period saw the introduction of the chromo-lithographic process for the illustration of books for very young children. Alphabet books with lithographed red apples at "A is for apple," and Mother Goose collections with some lithographed pages and others well ornamented with woodcuts, appeared, often mounted on linen, page by page, so that the books would be indestructible. In the seventies the chromo-lithographic frontispiece was introduced. When wood-engraving nearly monopolized American illustrating for about a decade, it of course spread into juveniles.

With the coming of the half-tone process and the development of three-color and four-color half-tone work, illustrations in juveniles took on a manysided and almost bewildering variety. The general trend was what might naturally have been expected in a commercial situation. The illustrations were such as to please the persons who bought the books rather than those who read them. The parents, not the children, were the persons to whom the appeal was made. Even to this day the vast majority of juveniles are illustrated so as to catch the eyes of the parents rather than those of the children. If we examine almost any one of the finer editions of any juvenile we shall find that the covers are illustrated artistically, but not so as to appeal as much as possible to children. The amount of detail in the illustrations within is usually far beyond what children notice. This tendency has even spread into textbooks, as in the case of the beautiful illustrations with fairy detail in the Moore-Wilson Readers, published in 1927.

The entrance of the schoolbook houses into the juvenile publishing field brought a new tendency. During the last ten or twelve years there has been a growing demand, in public and private schools alike, for libraries of interesting juveniles in classrooms. It would be hard to find an elementary-school classroom in the more wide-awake schools and systems that does not have either such a library or several sets of juveniles for the children to read. The suburban public school of which the writer was principal for a time had in 1923 no less than fifteen sets of juveniles for the first-grade children; by now it has many more. The same school had almost as many for the second grade and for the third, while for the four higher grades there were classroom libraries consisting largely of juveniles in contrast to textbooks and reference

books. The schoolbook publishers have provided amply for this kind of need. The John C. Winston Company, for example, have brought out excellent low-priced editions of the books that children like to read. Lyons and Carnahan have issued the "Red Feather" books of Indian child-life, beloved of children and often used as gift books. Similar issues might be mentioned of almost any of the more enterprising schoolbook houses.

With the advent of the schoolbook publisher a new type of illustration came into juveniles. The style of illustration and the quality of pictures found in the modern American readers were carried over into the younger juveniles. Anne Gifford, for example, illustrating the plains Indian story "Red Feather's Adventures," suitable for ten-year-olds, used what may be described as a wash-drawing and poster style. The fact that much detail has been omitted in the pictures in this book is typical of the best reader-illustrating practice, and is one of the outstanding merits of this piece of work. The omission often annoys adults who examine the book, but evidently and conspicuously makes the illustrations more appreciated by the children. This same book also shows the greater degree of relevance which the textbook illustrators have attained—a quality whose absence is the greatest lack in many contemporary juveniles.

In the older juveniles, such as Bertha Parker's recent "Book of Electricity" for children about thirteen years old, line-drawings, exceedingly clear, are used extensively. These are supplemented by well-chosen half-tone reproductions of photographs. This use of line-drawings has been taken over from recent textbook usage, as in the widely used Maroney hygiene series. Even though this hygiene series belongs in the textbook field, it must be mentioned as marking the farthest attainment in vividness in black-and-white drawings used in any matter read by young people.

A recent interesting development, worthy of both praise and blame, is the Ianelli "childish-type" illustrating, found in both juveniles and readers. Miss Ianelli, an Illinois artist, who has worked in mass crayon, does with more skill than children possess the kind of picture that children draw. For example, she shows a party of persons leaving home in a motor car, but she distorts the perspective, enlarges the heads of the persons, and schematizes the outlines of house, trees, and car much as a child of six or seven would do in trying to draw the scene. For the schematization, the omission of detail that children do not notice, and the emphasis upon salient features commendation is deserved. But the general "pseudo-childish" effect must be considered as distinctly undesirable. There appears to be an assumption back of this style—the assumption that children distort in that way in their drawings because they actually see things that way. The fact that they do not so see things is shown by the fact that they recognize the objects in any accurate drawing or a photograph. Miss Ianelli has simply followed the children's inability to handle crayon. Of course, there is a good commercial reason for doing this; teachers and parents are attracted by the childish drawings, and the books sell well.

There is very definite information to be had about what children actually like in illustrations. Perhaps the most authoritative study is that of Miss Florence Bamberger, the results of which are embodied in a doctoral dissertation, "The Effect of the Physical Make-Up of a Book upon Children's Selection," published by Johns Hopkins University. Miss Bamberger worked experimentally, with proper "controls" and other precautions, with children in the earlier years of school and with sufficiently large numbers of children to make her results both valid and reliable. What she found can be briefly summed up. First of all, children are attracted to and continue to like red and green in illustrations. Yellows and oranges do not appeal to them very much. Second, they do not notice details, shadings, and the like. Furthermore, they are not much interested in pictures that have a strongly alien, strange, or foreign look; it would appear that familiar costumes or surroundings are desirable.

With the Bamberger investigation in mind, it is apparent that much remains to be done in the way of giving children really adequate illustrations in juvenile books. In general, the outstanding need is for a coarseness of drawing and a splashing on of vivid masses of color beyond what is today attempted. Backgrounds may well be left out entirely or shown as plain flat skies. Perhaps it might be well for publishers of juveniles to follow the daring artist who illustrated one of the upper grades of the "Child Story Readers." This artist pictured Gulliver as an American navy "gob" and the ships of Blefuscu as contemporary schooners in illustrating a selection from Gulliver's "Travels," the details of sky, sea, and beach being left out. And the children who see this illustration are entranced!

An American Commoner

The Peerless Leader: William Jennings Bryan. By Paxton Hibben. With an Introduction by Charles A. Beard. Farrar and Rinehart. $5.

NO one can read this book without profound regret that it is the last volume to come from Paxton Hibben's gifted pen. It is by far the best of his writings and measures accurately the speed of that intellectual advance which was so tragically terminated by his death. His narrative is delightful reading; his picture of Bryan is drawn with insight, understanding, and much kindliness as well; but also with the unsparing sharpness and accuracy of the surgeon's knife. No lengthy picture of Bryan thus far drawn is equal to this, or as readable. Mr. Hibben has related the Commoner well to his background and carefully traced his political growth and recession, illuminating the story with flashes of wisdom and biting comment not only upon Bryan himself, but also upon his fellow-citizens.

Mr. Hibben, a natural-born reformer and protester against the evils of the established order, felt a good deal of sympathy for Bryan. He saw in Bryan, with all his defects, his shams, his stupidities, and his pitiful lack of depth and knowledge, a champion of the people. Had he been of voting age Mr. Hibben would undoubtedly have voted for Bryan in 1896 and 1900 as a defender of the democratic faith tilting at the prophets of imperialism, big business, the money power, the war-making forces in our society. But he would have voted for Bryan as the lesser of two evils, with full understanding of the hard luck it was for the forces of liberal justice that a William Jennings Bryan should have become their unasked champion for so many years. He recognized the ability of Bryan, the power of his oratory, his occasional speeches of rare force; the fact that he personified many of the qualities of the masses for whom he set himself to speak. But he perceived also how the Commoner was constantly thwarted by his ignorance, his lack of personal dignity, his own inconsistency, his ever careful eye to the main chance, but always by his com-

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plete unfamiliarity with the great currents of modern thought. The longer he lived the less he knew books.

These weaknesses constantly betrayed Bryan. They made him a colonel in the war with Spain that he had opposed; a defender of the American participation in the World War after he had resigned from the Cabinet rather than sign a note leading up to it; and finally the occupant, as a former colonel, of a grave in a military cemetery. If even the best of men are inconsistent, Bryan had enough inconsistencies to win him wings in the fundamentalist heaven that he believed in and so steadily portrayed. He would not cease lecturing for profit when he was Secretary of State, and he took so much money for his ardent defense of temperance, prohibition, peace, and the sale of lots in Florida that he died a millionaire. It was he who opposed McKinley—and rightly—because of our lurch into imperialism in 1898, and then began the occupation of Santo Domingo, carried on our imperialism in Panama, deprived Nicaragua of its sovereignty, and took part in and approved an invasion of Mexico; and all this in addition to making possible the ratification of the treaty with Spain which made the United States the overlord of Porto Rico and the Philippines. Well may our faint and perhaps dying liberalism exclaim: "Save me from my friends!"

It is difficult to take issue with some of Mr. Hibben's positions because he was the author of only twenty-one chapters of this posthumous work, and because one wonders whether he would not have revised some of his views had he lived to see the book through the press. But it is necessary to protest against the author's acceptance of the Bryan conception of Grover Cleveland and his treatment which renders it blacker. In these pages that sturdy and honest President appears as a mere tool of big business, the bankers, and all holders of special privilege; one who initiated a bankers' panic and stooped to deprive Bryan of his job as a Representative in Congress through J. Sterling Morton, his Nebraska Secretary of Agriculture. Mr. Hibben charges Cleveland with much deviltry, including the sale of the country to foreign bankers; with being "easily and grossly misled"; with being a "very sick man" who "complained that his mind would not work"; with permitting the bankers who subscribed to his campaign funds to "foreclose" their "mortgage on the White House" before he had even packed his trunks for that dwelling.

The repeal of the silver purchase law is portrayed as an act of infamy by Mr. Cleveland, and the sale of gold bonds abroad as an anticipation of the authority of Congress. As a matter of fact there was a law to cover the sale of the bonds. As for the silver purchase act, Cleveland, after first promising some of his independent Democratic supporters that it should be repealed by a special session of Congress, changed his mind in the face of warnings that a delay would precipitate a panic. Far from "foreclosing a mortgage," it took the hardest kind of work by men who were not in the "pay of Wall Street" to make him finally understand the need of haste. The law was not repealed until October, 1893. Mr. Hibben rightly says that "when the coinage of silver dollars had been duly halted on the President's demand, nothing happened. Business conditions grew steadily worse, not better." Precisely as Cleveland had been told by sound and honest financiers, financial writers and teachers of economics, would be the case, relief came too late. If certain wicked financiers "held a mortgage on Grover Cleveland" they were unconscionably slow in foreclosing it, and those financiers must have suffered and did suffer not a little in the ensuing panic through the suspension of dividends, the failures of railroads, etc., although from Mr. Hibben's account it would seem as if they all enriched themselves while the nation was prostrate. This is not worthy of Mr. Hibben's abilities.

The book from Chapter XXII on has been excellently completed by C. Hartley Grattan after consultation with various friends of Mr. Hibben. Mr. Grattan's imitation of the author's style is remarkable and so is the content of his contribution. Altogether the book is a notable addition to the long list of biographies of American public men which fill our shelves.

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

Small Ways of Small People

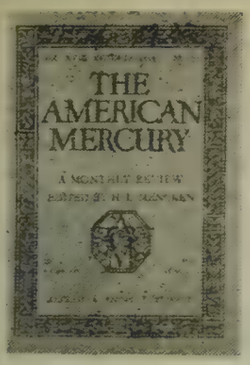
Money for Love. By Josephine Herbst. Coward-McCann. $2.50.

WHATEVER one may think of her choice of subject and the narrow possibilities it offers to her superior talents, one must admit that Miss Herbst achieves with complete competence what she sets out to do. What catches her pitilessly clear eye (it would be unfair to the particular school she represents to speak of anything "interesting" her) is the deadening of the average youthful personality under the hard edge of metropolitan economic life. If her books can be said to celebrate anything it is the extinction of the heroic. The emotions of all her characters are, as it were, stepped down, reduced several degrees. Love is not transformed into lust (for that is a romantic transformation) but minimized into a kind of weary attraction. The impulse to pleasure never blackens to viciousness but grays to a dull desire for the simpler anodynes: cheap liquor, superficial literary culture, banal "bull session" conversations. The titles of her two books are significant: "Nothing Is Sacred" and "Money for Love." There is fatigue in the perfectly unselfconscious casualness of these apparently shocking phrase combinations.

With respect to tightness of structure and parsimony of phrase, Miss Herbst's second novel is a considerable improvement over her first. It is concerned with a few months in the life of Harriet Everist, a second-rate actress who, like the friends that gravitate to her, has just enough intelligence to make her irritated with her sordid environment and not enough to enable her to surmount it. The very triumph of such a character is tinged with defeat: Harriet, after weeks of futile and tawdry blackmail, at last manages to extort from a former lover enough money to send herself and Joseph Roberts on a European honeymoon tour. But the relationship between Joseph and Harriet is an inevitably shallow one; and one feels that Harriet's petty maneuver merely opens the door to a new series of irritations and disillusionments. The story is told in an American lingo carefully denuded of all picturesque qualities; the people talk small because they think and feel small. The whole book is a triumph of perfectly sincere understatement.

I have the highest admiration for Miss Herbst's gifts, for the technical dexterity with which she arranges the elements of her narrative, for her realistic observation. The dissatisfaction that I feel with regard to books such as "Money for Love" is probably due to a personal defect. That elementary, perfectly non-aesthetic response known as reader-interest is simply not aroused. There is nothing for my attention to take hold of, no sharp points, no surprises, no little emotional peaks and climaxes. The lives and the conversation of the characters are worn so smooth, they are so dulled, so casual that I for one have somewhat the same sensation in reading these pages that I would have in overhearing the commonplace dialogue of the married couple next door. I understand perfectly that one of the things Miss Herbst is trying to show is the dismal unimportance of most young American lives. She demonstrates this brilliantly, but the obvious paradox is that as her demonstration becomes more convincing the reader's attention becomes more diffused.

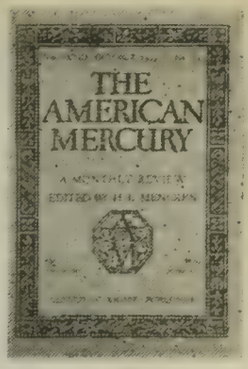
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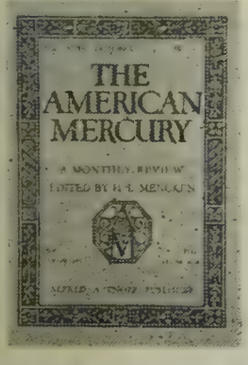
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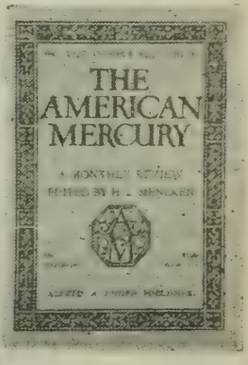
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Spooks and the Like

A Curious Life. By George Wehner. Horace Liveright. $2.50.

"A CURIOUS LIFE" purports to be the autobiography of Mr. George Wehner, a professional medium who evoked the spirit of the late Rudolph Valentino to entertain readers of a tabloid newspaper with his adventures in the spirit hinterland. Mr. Wehner confesses that he began seeing fairies in Michigan at the age of three and later watched them in the Hudson River valley. The Michigan fairies were three inches high and flew about on butterflies and bumblebees, while those along the Hudson were an inch and a half high, toted their own wings, and carried paint brushes. Mr. Wehner suggests an interesting botanical theory that the paint brushes may account for the colors of flowers. Before he grew to maturity he was conversing amiably with the spirit of Madame Blavatsky and an Indian spook named White Cloud. White Cloud speaks with that peculiar jargon —"Make light. Me see that way more good"—unknown among live Indians and apparently peculiar to these Indian "controls." Mr. Wehner makes it clear that his life has been just one spook after another. In his narrative the spirits of the departed manifest the dignity and beauty of existence on what the mediums call the higher plane by rapping on tables, banging doors, flinging furniture about, pinching the toes of Mr. Wehner's uncle, and pulling the bedclothes off his maiden aunt. Mr. Wehner relates that, a few years back, when he was "broke" after an ill-starred venture in vaudeville, White Cloud whisked three dollars into his hand. About this time, as we recall, a total of some $35,000 in prizes was being offered by two scientific magazines, by Mr. J. H. Rinn, and by the late Houdini to any medium who should materialize a spirit under scientific test conditions. In these circumstances White Cloud with his paltry three dollars seems unaccountably shy—or a bit inconclusive.

HAROLD KELLOCK

Verse for Children

The Collected Verse of Lewis Carroll. E. P. Dutton and Company. $3.50.

Every Soul Is a Circus. By Vachel Lindsay. The Macmillan Company. $2.75.

A Little Book of Necessary Nonsense. By Burges Johnson. Harper and Brothers. $1.

Tigers and Things. By Andy Kauffman and His Little Sister. The Macmillan Company. $2.

Chimney Corner Poems. By Veronica S. Hutchinson. Minton, Balch and Company. $2.50.

Green Pipes. By J. Paget-Fredericks. The Macmillan Company. $3.50.

IN these days when adult life is often an exacting pattern of routine worn like armor by many a skeptic Thomas, it is well that children love the utterly ridiculous. Familiarity with it may save them later from loss of humor or from the puritanic dearth stamped upon their parents. Moreover, every normal child enjoys a world of up-side-down, and is inclined to find in the looking-glass a reflection more real than the forms of living imposed upon him. Logical nonsense, indeed, often governs a child's creative thinking. In his world anything is possible and surprise is pleasurable. Then why not cats in the coffee? Why not tea-trays in the sky? If grown-ups will not believe in these things so much the worse for them, and the child may level at them such devastating criticism as that implied in "Old Father Williams," verse in which the child criticizes as unsuitable to maturity the very acrobatic ease he admires:

> You are old, said the youth, one would hardly suppose
> That your eyes was as steady as ever;
> Yet you balanced an eel on the end of your nose—
> What made you so awfully clever?

Lewis Carroll is one of the greatest writers for children. That he is as deeply ironic as he is absurd is left for the mature mind to discover. He understands perfectly just what a child sees in the looking-glass of his unshadowed and free imagination. He knows, for example, that although the grotesque is, for the adult, often symbolic, it is for the child merely funny: no double meanings occur to the child reading of Jack the Giant-killer, no horror of a mechanized world in the story of the crocodile within whose belly is a clock. The frequently very tragic and awesome plots of fairy tales are quite endurable to children; their faith that all will end well sustains them. Therefore the world of Lewis Carroll is frequently a world of oblique, distorted images, but these images behave perfectly rationally. Carroll realizes that nonsense must be very necessary nonsense. His verse-parody, as his commentator Francis McDermott points out, is based on logic and his favorite device is the *reductio ad absurdum.* Now a child will accept any hypothesis if, once he has done so, he is allowed to follow a reasonable argument to a consequent proof. Given a world where anything absurd may happen and where absurdities function according to logic—and this is the world which Carroll presents—the child has both an entire liberty of imagination and a familiar pattern of events. No mature-mindedness limits his invention, nor is his sense of an orderly universe violated. Lewis Carroll alone of all writers of nonsense verse has just this happy blend of the utterly absurd and the perfectly logical.

Vachel Lindsay, attempting the same art as Carroll, fails badly. He is never capable of a sense of humor; he cannot be nonsensical; he cannot relinquish his pose as teacher, and he is completely lacking in understanding of his students.

The tom-tom beat of his rhythms is, to be sure, an excellent technique for children's verse, but his ideas appeal neither to children nor to adults. In "Every Soul Is a Circus" Lindsay, writing ostensibly for children, is as usual writing for Lindsay alone. Any child who had been made to realize his possession of a soul would be likely to take it much more seriously than does the gamboling fifty-year old poet. As for the nonsensical philosophy implied in the title, what hint of it is be found in the confusion of political propaganda, absurd patriotism, and devitalizing dogma with which the book is filled? Whatever would any child make of this:

> Babbit, your tribe is passing away.
> This is the end of your infamous day.
> The Virginians are coming again.
>
> With your neat little safety-vault boxes,
> With your faces like geese and foxes,
> You
> Short-legged, short-armed, short-minded men—

And yet the book is dedicated to tom-boy girls and gosh-awful boys!

To be just, however, we must note the fact that within the covers of "Every Soul Is a Circus" are several very simple and repetitive poem-games. These are poems to be danced, without music or drums, through bodily movement; they are imaginative enough and rhythmic enough to catch the young child's interest and would, doubtless, lend themselves to the teaching of bodily expression of poetry:

> The swan is like a moon to me,
> The swan is like a moon to me,
> The swan floats through the reeds and foam,
> The swan floats through the reeds and foam.



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CHICAGO DALLAS SAN FRANCISCO



Burges Johnson's "A Little Book of Necessary Nonsense" is the season's third book of so-called nonsense for children. This tiny anthology of amusing limericks and parodies should be popular with both children and adults.

The more serious collections of children's verse published recently are not very interesting. One of the best for younger children is Milne's "The Christopher Robin Story Book" (E. P. Dutton and Company), a selection of his earlier poems.

What surprises and delights most in the fall offerings of verse is not the work of the poet or of the anthologist, but the work of the illustrator. Several very unusual and beautifully illustrated books are foreign importations. "The Forest Story" (The Macmillan Company) gives any child fortunate enough to possess it an immediate acquaintance with Czecho-Slovakian feeling for bizarre design and color. "Spin Top Spin" (The Macmillan Company) is so delightfully illustrated by Elsa Eisgruber as to afford the child an understanding of the whole of Teutonic flaxen-haired, round-faced, sturdy-booted childhood.

Other illustrated books offer the child better examples of good art than of good verse. The original drawings of various wild beasts by tiny Andy Kauffman and his little sister in the volume "Tigers and Things" indicate the astonishing precocity of children in setting down in dynamic coloring what they have seen. These animals are a thousand times more alive than most such beasts drawn by grown-ups. "Chimney Corner Poems," collected by Veronica Hutchinson, is artfully illustrated by Lois Lensky in a manner imitative of children's single-line drawings. J. Paget-Fredericks, a true artist, has gone much farther than most other American illustrators of children's verse in his volume "Green Pipes." His is the primitive animistic conception of beauty. The flowers, the dust, the frost, the forest are alive and moving through patterns of life. Like Pamela Bianco's illustrations for certain poems of Blake these drawings, although not so mystic, are both interpretative and symbolic. Speaking of Blake, the new edition of "Songs of Innocence," illustrated by Jacynth Parsons and published by the Medici Society of Boston and London, lacks just this quality of the symbolic. Miss Parsons has returned to the less interpretative manner of drawing and has filled her book with actual little boys and girls, casual lions and lambs.

Three things are necessary to the best of children's verse: a direct appeal to the sense of motion through rhythm, a direct appeal to the auditory sense through word-sound, and such concreteness and fantasy of idea as will appeal to the younger intellect. An illustrator of any given book may do much toward heightening each of these appeals and has frequently done so. The poet has not always been so capable, but his is the more difficult task; words are less tractable tools than are pen and paint brush. Children are willing to accept rhythm for its own sake, but it must be a fairly simple and accurate rhythm—more frequently the direct attack of the trochaic foot, I believe, than the indirect attack of the iambic. Children delight moreover in language for its own sound, in totally meaningless words if they are sonorous; these are to the child the same kind of stimuli as are the meaningless vocables of primitive songs to the primitive listeners. The most difficult task comes when the poet or collector must so successfully enter into the child's mind as to be certain what subject matter will most appeal. Joseph Auslander and Frank Ernest Hill in "The Winged Horse" and its accompanying anthology have indicated that they believe that a child's development in understanding of poetry is usually a slow progress from interest in a story told with ballad simplicity to an ability to interpret the subjective lyric. This, in general, is true, but we should remember that children vary greatly in their inherent ability to appreciate poetry; some, like their parents, will come in time to delight in the finest of poets, while others will never outgrow Edgar Guest.

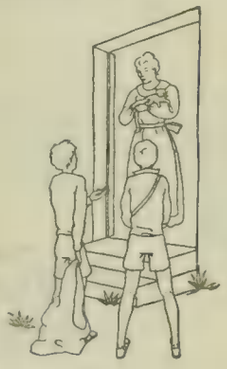
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A thrilling account of nature and the strange forms of life in that weird period of the earth's history when man was beginning to emerge as a conqueror. In addition to the enthralling subject matter of the book its exciting illustrations will captivate any boy or adult. *Translated from the German by FRANK BARNES.* Illustrated. $2.50

Galahads and Pussy-cats



by WILHELM SPEYER

This book has been hailed as "the best juvenile published in Germany within the last generation." It is the story of a class in a German boarding school who decide to enlist themselves in the cause of "better treatment for animals," particularly cats. *Translated from the German by MARGARET JUERS.* Illustrated by ZHENYA GAY. $2.50

Think of these as Christmas Gifts

GODS' MAN
A Novel in Wood-cuts
by LYND WARD

This is the first time a novel in wood-cuts has been produced in America by an American artist. In 125 pages Mr. Ward tells a story of compelling power and beauty which can be read as easily as if its pages were in type. It is the story of an artist, his experience with the world of commerce and of women. $3.00

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"Here is a biography, a spiritual and intellectual interpretation which blazes in fine scorn for the sentimental amateurs, the traducers and the lazy scholars of Rabelais, from the most lowly up to Anatole France." WILLIAM SOSKIN, *N. Y. Evening Post. Illustrated.* $3.50

JONATHAN CAPE & HARRISON SMITH
139 East Forty-Sixth Street New York

Pueblo Stories

Indian Stories from the Pueblos. By Frank Applegate. J. B. Lippincott Company. $3.50.

IN his "Stories from the Pueblos" Mr. Applegate has given us a type of Indian tale which, if not unattempted by others, is in this case notable. Here, without any pretense literary or ethnological, the Indian is made to appear as he shows himself to the whites who approach him humanly. Childlike but not childish, honest, bewildered, wise, humorous, and grave, so we meet the Pueblеño, his wife, sweetheart, and hereditary foe; and along with them a few of the white men who figure in his environment, but never to the extent that the white man imagines. In a foreword Witter Bynner calls the book a "homely and vivid record. Bare ... like the bareness of Indians," and pays tribute to its authenticity to a life which Mr. Bynner himself knows too well to be deceived about.

But this does not quite do justice to literary gifts so unobtrusively displayed as occasionally to fail of recognition. Mr. Applegate shows himself naively unfamiliar with the literary convention of story-telling, which is a pity since by his failure to achieve the absolute and compelling form he is due to lose several of the best of his anecdotes. So many of them are precisely the material of the accomplished raconteur that I confidently look to see them turn up in various more sophisticated versions before the winter is over; especially the humorous ones, for Frank Applegate has that rarest of gifts, humor, which endears the subject and leaves him the better loved for being laughed at. Nor would I suggest that within his own genre Mr. Applegate has not succeeded in achieving form, as in the story of the Artists and the Snakes and the initial tale of the Ancestral Eagles. It is in this sketch of what, to the Indians involved, is a serious problem of ancestral rights in natural resources that the author is at his best in subtle, unenvenomed satire. Not the Indian Bureau itself could have composed anything at once so obtuse, so satirically revealing, and so hilariously funny as the letter in answer to Tabo Salukama's urgent request for the return of his ceremonial eagle; and this reviewer has had forty years' experience of what the Indian Bureau can do in that line.

In Hopi Quarrel, as well as elsewhere, when the Indian undertakes to communicate with his white friends in their tongue, the author of "Indian Stories" exhibits an unusual sensitiveness to the rhythms of Indian speech breaking through into the unfamiliar medium. This has been sparingly used, possibly because the curious prejudice of editors against Indian dialect is not unknown to Mr. Applegate. The dialectic Indian version of English is at once more musical and easier to read than either Negro or Yiddish, but it has been so systematically banned by editors that the public has small chance to become acquainted with its quaint amusingness, never any more exactly rendered than in the present instance.

It is when Mr. Applegate attempts to render the myth of the Indian that he leads the reader unfamiliar with the material slightly astray. Of the esoteric myths of the Pueblos there is practically nothing obtainable. Of the exoteric or secular myth there is little that has not been so added to and confused with alien matter that, as quoted by Mr. Applegate, it becomes largely misleading. In the Montezuma story it is not made clear that, as is doubtless well known to Mr. Applegate, the story of Montezuma was never attached to the story of Poseueve or Poseyemo until after the Spanish conquest, by which means the Montezuma story was brought north and in the course of time mixed with the native hero tale of Poseyemo. It should also have been made clear that the story of why the Navaho do not eat fish is merely a

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Pueblo guess at a custom which seemed to them to require explaining. The Navaho themselves have another account of that business, and the ethnologists still another.

It is to be hoped that in a future edition matters of this kind may be cleared in a footnote, since the book as a whole is too freshly drawn and too amusingly true to the quality of tribal-mindedness to be allowed to lapse from the growing literature of the Indian.

MARY AUSTIN

The Harvest of Children's Books

Hitty: Her First Hundred Years. By Rachel Field. Illustrated by Dorothy P. Lathrop. The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

Next to a satisfying union of librettist and composer, the most difficult artistic combination is probably that of author and illustrator. Hitty, a doll who has been invested by her creator, Rachel Field, with a personality which might well be expanded to the proportions of a novel, has been equally fortunate in finding an artist who does her and her adventures ample justice. Although a "doll story" has heretofore been relegated to a predetermined position, Hitty's dignified and animated progress through American scenes in the best traditions of the American grand manner renders her a rare literary personage. She is irresistible, and a live character with pegs in place of muscles.

Italian Fairy Tales. By Capuana. Translated by Dorothy Emmerich. Drawings by Margaret Freeman. E. P. Dutton and Company. $2.50.

It is hard to say when apparent horror has ever been made more amusing and more matter-of-fact. The bloodthirsty characters are redeemed by the most delicious humor and a convincing Italian atmosphere well rendered by the translator.

Herodotus. Edited by Gordon King. Illustrated by Boris Artzybasheff. Doubleday, Doran and Company. $2.50.

In the days of Herodotus tales of history were told or read aloud. Since 425 B. C. oral recitation of history has become more or less a lost art. It is therefore a distinct achievement on the part of Mr. King to have caught and conveyed the freshness which is the peculiar appeal of Herodotus, and which is based partly on his method of presentation and partly on the fact that he wrote from actual observation and reflection rather than from scholarly research.

Three and the Moon. By Jacques Dorey. Illustrated by Boris Artzybasheff. Alfred A. Knopf. $3.50.

These legends of old Brittany, related to the boy Jacques by the Breton spinning-wheel, the Norman armor, and the broken-stringed mandora, are lovely and poetic additions to the stock of folk-tales. Reminiscent of Laurence Housman and Max Beerbohm in their imagery and humor, they are invested by Jacques Dorey with an original and powerful touch which has been superbly understood and interpreted by Artzybasheff.

Galahads and Pussy-Cats. By Wilhelm Speyer. Translated by Margaret Juers. Illustrated by Zhenya Gay. Jonathan Cape and Harrison Smith. $2.50.

In sharp contrast with the dreamy beauty of the French legends is this story of modern German schoolboys. Anything more definitely conveying the Teutonic atmosphere of organization and Spartan training, combined with a deeply sympathetic knowledge of schoolboy psychology, it is difficult to imagine.



For Young People of All Ages

THE TREE NAMED JOHN

By JOHN B. SALE

With 22 silhouettes by JOSEPH C. JONES

This is the story of a little boy who grew up on a Mississippi plantation. He didn't have any white playmates, and his favorite pal was black Henry Po'ter. Henry was an education in all sort of folk magic. Henry told John he had to swallow a blown up fish bladder to learn how to swim, bite off a butterfly's head to get a new suit of clothes, and eat the brains of his first bird to become a powerful hunter.



There was Aunt Betsey, too. She was the one who planted the name tree (every new baby just *had* to have one so he would grow up strong) and who saw to it that John learned his manners and a lot of other useful things, including most of Aunt Betsey's whimsical beliefs.

And around all this some delightful stories—including some wholly original animal fables, as well as the everyday escapades of John and Henry. The silhouette you see at the top illustrates Henry's magnificent sermon at "The Funeral of the Sinful Chicken."

It's an unusual book for the young-minded person, of whatever age. Put it on your list for now and Christmas—give it to youngsters and read it yourself.

$2.00

At bookstores or from

The University of North Carolina Press

Chapel Hill

Where a Booth Tarkington or a Kipling would have reveled in the opportunities for irony in this story of schoolboy feuds with a neighboring town in the interest of better treatment for animals, Herr Speyer has stood aside and allowed dramatic situations and unforgettable personalities to make their own appeals. The delicious humor of the book is the result not only of native wit but of an unusually fine perspective, and the literary style is a thing to be grateful for.

mr. hermit crab. by mimpsy rhys. illustrations by helen sewell. The Macmillan Company. $2.25.

The absence of capitals on the title-page, and the announcement that the book is a tale of children by a child, affect us favorably or otherwise according to our patience and our standards of enjoyment. Once we open the pages, this convulsing presentation of the genus governess and the really astonishing interest of the narrative of Victorian England and of two quarrelsome chums completely captivate us.

The Tree Named John. By John B. Sale. Silhouettes by Joseph Cranston Jones. University of North Carolina Press. $2.

Those who have found in Du Bose Heyward and in Julia Peterkin fresh inspiration for the study of Negro life and superstitions, and who are lovers of Uncle Remus, will welcome this opportunity to present to their children a distinguished addition to Negro folk-lore. The idea of a tree planted in expectation of the birth of a child, and named for him, is beautiful and arresting. The education of that child, largely under the tutelage of Ole Ain' Betsey and Henry Po'ter, and embracing post-graduate courses in the most curious Negro superstitions and in tales of Br'er Rabbit which challenge comparison with those of Joel Chandler Harris, will be of absorbing interest to other children if read aloud. The dialect, to the untrained eye, seems very puzzling, but it is accurate and convincing when sympathetically rendered.

Little Black Stories for Little White Children. Translated from the French of Blaise Cendrars by Margery Bianco, with Illustrations from Original Woodblocks by Pierre Pinsard. Payson and Clarke. $2.

As in the case of the Artzybasheff illustrations, those in this book are indispensable and add greatly to a text whose clarity, humor, and originality are in themselves quite exceptional. The tales might be called the Just So Stories of Africa, but they are briefer and more striking.

Sophie. The Story of a Bad Little Girl. By Madame de Ségur. Translated by Margaret F. Melcher. Illustrated by Maginel Wright Barney. Alfred A. Knopf. $1.75.

Despite the fact that there are now, we are assured, no "bad little girls," only misunderstood or mishandled ones, four-year-old Sophie with her marked talent for getting into trouble remains as convincing today as when she first served silver-polish and water at a forbidden tea-party and bathed the shrinking tortoise in the garden pool. The gay and spirited illustrations by Mrs. Barney present Sophie to us with renewed vitality.

A Child's Geography of the World. By V. M. Hillyer. With Many Maps and Illustrations by Mary Sherwood Wright Jones. The Century Company. $3.50.

Dr. Hillyer's ideas of presenting history and geography, not to mention training in the home, are tried out many times and with many groups of children before they are offered to a public which has learned to look forward to them partly for this very reason. The intimacy of his presentations, his humor



and his versatility, make the appearance of one of his books a decided event.

The Adventures of Tommy. By H. G. Wells. Illustrated in Colors by the Author. Frederick A. Stokes. $2.

H. G. Wells as illustrator and children's author is a combination of roles amusingly played. There is never a hint of the Wells we all know in this tale of the proud rich man searching humbly for a suitable gift for little Tommy.

The White Puppy Book. Text and Illustrations by Cecil Alden. Oxford University Press. $1.25.

The square format of this book and its large clear dog pictures make this an ideal gift-book for very little children. One is at first disappointed with the commonplace device of a rhyming text in prose form, but there is nothing commonplace about the text itself. The book has the same graphic simplicity as "Clever Bill" of blessed memory.

Rootabaga Country. By Carl Sandburg. Illustrated by Peggy Bacon. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.50.

Stories from the well-known "Rootabaga Stories" and "Rootabaga Pigeons" have been collected in this volume and illustrated by Peggy Bacon. Admirers of Sandburg will welcome these selected tales with their new illustrations by an artist who has made a distinctive place for herself in the world of juvenille illustration.

The Burgess Seashore Book for Children. By Thornton W. Burgess. Illustrations by W. H. Southwick and George Sutton. Little, Brown and Company. $3.

This is the fourth volume in the series of which the "Bird Book," the "Animal Book," and the "Flower Book" have already appeared. Mr. Burgess needs no introduction and, with his usual tact, appears to educate his old friends Jimmy Skunk, Reddy Fox, and Danny Meadow Mouse, and not the child who reads the book. This method of painless education has proved popular. Mr. Southwick of the Museum of Natural History and Mr. Sutton, the State Ornithologist of Pennsylvania, have effectively illustrated the book.

The Tangle Coated Horse. By Ella Young. Illustrated by Vera Bock. Longmans, Green and Company. $3.

This collection of episodes from the saga of Fionn, the Irish King Arthur, is full of the glamor of fine folk-lore and has the fascination of a true hero tale. It is told in spirited and poetic prose. Such illustrations as that of Fionn leaning on his spear, appealed to by the outstretched hands of the dead men "who have kept the will to thwart destiny," contribute fittingly to a notable volume.

The Black Buccaneer. By Stephen W. Meader. Illustrated by Mead Schaeffer. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $3.50.

First published in 1920, and since then followed by a host of pirate tales, "The Black Buccaneer" remains outstanding in its field. The thrilling adventures of two boys kidnapped by pirates are brought out vividly by the picturesque characterization of pirates and the period. Mead Schaeffer's illustrations for this new edition are superb.

Blue Ribbon Stories. Edited by Mabel Robinson. D. Appleton and Company. $2.50.

It is a pity that the title "Blue Ribbon," associated in many minds with mayonnaise and horse-racing, should here be used. Dr. Robinson, professor of juvenile fiction-writing at Columbia and herself the author of many books for children, has edited this selection of stories from children's magazines

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A CHILD'S GEOGRAPHY *of the* WORLD

By V. M. HILLYER
Author of "A Child's History of the World," Head Master of the Calvert School of Baltimore.

THE CENTURY CO., 353 Fourth Ave., N. Y.

with the cooperation of her classes. The book is planned to appeal to children of from five to sixteen. This is a difficult undertaking and the result was bound to be uneven; it certainly shows clearly that the standard of the short story in the juvenile world is not so high as that of the children's book. There are some outstanding stories, but on the whole the collection does not appear to be particularly significant.

The Book of Airplanes. By Lieutenant Commander J. W. Iseman and G. G. Jackson. Oxford University Press. $1.

The insatiable demand for books on airplanes continues, and Lieutenant Iseman and Mr. Jackson have here made a welcome contribution to an absorbing subject. Profuse illustrations add to the worth of the book, but the paper and binding are inferior.

This Happened to Me. Stories of Real Girls as Told to Helen Ferris. E. P. Dutton and Company. $2.50.

The confession story has invaded the world of girls' books, but so deftly has Miss Ferris handled her material that she has given it a constructive twist which not only assures girls that "This Happened to Me" (as well as to you) but that "I Cured Myself." Such bogies as shyness, stage-fright, loquacity, comparison of two sisters, fear of ridicule, and many others are discussed and routed by the girls themselves in the light of their own experiences. It is difficult to do justice to a book which makes so wholesome and welcome a contribution to problems more often handled heavily by psychologists and educators.

Carmella Commands. By Walter S. Ball. Illustrated by Frederic Dorr Steele. Harper and Brothers. $2.

Just as, in the case of "This Happened to Me," a woman has interpreted girls' problems from the girls' own points of view, so in "Carmella Commands" Mr. Ball, with equal sympathy and penetration and in a distinguished literary style, has shown them in their relation to modern American conditions. "Carmella Commands," the winner of the Harper prize for the finest juvenile for girls, tells the story of a daughter of Italian immigrants growing up in modern New York, and of the many questions of Americanization, reconciliation of school and home standards, and of domestic and social interests which arise in the life of this young girl. The illustrations of the defiant and resourceful Carmella in her varied situations are clever and pointed.

The Lays of Ancient Rome. By Lord Macaulay. Illustrated by C. A. Cox. Oxford University Press. $3.75.

Horatius, Virginius, and the other purple patches of Roman history immortalized by Macaulay receive renewed tribute in this handsome volume. The book should make Macaulay fashionable again.

Courageous Companions. By Charles J. Finger. Illustrated by James Daugherty. Longmans, Green and Company. $3.

This prize-winning story, victorious in the Longmans-Green contest, is a stirring adventure tale of the period of Magellan. The illustrations are thoroughly in the spirit of the story and the period.

The Pirate of the Gulf. By Rupert Sargent Holland. J. B. Lippincott Company. $2.

Take one magnetic and daring pirate, not a pirate at heart, and turn him over at the end of the story to the service of America instead of to the skull and crossbones; add a "slip of a girl" incredibly cool and courageous for her age and period; mix with a handsome hero who accompanies her through thick and thin—mostly thick; serve with a dash of 1812 and a soupçon of Andrew Jackson, and you have "The Pirate of the Gulf."

The outstanding critics recommend these books



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5 THE SNOW QUEEN. (Ages 5-11.) Katherine Beverly and Elizabeth Ellender illustrated this lovely fairy tale by Hans Christian Andersen with breath-taking beauty and imagery. $2.50.

6 THE STORY OF MR. PUNCH. (Ages 5-12.) Illustrated in full colors by Berta and Elmer Hader. $2.50.

Five out of the ten National Juvenile best sellers are Dutton Books. (So reported by Baker and Taylor and leading bookstores from all parts of the country. . . . Up to this year two out of the last three Newbery Medals have been awarded Dutton Books by the American Library Association as the outstanding contribtuion to children's literature for that year.

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Lincoln's Boy Spy. By Captain Louis Newcome. G. P. Putnam's Sons, $1.75.

Fourteen-year-old boys having broken into print in the "David" and "Deric" stories, it is but fitting that an eighty-one-year-old lad should also receive a hearing. From this vantage point Captain Newcome tells of the days when he was a spy in the service of the Union army, and of the adored Lincoln days when a presidential idol was far more accessible to hero-worshiping youngsters than in our own time of official pomp and circumstance. The simplicity of those times, the thrill of real and personal danger, and slight silhouette additions to our knowledge of Lincoln and Lee make this little book interesting and informal. The fact that the author has not tried to give his book literary distinction naturally detracts somewhat from its interest.

American Folk and Fairy Tales. Selected by Rachel Field. Illustrated by Margaret Freeman. Charles Scribner's Sons. $3.

Hitherto "American folk-lore" has meant, to the general public, Indian and perhaps a few Negro tales. It is, therefore, with a thrill that one realizes how rich our country is in tales which have their roots in a wider literature and are claimed by the Middle West and the South as their own neighborhood property. Nathaniel Hawthorne, Washington Irving, Joel Chandler Harris, James Stephens, Percy MacKaye, George B. Grinnell, and others are impressed into service by Rachel Field to make this first contribution to authentic American mythology. It is a notable and impressive showing, and should inspire additions from parts of the country not treated in this volume. The drawings are good, but the colored illustrations are not in harmony with the spirit or make-up of the book.

The Children's Country. By Kay Burdekin. Illustrated in Color by Beth Krebs Morris. William Morrow and Company. $2.50.

Sophisticated children, familiar with fairy-tale conventions and not too much in love with them, will like this book. It shows the influence on the author of Andersen, Kingsley, and the Irish folk-lore authors, and is the first appearance, to the knowledge of the reviewer, of "tiger tiger burning bright" outside of his own lyric paradise. The children's country, where differences in the sex of children and in the resultant different work for boys and girls are looked upon with amused tolerance by the inhabitants, is pictured with a curious blending of modern standards and Victorian moralizing and in a style which shows a lively imagination and a sense of what is dramatic.

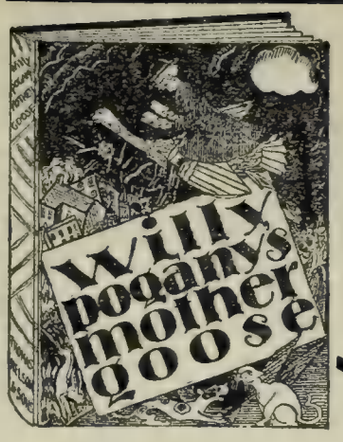
Wild Men of the Wild West. By Edwin L. Sabin. Illustrated by Mabel Pugh. Thomas Y. Crowell Company. $2.50.

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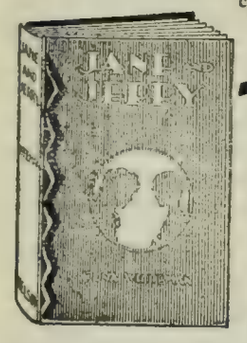
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Fiction in Brief

The Virtue of this Jest. By James Stuart Montgomery. Greenberg. $2.50.

This is a lively, picaresque tale, laid in eighteenth-century London, purporting to be the biography of one Nicholas Swayne (or Swanne) known to the world of letters as Canting Nick, "the Lousy Laureate to the Noble Army of Lossels and Idle Rogues, Past Master in the Frayed Fraternity of Vagabonds, Fellow of the Royal Society of Crack Ropes and Hemp Cheaters, Bachelor of Cant of the Universities of Billingsgate and Newgate." Three citizens, unbeknown to each other, are severally induced by his shrewd mother to acknowledge themselves the father of this little Villon, and through the offices of the most influential of them he is apprenticed early in life to a worthy barber-surgeon. Seduced by the wife of his master, he is forced to flee and eventually drifts into the underworld of beggars, thieves, and highwaymen of the London of that day. Alert, yet cautious, Nick lives by his wits (when not by those of his mistress), playing safe until, on a luckless day, he turns political conspirator not so much because of any devotion for Prince Charles (for whom, indeed, he cares nothing) as by reason of his pride of authorship; for he has all along been a rhymester and now, in addition, becomes pamphleteer extraordinary in the Stuart cause. How nearly he succeeded and how he came to grief along with many better men are the high spots in his career. The author seems easily at home in the London of the time and combines with his historical sense a gift for story-telling and a delightful, ironic style.

East South East. By F. V. Morley. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.50.

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Living. By Henry Green. E. P. Dutton and Company. $2.50.

The first impression of this book is that Mr. Green owes a little to James Joyce; the second impression corrects the first in favor of Gertrude Stein; the final impression denies both of the others and grows into the conviction that the style is the author's own:

> Were tins of pineapple in that shop window and she wondered and languor fell on her like in a mist as when the warm air comes down on cold earth; in images she saw in her heart sun countries, sun, and the infinite ease of warmth.

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Drama

In the English Manner

THE best plays of the last five or six years have been, for the most part, written in a major key. Pieces like "What Price Glory," "They Knew What They Wanted," and "Hell Bent for Heaven" were founded upon passion and violence. So too, of course, were those of Eugene O'Neill, and the American stage was distinguished from that of England or France by the bold directness with which it attacked the problems set by life in the twentieth century. Sometimes, indeed, it has seemed as though it were only here that the younger playwrights had kept their nerve—that those abroad were too afraid of being ridiculous to risk much, and that they took refuge in a delicate ingenuity from the dangers incurred by any one who strives to be important.

Personally, I have always preferred our own method. It seemed to accomplish much and to promise more; for while skill can be acquired, the achievement of a playful technique marks the end of a development, and a school of writers which has learned how to avoid the main issue is not likely to learn much more. But I must confess that this year even our playwrights and producers have chosen the minor mood, and that with the solitary exception of the "Criminal Code" no drama has attempted to reach any high seriousness. Such outstanding importations as "Rope's End" and "Many Waters" belong distinctly to the category of stunt plays. So, too, does "Candle Light," and even Mr. Hopkins turned from the grimness of last years "Machinal" to the delightful but purely artificial extravaganza of "The Commodore Marries." In "Strictly Dishonorable" we have, to be sure, one of the best native comedies seen in years, but go where you will among the theaters and you will find that the aim is not to portray passions but to achieve, through the exercise of ingenuity, either sentiment or fantasy or charm.

It was the production of "Berkeley Square" (Lyceum Theater) which provoked these reflections, for in it we have another stunt play which leaves far behind all major emotions and plays very agreeably indeed with an ingenious fancy. Peter Standish, a young American architect, has inherited, so it seems, an old English house in which one of his ancestors had played an important role. Taking up his residence there he discovers that he can walk back and forth through time, that he can step into the shoes of his ancestor and live the life which that man lived in the eighteenth century. He accepts the challenge of the adventure; he finds himself entering the old drawing-room dressed in the costume of the time but still essentially himself, and he plays the game as well as he can. Much charms but much also shocks him. His knowledge of the future sometimes trips him up, but the platitudes of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries are brilliant epigrams to those around him. He dazzles a statesman by saying that the sun never sets on the British Empire, and he amazes the Duchess of Devonshire with a few epigrams culled from Oscar Wilde. But despite his success he is not really at home. Those ghosts find something terrifying in him just as he finds something unreal in them, and at last he returns to nineteen-twenty-eight carrying with him nothing except the memory of a girl whom he had loved.

Told in this bare outline the story seems preposterous, and indeed it is hardly more than a challenge to the ingenuity of the author, but that challenge he meets amazingly well. The thing is done so easily, so quietly, and with so little machinery that it is as convincing as it needs to be. One is dancing perpetually upon eggs, but the eggs never break and the suspense,

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the sense of a mystery not to be taken quite seriously, never fails. It is light, airy, piquant, and it is played, as it would have to be, almost faultlessly by Leslie Howard, who manages somehow to suggest the delighted bewilderment of the young hero who must appear to be at home in surroundings utterly strange. "Berkeley Square" was written by an American—John Balderston—who has been long resident abroad, and if it were not for his attitude toward his American hero one would swear that the play was English. It is a delightful evening's entertainment. It is novel, expert, intelligent, and ingenious. Moreover, it is written with quiet humor and with just that delicate underemphasis which enables the English to avoid any suggestion of crudity. But the fact remains that it is this tasteful ingenuity rather than any power or penetration, any thought or feeling, that one remembers. It hints at passion, it toys with metaphysics, but it is evident that the playwright is not very much interested in either except as they are devices to be used in making a play. For him the theater is a civilized diversion rather than a means of expression. It is a game to be played with zest and skill and grace, but it is nevertheless a game. And naturally one keeps out of one's plays any problems or conflicts or emotions elemental enough to disturb the even course of the incidents one has devised. Fancy is easily manageable but imagination runs wild. Keep the door of the study shut. A wind from the outside world can play havoc.

At the Greenwich Village Theater the Irish Players have taken up their residence with the avowed intention of presenting a series of plays by O'Casey. Unfortunately their method of playing is such that the lines are not easily understood by an American audience, and I must confess that their first offering, "The Silver Tassie," did not lead me to reverse my opinion that O'Casey's plays have been somewhat overestimated. I find them sensational rather than profound.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

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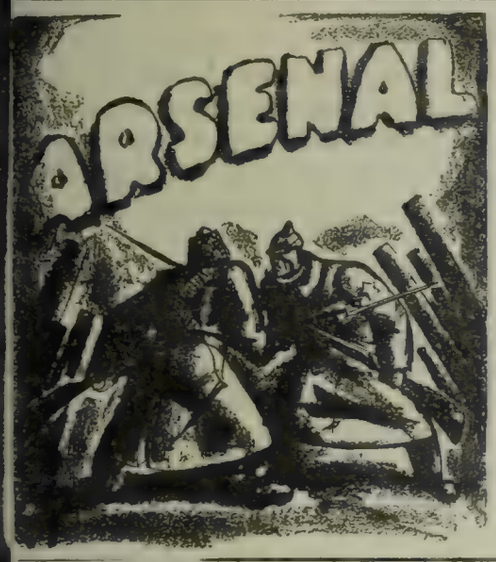
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What Next in Porto Rico?

By LUIS MUÑOZ MARÍN

BECAUSE Porto Rico is fundamentally dependent for the solution of its increasingly grave problems upon the American sense of noblesse oblige, many Porto Ricans have viewed the appointment of Colonel Theodore Roosevelt to the governorship of the island as a promising gesture. For whatever opinions may be held of his abilities, one thing is undebatable: in accepting the governorship of Porto Rico it is to be assumed that Colonel Roosevelt has not accepted a job, but undertaken a task—perhaps a crusade. As a task or a crusade the position may be worth a good deal to him.

There are at present in the island three political parties where there were only two three months ago. The membership of the Alliance Party, hitherto the majority, has been divided between the old and very powerful Unionist Party, under Senator Antonio R. Barcelo's patriarchal leadership, and the followers of Speaker Tous Soto, who still call their organization the Alliance. As a result of the split—which leaves the Unionist Party almost as powerful as the Alliance used to be—the Socialist-Republicans, under Senators Santiago Iglesias and Rafael Martinez Nadal, bid fair to control the legislature from now on.

The Unionist Party has been the traditional majority party and, like its leader, has a strong emotional hold on the electorate. It has always expressed a nationalist feeling, and now that feeling is embodied in an independence plank. The Socialist-Republican Party, a non-doctrinaire organization similar to the British Labor Party, concentrates its attention upon economic rather than political issues. Paramount among these is the land question. The Alliance, though its platform follows closely that of the Unionists, is drawing the money element around it.

But all this, of course, is mere politics, and the new chief executive has already wisely said that he will not concern himself with political issues but will devote his energy to the economic improvement of the Porto Rican people. When he comes to examine the declarations of the various leaders and parties—and in fact of almost everyone—on economic issues, he will find them all in strange agreement. Absentee landlordism must be diminished; the peasants—a large proportion of them—must be sent back to the land as homesteaders; the proletarization of the island—that is, the tendency of the population to divide into two classes, bosses and peons, must be checked.

The governor will hear from sugar men *sotto voce* warnings against any policy which would affect the labor market, but discounting whispers, he will find hardly a dissenting voice to this program. Not a single political leader dares oppose it, whatever his real desires. There can be no doubt that the re-creation of a large independent yeomanry is the will of the people. The reason is not far to seek. Between 1910 and 1920, when the last two censuses were taken, 30 per cent of Porto Rico's farms were wiped out, and 50 per cent of the farms of one to ten acres—the producers of the untabulated food supply. Out of the island's tot area of 2,000,000 acres, one-third is in the hands less than 500 owners, and the soil whose ownership is fantastically concentrated is called upon to support a popul tion that exceeds 400 per square mile. The mass of Port Ricans are landless and must hire themselves out for wag that seldom rise to a dollar a day during the busy seaso and often fall as low as forty cents. With the acreage the island increasingly absorbed by sugar and other expo crops, the recipients of such wages must buy the bulk what they consume in the tariff-tight American marke a market resented even by workers in the United Stat who get five times as much in wages.

This land monopoly need not be attributed to sinist machinations, although sinister machinations are not u known. The corporations and individuals that have bee absorbing the land have paid for it in good money, eve though they may have violated a law of Congress whic they have never been required to respect. The farme have sold their land voluntarily, yielding of course, in so instances, to pressure of circumstances created for the pu pose of inducing them to sell. There is, generally speakin no question of a battle against economic monsters, but of policy to be developed in the interests of the island's soci balance and good health, a policy that will protect t Porto Rican people as much against their own unpremed tated—and quite understandable—impulse to see some read cash as against the tendencies of powerful economic group

What, in tentative outline, would the policy consist o There are in Porto Rico 40,000 farmers who, with the families, make up about 200,000 inhabitants, or 15 per ce of the population. In an agricultural country the smallne of these figures obviously indicates an abnormal soci anatomy. It is conceded that a sound social balance requir that at least half the heads of families in Porto Rico shou attain economic independence from the ownership of lan To achieve this result, 100,000 families must be put in t way of acquiring land in farms of an average of, say, fi acres each—five hundred thousand acres in all. Surely, if has not been considered excessive heretofore for less than 5 entities to own one-third of the land, it cannot be considere excessive for half of the people to own one-fourth of t land.

Exactly how this is to be achieved is, of course, a su ject to be thoroughly studied. The majority leaders, fea ing a stubborn under-cover opposition within their ow ranks, as well as reprisals from Washington, have n deemed it wise to offer a concrete program, and the minori was, until the last election, too far from power to both about it. However, a program along the following lines wi sooner or later have to be adopted.

The insular government still has a borrowing capaci of about ten million dollars out of which a revolving fu could be created for the reclamation of land from the larg holders on the principle of eminent domain and public polic

The big estates need not be broken up but simply shaved. The government can then reapportion the land thus acquired, selling it in small parcels and on easy terms to landless families selected on the basis of size and the literacy of members—a good whip against illiteracy, by the way—and the transaction should have three strings tied to it: (1) That the parcels shall be forever inalienable, except by special act of the legislature; (2) that each favored family shall be required to produce the bulk of its food from its parcel; and (3) that the planting of a minimum acreage of sugar-cane be insured to fill the needs of mills now existing—which represent legitimately invested capital. Sugar is a bitter thing in Porto Rico, and we don't want more of it; but both the rights of invested capital and the perils of a sudden economic transformation require that no policy be undertaken that does not safeguard the industry that produces half of Porto Rico's wealth. The sugar industry should further be protected by government regulation of contracts between the farmers and the mills—a measure justified by the obvious fact that sugar is as much a public utility in Porto Rico as railroads are in the United States. Whatever the details of the policy outlined, Porto Rico would view it, not as class greed or class war, but as social reconstruction.

I have said that such a policy would have the explicit support of all Porto Rican parties and most Porto Rican leaders. Why has nothing been done about it so far? Because the governor of Porto Rico can, by a ruthless use of patronage and election machinery, destroy any party if given sufficient time; because parties don't like to be destroyed; and because no governor so far has let it be known that such a policy, far from drawing reprisals from him, would enlist his cooperation.

This is the opportunity that Porto Rico offers to Colonel Roosevelt. Under his leadership, the political parties that are in agreement *de jure* can be brought to cooperate *de facto* in the sorely needed readjustment of Porto Rico's social organization. It is difficult to see how a commission composed of the party leaders, presided over by the governor and aided by technicians, could fail to evolve a plan on which the governor and the legislature can cooperate to the fundamental betterment of the Porto Rican people. And it is as difficult to see how the Porto Rican leaders whose parties have made frequent and explicit declarations in favor of a wide diffusion of land ownership, can decline to serve on such a commission.

Mr. Louis Fischer, *The Nation's* correspondent for Russia and the East, will lecture in Cleveland on December 3, and will be available for speaking engagements in neighboring cities shortly before or after that date. Address, Box 2214, % *The Nation*.



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THE PRESIDENT'S PLAN for conferences with business leaders and public officials in order to help bring about continued business progress ought not to be regarded as a mere gesture from a badly scared politician to bolster a shaky stock market. Such an interpretation is unjust to Mr. Hoover, who has in times past given abundant evidence of his interest in the problem of business stabilization. His Committee on Recent Economic Changes, it will be remembered, pointed out that "our complex and intricate economic machine can produce, but to keep it producing continuously it must be maintained in balance. . . . Informed leadership is vital to the maintenance of equilibrium." What Mr. Hoover is really trying to do, apparently without knowing it, is to create a Supreme Council of National Economy for the United States, and it will be interesting to see how far he can go in our topsy-turvy capitalistic economy. He is right in wanting a planned economic system. But when he calls for increased construction activity in ship-building, already overbuilt, and raises the stale cry of the stimulation of exports, economists may be pardoned for wondering how far he has really thought the problem out, or indeed how far he is really capable of entertaining important general ideas. Meanwhile we wish him all success in every well-planned move for stabilizing our production, and we commend to his attention the importance of giving study to the question of its distribution.

PUBLIC FINANCE and business stimulation seem to be getting a little mixed in the Administration's program. We have long been solemnly assured that no tax reduction was safely possible, but following the market smash our talented Secretary of the Treasury discovered that income taxes might without difficulty be reduced by $160,000,000—despite the big tax shortage that will be caused by the collapse of security values. A few days later he suggested increasing the public-building appropriation by a quarter of a billion dollars over the coming ten years. Tax reduction under present and prospective conditions is crazy finance, but of course nobody says a word in criticism. There is no justification whatever for lowering federal taxes now except the psychological effect. If the Secretary of the Treasury wants to keep business going and to keep up security values, let him say so.

OUR PURE FEDERAL GOVERNMENT, which finds it impossible to recognize Russia or even to take notice of Soviet aviators flying their way around the world, nevertheless has enough of the old-time Yankee trader in its make-up not to be able to refuse a cash offer for goods from the sons of Belial. Thus the United States Shipping Board, with the approval of the Department of State, has sold the Russians twenty-five steamships for a lump sum of $1,555,000. None of the vessels has been in service within seven years, and the lot was probably destined for the scrap-heap if Russia had not appeared as a buyer. So it is a good horse trade for Uncle Sam. Probably it is also good business for Russia, since the steamships cost only a song—less than $50,000 apiece—and are doubtless good enough for the purpose for which they are destined, the coastwise service. The purchase is significant from the Russian standpoint as marking a step toward the announced policy to develop a strong national merchant marine. Likewise the transaction is significant as indicating how even upright Uncle Sam will compromise his principles if he can make a few dollars thereby.

THE STATUTE OF THE BANK for International Settlements, the text of which, together with the draft of the articles of incorporation, was made public on November 14, appears to conform pretty strictly to the recommendations of the Young committee, but with significant omissions whose effect will be to limit materially the powers originally proposed for the Bank in the field of industry and commerce. The detailed provisions, naturally, cannot well be summarized, but it is important to note that the Baden-Baden committee, notwithstanding Mr. Hoover's announcement that the Federal Reserve system would not be allowed to have any official connection, direct or indirect, with the Bank, have nevertheless so drafted the statute as

not only to provide for Federal Reserve representation in case the opposition of the Administration should be withdrawn, but also to give the Federal Reserve an indirect voice in the management of the institution even if it is not officially represented in the board of directors. Apparently the Federal Reserve system and Mr. Hoover are in for a trial of strength.

MORE DECENT CONDUCT and fewer fine phrases in dealing with Central and South America is what *La Prensa,* the leading journal of Argentina, would like to see on the part of the United States. Commenting upon Mr. Hoover's statement, in his Armistice Day speech, that "fear and distrust still exist among the nations," *La Prensa* remarks that "the constant intervening in Central American relations, the official vigilance over private interests in other countries, the sowing of unrest and discord among these countries which enjoy nothing except 'moral defense,' conspire against the establishment of that confidence which is now predicted for the near future." This was on November 13. The next day *La Prensa* launched another attack on American policy, vigorously arraigning the "unfavorable conditions in contracts, with a consequent diminution of the free exercise of their sovereign rights," which the United States has forced upon Latin-American states. "Although it is true," the Buenos Aires journal continues, that "the acceptance of these conditions" is due to the anxiety of the states to float loans, "the abdication of the victim does not excuse illegal negotiations or remove their illegal character." One wonders if Mr. Hoover, who referred in his speech with evident satisfaction to the friendly spirit in which he made his recent visit to South America, has any realization of the profound distrust and ill feeling toward the United States that are being nurtured in Latin America by the overbearing and lawless policy of the government of which he happens to be the executive head.

TO BE OR NOT TO BE a Socialist is the question that seems to be agitating some of the Socialists of New York City. Dr. John Haynes Holmes, speaking at a "jubilation meeting" of the party on November 17, urged the party to drop its name and sacrifice a part of its program for the sake of drawing to its support the independents and intellectuals such as supported Norman Thomas in the recent mayoralty campaign. There is no doubt that a considerable percentage of the vote that was given to Mr. Thomas represented voters who were not Socialists, and who would never have voted for a Socialist candidate if they had thought there was any real chance that he would be elected, but who took this method of registering their protest against the Republican and Democratic nominees. Thanks to Morris Hillquit, the proposal of Dr. Holmes was emphatically rejected by the Socialists and others present at the meeting; and Mr. Thomas, while agreeing with Mr. Hillquit that the party name was less important than the party principles, ranged himself with those who felt that the individuality of the party ought to be preserved. The action of the meeting, while of course in no sense the action of the party, seems to be from the standpoint of the doctrinaire Socialist entirely sensible. For those who would like to see an effective party of protest whose voting strength will be something to reckon with, the loss of all Socialist votes is a serious matter.

"THOU ART PETER," Jesus said, "and upon this rock I will build my church." And how is this rock split today! Sect quarrels with sect, the Holy Mother Church distrusts all her offspring, the offspring make undignified gestures at their mother and refuse to admit each other as brethren of the same household. Thus we see the Bishop of New York writing a firm letter to the Reverend Karl Reiland, rector of St. George's Episcopal Church, reproaching him for having asked Dr. Henry Sloane Coffin to hold a non-Episcopal communion service in his church. Dr. Coffin's sin, of course, lies in his being a Presbyterian instead of an Episcopal minister. Bishop Manning quotes the letter of the canon law to make it indubitably plain that he is only doing his duty in forbidding the services that Dr. Coffin was to conduct. The latter immediately asked to be excused from the obligation and Dr. Reiland withdrew his invitation to the New York Conference of the Christian Unity League to hold a service at St. George's. There are those who take issue with Bishop Manning, among them Dr. Reiland himself and a group of thirteen Episcopal clergymen who express regret and mortification at the Bishop's action and suggest that the matter be finally determined in the courts. Those who are unkind enough to give a thought to the Cathedral of St. John the Divine, presided over by the Bishop himself, are doubtless a little cranky. But it would surely have been better if Bishop Manning had not talked quite so loudly about the "House of Prayer for All People," while collecting funds for the erection of the episcopal cathedral on Morningside Heights, before he became so meticulously concerned about the strict enforcement of the letter of the canon law.

WHETHER THE UNEASINESS in Mesopotamia is in part a reflection of the troubles in Palestine is not clear. But uneasiness there is—more than for many years, and it culminated in the dramatic suicide, upon the balcony of his own home, of the Prime Minister who had been responsible for the amicable negotiations with Great Britain. Opposition leaders had called him a traitor, the dispatches tell us, and his heart was grieved. But the explanation is hardly convincing. Sir Abdul Muhsin had heard such phrases used before, as has every statesman in the Mussulman world; one is forced to seek other explanations. The original British-Iraq treaty was ratified, back in 1922, by the vote of only 37 of the 100 members of the Assembly—24 voted against it, 8 abstained from voting, and 31 members refused even to attend. Subsequent treaties—and the continuous agitation in Iraq has made it necessary for the British to negotiate new treaties every two or three years—have been ratified by larger majorities; but it is not clear that every change of vote has been purely disinterested. A new series of negotiations had just been completed, resulting in the announcement that Britain was at last ready to conclude her overlordship and to request the League of Nations to admit the Kingdom of Iraq to enter the Geneva body in 1932 as an independent sovereign state. Presumably there were strings attached to that pledge, and perhaps plums attached to the strings, and possibly the discovery of these had much to do with Abdul's suicide. There is likely to be another chapter to the story—and trouble in Iraq, or Egypt, or Palestine, or even in India, means trouble throughout the vast Moslem territory over which the British flag still flies.

Food Ships in War Time

PRESIDENT HOOVER, in his Armistice Day address, advanced the proposal that neutral food ships in time of war be exempt from capture. He connected the proposal with the reduction of armaments, by pointing out that fear of stoppage of food supplies stimulates certain nations to insist on a large navy. He added further that "the time has come when we should remove starvation of women and children from the weapons of warfare." From the reception given to this proposal, one would suppose that the President had made a most radical suggestion. In fact, with a slight qualification the President's proposal is but a restatement of a rule of law two centuries old. Food was never to be contraband and, since 1856, was to be free from capture in a neutral vessel, regardless of ownership, unless directly and exclusively destined for the armed forces of the enemy. The only modification of existing law in the President's proposal is that it might open lawful blockades to an exception for foodstuffs.

There can be nothing but praise for the humanitarian impulse that unquestionably animates Mr. Hoover's proposal. The starvation of non-combatants in the World War was one of the most dreadful features of that ghastly struggle. It was accomplished in no small part by means wholly illegal. Against the illegality of unrestricted submarine warfare President Wilson protested vigorously, and finally carried us into the war on that issue. Against the illegality of the Allied "blockade," which was not a legal blockade in terms of the old international law, he did not protest effectively and the old law of blockade in consequence went by the board. Mr. Hoover would seem to be trying to repair the damage. Every decent human being must wish to prevent the starvation of non-combatants in war time.

But the question is by no means so simple as that, and the proposal cannot be judged purely on humanitarian and legal grounds. Careful though he is to put forward his suggestion only as an idea for discussion, the President cannot divest himself of his office, nor can he forget that the United States, as the most likely food-supplying neutral in a future European war, would be the chief beneficiary of immunity for food ships. Nor can the President blink the fact that as war is now conducted the supplying of food to non-combatants only releases so much more food for the fighting forces. By way of suggesting the practicability of his proposal, he calls attention to the more than two thousand shiploads of food delivered by the Belgian Relief Commission through two rings of blockades under neutral guaranties. What he does not point out is that this food was delivered, not to the Germans, but to the non-combatant population of a Belgium occupied by German armies. Mr. Hoover knows as well as anyone else that the Allies, locked in a death grip with the Central Powers, interfered ruthlessly, albeit illegally, with neutral commerce whenever such commerce promised to help feed the Germans. He knows, moreover, that in any future war a belligerent faced with the same supposed necessity will act in the same way. We are not defending such action; we are pointing it out as a fact. It is futile to try to make war humane by laying down rules. Give belligerents an adequate motive, and they will break the rules.

To us, then, the President's proposal seems wholly divorced from the realities of the situation, and we see little to be gained by its discussion. Assure Great Britain, says Mr. Hoover in effect, of food supplies in war time, and Great Britain will be less insistent on a powerful navy. But is Mr. Hoover so simple as to suppose that in any future war an enemy of Great Britain would lose any possible chance to starve her into submission, agreement or no agreement? If you cannot guarantee the nations against war, you cannot guarantee them against use of any supposedly effective means of waging war. It is highly unfortunate for the President of the United States to put forward an impracticable idea for regulating war, whose practical effect, assuming it put into operation, would probably be chiefly to make large sums of money for American citizens. We cannot see that his proposal is likely either to advance disarmament, as he suggests, or to make any future war less inhumane.

On the other hand, his suggestion is calculated, despite his disavowal, to increase the difficulties of the London conference. Actual military and naval reductions, as things go, wait on the slow process of international agreement. Over and over again the United States has played a lone hand, and Mr. Hoover is continuing that evil tradition in his Armistice Day speech. After all, the United States is in the world, and its President speaks with the necessary authority of his great office. We could wish that there were more evidence of his having thought out all the implications of the policy he suggests and of his having given due consideration to the international and not simply the purely American aspects of that policy. Peace is not to be had without international thinking.

The Duties of a Citizen

ROSIKA SCHWIMMER is not the only woman who has been refused citizenship in the United States because she refused to put herself on record as willing to bear arms in her country's defense. Martha Jane Graber, resident of Ohio, has just been refused naturalization papers by Judge Fred C. Becker of the Court of Common Pleas of Allen County in that State. Miss Graber will carry her case to the United States Supreme Court if necessary; one can only hope that Justice Holmes will not then be obliged to write again one of his famous ironic dissenting opinions.

The testimony in Miss Graber's case should be enlightening to every person fortunate enough to have been born in this country. The Court asked Miss Graber:

> Are you willing to serve in the army, if need be, in time of war?
>
> *A.* I am willing to serve in my profession . . . a registered nurse. . . .
>
> *Q.* Suppose your country saw fit to demand your service in the army in time of war as a combatant, to take part in the war; explain what you would do under such circumstances.
>
> *A.* I would go to the front in my profession.
>
> *Q.* That doesn't answer my question. My question was: Suppose you were called upon to act as a combatant in time of war for the United States, would you fight?
>
> *A.* That would not be professional as a nurse.
>
> *Q.* That doesn't answer the question: Are you willing

to fight for the United States if need be? You understand what is meant by fighting, Miss Graber; I mean to take up arms in defense of the United States if necessary.

A. I cannot kill but I would be willing to give my life.

Q. Do I understand that you mean that you are unwilling to fight for the United States?

A. Do you mean by "fighting," killing?

Q. I do if necessary. Such is war, Miss Graber. . . . The question is as to whether or not in time of war, if need be, you are willing to shed blood in defense of the United States.

A. I said I would be willing to shed my own blood to protect this government.

Q. I am not asking you as to your willingness to shed your own blood; I am asking you as to your willingness to shed the blood of others if need be.

A. I conscientiously could not do that.

Miss Graber went on to explain that she had attended the public schools of Ohio and Kansas, that her brothers and sisters had been naturalized, that none of them had ever "had any difficulty with the United States," that she loved this country and preferred its kind of government to any other, and that she had no connections, property or other, with Germany, the land of her birth. But the judge was not satisfied. He summed up his questions of the petitioner and once more repeated his specific query. Miss Graber replied:

As I said before I could not bear arms; I could not kill; but I am willing to be sacrificed for this country.

The Court. The petition of the applicant will be dismissed.

And dismissed it was. But its dismissal, and its very possible subsequent dismissal in a higher court, ought to make a good many natural-born citizens of the United States, men as well as women, very thoughtful indeed.

Thomas Mann

SEVERAL men have recently been mentioned as possible recipients of the Nobel Prize for Literature, but the announcement that it has been awarded to Thomas Mann should be the occasion of general satisfaction. The years which have passed since the publication in 1901 of his first major work, "Buddenbrooks," have not yet been sufficient to enable us to take the full measure of his greatness, but that greatness is undoubtedly genuine. We are only now beginning to appreciate certain aspects of his genius which were originally revealed before the time was ripe for understanding them.

When "Buddenbrooks" first became known in America it was generally regarded as a contribution to realistic sociological fiction and its author was frequently compared to John Galsworthy. Accordingly, a certain surprise was occasioned here by the appearance of the three gorgeous but sinisterly poetic tales published under the title of "Death in Venice," and this surprise was turned into bewilderment on the publication of "The Magic Mountain"—a novel of unmistakable power but one cast in a wholly new form and tantalizingly elusive in theme. Mann seemed protean and unclassifiable. He seemed to change so often that it was impossible to understand him, yet if one will examine his life and work it will appear that the difficulty lies less in him than in the inability of his critics to divest themselves of expectations and to listen to the new things that he has to say to them.

"Buddenbrooks" was in many respects autobiographical. Mann himself was the grandson of a sturdy burgher who had founded a great commercial fortune, and like the hero of the last section of the novel he had seen that fortune decline while he found himself drawn toward the arts rather than toward commerce. The problem of the book is concerned with the meaning of the process by which civilization and prosperity seem inevitably to produce the artist whose qualities are the very ones least likely to sustain the structure upon which civilization and prosperity rest. It asks, in effect, whether or not this fact proves that the artistic temperament is the result of a kind of decadence, and in so doing it suggests the central theme of Mann's work. In "Death in Venice" he describes with brilliant sympathy the final defeat of mere sensitivity in a world which demands a certain sturdiness as the price of survival; and in "The Magic Mountain" he makes a semi-allegorical tale the occasion for an enormously subtle metaphysical discussion of the predicament of the modern soul, afflicted with a disease of which, perhaps, it ought not to be cured.

In "The Magic Mountain" the problem is seen in its largest aspect. It is no longer merely a question of the decline of a family but of the fate of Western civilization as a whole, and the conflict between the artist and the man of affairs appears as merely one aspect of a conflict between two imperfectly distinguishable groups of spiritual forces. Mankind, like the patients in the Alpine establishment which furnishes the setting for the action, is running a temperature, but the very feverishness of its condition makes it more difficult to evaluate the contradictory ideas and impulses which meet it on every side. It has grown subtle but this very subtlety makes decision more difficult, and it is prone to remain a passive patient who has accepted his temperature chart as the chief object of his interest. The book is brilliantly concrete in its details but it is also an allegory almost inexhaustibly suggestive. Here, under the guise of fiction, is a debate about civilization and one in which the problems are continually stated in fresh terms.

"Buddenbrooks" links Mann with the tradition of Galsworthy and Wells, but he begins, both as an artist and a thinker, where they leave off. He has obviously found both the form and the content of the works produced by their school inadequate, and he has succeeded in creating something new. On the intellectual side his work reveals a shift from politics and sociology in the direction of metaphysics and philosophy; on the formal side a shift from literal realism in the direction of a more highly imaginative method which makes use of acute observation but is not content with mere reproduction. "The Magic Mountain" in particular is an answer to those who have asked for something radically new in fiction because they have felt that sociological realism was played out. It belongs to no established genre and thus, though its author is by no means a young man, the Nobel Prize Committee may be said to have honored one who belongs rather to the future than to the past. Thomas Mann is a prophet, not in the sense that he has predicted future events, but in the sense that he seems to have anticipated the problems and the interests of a time subsequent to that in which he writes.

It Seems to Heywood Broun

THE report of the Carnegie Foundation brings up again the problem of the college athlete and whether he is worthy of his hire. Yet when it comes to football it seems to me that the reformers are moving in precisely the wrong direction. They would have the colleges weed out the pros and semi-pros and leave the game only to students in good standing. And if this is not feasible there are many who roundly declare themselves in favor of abolishing the sport altogether.

That would be a pity, for among outdoor games it ranks second from the spectators' point of view. And if we admit the fact that football is played almost entirely for the spectators we can easily arrive at a new perspective on the problem. By all means let us have college football, but under the regulation that no member of any eleven shall be a bona fide student in good standing. This would end all the evils of which complaint is made. Obviously, it is the man of high intellectual potentiality who is harmed by the sport rather than the youth with no claims to scholarship whatsoever. Many an athlete who has been barred from competition because of falling behind in his studies has continued to do badly even when relieved of the responsibilities of football. In such cases the game was not at fault.

Conditions were better in the so-called bad old days when everybody accepted the tramp athlete without question. He was in college for football only and he resided at the institution which provided the greatest opportunities for glory plus a living wage. As long as this was frankly and freely admitted the situation was above reproach. The demand for simon-pure amateurism has merely served to bring about a hypocritical concealment. In some of our institutions for the higher learning the entire backfield is a bootlegged product. To those who look at the questions realistically it seems simple to hit upon the arrangement that all colleges should be divided up into two groups. There could be those who have come in all reverence to worship knowledge and the other group entirely bent upon gridiron successes. They might well be known as the prayers and the players.

There can be no doubt that the pursuit of knowledge and the pigskin chase are largely incompatible. Many educators have deplored the fact that athletes make poor scholars, while Gil Dobie, the Cornell coach, annually laments the amount of fumbling which is to be found among Phi Beta Kappas. Colleges would do well to recognize this and establish separate departments for sport and study. Let the amateur spirit be preserved in the classroom while football is turned over to well-trained and competent professionals who are unfettered by any other interests.

It will be said that here and there some college has produced a great running back who was also brilliant in his classes. But this ought not to be a matter of pride. Football is such an exacting game that no man can go through a season and give more than a perfunctory amount of attention to his work. I mean his classroom work. The game itself in these modern days is labor of the hardest sort. Accordingly when a good athlete manages to maintain a high academic standing we are faced with the fact that a truly fine talent is being dissipated. A first-rate scholar is far too precious to be risked in any mass play. Conditions should be so arranged that never again need a coach be able to complain: "In the second half I had so many men hurt that I had to play students."

The same folk who invented the comforting fallacy that fish don't feel the hook have also popularized the notion that healthy young men love to meet in vital combat on the gridiron. But every inquiry has tended to prove that college football is not enjoyable to those who compete. The practice is arduous and for the most part deadly dull. In this respect the game differs from other forms of college sport. In baseball, for instance, the candidates for the nine get most of their practice by indulging in scrub contests. The same is true of basketball and hockey. But the college football regular plays precious little football in the course of a season. Once the make-up of the eleven has been fairly well established it is necessary to protect and conserve the more important units in the machine. After the middle of the season almost no scrimmaging is done. Instead there is an endless amount of running through signals and practicing formations in dummy drill. In such endeavor of course there is not the slightest chance of enjoyment for anybody. Football practice is plain drudgery and like all drudgery can be justified only by honest and generous compensation.

I would turn college football over to professional representatives because the game is not well adapted to men of ordinary college age. Injuries would be much less frequent if the average age of the participants were twenty-four or five. A youngster of seventeen or eighteen has no business at all on the football field. His bones are too brittle for such grinding punishment. Even less is the psychic side of football adapted to the frailties of the rising generation. It is monstrous to take a fledgling and put him on exhibition before some eighty thousand spectators. The lad who makes a mistake under such trying circumstances will be pilloried to the millions in the headlines of the newspapers. Fumble Costs Yale the Game, when set in large type, is easily enough to send an impressionable youth into the world maimed and ashamed. Even more deadly is the error of tactics. The quarterback who calls for the wrong play in a moment of stress on the three-yard line will be known to the surrounding countryside as a dumb-bell for the rest of his days. At eighteen such public humiliations are not easily shaken off, and boys ought not to be subjected to them.

But professionals rather more mature might be expected to take such things in their stride. Not one of them, I suppose, could reasonably be expected to die for dear old Rutgers and yet they would give their employers an honest run for their money. The hysterical nature of football excitement would tend to be reduced to normal proportions. Yet there would still be room for reasonable pride in victory. In this utopian day one imagines a Yale alumnus saying to a Harvard companion: "Good team you've got this year." To which the Harvard man might well reply: "It ought to be. We pay them enough."

HEYWOOD BROUN

Wall Street Upside Down

By ALFRED L. BERNHEIM

WHEN trading in securities ended for the day on November 13, the average price of industrial stocks which make up the Dow-Jones index had fallen 182.48 points from the high mark reached on September 3. Over the same period railroad stocks, starting from a level approximately 192 points lower than industrials, had dropped 61.04 points. In terms of percentages, the decline amounted to about 48 per cent in the case of the former class of securities and to about 32 per cent in the case of the latter.

Admitting some uncertainty as to the degree in which these averages, based on a selected list, represent the course of stocks in the aggregate, it is unquestionable that a drastic revaluation of common-stock equities has taken place. The readjustment has been the more spectacular because it has been crowded into such a short space of time. Less than three weeks elapsed from the first severe crash on October 24, and during this period the exchanges were not even working full time.

The recovery from the lowest prices which occurred on November 14 and 15, though marked, has not appreciably made up previous losses. Whether it will be immediately extended it is difficult to say. Wall Street opinion is, however, unanimous in decrying the possibility of a broad "bull" market for at least several months to come; and almost equally concurrent is the opinion that a repetition of the demoralized selling that characterized most of the trading days between Octoer 24 and November 13 is highly improbable. What is generally expected is a recession in the volume of business, accompanied by a narrowing of daily price fluctuations and a gradual and orderly further readjustment of prices of common stocks to present yields and earnings, modified by prospects for the reasonably immediate future.

Attempts to account for the crash of 1929 have been many and varied. That the Federal Reserve Board failed to exercise adequate control, or was not constituted so that it might exercise it; that the recalcitrant senators in Washington destroyed confidence by obstructing tariff legislation; that the bankers wanted to shake the public out of its holdings so that they could acquire them themselves at lower levels; that "a powerful bear clique" raided the market; that an unwholesome proportion of credit was being absorbed in speculation and had to be released; that the investment trusts were responsible; that the bankers had dumped a huge mass of "undigested" securities on the public; that prices had been driven up beyond all reason through lack of judgment and a false sense of security in the endless continuation of prosperity at an accelerating pace, thereby creating an unhealthy technical condition that had to be corrected—these and still other explanations, ranging from plausible to palpably absurd, have been offered by stock-market apologists.

The most widely voiced and most widely accepted opinion, however, is that the break was caused by the maladjustment between prices of common stocks and their investment value, and was not brought about by a credit stringency or a business recession; in other words, that it was the "internal" conditions of the security exchanges and not the "external" conditions of the world of business and finance that were responsible. This seems, in the main, correct, though we should bear in mind that the business situation did offer an excuse for a reversal in the stock-market trend. Witness, for example, the *Annalist* index of business activity which declined with but one interruption from May to October, and which for the first time since August, 1928, is now below the index of the corresponding month of the preceding year.

What the investment value of a common stock is, and what the proper relationship is between its market price and, say, its book value, or its dividend rate, or its earning power, is anybody's guess. But we do not need a precise yardstick to determine—especially in retrospect—that by any measure of value prices of many common stocks had reached levels that were not justified by existing conditions or by a sober appraisal of the immediate future. An unsound situation of immense proportions had been built up. A break had to come sooner or later, and when it came it found the market unable to cope with the selling pressure in an orderly manner.

If we are to believe that the stock market is an accurate barometer of changes in the business atmosphere, then there must be a spell of dirty weather in the offing. But whatever barometric virtues the market may have had in the past—and I doubt if they were ever as great as is often imputed—they have been pretty thoroughly dissipated in recent years. The Coolidge-Mellon "bull" market did herald a period of corporate prosperity, but corporate profits, substantial as they were, fell decidedly short of the promise held forth by the rise of security prices. The Hoover-Mellon "bear" market seems, by every indication, an equally fantastic prognosticator of the business trend during the coming year.

Yet, if there is little justification for the belief that the country is about to plunge into a period of depression, there is no greater justification for that which holds that the tempest will scarcely ruffle the surface of prosperity. While advancing security prices do not, in a fundamental sense, create wealth, and declining prices do not destroy it, yet not only speculators but investors as well expand their purchases when the market points upward and contract them when the reverse condition prevails. Even when losses are only of the paper variety and when dividend returns continue unchanged a feeling of poverty is created.

I do not know how many people are interested in common stocks, but their number, although small in proportion to the total population, certainly represents a group to be reckoned with. Consumer-ownership and employee-ownership campaigns and the widespread propaganda in favor of common stocks as investments have greatly expanded stockholders' rolls during recent years. In 1919 the American Telephone and Telegraph Company had about 120,000 registered stockholders. In October, 1929, it had about 455,000. Whether it is wise or unwise for "widows and orphans," small-salaried men and women and wage-earners to invest

their savings in common stocks, whether margin buying is immoral or not, it is none the less a fact that when several million people simultaneously reduce their purchases, industry is certain to feel the effect. It is of course the "luxury trades" that are first hit, but some recession is bound to come in many other lines.

The "psychology of the situation" is a real, though intangible, factor. Fear of hard times, uncertainty, loss of faith in the continuation of prosperity do much to create the difficulties we would avoid. There are, to be sure, bright spots which have been pointed out by all commentators. We are in a better condition today to recover from the stock crash than if it had occurred at any previous time. The recession in business should be comparatively mild and comparatively of short duration, but we are not going to be let off scot-free by any means—all the optimistic propaganda offered for public consumption notwithstanding. And the innocent bystander, in no wise responsible for the stock market's gyrations, is, unfortunately, going to take his full share of whatever financial punishment is going to be meted out.

Deflation does not occur unless there has previously been inflation. Whatever troubles may be in store for us can be laid at the doors of those who aided and abetted the late lamented "bull market"—in particular the visionless, leaderless, opportunist banking fraternity and those who ran its ballyhoo.

Russia from a Car Window

IV. The Unfolding of a Great Drama*

By OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

I. What Stalin Claims

HOW is it progressing, this mightiest of dramas in the land of the Soviets? The second act is well under way; it nears its end. Are the Bolsheviks winning against time itself? Of the contending forces within their own ranks, are those controlling whose motto is communism *über Alles*, or those who would place speed of industrialization above all else?

Stalin himself has just answered the first question, on the occasion of the twelfth anniversary of the founding of the Soviet regime, in a three-column article.

> Today [he says] we are attacking capitalism all along the line and defeating it. Without foreign capital we are accomplishing the unprecedented feat of building up heavy industry in a backward country. This year our capital investment in industry will amount to 3,500,000,000 rubles (about $1,750,000,000). We have won the peasant masses—the "middle" peasants—to collective farming, and in two or three years we shall be one of the greatest, if not the greatest, grain-producing country in the world. With giant strides we move toward Lenin's aims—industrialization, electrification, and mechanization. . . . And then, when we have industrialized the Union of Socialist Soviet Republics, and set the mujik to driving tractors, let the honorable capitalists, with their "civilization," try to outstrip us. Then we shall see which country can be called backward, and which the vanguard of human progress.

Thus, the leader of the Russia of today. He can well afford to crow at present, whatever the future may bring forth; for there is considerable basis for his claim of remarkable achievement. Moreover, his wing has smothered its antagonists within the Communist Party, not only by forcible repression, but because they have speeded up industrialization so that his opponents can no longer assert with truth that Lenin's program is not being sufficiently hurried.

If one can believe the official figures the Bolsheviks, though still cut off from much of the rest of the world, are surprising even themselves by their achievements. Every office-holder with whom the members of the American-Russian Chamber of Commerce delegation talked last summer was armed with endless figures to prove that his branch of industry or his unit of the government was far ahead of the program of accomplishment set for them. In this attitude they differed not a whit from any American official. In thirty-two years I have not met one of our office-holders who was not certain that he was a complete success in his job, that his official rulings and decisions were beyond all question wise and just. In Russia there is, of course, an obvious reason why no pessimism would be tolerated from a Soviet official, especially when talking to foreigners. In only a few cases were there admissions that the state's relations to the rich peasants are badly strained, and that agriculture, or private enterprise, or some branch of industry is not up to what was expected of it.

II. Are the Figures Trustworthy?

Shall one or shall one not believe official figures? There is no more vital question for the unbiased observer in Russia. The anti-Bolshevik scoffs at the idea; the statistics, he says, are all cooked up to suit. When I insisted to a group of Moscow gentlemen, constituting the staff of the leading commercial daily, that the official statistics were colored and untrustworthy, they were deeply stirred. They assured me that they were all trained economists; that it was their business to examine official claims and to check up on them, and that they were entirely free to comment in their daily as they saw fit upon the results of their tests. They insisted that they had complete liberty to criticize any functioning of the administrative machine; that they frequently printed editorials criticizing the government; that it would not be possible for the government to deceive them. It could not, for example, lie about its trade with the United States, for its figures could be tested by the official American reports. They were too genuinely hurt and stirred—almost to anger—by my suggestion to be else than sincere. Yet somehow a doubt remains with me, perhaps because of my long experience with American officialdom and its reports.

* This is the fourth of a series of six articles. The fifth will appear in our next issue.—Editor The Nation.

By that I do not mean to imply deliberate distortion; I fear rather the rosy-colored vision of each official's achievement which he reports to his immediate superior.

But comparing the figures given to us in Russia last summer with those that have been coming out of Russia since our return, the newest ones are even more optimistic and astounding. They are transmitted with the approval and, in some cases, complete confidence of the American press representatives in Moscow. For example, here are the preliminary estimates for the fiscal year from October 1, 1929, to September 30, 1930. They show that the federal budget has been jumped from eight billion to ten billion rubles; that industrial production last year increased 24 per cent instead of 21.4 per cent as planned. Labor productivity and wages are shown to have risen according to plan, and agriculture has done much better than expected. Only in improvement of the quality of goods and of first costs have the budget forecasts of last year not been attained. Under the original draft of the five-year plan the increased industrial production was to have been 20 per cent for the coming fiscal year; instead it has now been raised to between 32 per cent and 35 per cent. Instead of a capital investment of 3,500,000,000 rubles, as Stalin announces, the investment during the coming year is to be double that amount.

III. The Soviets and the Peasants

What is the basis for Stalin's claim that the peasants have been won over? In the first place, despite what is really a war with the dissatisfied peasants, grain collections this fall already amount to more than eleven million tons, which is 10 per cent more than last year's total, and there are reports still to come, for the collection is not complete. More important than that, the Bolshevik figures assert that in European Russia and Siberia the 800,000 hectares (1,976,000 acres) of state farms have grown in 1928-29 to more than 5,500,000 hectares (13,585,000 acres). Next year, it is prophesied, there will be eight million hectares. Whereas the five-year plan called for 36,000 collective farms in 1929, there are instead 57,000. From the Ukraine comes the amazing word that the goal of 1,300,000 hectares of state farms provided under the five-year program has already been reached in the second year of the series; that collective farms scheduled to reach 3,400,000 hectares already total 5,600,000 hectares. Walter Duranty of the New York *Times* quotes with approval the declaration of the Ukrainian Commissar of Land that "what is going on is not agrarian reform but agrarian revolution," and that "when the five-year plan began we talked of a socialized fraction or percentage to be compared with individual farming. Now we reckon them side by side. Tomorrow we shall talk of an individual fraction compared with socialized farming." This is so extraordinary as to suggest the miraculous, especially in view of the reports of wholesale executions of kulaks on charges of arson and murder. Mr. Duranty says truly that it is "a veritable earthquake which is standing the whole country on its head"; "it is a battle more vital to humanity than Gettysburg or Verdun."

Writing from a remote Russian village in September last, Sherwood Eddy, who has just been making his annual trip to Russia, reports thus:

> The process of (agricultural) socialization is going on at terrific speed, and at present it looks as if it would succeed. . . . We heard individual peasants bitterly complaining of hard times, heavy taxes, and seizures of grain, but always admitting that at worst they are far better off than under the unforgotten oppression of czarism. We heard the members of the collectives telling of their privileges, lightened taxes, modern machinery, larger crops, and increase of personal comforts and a higher standard of living. The revolution is now on in full force in the villages, as it was a decade ago in the cities.

Whatever is reported, from whatever source, as to agricultural progress, it must never be forgotten by American readers that the figures cited connote an enormous amount of suffering and heartbreak. For generations these tillers of the soil coveted and craved the land they worked for absentee landlords. Then the revolution gave them their hearts' desire, and now, only twelve years later, it is being taken away from them again, and they are being herded into the new rural centers which are, as Mr. Eddy suggests, rendered more palatable by such things as radios, a school, perhaps a church, a hospital, a dispensary, workers' clubs, and amateur theatricals. But it is impossible to believe that the peasant will willingly change from the status of small owner to that of an employee of the state.

IV. The Astounding Industrial Progress

Turning to the industrial field, here are some of the official statements of progress: In 1926-27 the total industrial production of Russia was 105.4 per cent as compared with pre-war figures; for 1927-28 it was 111.5 per cent. The iron industry is still well behind pre-war figures with 66.5 per cent, with metallurgical products at 85.2 per cent. Sugar lagged, with only 69 per cent of the 1913 production, but cotton has nearly reached par with 94.5 per cent. Coal and oil are the banner industries, the former being credited with 128.4 per cent and oil with 110.6 per cent—the latter a remarkable achievement in view of the damage done in the oil fields in the world and civil wars. In the Ukraine the total industrial product rose in the four years from 1924-25 to 1927-28 from 1,568,000,000 rubles to 3,042,000,000, almost doubling. Prior to the war, in the city and province of Leningrad the total industrial output was valued at 907,000,000 rubles; today the figure is 1,045,000,000. Despite a decrease in the average working day from 9.5 hours to 7.6 hours, the average productivity of labor has increased 35.7 per cent in this province. Since 1924-25, 500,000,000 rubles have been invested in Leningrad's industries, of which 413,000,000 were expended in building new and reconstructing old plants, the cost of the Volkhov Hydro-Electric Power Station, nearly 94,000,000 rubles, not being included. Finally, the port of Leningrad had a freight turnover of 283,000,000 tons in 1927-28, practically the pre-war figure despite the disappearance of the grain-export trade which was very large before 1914.

Turning to the South, in the Tartar Republic the increase of acreage under cultivation runs 11 per cent above the highest pre-war level; cattle are 19.5 per cent above, and sheep 21 per cent. The total value of pre-war agricultural products was 95,000,000 rubles; today it is 120,000,000. Still more remarkable, in the last three years the total value of industrial products has risen 94.2 per cent, and the number of workers has increased 47.8 per cent. Whereas before the war Tartars were not allowed to work in any factory, today there are five thousand in industrial pur-

suits. Only in the little German Volga Republic was there an admission made to us last summer that the agricultural pre-war status had not been regained. The head of the local Soviet claimed only 85 per cent of the pre-war output. It is from this little republic that seven thousand unhappy Germans are just now emigrating to Canada with probably more to follow.

Turning to the railroads, there were only 4,600 serviceable locomotives out of 14,500 at the close of the civil war, and 215,000 freight cars out of 537,000, while the total railway mileage had fallen from 53,290 kilometers to 28,655, because of the great loss of territory and temporary abandonment of some mileage. Today there are 77,000 kilometers, or 48,125 miles of railway line in actual use, a considerable increase over pre-war mileage, and "several thousand kilometers" are being constructed every year. Freight cars and locomotives are rapidly exceeding in numbers the pre-war figure, and the number of the former under repair, according to Charles Muchnic, a vice-president of the American Locomotive Company, is only about 14.5 per cent. This, like the entire operating ratio, compares very favorably, he says, with similar figures of American railroads. Gross revenues have increased from $321,000,000 in 1924-25 to $950,000,000 in 1928-29.

V. The Growth of Population

Finally, as to the movements of population, Leningrad, which had 1,905,589 inhabitants before the war, sank to 722,000 at the end of the civil war, so great was the mortality and the exodus from that stricken city. At the end of 1928 it was within 85,000 of the pre-war figure. The pre-war population of Moscow was 1,359,254; in 1928 its inhabitants numbered 2,025,947. Kharkov, the capital of the Ukraine, has increased its population two and one-half times since its streets ceased to run with blood. Nizhni Novgorod has doubled its population within the last eight years; the oil town of Grosny has grown from 30,000 to 115,000 persons, and so it goes. The cities, of course, must grow because every year hordes of Russians leave the farms which can no longer maintain them. There was always a large army of seasonal farm workers who returned to the cities; these have also become city dwellers. Moreover, as I have already pointed out, there is an annual increase of three and one-half million people whom the land cannot support, even in part, unless there is an enormous enlargement of the acreage under cultivation and greatly improved methods of production.

Thus the picture, officially given, of the status while the country is truly being stood on its head for the sake of the five-year program. During the short period of five years the colossal sum of 64,600,000,000 rubles is being wrung out of the labor of these poor, long-suffering people. Americans who have not visited Russia cannot, I suppose, visualize what it means to take 38 per cent out of the total national income and invest it in new plants and new agricultural enterprises during the year 1927-28; in the next five years the figures are to run to 42, 43, 45, 46, and 48 per cent—the last nearly half the total income. This is something never before attempted in any state. It means that the entire Russian people must submit to tremendous hardships and suffering, that they will be held down to the barest existence possible until dividends from this unparalleled investment begin to be distributed and their iron-willed and iron-handed rulers permit them to enjoy those dividends. Already there are many white-collar workers who are perilously near the point where they do not get enough to eat, and the entire country suffers from the very high cost of living—a cost fixed by the rulers in the Kremlin.

VI. Can the People Hold Out?

Can the people endure these terrific hardships that this enforced industrialization carries with it, hardships that will make the greatest possible demand upon their mental as well as their material resources? For the sake of their objective, to them a sacred one, the leaders are willing that there should be vast suffering; that hundreds and thousands should die before the firing squads, and that other thousands should go to Siberia. Many foreign observers declare that it is not possible, either technically or physically, to put through the five-year program; nor can it be obtained, these critics maintain, from a people many of whom do not now see meat for weeks at a time and are without the means to supply adequate substitutes. They feel that the entire program calls for an immediate change of human nature, as well as for endurance beyond the powers of even the Russians. But the leaders are unshaken in their faith; like Mussolini, they believe that the individual must subordinate his welfare to the state, or rather to a state program which they, like Mussolini, have drawn up.

The chances are on the side of the Kremlin; if there were no firing squad the Russian masses would still have to yield. There is no other group to which to turn, and no possibility of successful new leadership within themselves—no alternative except economic chaos, which is, of course, not impossible. Anglo-Saxons, my fellow-travelers said, would never thus submit, not even had they been illiterate slaves of the knout for centuries. Perhaps not. But the Bolsheviks know their people and their limitless capacity for suffering and starving, and they are banking upon it. They recall with what dogged clinging to life those who survived the famine on the Volga came through that dreadful experience. They believe that they know how far they can go; how long they can keep up their present rationing of bread, and soap, and textiles, and how long they can deprive the people of many of their own special products in order to create abroad those eagerly desired credits. They are relying also upon their creation of a spirit in a people which we in 1917-18 called the "victorious war psychology," the liberty-loan-campaign spirit, the demand that Americans should "give till it hurts." Their annual domestic loans of 500,000,000 rubles are forced out of their scantily paid workers with all the terminology of our own war-time drives. What can the worker do about it? Life he knows is bitter hard; he can only hope that it will not last forever. A prisoner in his own land—for he cannot get a passport to leave—what alternative is there? He must bear it, recalling for consolation that things were worse during the war and that at least his comrades are not now dying in the trenches by the hundred thousand as they were before the Bolsheviks took charge.

Meanwhile the eyes of Stalin and his associates are fastened on their goal, and toward its realization their whole drama progresses—at a speed, they are certain, that no highly capitalized and individualized nation could possibly approach.

Prosperity—Believe It or Not
IV. Workers and Owners*

By STUART CHASE

I. White-Collar Shares

WE come now to a consideration of the prosperity of the class to which I have the honor to belong. The middle class is an ambiguous group, neither fish, flesh, nor fowl. We comprise everybody who is not a farmer, a manual laborer, or a capitalist. We include three main subdivisions: Clerks, superintendents, under-executives—the "white-collar" workers, storekeepers, and merchants (except merchant princes); professional people—doctors, lawyers, engineers, artists, writers, teachers, newspapermen, politicians, actors, musicians. In the first and third category fall most government employees, a tremendous group in itself, comprising more than a million persons.

Some of us are very well-to-do indeed. Certain lawyers, doctors, engineers, writers, actors—even a painter or two—make their $100,000 and more a year. The great bulk of us receive less than $5,000 a year. When we achieve $12,000 or so, we are beginning, in a pecuniary economy, to edge out of the middle class altogether. It is interesting to note that our class has been receiving an increasing share of the national income in recent years. Our *numbers* are growing faster than those of the working class. White-collar jobs, particularly in distribution, have been on the increase for many years. More and more people are being employed in the great American vocation of finding markets and shattering sales resistance. Mr. Julius Klein of the United States Department of Commerce computes a waste in distribution methods today totaling ten billions a year. It takes a lot of man power to waste ten billion dollars.

The increase in white-collar jobs, furthermore, has been zealously nourished not only by distribution costs and wastes, but by well-meaning mothers. How many thousands of women have scrimped and saved in order that the boys might have advantages which the mister never had? And how much of that devoted toil, under 1929 conditions, is love's labor lost? In many cities today a bank clerk earns about $31 a week. A plumber is getting $46. "The white-collar ideal is one of the most vicious things in our civilization," says Professor Harry D. Kitson of Columbia; . . . "so far as actual opportunity for advancement goes, the man doing manual labor is much better off."

That the middle-class professions are not all growing rich is clearly shown by this chart of average annual incomes:

Banking (per employee)	$2,179
Government service	1,585
Merchandising (per employee)	1,315
Clergymen	735
Teachers, county schools, Middle Atlantic States	870
Teachers, village schools	1,244
Teachers, high school, Middletown	1,575
Bank tellers, Middletown	1,800
Young clerks, department store, Middletown	$ 520
Seasoned clerks, department store, Middletown	1,800
Male clerks, men's furnishings, Middletown	1,800
Mayor of Middletown	3,000
City Attorney of Middletown	3,000
City Judge of Middletown	2,100

I profoundly doubt if we so-called brain workers average much more than $2,000—even including the $100,000-a-year professional celebrities. As a group we average below skilled manual labor, but somewhat above the average for the whole working class.

Consider the university professor. He is widely held to have the largest brain capacity of any of us. He receives more money than most of the middle class. But it takes him, if he is lucky, about fourteen years to become an associate professor at $4,000; and another eleven years to become a full professor at $7,000. One-third of the faculty of the University of California are now working throughout their summer vacations in order to balance their budgets. Many able scholars and scientists find it impossible to balance them at all. They leave the university for business, and become corporation research men, technical advisers, higher executives. They gain in income; business gains in profits, but the nation loses able and impartial scientists.

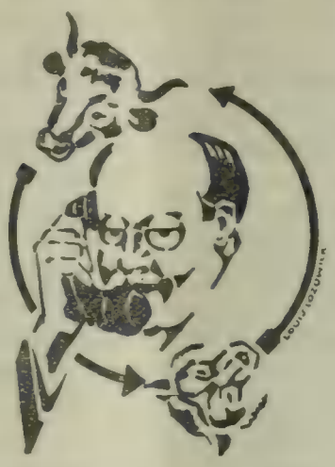
To make matters worse, the professor, together with all the upper ranks of the middle class, is expected to keep abreast of the Joneses. For this reason, James Truslow Adams believes that the professional man is worse off than he used to be. He calls the phenomenon "prosperity without peace of mind." To bring Mr. Adams into the world cost $100. To bring a baby into the same social stratum today costs $1,500. His family when he was a boy rented a dignified spacious New York house for $1,200 a year. Today one must pay as much for an eleven-by-fourteen room with a folding wall bed and a cooking shelf, in a "good" apartment house.

Consider the independent storekeepers. In the United States there are 750,000 of them doing a business of less than $25,000 a year. In one recent survey more than a third of the retailers in a large city were doing a total business of less than $7 a day! Meanwhile they are under pressure from four directions. Chain stores, department stores, mail-order houses, and the automobile are all pushing them hard. All have been moving upward faster than population, taking an increasing share of the total volume of retail trade, which now aggregates about forty billions a year. The motor car takes away the village storekeeper's trade by giving customers easy transportation to the nearest town, where stocks are larger, bargains more frequent.

The menace of the chain store to the independent retailer is undeniable, but late reports (1929) show the chains locked in sanguinary competitive struggles among themselves, with overhead costs tending to absorb their purchasing economies. Again, competition from chain or department stores

* This is the fourth of a series of seven articles on American Prosperity. The fifth will appear in the issue of December 11.—Editor The Nation.

is not necessarily the inciting cause to the collapse of a given retailer. In a recent study of 500 grocery-store failures, 65 per cent were due to inexperience, 17 per cent to character breakdown, 17 per cent to fire, flood, robbery, or sickness, and only 1.4 per cent to competition. Indeed, the plight of the storekeeper is something like that of the farmer. He also carries on a very ancient vocation. He also is drawn to it because of the independence it offers, the freedom from domination by a boss. His outlook, his traditions, his culture (in the anthropological sense) are also shattered by the new techniques of the age of prosperity. Heretofore it has been his pleasure to give his customers what they came in and asked for. He must adapt himself to high-pressure selling. He is baffled and bewildered under the compulsion to make them buy what they do not want. Not only storekeepers, but all the middle class is bewildered by the new necessity to find a market for its services. We professional people have been habituated to the world's coming to us, asking for the use of our brains, the product of our technical skill. Now we have to use high-pressure methods, too—from the doctors' split-fee racket, the lawyers' front-page publicity, to the parsons' boiler-plated mottoes, cards, and snappy signs for the church lawn.



It all comes under the head of window dressing, even as with the shopkeeper. The more up and coming among us frequently enjoy it, and augment their income to lordly proportions. But with most of us it is alien to our temperament, subversive and destructive to the professional way of life. On the whole, I am not encouraged about the prosperity of my class—either material or spiritual.

II. The Owners

There are from four to six times as many millionaires in the United States today as there were in 1914.* In 1927 283 persons paid taxes on annual incomes in excess of $1,000,000—ten of them on incomes in excess of $5,000,000. In 1924 only 75 persons were in the million-dollar-income class. If we take $10,000 as roughly the gateway to the owner class, its numbers and its income (as reported to the government) stand as follows:

Income Class	*No. of persons*	*Total Net income*	*Average per taxpayer*
$10,000 to $25.000...	250,455	$3,726,099,000	$14,900
$25,000 to $100.000..	82,334	3,571,123,000	43,400
$100,000 to $1,000,000	10,784	2,222,337,000	206,100
Over $1,000,000.....	283	586,256,000	2,071,600
Over $10,000.....	343,856	$10,105,815,000	$29,400
$5,000 to $10,000....	543,509	3,759,149,000	6,900
Under $5,000.....	3,234,877	8,708,354,000	2,700
Grand total.....	4,122,242	$22,573,318,000	$5,500

Some 350,000 persons in the United States in 1927 had an income of $10,000 or more. Constituting one-half of one per cent of the adult population, they received over ten billion dollars, or about 12 per cent of the national income that year. In the ranks, however, are thousands of well-paid professional people whom we have already assigned to the middle class, for the reason that they work rather than own for a living. When we step up to the $25,000 and higher income groups, we probably drain out the bulk of the professional workers.

Just over 11,000 Americans have $100,000 or more to spend a year, while 283 citizens at the upper reaches of the pyramid do the best they may on an average of a little more than $2,000,000 a year. The ten at the very top have $88,995,242 to be disposed of between them. In 1927 it was estimated at Washington that we were blessed with 15,000 millionaires. That estimate is probably conservative. I would guess there are at least 20,000 today. A study of million-dollar incomes made in 1924 revealed the following sources of revenue. Notice that the great owners are above all else stock owners. Most of their capital gains are probably stock transactions. What they receive from rent and interest is insignificant in comparison, while only 2 per cent comes from personal effort as reflected in salaries.

	Per cent
Dividends	54.0
Capital gains	26.6
Interest	5.8
Partnerships	5.4
Rentals	2.4
Salaries	2.1
Miscellaneous	3.7
	100.0

The income taxes paid by some owners reached astounding proportions. These are taxes, remember, not income—which must be three or four times as great. The figures are for 1924—the last year in which the Treasury Department revealed names:

John D. Rockefeller, Jr.	$6,278,000
Henry Ford	2,609,000
Edsel Ford	2,158,000
Andrew W. Mellon	1,883,000
Payne Whitney	1,677,000
Edward S. Harkness	1,532,000
R. B. Mellon	1,181,000
Anna B. Harkness	1,062,000
Mrs. H. E. Dodge	993,000
F. W. Vanderbilt	793,000
George F. Baker	792,000
Thomas F. Ryan	792,000
Edward J. Berwind	722,000
Vincent Astor	643,000

Yes, some of us are very prosperous; indecently and devastatingly prosperous. Before we begin a full-fledged Marxian lamentation, however, we must again call to mind Dr. Copeland's figures. The rich, up to a few years ago at least, were not becoming relatively richer. In 1918, the top 10 per cent of the population took 33.1 per cent of the national income. In 1926, they took 32.9 per cent. While no national figures are available for the years since then, I suspect that with the booming stock market of 1928 and 1929, owners of large blocks of common shares had so improved their position that up to October 24 last, the top 10 per cent were taking a relatively larger share of the nation's

* J. E. Edgerton, president National Association of Manufacturers.

principal, if not of its income. Today (November 6) with some 50 billion of paper profits wrung out of the stock market, they are probably back to normal.

Market quotations at the crest of the boom had ceased, in many cases, to bear any tangible relationship whatever to the actual earnings of the underlying corporations. In 1929, for instance, quotations for a group of utilities increased 100 per cent over a like period in 1928, while actual earnings increased only 12 per cent. As Mr. Babson pointed out, 2 per cent stocks could not take preference over 5 per cent bonds indefinitely. The day of reckoning was bound to come —and it came, even as in Florida. All classes have suffered. A friend of mine told me he saved the margins of his chauffeur, his gardener, his bookkeeper, and his stenographer, on the morning after. The owners have taken the severest of the paper shrinkage, but the clerk, the plumber, and even the bootblack have lost the actual cash. The immemorial tragicomedy of the shorn lamb repeats itself. When the final curtain rings down, it will not be the owning class—buying in at bargain prices—which will have suffered.

There is of course the chance that this explosion of a balloon composed solely of speculative optimism will set psychological fears in motion which, spiraling downward, will attack the solid corpus of commercial prosperity itself. There is no reason for it; there is no sense at all in it; but then, there is not very much sense in the whole gorgeous panorama of the credit structure—as some half million of shorn lambs are now painfully realizing.

Still another way to appraise the share of the owners is to take what "Recent Economic Changes" calls "fixed-money income." The Treasury Department somewhat more bluntly calls it "unearned income." It comprises all the nation's income which comes from ownership rather than work. The chief items are rent, interest, and dividends.

In 1913 fixed-money income was 10.1 billions. In 1920 it had doubled to 20.2 billions; in 1926 it was up to 26.5 billions. Its ratio to total national income was 32.1 per cent in 1913; 30.8 per cent in 1920; 34.1 per cent in 1926. It seems to be gaining a little. The bulk of it, of course, accrues to the rich. Since 1920, the share of the national income which the landlord takes has dropped from 13.8 to 13.2 per cent. Interest in the same period has climbed from 4 to 4.9 per cent of the national income, and dividends from 4.2 to 5.3 per cent. Stockholders are gaining on bondholders and landlords.

Increasingly our owners derive their income, not from houses, lands, factories, and mines which they individually hold, but from the stock which they own in corporations—the latter holding, according to a majestic legal fiction, the houses, lands, and factories. Only rarely does a corporation distribute all its net profit in dividends. Reserves, often very large, are held back for safety, working capital, the "development of the business." At any given time, stockholders are several laps behind accrued real income.

Suppose we regard all American corporations as one great corporation. In 1926 the total net worth of this monster was 119.3 billions. (Net worth is the excess of assets over liabilities, and thus the measure of the investment of the stockholders.) The net profit for the year was 8.3 billions. But only 5.9 billions was paid out in dividends, leaving 2.4 billions, about a third of all the profit, to pile up in the reserve account. The ratio of net profit to net worth was just under 7 per cent. This is what actually accrued to stockholders. The ratio of dividends to investment was 5 per cent. This is what they received in cash. Thus a very tidy slice of the owners' real share did not come upon the record at all. It had been laid aside for future distribution. In passing, the ratio of profit to investment, industry by industry, is not without interest.

	Per cent
Mining corporations	3.7
Trading	6.3
Transportation and utilities	7.0
Banking	7.8
Manufacturing	7.9
Construction	11.0

Construction corporations are the most profitable of all. You will remember that labor in the construction industry had increased its wages faster than any other group. Here is a little lesson for us all. High wages and high profits are not necessarily mutually exclusive.

We have heard much in recent years about "profitless prosperity." It is not a fact and yet it is not altogether a myth. Wholesale prices have been slowly descending since 1922. "Sagging prices make it harder to conduct business with profit because many of the expenses of an enterprise are fixed by long contracts or by understandings hard to alter." In 1919 and 1920 business failures averaged 7,700 a year. In the slump of 1921, bankruptcies jumped to 19,700. Prosperity arrived in 1922. Yet the average of business failures per year from 1922 through 1927 was no less than 21,500. Dr. Mitchell believes that it is the medium-sized enterprises which have been the sufferers. Unable to run upon a quantity-production basis and unskilled in the technique of forced selling, they have constituted a soft stratum in the imposing corporate structure.

The rambles of industry about the map—cotton manufacturing to the South, for instance—have also caused considerable hardship to certain local enterprises. Making all due allowances, however, the corporate structure is sufficiently imposing. Between 1923 and 1925 the profits of a group of 403 manufacturing and mining corporations increased 29 per cent. Between 1925 and 1928 the profits of a still larger group of 574 companies increased 27 per cent to a new high record.

For the first six months of 1929 there was a 10 per cent increase in output over the same period in 1928, and a 40 per cent increase in net earnings. Mr. Babson calculates business at 7 per cent above normal in August, 1929. "Many concerns," says the National City Bank, "have in six months made more profits than in the whole year of 1928." "Profitless prosperity" is thus hardly the correct phrase by which to describe this phenomenon.

The corporate structure as a whole is doing very nicely, indeed. As it climbs upward the owners (not necessarily the margin speculators) of corporate securities go climbing too. Above all else, the owners have intrenched themselves as the dictators of American life and habit. They dominate government, press, university, church, the arts. They sit secure on the apex of a pecuniary economy. To them men's eyes turn as once they turned to high altars, the man on horseback, and the porticos of the Academy. The gods have taken up their quarters in the market-place, an abode magnificent in gilt and marble, but hitherto untried.

Professor's Progress

By FREDERIC NELSON

WHEN, on the morning of November 4, the Senate met to censure Senator Bingham of Connecticut for inviting a paid manufacturers' lobbyist to sit at his elbow during the Finance Committee's hearings on the tariff bill, there were those in the chamber who felt sorry for the tall, gray-haired, handsome man from Yale, Harvard, and Princeton. Not one single Senator, however, was willing to rise in his place and justify Mr. Bingham's conception of the proper use of experts in tariff legislation. Instead, his defenders led him to humiliations even deeper than those planned by his assailants.

But you can't have a funeral if the corpse won't play. After all had been done that could be done to salve the necessary stripes, after Norris had accepted a modification of the original resolution so that Bingham could consider himself an unintentional offender, Senator Bingham arose to speak. "Would it be the effect of the Senator's amendment to leave the implication that Mr. Eyanson did anything improper in this regard?" he asked in a suave, unruffled tone, and the tenseness of the atmosphere blew up in jeers. Sometimes an act of sheer nerve and effrontery excites the admiration of the crowd. But in the press gallery many men swore silently. "What," they asked each other, "can you do with a man like that? He actually wants an official whitewash for Eyanson! Can you beat it?"

There is nothing in the record throughout to suggest that Hiram Bingham has the faintest appreciation of the ethical deficiency which developed into the Eyanson incident. He himself has assured his colleagues that he "did not profit to the extent of one dollar by any part of this transaction"—a statement revelatory in itself. As Senator Dill said, the conception of public office and public duty which made it possible for Senator Bingham to justify his conduct merely because he didn't steal money from the mint makes his case difficult to deal with. Perhaps the solution should be left with the psychoanalytical biographers, but certain explanations seem to me to arise out of Hiram Bingham's introduction to politics in Connecticut as the protege of Mr. J. Henry Roraback, the Republican boss of the State.

Why Professor Bingham of the Yale faculty ever wanted to go into politics is a mystery to most people, though men who marry heiresses often discover in themselves mute but potentially illustrious statesmen. At any rate, Professor Bingham is first seen in 1916 as an alternate-at-large to the Republican National Convention at Chicago, where he was understood to be an "Ullman man." Col. Isaac Ullman was the G. O. P. leader of New Haven and a potential rival of Roraback, whose policy has been to knock out his rivals while they are still too frail for effective resistance. In New Haven the story used to be that Bingham, being a plausible edition of the scholar in politics, was pleasing to Roraback, who began to make up to him as a convenient weapon for laying Colonel Ullman low. By 1922, at the very latest, J. Henry got his man, and we find Hiram as lieutenant-governor assigned to the task of putting academic luster upon the somewhat "practical" projects of Mr. Roraback. If a bill to reorganize the school system threatened political control of education, Dr. Bingham would step forward with a polished and dramatic appeal for the "little red schoolhouse." He was a willing worker, and by the time we see him elected governor of Connecticut, in the autumn of 1924, the eminent Professor Bingham had worked out his political credo. It was, as he put it himself, "Mr. Roraback runs the State."

Senator Frank B. Brandegee's death the month previous had started the Connecticut politicians off on a grand contest for the succession. It was well known that Mr. Roraback, who runs the State, had promised the senatorship to Bingham when Brandegee should retire in 1926, but it occurred to nobody, at least out loud, that Hiram would expect to be senator just after having been elected governor. He himself declared that he was not a candidate, hardly a week before Mr. Roraback announced that he was. Then followed his nomination in a State convention which shouted its defiance of Roraback's intention, only to be cowed into submission with bludgeons always at the disposal of political bosses who "run the State." The delegates subsided, but for a time it didn't appear that the voters were going to. The Democrats had nominated Hamilton Holt, now president of Rollins College in Florida, and the "better element" began bolting the Republican ticket. A former governor, the important newspapers, and a section of the Yale faculty declared that Bingham should be rebuked for his effrontery in seeking one office before even being installed in another, and that Roraback should be shown that his running of the State was limited by the self-respect of the citizenry. I am still convinced that Dr. Holt could have been elected had he not been too "high-brow" for the Democrats in the large cities. As it was, Bingham was elected by a plurality nearly 100,000 less than that by which he had become governor.

What followed was a series of exercises in obtuseness which have seldom been surpassed in the long history of the ego at large. Although Professor Bingham was to leave for Washington almost immediately after his inauguration as governor, he insisted that the ceremonies be elaborate and that he occupy the center of the stage. Even the faithful Hartford *Courant* was disturbed, and suggested that it might be well for John Trumbull, who was actually to be governor when Bingham had taken the Federal Express for Washington, to make the inaugural address. But it was Bingham and not Trumbull who announced Mr. Roraback's plans for the coming two years. Mr. Bingham proceeded to appoint an imposing military staff for himself. The pride and beauty of Connecticut danced the nimble foxtrot with Colonel Bingham's seven sons at a gorgeous inaugural ball. On the day of his solemn inauguration he rode through the silent streets of Hartford to the State Capitol accompanied by two companies of the governor's Foot Guard and took an oath which, the New York *Times* insisted, should have pledged him to carry out the duties of his high office "until the train leaves for Washington, so help me God." Then he resigned, turned his office over to John

Trumbull, destined to be an in-law of the Coolidge dynasty, and proceeded to Washington, the first Connecticut politician to play the governorship as a one-night stand.

Hiram Bingham fails to include among the list of his writings cited in "Who's Who in America" a small volume published around 1912 called "The Monroe Doctrine, An Obsolete Shibboleth." The book was written after Professor Bingham had labored in Latin America to uncover the ruins of the Incas. It registered the protest of a fair-minded man against the North American manner of dealing with the people to the south of us as inferiors, against the superfluous irritation in our self-appointed tutelage over their affairs. When that little book was used against Senator Bingham in the Connecticut senatorial campaign, he was found to have largely changed his mind. To be useful to Roraback, one had to forget first-hand knowledge and accept G. O. P. imperialism. Bingham's youthful gallantry is now supplanted, as far as Latin America is concerned, by elaborate quotations from the Spanish when uncouth Western senators require squelching. Nevertheless, it is impossible to keep down all of the inherited righteousness in the son of one missionary and the grandson of another. When Senator Bingham was in China, in 1927, what he thought and said was of no concern to Mr. Roraback of Connecticut. He was therefore free to denounce the way in which Americans in the Orient adopt the snobbish contempt of Europeans in their attitude toward the native populations. Here he reveals a hint of the essential soundness of many of his instincts. The rationalizing process by which such a man originally brought his ideals under the control of his ambitions would be a triumph of casuistry in anybody but Hiram Bingham. In his case, I believe, the thing was done with the ease of all men who honestly believe that they are not "even as this publican."

Connecticut, I imagine from long experience, may cheerfully elect Mr. Bingham again if the opportunity presents itself. A Connecticut Republican leader told a journalist last summer: "The people of this State do not appreciate what Hiram Bingham is doing for them. Why, he's got an expert right at his elbow every day, and he's taking him into the committee room. You ought to write it up!" The prevailing opinion of the State is that its industries need the tariff, but even in Connecticut one reads editorials in Republican newspapers condemning Senator Bingham's ineptitude in trying to jack it up higher, and his extraordinary mental and moral obtuseness as shown by his defense. Not even Mr. Roraback can prevent a gorge from rising here and there. Since any senator likely to be elected in Connecticut would favor a high tariff, there would seem to be no reason why a commonwealth should commit itself indefinitely to representation by a man whose ethical standards lead him to justify deception because it is not grand larceny and to posture as a martyr because his undenied indiscretion was uncovered by the wrong senators; a man who is blandly serene in the face of a censure which would have made Dave Reed feel as if he must "live the rest of my life under a cloud." Mr. Roraback has done wonders, but he must be a superman if he can keep his customers satisfied with a statesman whose best friends can do no better for him than to say, as Gillett of Massachusetts did, that he was guilty of "extraordinary blindness" which must be condoned because a number of congressmen drink.

In the Driftway

THE historic conflict between law and conscience has again come sharply to the front in connection with two happenings in Washington. On the one hand, Senator Brookhart of Iowa has opened himself to a broadside of abuse by telling a grand jury what he saw and smelled at a dinner given by a New York broker. On the other hand, a judge has sentenced three reporters for the Washington *Times* to a jail term for contempt of court in refusing to tell the sources of certain information which they printed in regard to the illegal sale of liquor in the District of Columbia. The Drifter is disposed to think that the lot of them are right, the grand jury, Senator Brookhart, the New York broker, the reporters, the judge—everyone, in fact, except those who are criticizing the judge and Mr. Brookhart.

* * * * *

PASSIONATE Wets have denounced Mr. Brookhart with scorn for betraying what they call the sacred relation between a host and a guest. There is such a thing, but it did not exist in respect of the dinner attended by Mr. Brookhart. The invitation was in no sense personal. The broker and Mr. Brookhart were not friends and apparently had never met before the dinner. Mr. Brookhart was invited in his capacity as a United States Senator to a large dinner by a man who was giving the entertainment not as a matter of friendship but undoubtedly with a view to getting something out of it. If he has got some doubtfully desirable publicity, that is his lookout. It is one of the hazards of the game. But the Drifter is not condemning him for serving at the dinner what looked and smelled and seemed to Senator Brookhart to be forbidden juice. Doubtless the broker sincerely believes the prohibition law to be an illegitimate infringement upon his personal rights, he knows it is violated by thousands of other persons, and he doesn't see why he should be bound by it.

* * * * *

AS to the reporters for the Washington *Times*, we know nothing of their obligations toward those from whom they received their information. We are bound, therefore, to accept their interpretation of these obligations and to applaud their willingness to go to jail rather than betray a confidence. But the judge is equally right in sentencing them to jail. The law protects certain confidences—those given to lawyers or clergymen and those existing between husband and wife. But the law does not and cannot cover all cases which appeal to an individual as valid. He must use his conscience—and take the consequences in case of conflict.

* * * * *

IT is said that this is a lawless age. The Drifter doubts it. He wishes that in some respects the statement were truer. Lawlessness for personal advantage is certainly to be deprecated, but disobedience to law because of principle is one of the fine flowers of genuine civilization. The gospel of "law and order" has been preached altogether too blatantly in this country in the present century—from quite selfish and sordid motives. An effort has been made to establish all law as sacred—in order to protect iniquities and injustices which cower behind it. It is a sad

state to reach in a country which was founded upon the right of revolution. There is nothing in the least sacred about law in general. It is simply the temporary opinion of the majority—if that. Some law has gone through the fires of experience until it has attained almost unanimous acceptance; other law is now in the crucible; still other law has been practically dumped on the ash pile—even though not repealed. To live, law must be more than enacted; it must be accepted by a large number of people over many years.

* * * * *

HE who violates law because of principle is almost always entitled to respect. But only when he is ready to take his medicine. "The blood of the martyrs is the seed of the church." But there must be blood. There are a lot of people nowadays who want to get their pictures in the newspapers as martyrs without undergoing any martyrdom. Law-breaking is often legitimate—sometimes holy. But the law-breaker mustn't complain if he finds himself in jail. The most he has a right to expect is that his friends shall remember him with flowers and jelly. THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

On, Wisconsin!

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: It would seem that it is not alone the *team* that now belongs to "the head coach." The following statement by Dr. Walter E. Meanwell, coach at the University of Wisconsin, appeared in the *Daily Cardinal,* student newspaper of the university:

> I don't care whether Bertrand Russell or the Archbishop of Kent wanted to use my gymnasium; I've fought the practice and I'll continue to fight it. I didn't know that it was Bertrand Russell who was to use the gymnasium on the date under consideration until tonight when a member of the Liberal Club called me and asked me if it was true that I had refused him permission. It happened that the gym was requested on a night when I wanted it for basketball. I must either practice or get licked, and my job is to turn out basketball teams. You can make that as emphatic as you please.

"My" gymnasium happens to be the largest and most convenient auditorium on the campus where important lectures are held and where for many academic generations the university held its commencement exercises until (quite appropriately) they were moved out to the Football Stadium. E. L. Meyer in the *Capital Times* has beautifully paraphrased Dr. Meanwell's statement:

> If the five men on my squad, sir,
> Learn the tip-off and the passes,
> It is better far, by God, sir,
> Than to aid one thousand asses.
> For my basket quint will hustle,
> Bring renown to Alma Mater,
> While the thousand who hear Russell
> Soak up nonsense like a blotter.
> Can this fellow toss a ball, sir?
> Can he pivot, can he dribble?
> No? Good day, then. That is all, sir!
> Bertrand Russell? Ish kabibble!

Madison, Wisconsin, November 6 R. W. W.

Senators Norris and Bingham

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I note in the press dispatches that Senator Norris turned to Senator Bingham and said: "The pity is that the Senator has not yet grasped that the action he did was injurious to the Senate." Is not Senator Norris expecting too much?

Tulsa, Oklahoma, November 5 H. N. NAGLE

Menace—Defense—Menace

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I am an Englishman and, for that reason, friendly to your great and free republic. Your naval defenses should be greatly increased. A serious proposal is made by leading European statesmen to form a United States of Europe. The white races would then be mainly divided into three great combinations, the United States of America, the United States of Europe, and the British Empire. The United States of Europe, although smaller in area than the United States of America, would outnumber them in population and fighting power in the ratio of about three to one; and one of the first acts of the new combination would almost certainly be a request for a reconsideration of their debt to America. A refusal would be followed by hostile action. The United States of America is now the only naval Power that can afford to build a large number of battleships, and America should have an invincible navy, an impregnable defense against any possible combination of hostile attacking fleets. The United States navy, pledged and consecrated for defense alone, would not be a menace to Great Britain or to any other nation.

BERTRAND SHADWELL

Nuremberg, Germany, November 1

Armistice Sunday

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I shall be happy to raise a healthy sum as the first contribution to a fund for printing and distributing Waitstill H. Sharp's article in this week's *Nation* on the true significance of Armistice Sunday. A copy of it should be placed in the hands of every schoolboy and girl in this glorious land, and I suggest that school principals read it to their assemblies whenever Armistice Day is celebrated and exploited for the greater glory of Stanwood S. Menken, his Security (?) League, and the Student Training Corps.

Brooklyn, November 11 PHILIP SCHILLER

Don't Destroy the Stadiums

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: As a university student and an ardent *Nation* reader I was surprised when I read the editorial Destroy the Stadiums in your issue of November 6. I cannot see why anyone, especially the erudite *Nation,* should rush to defend or attack college athletics. In the life of the average college student athletics occupy three hours a week for four weeks in the fall plus a topic of conversation on the days before and after games. During the rest of the year this time is probably reduced by

two-thirds. Athletics play a small role compared with the time required by classes, studies, and other activities, and anyone who thinks that a university is a factory for bond salesmen should carry a full course for a semester. Why attack an exceedingly harmless activity that in no way interferes with the functions of a college just because it is in the public eye? As for that small group of students who play on the teams, they deserve compensation of some sort.

Columbia, Missouri, November 7 HOWELL WILLIAMS

Correction on Crosses

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Mr. Villard has certainly been to Russia—his identification of the paradoxes would be sufficient evidence. But the artist who put Latin crosses on orthodox Russian domes goes him one better. What depravity the Bolsheviks have reached in their anti-religious campaign!

Houston, Texas, November 4 C. W. ARESON

Wanted—A Definite Program

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Like millions of others of my class I fail to see how the continuance of our present economic system can ever relieve those not possessed of business acumen from money worries. The great mass of us, of course, are employees or the wives of employees. We keep our jobs because we are moderately intelligent and industrious and because (especially we married ones) we dare not openly express our beliefs for fear of getting the sack. We are economic cowards, but our cowardice is that of a mob. We do want a party platform which we can definitely support. In Norman Thomas we have a leader whom we can trust and respect. We need to wage an educational campaign enlisting the support of all socialistic and liberal organizations. The times are riper than usual for the advancing of socialism. If our socialist leaders will show me a definite program which they wish to advance I shall send now and again a little money to them.

Windsor, Canada, November 10 M. P. HYDE

United States of Europe

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Mr. John A. Hobson gives only the English point of view of the United States of Europe. What's left of continental Europe can be salvaged only by an "europäischer Zollverein"! The present hodge-podge of frontiers must disappear commercially. Custom duties must be reduced by and by to nothing and if the outside front of a U. S. E. should be directed against the tariff wall of the U. S. A., what of it? U. S. A. big business cannot expect Europe to chew American gum, consume American wheat and corn, drive American lizzies, and be in general the dumping ground for American overproduction while Senate and lobby keep on increasing their prohibitive tariff every two months or so, extending it to more articles of trade, reducing immigration continually, and dictating prices, or trying to do so, to the rest of the world. If the fear of the coming U. S. E. would bring the protectionists down from their arrogant high horse, it would be a boon to international peace and understanding.

RICHARD H. A. SCHOFER

Heidelberg, Germany, November 3

THAT DEVIL WILKES!

If YOU had lived in the 18th century
You'd have been a Wilke-ite, too

You'd have condoned his immorality

You'd have overlooked his boasts of his own profligacy

You'd have laughed off his jibes at his own followers

You'd have believed him sincere (despite the apparent proof of his insincerity)

You'd have applauded his championship of the American Colonies

You'd have voted for him and helped pay his gambling debts, and fought to get him out of jail

Just as did the intellectuals and liberals of the 18th century

Only an unusual man could have won this loyalty. Only the most sparkling conversationalist could have overcome the handicap of a cocked eye and become the darling of the ladies. In this wicked and witty figure Mr. Postgate has found a subject worthy of his witty and wicked pen.

THAT DEVIL WILKES*

By R. W. POSTGATE

$4.00 ***All Bookstores***

The Vanguard Press

*** Only the fact that the word has been cruelly abused prevents the publishers from terming this book "brilliant." It is assuredly one of the outstanding biographies of the year, and just as certainly Mr. Postgate will win a name as one of the most notable of current writers of English prose.**

Books, Films, Drama

Quecha Poems from Peru

Collected by Daniel Alomias Robles
Translated from the Spanish by Anita Brenner

The Foreigner

When you see a foreigner
weep with pain
he laughs within.
He tends your flock.

The Landowner

Oh, the poor llama!
She is so humble
she is not even fed
and is always burdened.
They tremble at the puma
who is proud and thieving;
feeds where he pleases
molested by none.
When the master came
he brought nothing, nothing,
and in our fields
settled forever.

The Fountain

I wept so much
a fountain sprang;
my liquid pain
quenches others' thirst.

"Up from the City Streets"

Up to Now. An Autobiography. By Alfred E. Smith. The Viking Press. $5.

FORMER Governor Smith is probably one of the few grade-A politicians in this land who could write a full-sized autobiography without creating in the intelligent reader a mood of acute depression. His effort has many excellent points. It is free from hokum and rhetorical fustian. It is not didactic. It is done with sincerity and without self-consciousness. If the author is occasionally a bit awkward in composition and fumbles some of his anecdotes, such technical defects can be forgiven for the larger virtues. Al Smith is one of the most engaging political figures of our day. His story is as thoroughly American, in the best onward and upward tradition, as the story of Abe Lincoln or Ben Franklin, and for the first time it brings the sidewalks of New York into the classical American landscape.

Al Smith was born in a tenement under the Brooklyn Bridge in 1873. His father was a truckman; "I do not remember ever hearing him tell where his parents came from." The East River was the boy's old swimmin' hole and Park Row his Main Street. When Al was twelve the father was forced by ill health to give up the trucking business, and a year later he died leaving his widow and the two children almost without resources. Mrs. Smith opened a little candy shop and Al sold papers afternoons between four and six and helped in the shop in the evenings. He was able to continue in the local parochial school under the Christian Brothers until he was nearly fifteen, when it became necessary for him to hunt a real job. After various essays in truck-chasing and clerking, he secured a position in the Fulton Market at twelve dollars a week plus free fish.

While still a minor, young Al was attracted to the political fortunes of Congressman Tim Campbell, who was being shelved for renomination by Boss Croker in favor of a fat campaign contributor from uptown who coveted a chair in Washington. Thus Tammany's white-haired boy really entered politics by way of an insurgent movement against the machine. Mr. Campbell was not ungrateful. He secured for young Smith a job as process-server under Mayor Strong, and a few years later, in 1903, he helped to persuade Big Tom Foley, the boss of that section of the city, that his young friend—now a married man with a growing family—was the man for the State Assembly.

Thus Al Smith went to Albany. He found the Assembly disappointing. The rules were complicated, and he sat through two sessions before he began to "understand what it was all about." However, the novice studied his job to such good effect that by 1911 he was Democratic leader of the lower house at Albany and seven years later, after an interlude as sheriff of New York County and as president of the New York Board of Aldermen, he was elected for the first of his four terms as governor of the State.

That is the outline. Such a story, told in the first person singular, might be extremely dull and possibly even disgusting. In this case it is neither, primarily because Al Smith is endowed with a catholic tenderness for his fellows. That quality, plus a conscientious habit and the development of unusual executive ability, has been the secret of his career. This rare combination of talent has enabled him to split the ears of the groundlings without making the judicious grieve.

Inquisitive-minded persons who turn to this book for an inside view of political processes will be disappointed. They had best stick to Mr. Frank Kent. Mr. Smith is almost naive in respect of the things he leaves untold, and at times he seems painfully charitable in his judgments of public men. Senator Moses of New Hampshire is the only politician who scores a black mark, and in this case the provocation is extreme.

The author does give some interesting sidelights on the tasks of being legislative leader and governor in the largest State in the Union. It is interesting to note that he emphasizes his stand for decency and sanity during the witch-hunting days at the close of the World War. In an excellent chapter on Safeguarding Political and Personal Rights he gives his blast against the expulsion of the Socialist members from the State Assembly in 1920, and dwells on his messages vetoing the notorious Lusk bills which aimed to control and throttle free opinion in the State. These messages are in the spirit of Associate Justice Holmes. It is clear that Mr. Smith looks back on them with pride, and the pride is well justified. Interesting also is the exposition of his state of mind previous to the execution of some malefactor by the State. Al Smith is a humane man, and it was a racking ordeal for him to sit in the Executive Mansion with pardoning power while some wretch was being done to death by due process of law. It is clear that every execution was a time of horror to him.

The account of the recent political campaign is entertaining, though restrained. Obviously Mr. Smith is still somewhat amazed that his opponents could persistently spread stories that he had to be assisted from the rostrum while hopelessly intoxicated, that the Holland tunnel under the Hudson River was really a secret passage to the Vatican, that he maintained

a zenaña in an Albany hotel, etc. He is still puzzled that such absurdities could be widely believed. However, slander and defamation of character have long been regarded as reputable forms of political technique. They were not first employed in 1928.

Mr. Smith's book yields little nutriment in political or economic theory. In regard to political first causes the author is wholly naive. But as a practicing politician he was born with a golden recipe. He was full of appetite for the game. In public office he had a whale of a good time. There is a lot of human revelation in his "plain story of a plain ordinary man."

HAROLD KELLOCK.

"Madonna Alice"

Alice Meynell. By Viola Meynell. Charles Scribner's Sons. $5.

VIOLA MEYNELL, a poet herself, has given us in this volume a charming biography of her shy, gifted mother, "the literary queen of the '90s." If it paints a portrait somewhat colored by prejudiced affection, such a sympathetic and careful study is a welcome diversion from the many recent "books of spurious fame animated by a would-be-ironic spirit which is merely cruel and shallow." We find the various aspects of the domestic, social, and literary life of Alice Meynell beautifully portrayed, but little or nothing is said of her innermost development and opinion. The reason for this may be discovered in her essays: "The true color of life is not red. Red is the color of violence, or of life broken open, edited, and published." . . . "Which of us would suffer the details of any physical suffering to be displayed and described?" Habitual reserve was typical of her.

Alice Meynell, mother of Sebastian, Monica, Everard, Madeline, Viola, Vivian, and Francis, longed "for the work of the mind, the salvation of the world" from the age of seventeen. Her husband was editor of the *Weekly Register,* a Catholic periodical, and of *Merry England,* and she with her "scholarly, linguistic, verbal love of literature, with a studiousness full of heart" aided her husband with proof-reading, translations, and reviews. She also published on her own account a series of poems and essays, beginning with the "Rhythm of Life," the "very small volume of very short essays" that made her famous, and "Preludes," a volume of poems on nature, religion, and the love of poetry. "The Children," a volume of essays, appeared in 1897, and "The Color of Life," a collection of papers from the *Pall Mall Gazette,* in 1896. "Orthodoxy in life and letters was deep and delicate and articulate in her," although some lines by Coventry Patmore hint at stirrings of liberalism.

That George Meredith was her master may be seen in her obscure and often overcrowded sentences. One of her children wrote: "She is a little obscure to readers who are not up in litruture suficiently to understand mystical touches." She felt that "words do not express our feelings, they enhance them," and spoke of Johnson's fear of death, imagining that his noble English controlled and postponed his terror. Her literary criticism was perfectly frank and honest. In referring to her "Life of Ruskin," "the praise of the master is there," said a critic, "and yet courteous alarm-bells are rung on every page." She adopted the Catholic faith as a young girl with a deliberate rational choice, accepting it wholly. In Catholicism she saw the logical administration of Christian morals, which she considered more important than faith. Her famous sonnet "Renouncement" was written when the church forbade further intimacy with the priest who received her into the church. She was always extremely ascetic, distrusting ease. She had a devout but open mind. "Her children were at once the most befriended, yet the most slighted," sometimes begging her in notes to "give up your absurd thoughts about litreture—just because Mr. Henley and those sort of unsencere men say you write well, simply because they know if they don't flatter they'll never get anything for their paper."

Next to her writing and her family, her friendships were the most important part of her life. She was adored by the most noted literary men and women of her time. George Meredith, Coventry Patmore, and Francis Thompson wrote verses in her praise, and Dickens, Ruskin, Tennyson, Browning, Henley, and Sargent were among her friends. Meredith met her when he was sixty-seven years old and said afterwards: "We have been waltzing together on celestial heights." He thought her the most perfect medium of the comic spirit England then had, and said of her essays: "They leave a sense of stilled singing in the minds they fill." The discovery of Francis Thompson by Wilfred Meynell and their subsequent friendship and devotion make a romantic story which has often been told. When Thompson had reached the last stages of raggedness and destitution he sent a manuscript to *Merry England* with a letter ending: "Kindly address your rejection to the Charing Cross post office." The manuscript was read and the author discovered only by a ruse. The poetry of the unkempt, diseased vagrant became a lifelong delight to Mr. Meynell. "It was at my parent's house in Palace Court that he became the utterly dependent friend—the gentle, late, voluble, flushed, dozing visitor of every day." His "Love in Dian's Lap," "the poetry of remote ennobling love," was inspired by Mrs. Meynell.

The last years of Alice Meynell's life were filled with journeys, the marriages of her children, and the war. Her health became more and more delicate but she still wrote exquisite poems. She died in 1922 after an illness of seven weeks. "A great woman of letters" she has been called. That she possessed unusual charm and a rare intellect cannot be denied. We belong to a very different age, but one which has not produced many women of her ability.

LUCY HUMPHREY SMITH

The Meaning of Chicago

Chicago. By Charles Edward Merriam. The Macmillan Company. $3.50.

Rattling the Cup on Chicago Crime. By Edward D. Sullivan. Vanguard Press. $2.

THE thinking world has for a long time sought an explanation for the curious phenomenon which is Chicago. Probably in no city, save possibly Philadelphia, is the local government more soddenly corrupt. Nowhere do gunmen hold sway and pursue their private vendettas with the same picturesque energy. Nowhere is the press more meretricious, business enterprise more aggressive, and the capitalistic spirit, with its emphasis on monetary standards, more pervasive. In a word, the city is the embodiment of nearly all the unlovely qualities in American life, and W. T. Stead was not greatly wrong when he declared that hell was but a pocket edition of Chicago.

A reading of Mr. Sullivan's spicy book on the origins and conduct of the war between the Colosimo-Torrio-Genna-Capone gang and its north side rival, the O'Banion-Weiss-Drucci-Moran outfit, for the control of the bootlegging industry will reinforce this conclusion. In five years some ninety-six gangsters have been murdered with no one punished by the law. The city officials are shown either to be in partnership with crime, or, when honest, almost totally unable to control it.

Professor Charles Merriam writes out of the experience of thirty years' active participation in the public affairs of

THEN I SAW THE CONGO

Grace Flandrau

"She shows up the lurid tales of adventure and mystery," says KERMIT ROOSEVELT. "She replaces them with very real drama." The big travel book for Christmas, illustrated from their own movie. $3.50

AFTER MOTHER INDIA

Harry H. Field

"Mr. Field shows up the pathetic feebleness of much of the reply made to 'Mother India,'" says EDWARD THOMPSON in the Saturday Review. This is the first book to show what Miss Mayo's book has actually accomplished *in India* to date. $3.50

CHILDHOOD IN EXILE

Shmarya Levin

The life-story of the brilliant leader of the political life of the Jewish people, the career of Shmarya Levin as orator, scholar and man of action is one of the most glowing tales of our age. $3.50



THE MURALS OF DIEGO RIVERA

with an introduction by ERNESTINE EVANS

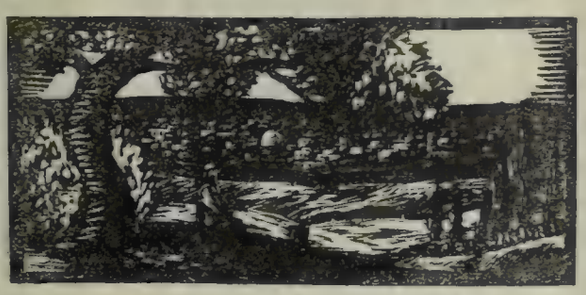
The famous Huerta slogan, "Erase the Walls," has given to Rivera's frescoes political fame in addition to the assured position already accorded them as masterworks of modern art. The present volume reproduces (by the Knudsen process) upwards of a hundred of the murals, details from many of them, and numbers of sketches. A book for everyone interested in modern Mexico as well as in modern art. Probably $10.00

THE CRADLE OF GOD

Llewelyn Powys

author of BLACK LAUGHTER

"A masterpiece," says JOHN HAYNES HOLMES in the N. Y. Herald Tribune. "All other books of the kind that I have seen are pale beside it. There is a tension and epic grandeur which makes it as hard to breathe in these pages as on high tablelands." And PERCY HUTCHISON says in the N. Y. Times, "If there is a true pantheist in the world, it is Llewelyn Powys." $3.00



A ROOM OF ONE'S OWN

Virginia Woolf

author of ORLANDO

"Fine, clear thinking," says the *New Yorker,* "on the vexatious subject of sex in art. . . . An essay worthy of becoming a literary textbook."

"Forget your sex," says Virginia Woolf peremptorily,—and then, "Write like a woman (or man)." And Mrs. Woolf is probably the only living person who could resolve these contradictions with wit, with logic, and with truth. $2.00

HARCOURT, BRACE AND COMPANY, 383 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK

the city. In addition to his teaching he has been the principal political leader of the forces which are trying to bring Chicago nearer to the city of our dreams. For a long time member of the city council and twice defeated for the mayoralty, he became the most trusted confidant of Mayor Dever and was responsible for many of the accomplishments of that administration. It has not been a painless struggle. Although the public utility interests, which he estranged by his protection of the city's interests, were not strong enough to have him dismissed from his professorship, and although, to the credit of the university, he was never openly threatened, he was nevertheless held for twelve years without an increase on a ridiculously inadequate salary and for fifteen years the development of his department was starved. Now, in his middle fifties, he has won his personal battle and with it the respect of the very groups who formerly hated and feared him.

In his chapter on The Big Fix, Professor Merriam goes to the heart of the matter when he shows that the evils which disgrace the city are not primarily caused by a particular set of evil men. "Allow me to register a protest," he writes, "against the attitude that makes of vice and crime and graft a thing apart from our human life, as if they were not an integral cross-section of the life of our community and our society. There would not be bribe-takers if there were no bribe-givers; there would not be collections from prostitutes if there were not a wide market for prostitution; nor from gambling if there were not many gamblers, great and small; nor from bootlegging if there were not patrons of the industry; nor grafters in government if there were none in business or labor."

Since the time of Yerkes the public utility magnates of the city have debauched political life about as much as have the magnates of prostitution and liquor. Al Capone and Joe Saltis are not only brothers under the skin of many leading Chicago lights, but in politics they are generally back of the same candidates. This was notoriously the case with Thompson in 1927, and in the following year the extraordinary spectacle was presented of the leading lawyer of the city, who was then president of the American Bar Association, delivering a virtual eulogy, at a public banquet, of State's Attorney Crowe. Many of the so-called "respectable" people are therefore so deeply enmeshed in the corruption that there is little vital interest in good government on the part of the wealthy and the powerful, save for such relatively rare exceptions as Julius Rosenwald, a business man as able as his racial compatriot Insull, but who in civic matters works from the opposite pole.

To make the task more difficult, there is a wide division in the fundamental economic and political philosophy of those who do want to remedy the situation. Most of the honest business group, for example, would oppose any candidate, however honorable and efficient, who favored municipal ownership, while the labor group would defeat any candidate who was too openly a member of the so-called "elite." As if all this were not enough, three red herrings always lie across the trail of those who want decent government: namely, the liquor question, religion, and race. These divisions give rise to an almost endless series of possible political combinations, and have in part prevented any compact group such as Tammany in New York or the Vare machine in Philadelphia from completely dominating the city. All this makes the pattern of the political mosaic at once unstable and fascinating. The unstable nature of the political factions in turn permits the independents to exercise some influence by combining with the least bad of the groups. The result generally, however, is that the officials whom the independents thus help to elect make their peace with the corruptionists and life goes on much as before.

Both Professor Merriam and Mr. Sullivan end their narratives with a note of hope. Some hope there certainly is, since the majority may realize some day that it is a mathematical impossibility for all to secure special privilege, and that their best means of protection is to be found in the cooperative development of the city's resources and in the furtherance of that fundamental unity which underlies urban living. But the recognition of this fact dawns slowly upon the Chicagoan, particularly as long as the population is swelling rapidly, and until it does the capitalistic spirit will predominate in the closely interlocked trinity of Chicago—business, crime, and politics.

PAUL H. DOUGLAS

Devastating Elegance

Harriet Hume: A London Fantasy. By Rebecca West. Doubleday, Doran and Company. $2.50.

THIS is in at least one respect a very terrible book. For in it the author has seized upon an idea so dreadful and so devastating that if it should ever become a fact not only empires but civilizations would crumble, and not slowly. I do not jest in the least. Miss West has seen, as everyone at some time or other has, the irrelevant image that rises between the eye and the mind, or the eye, if you like, and the object on which it looks. She has heard the irrelevant and often frivolous and destroying thought that has thrust itself into the most intimate of conversations. She knows that while one is saying "I love you," one can at the same time be thinking "My dear, if only your tie were not green; it is so unbecoming to your eyes"; or worse still, "If I marry this man I shall be a social success." Everyone has had experiences such as these. Everyone has found himself doubling on himself, so to speak; unable to thrust aside thoughts that had no business in his head, that vitiated the most solemn and sacred matters, that made, indeed, a farce of solemnity and sacredness. What keeps the world together is that these images, these thoughts, arise in secret and in secret are crushed. No one but their originator ever knows that they exist. But Miss West has amused herself with the devilish notion of what would happen if they were not secret; if the lover knew the irrelevancies that occupied his beloved while she was in his embrace. And out of this alarming fancy she has built her story of Harriet Hume.

I am not sufficiently conversant with the London literary or political scene to know if Harriet herself, or any of her associates, is fact or fancy, or how much of either. The matter does not seem important in the least. Nor am I concerned to discover just how much of the tale took place in the mind of Arnold Condorex, her lover through many years, and how much actually happened. We have Harriet, the lovely, elfin, elusive musician; we have Condorex the climber, betrayed by his low birth into a fever of restless and unscrupulous ambition. We have Harriet able to read his thoughts—or Condorex obsessed with the idea that she can read them. We have his ruthless rise to fame and power, his scheming marriage, his final triumph in the Cabinet of his country—and his downfall and suicide. But the fable itself is subservient always to the fancy I have referred to. For again and again we are served with the spectacle of a man whose mind will wander when it should remain fixed, and of a woman who can follow those wanderings as clearly as she can hear his spoken words. The resulting debacle is not the suicide of each of them, he by a pistol in his study, she in a distant, friendly lake, but the betrayal of love to which she is a witness or to which, by her clarity, she has exposed him. It is a tribute to her book that Miss West makes this love credible and this betrayal something to mourn over.

Miss West is a writer of the most scrupulous elegance, and this talent does not fail her here. Without the decoration that makes some of her contemporaries hard to read, she cuts her lines with a careful and polished tool; she has an edge, she

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DOROTHY VAN DOREN

Popular French History

The Third Republic. By Raymond Recouly. Translated from the French by E. F. Buckley. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $4.50.

M. RECOULY'S book, the latest volume in the National History of France series, has the readableness which is often found in French historical writing of a popular character, and the marked anti-German bias which French nationalism, when the story of France since 1870 has to be told, seems often to impose upon even the scholar's mind. From the beginning to the end of his narrative, M. Recouly is repeatedly to be found contrasting German character and political policy with those of France or other nations, and almost always to the disadvantage of the German mind and German leaders. When, accordingly, he reaches the World War, the catastrophe appears as a culmination of policies and acts which could hardly have had any other outcome, and for which, of course, Germany was very largely to blame. To be sure, M. Recouly appears to have used the documents, and his narrative is happily free from the gross exaggerations and misleading errancies which once passed for veritable history, but he sees the war and its causes through French eyes, and his version of what took place should be acceptable to such as still think of Germany as the great offender and of France as the guiltless victim.

Fortunately, M. Recouly's bias does not prevent him from describing clearly some of the more important events in French history from 1870 to 1914. The chapters on the Commune, the Boulanger episode, the Panama and Dreyfus scandals, the entente cordiale, the Morocco incident, the Balkan War, and French colonial expansion are particularly well done, while scattered through the narrative are a number of clever sketches of such men as Thiers, Ferry, Briand, Caillaux, Poincaré, and Joffre. The account of the Peace Conference reproduces something of the French feeling of disappointment over the terms of the settlement, at the same time that Wilson and Lloyd George get off better than one might expect.

WILLIAM MACDONALD

A New Theory of Evolution

L'Ologenèse Humaine. By George Montandon. Paris: Librairie Felix Alcan. 125 francs.

IN the role of a Huxley, Dr. Montandon presents in "Ologenèse Humaine" a new theory of evolution first developed by Professor Rosa of Modena. As an anthropologist Dr. Montandon has devoted most of his book to a systematization of the races of man in the light of "ologenism." In a field which has become enormous and complex the author touches only briefly on such questions as constitutional types, blood-groups, primate evolution, biometry, and racial criteria. To prepare the ground for his systematic work on man Dr. Montandon, in a gallic manner, prefaces his book with an introduction embracing the origin of life and the continents, the succession of geological periods, the Ice Age, and prehistoric archaeology. Unfortunately, to a large extent this section is so brief and frequently banal that it has not much value. There are enough popularizations to make such a cursory statement unnecessary in a scholarly work. The fundamental principle and the basis for the later racial superstructure are in the presentation of "ologenism." After finding the current and semi-extinct theories of evolution wanting, the author in a series of postulates reveals the essence of his new theory. Briefly, in the beginning life was precipitated in all parts of the world where conditions were favorable, probably the littoral. From this multitude of organisms of a single species all the present life is descended. By an unexplained process a species develops until it reaches a stage of maturation when it dies in giving birth to two daughter species, differing in their rates of development. The precocious branch by a series of rapid developments attains a stabilized form which maintains itself over long periods of time. The corollaries of the theory are too numerous to mention but they make interesting reading for the specialist. The racial sections are obviously the result of considerable labor and form the more valuable part of the book.

H. L. SHAPIRO

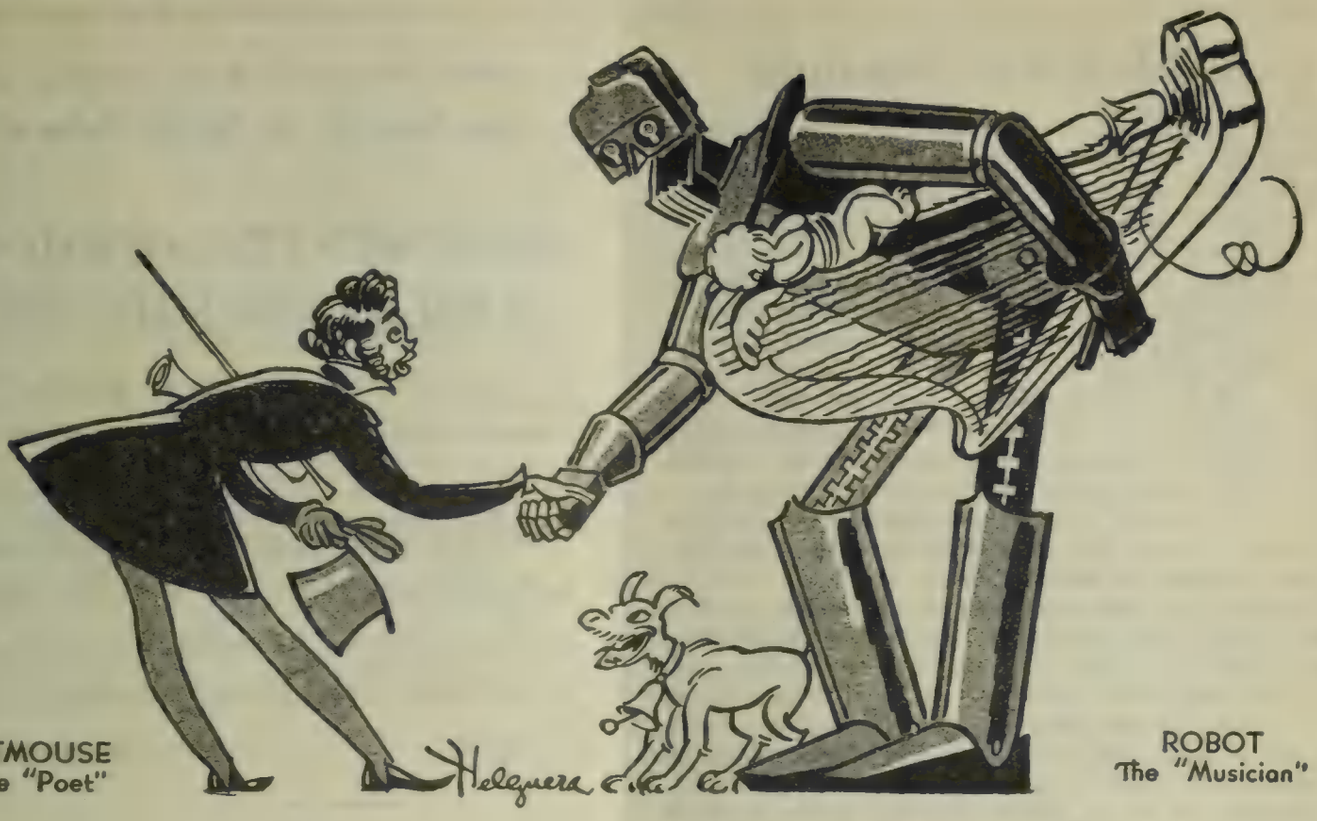
Satire Delicate and Bitter

There Is Another Heaven. By Robert Nathan. The Bobbs-Merrill Company. $2.

MR. NATHAN'S satire is so delicately masked under his fantastic and extremely simple narration that few readers are likely to appreciate its subtlety. That his talent is of an individual and high order there has been no doubt since the publication eight years ago of his first novel, "Autumn." Lola Ridge once said of him that he entered into the world he created as "into his own front door," and this is literally true. Since "Autumn" a succession of elfish children have put their faces through Mr. Nathan's literary front door—"The Puppet Master," "Jonah," "The Fiddler in Barley," "The Bishop's Wife." "There Is Another Heaven" may or may not be Mr. Nathan's best work, but it is significant inasmuch as a heaven of some kind is an indispensable asset of every human soul, however bitterly the same may inveigh against it; and as irony is the sum of life, each of the three groping souls in this story gets the cut-and-dried heaven of its desires in substance, and finds the substance shadow. William Meiggs, who has a mother-complex and desires only to be reunited with the being who dominated his existence, finds her smoothly immersed in other activities; the white-haired Professor Wutheridge, who lost his mother at birth, rediscovers a person far too young and flirtatious to comprehend him; Lewis, who is actually Levy, a young Jew, deserts his own kindred for the heaven of the Gentiles and in its cold atmosphere and non-recognition suffers overwhelming tragedy.

A conventional heaven is put to confusion by the findings of these three men. What, then, is to be the satisfactory heaven? Certainly not what we plan, imagine, or expect. According to Mr. Nathan: "Death is easy—everyone finds death. But life? Strait is the gate and narrow is the way which leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it. And if you don't find it?—what does he say? Have salt in yourselves and have peace. Why, that's a way to live, thought Mr. Lewis, to have salt in yourself. What has that to do with death?" Apparently the whimsical author feels that all human beings would benefit from a searching spiritual analysis; apparently the man Lewis, through strict honesty with himself, touches Mr. Nathan's own particular heaven. Mr. Nathan is too vastly clever for this faithless and perverse generation, but it is possible that the generation may in time acquire a liking for his bitter truths as some people acquire a taste for olives.

LAURA BENÉT



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Late Medieval Thought

Science and Thought in the Fifteenth Century. By Lynn Thorndike. Columbia University Press. $4.75.

THIS volume may in a sense be regarded as a continuation of the author's monumental two-volume work on the history of magic and experimental science during the Middle Ages. Up-to-date historians have established the fact that there was no abrupt conclusion to the medieval period, followed by a sudden flourishing of a so-called Renaissance in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. Professor Thorndike and several other writers have gone still farther and have defended the sound position that there was no sharp break in thought and culture as one passes from the fifteenth century into the sixteenth; in other words, that there was a remarkable persistence of medieval ideas and interests into early modern times. The present work brings forward ample clinical evidence to support this contention.

The book is an admirable example of erudite historical writing, chiefly of a monographic character. Most of the chapters are devoted to special topics or particular authors, and much of the material is highly esoteric in character. It is distinctly a book for the specialist, who will find in it much curious and relevant information ordinarily overlooked in the history of science. Those in search of illuminating generalizations regarding the nature and development of late medieval thought and science will not be so richly rewarded by a perusal of the volume. More attention is given to the history of medicine than to any other subject. For the general public the most valuable and interesting chapters are the first, dealing with the general nature of late medieval science, and the seventh, which describes the astronomical views of that original scientist and publicist Nicholas of Cusa. As a whole, the book is another trustworthy brick which some future writer may exploit in erecting the general edifice of the intellectual history of Western society. HARRY ELMER BARNES

Draining the Dismal Swamp

The Useful Art of Economics. By George Soule. The Macmillan Company. $2.

THE experimental or realistic method has but slowly penetrated economic thought; meanwhile the dismal principles of Ricardo's and Nassau Senior's pseudo-science have held the fort. In spite of what laboratory and engineering technique were doing, with the supposedly kindred laws of physics, to industry, transportation, and communication, the "laws" of economics remained a priori, sacrosanct, and untouchable. When changed conditions of life and labor became uncomfortable enough to force *ad hoc* modifications in laissez faire, certain adjustments and accretions were accepted; thus neo-classical economic theory accommodated itself to trade unions, trusts, cartels, factory legislation, and banking control, much as Ptolemaic astronomy sought to revise, without rejecting, Aristotle's concentric universe.

The economic Galileos have been protesting for a considerable time that business activities are not guided by an invisible hand, but by the decisions and policies of individuals and groups. Yet economic textbooks, however liberal or reactionary, continue to show that a few simple axioms, reverently handed down from teacher to teacher, still determine economic thought. While particular situations have been realistically studied—the business cycle, production and consumers' choices, finance, the coal industry—there has been a notable lack of

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J. A. Flexner

Books in Brief

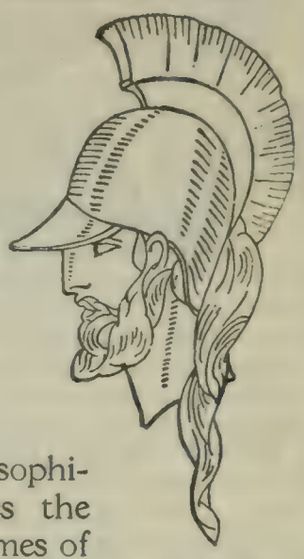
Hill of Destiny. By Jean Giono. Introduction and Translation by Jacques Le Clercq. Brentano's. $2.50.

Mr. Le Clercq was chairman of the jury which awarded the French original of this novel the Prix Brentano for 1929. This American Prix Brentano, of 25,000 francs and therefore financially better than the Prix Lasserre, the French Academy's Grand Prix de Littérature, or any of the other literary prizes distributed in France, has gone, this year at least, to an extraordinarily powerful book. The story of a little settlement of peasants in the foot-hills of the Alps, desperately and blindly defending itself against two mysterious enemies, nature and a guileful old paralytic in their own midst, yields to few books of the kind in vigor and baleful suggestiveness. It is remarkably well translated by Mr. Le Clercq, who renders the Haute Provence dialect very successfully into a provincial English speech which occasionally tempts the American reader to reach for his dialect dictionary.

Dancing Catalans. By John Langdon-Davies. Harper and Brothers. $2.50.

The Catalans have a national folk-dance called the Sardana. Mr. Langdon-Davies "sees more than a popular dance as he watches the Sardana . . . it is a peg on which to hang, like a discarded coat, his over-sharp attention, his too photographic wide-awake mind, leaving him free to be carried along by successive waves of unorganized reverie." Out of this unorganized reverie has been written this book, in which he speculates upon and describes in a leisurely, charming manner the Catalans and their relation to the rest of Spain, to the new industrial encroachments, their former untouched identification with the soil and landscape of their country, and their present unwillingness to conform to Castilian domination. It is neither wholly a travel book of Spain, nor a book of the dance, nor a philosophical and economic interpretation of a people. But it is a little bit of all these written by a cultivated Englishman whose basking in a warm Mediterranean sun has mellowed his random thoughts without loss to their logical integrity. Whereas "A Short History of Women" by the same author was the exact and careful

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development in a scholarly manner of a thesis, "Dancing Catalans" is strung together only on the occasional descriptions of the Sardana and wanders from that focus here and there. At the end is appended its choreography, and one gets from it a possible clew to the rhythmic intricacies of all primitive tribal dances.

Last Nights of Paris. By Philippe Soupault. Translated by William Carlos Williams. The Macaulay Company. $2.50.

This charming extravaganza which seemed, when it first appeared in France, to turn M. Soupault back into the current of letters (for several years he had been dawdling in the stagnant backwaters of Dadaism, super-realism, and so on) is prefaced by a most inept and inaccurate note on the author by Mathew Josephson. Mr. Josephson apparently swallowed the manifestos of the Dadaist movements and others when they were flung across the café tables of Montparnasse, and he now, quite naturally, finds it hard to get rid of them. Dadaism does *not* go back to Stendhal; it is not, and never was, a "heroic" event, and both M. Soupault and M. Tzara have (in the one case avowedly and in the other case implicitly) "abjured their actions." It is to be hoped, however, that American readers will not let themselves be prejudiced against the book by the foreword. The book tells the fantastic adventures of a Paris prostitute named Georgette as seen through a delicate, gifted temperament. M. Soupault has no American followers unless it be Robert Coates, the author of "The Eater of Darkness," but he belongs to a school of writing which includes both Paul Morand and Jean Giraudoux, Virginia Woolf and Julia Peterkin. The translation is faithful and understandingly done.

The Elizabethan Jig and Related Song Drama. By Charles Read Baskervill. The University of Chicago Press. $5.

Mr. Baskervill has in this big volume written probably the last word on Elizabethan song-and-dance. The records are scanty, since the form never had standing either as literature or as music; but Mr. Baskervill has spent fifteen years in bringing the evidence together. His researches throw light upon much in Elizabethan drama that was dark before; his texts of numerous English, Dutch, and German dialogues in doggerel are authoritative and most illuminating.

The Book Shelf

The Concert-Goer's Library of Descriptive Notes, by Rosa Newmarch (two volumes; Oxford University Press; $1.50 each), comprises notes chosen mainly from the analytical programs of the Queen's Hall orchestra, London, from 1908 to 1927.

Recent additions to "The Reference Shelf" series include *Baumes Law* and *Thirteen-Month Calendar,* by Julia E. Johnsen, and *Government Fund for Unemployment,* by Helen M. Muller (H. W. Wilson Company; 90 cents each).

The *Epistola ad Fratres Minores* of William of Occam has been edited with a critical historical introduction and extensive notes by C. Kenneth Brampton (Oxford; Basil Blackwell; 6 shillings).

A new edition of *Contemporary American Literature: Bibliographies and Study Outlines,* by John M. Manly and Edith Rickert (Harcourt, Brace and Company; $2.25), offers a thoroughgoing revision of a book first published in 1922. Many new authors have been included and "hundreds of books and critical entries have been added."

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NEXT WEEK

Holiday Book Number

THE NATION

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So Say the Wise, compiled and edited by Hazel Cooley and Norman L. Convin (George Sully and Company; $2), is a collection of "modern thoughts" and "wise cracks" by contemporary writers arranged under such headings as America, divorce, the intelligentsia, jazz, marriage, prohibition, sex, and other suggestive rubrics.

Four Famous Greek Plays—the "Medea" of Euripides, the "Oedipus Rex" of Sophocles, the "Frogs" of Aristophanes, and the "Agamemnon of Aeschylus"—edited with an introduction by Professor Paul Landis of the University of Illinois, and Smollett's *Humphry Clinker*, with an introduction by Arthur Machen, are recent additions to the Modern Library (New York: The Modern Library; 95 cents each).

The career of Johns Hopkins, founder of the university that bears his name, is recounted in *Johns Hopkins: A Silhouette,* by Helen Hopkins Thorn (Baltimore; Johns Hopkins Press; $2.75).

English Prose of the Nineteenth Century, by Hardin Craig and J. M. Thomas (F. S. Crofts and Company; $3.50), is a collection of extracts from fourteen writers, beginning with Coleridge, Lamb, and Hazlitt and ending with Huxley, Pater, and Stevenson.

Writers of short stories who still feel a need of instruction in that art will be interested in *Writing the Short Story* and *Significant Short Stories,* by Edith Mirrielees of Stanford University (Doubleday, Doran and Company; each $1.75).

Indian Scientists (Madras; G. A. Natesan and Company; 3 rupees) comprises sketches of the lives, researches, discoveries, and inventions of Dr. Mahendralal Sircar, Sir J. C. Bose, Dr. P. C. Ray, Sir C. V. Raman, Professor Ramachandra, and Srinivasa Ramanujan.

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Films

The Miracle of "Arsenal"

THEY are still coming from Russia, those breath-taking revelations of genius that make cinematic history. You may doubt this statement if you see "Arsenal" (Film Guild Cinema) only once. I was doubtful myself when I saw it for the first time. But I have no doubts now after my second visit to the theater. "Arsenal" is one of the most beautiful pictures that has ever been shown. In Russia today they judge works of art by their social significance; the artist, like any craftsman, must execute a "social order." Dovzhenko, the director of "Arsenal," has fulfilled this requirement, I understand, to the complete satisfaction of his customer. But he has done more. He has produced a piece of palpitating reality that transcends its immediate political message and reaches into the ideal realm where rights are rights and wrongs are wrongs simply because the artist willed them to be so.

I am not sure, for instance, that communism as a religious cult is any less grotesque and funny than is the cult of nationalism. What does it matter? When I see "Arsenal" communism is right with me and nationalism all wrong, and I laugh at the Ukrainian patriots glorying in their embroidered shirts and cascades of patriotic oratory, or hate their cool executioners who shoot Bolsheviks like rats, while my heart goes out to the poor dying soldier who in his death-bed letter to his parents inquires if he may kill officers and bourgeois if he meets them in the street. There it is. The artist has made you accept his characters in the light in which he wants them to be seen, and you surrender yourself to the spell of his art because he has succeeded in creating an independent ideal world, entirely self-sustained and coherently compact, which has its own life and its own emotional logic.

It is strange that one should be so conscious of this inner unity, seeing that the first impression one gets from "Arsenal" is that of utter incoherence. There is hardly any story in the picture. Groups of soldiers fight other groups of soldiers, incidental characters spring up from nowhere and disappear into nowhere, and you hardly know who is who or what it is all about. But once you have become familiar with the faces and grasped the general line of action, every character and every scene falls into its proper place as part of an emotional pattern. It is the great achievement of Dovzhenko that he has built this pattern and bound his picture together by means of a purely cinematic treatment of rhythm. Nothing so rich in contrasts, so subtle in nuances, has yet been done on the screen. The fury of the revolutionary struggle, its tragedies and humors, are all brought out by variations of rhythm that range from complete stillness with characters posing like statues, to breathless speed carrying all before it like so much litter in a gale. The episode of a run-away train, outwardly unconnected with the story, acquires symbolical significance as a rhythmic accent in a symphony of struggle that is the real story of "Arsenal." There are two or three scenes in which symbolism appears to be somewhat forced, the characters, standing still in unnatural positions, doing symbolical duty in a picture of life that is essentially realistic; but if this is a blemish it is a minor one. The picture as a whole is an amazing performance, no less rich in its technical resourcefulness than in its dramatic sense of human character; and it is splendidly acted.

In "The Last Performance" (Little Carnegie) Paul Fejos has produced probably his best picture. At least it shows a marked originality in treatment, unaccompanied, however, by anything equally original in the appreciation of dramatic values.

ALEXANDER BAKSHY

Drama

Love on the Campus

MARTIN FLAVIN, author of "The Criminal Code," is also responsible for "Cross Roads" (Morosco Theater). It is a drama dealing seriously with the sexual difficulties of students, and the first thing to be said about it is that it manages to escape the most obvious defects of plays upon this or similarly gaudy themes. Just why dramas about sophomores should be usually sophomorish and dramas about Broadway usually Broadwayish I do not know, but the fact remains that they are, and though Mr. Flavin is certainly not exactly subdued he does manage to discuss road-houses and necking without inviting a whistle from the gallery. The second thing to be said about his contribution to the already voluminous literature of the subject is that he undoubtedly succeeds in keeping the interest of the audience alive by a skilful use of a favorite craftsman's trick—which is to make things happen so fast that one does not have time to realize, until everything is over, that few of the events would have been exactly unexpected if one had been given much time to expect anything.

Michael is an unusually serious-minded pre-medical student. With at least five years of schooling ahead of him he is in love with a co-ed, and in two members of the faculty he has a vivid warning of what happens to lovers who wait too long. The co-ed rejects his desperate proposal to abandon his career and then, in a moment of utter loneliness, a willing flapper who works in the lunch-room passes by. Twenty years ago, says the professor, he would have paid a visit to the red-light district, but conditions have changed and he and the flapper seek the upper floors of a road-house. Unfortunately there is a raid, followed by the familiar drama of newspaper scandal and the blackmailing father. It is, says Mr. Flavin by implication, unreasonable to expect a young man to remain virginal until thirty. But what is the answer? The prostitute used to be unctuously accepted as the instrument by means of which the purity of virgins was protected. Perhaps the shopgirl often performs a similar function today, but the system can hardly be regarded as ideal.

The story which Mr. Flavin has chosen asks his questions in a fashion sufficiently pointed, but considered purely as the foundation for a work of dramatic art it has the defect of most stories invented for the purpose of asking a social question. The incidents, the characters, in fact everything about it is obviously typical. Despite the competence of the dialogue one never has the feeling that here is a moving tale significant because it has its roots in contemporary life, but only that here is a synthetic story concocted for the purpose of expounding one of the problems of that life. Perhaps the distinction seems oversubtle, but as a matter of fact it is extremely important for it is the distinction between the kind of vital realistic drama which can achieve a first-rate artistic importance and the mere "problem play" which has always been one of the step-children of the stage.

Furthermore it can hardly be said that Mr. Flavin throws any new light on the subject of his discussion. The moral (pretty explicitly stated) seems to be that one had best eat one's cake before it grows stale. But neither the author nor his characters seem ever to have heard of certain widely circulated proposals which, according to our more conservative friends, have been all too widely acted upon. Is there no choice except that between delay, the surrender of one's career, and dubious dallyings with nymphs from the lunch counter? Judge Lindsey has had something to say on the subject. Moreover, road-houses are not very particular as to whom they take in.



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Mr. Flavin is also author of a comedy entitled "Broken Dishes" (Ritz Theater) which retells the always gratifying story of the down-trodden husband who finally turns. Here, too, everything is familiar, from the jug of hard cider which gives the husband his ounce of courage to the final curtain which shows him puffing a cigar in the sacred parlor; but thanks to the author's substantial technique and the excellent performance of Donald Meek the comedy is both lively and diverting. "Thunder in the Air" (Forty-ninth Street Theater) is interesting chiefly as a commentary upon the difference between English and American taste. Though one of the hits of the London season, it failed to awaken even a flicker of interest in the American audience. In it a group of wax dummies spout dismal commonplaces about immortality, and a singularly substantial ghost appears to each in turn for the purpose, apparently, of convincing them that the dead live in our memories in a condition determined by the thoughts we had of them during their life.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

Noel Coward's "Bitter Sweet" (Ziegfeld) once more arouses wonder that any man can be a virtuoso of such diverse talents. The entire production is by Mr. Coward, who has written the words, composed the music, and staged the piece. That his talents are so diverse may explain why no one of them in this production quite makes the impact of genius. The Marchioness of Shayne, gracefully played by the fragile, charming Evelyn Laye, begins at the end of the first scene to sing a song, which somehow turns the action back to her own youth and lets her story follow till it comes up sharp against the last scene of the third act, in which her song is concluded. Mr. Coward has a chance to amuse himself with the costumes and gestures of an age which, his representation shows, was preposterous as well as heroic.

C. V. D.

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Criminal Code—National—W. 41st St.
Cross Roads—Morosco—W. 45th St.
Irish Theatre—The Silver Tassie—7th Ave. & W. 4th St.
Journey's End—Henry Miller—W. 43rd St.
June Moon—Broadhurst—W. 44th St.
Marionette Theatre—Garrick, W. 35th St.—Sat. mornings.
Rope's End—Masque—W. 45th St.
Street Scene—The Playhouse—W. 48th St.
Strictly Dishonorable—Avon—W. 45th St.
Sweet Adeline—Hammerstein—Broadway & 53rd St.
The Assembly—The Ledge—105 W. 29th St. (Op. Nov. 20th).
The Channel Road—Plymouth—W. 45th St.
A Ledge—The Assembly, W. 39th Street, Play.
The Little Show—Music Box—W. 45th St.
Yiddish Art Theatre—Jew Suss—Broadway & 28th St.

First Nights

The Game of Love and Death—Guild Theatre—W. 52nd St., Op. Nov. 25th.
The Silver Swan—Martin Beck, W. 45th St., Operetta, Nov. 20th.
The Shoestring Revue—Lyric, Hudson St., Hoboken, Nov. 20th.
Robin Hood—Jolson's, 59th St. & 7th Ave.—Revival. Nov. 19th.

Films

Arsenal—Film Guild—52 W. 8th St.
Condemned—Selwyn—W. 42nd St.
Disraeli—Warner Bros.—Broadway & 52nd St.
Growth of the Soil—Momart—Fulton & Rockwell, Brooklyn
Shiraz—55th St. Playhouse—154 W. 55th St.
The News Reel Theatre—Embassy—Broadway & 46th St.

Concerts

Angna Enters—Sun. Eve., Nov. 24, Dec. 1, Booth, W. 45th St.
Conductorless Symphony—Sat. Eve., Nov. 30th, Carnegie Hall.
Friends of Music—Sun. Aft., Nov. 24, Mecca Temple, 133 W. 55th St.
Lener String Quartet—Fri. Eve., Nov. 22, Wed. Eve., Nov. 27, Carnegie Hall.
Manhattan Symphony—Sun. Eve., Nov 24, Mecca Temple, 133 W. 55th St.
Philharmonic Symphony—Thurs. Eve., Nov. 20, 28, Fri. Aft., Nov. 22, 29, Carnegie Hall; Sun. Aft., Dec. 1st, Metropolitan Opera House.
Philharmonic Symphony, Junior Orchestral Concerts—Sat. Morn., Nov. 23, 30, Carnegie Hall.
Roth Quartet—Mon. Eve., Nov. 25, Town Hall, W. 43rd St.
Cornelia Otis Skinner—Sun. Eve., Nov. 24, Dec. 1, Forrest, W. 49th St.
Thibaud & Cortot—Tues. Eve., Nov. 26, Carnegie Hall.
Young People's Concert Hour—Dorothy Gordon, Fri. Aft., Nov. 29, Town Hall, W. 43rd. St.

□ LECTURE □

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Mussolini's Red Herring

By MARCUS DUFFIELD

MUSSOLINI has announced that American citizens of Italian extraction no longer will be seized for military service when traveling in Italy. This is an exceedingly shrewd move, presumably in answer to the recent discussion of Fascist aggression in the United States, in the course of which a Senatorial investigation was suggested. Only readers of headlines will be apt to draw the conclusion that Mussolini, having had his attention called to the abuse, promptly bowed to American wishes and corrected it, and that the problem of military seizures in Italy which has long bothered our State Department now has been satisfactorily solved. Such an impression is exactly what Il Duce desires. He is only too eager to keep in favor with America, whence comes the money that props his dictator's throne.

Actually, however, a close examination of the official announcement through the Stefani Agency, as issued in Washington by Ambassador Giacomo de Martino, reveals that Mussolini has drawn a red herring across the trail in the apparent hope of quieting the agitation in the United States over the astonishing activity of the Fascists here. He has conceded almost nothing, and tacitly admitted a great deal. The heart of the Fascist government announcement is contained in this sentence:

> *Italian citizens* residing on the other side of the ocean, notwithstanding the kind of passport which they might present in Italy, whether issued by Italian authorities or by the authorities of the *foreign country where they were born,* cannot but be considered in excess of the necessity of the military service in time of peace and therefore free from being molested in any way as far as the military-service duties are concerned.

In other words, the announcement says in effect:

> Il Duce, finding that the policy of seizing Italo-Americans for military service causes an uproar all out of proportion to the number of potential warriors he gains, is graciously granting American citizens the special dispensation of visiting Italy without being so seized.

This will be welcome news to Italo-Americans planning visits to the home country and to our State Department, which will no longer be plagued by the constant necessity of making routine protests about our unfortunate citizens who have heretofore fallen into the toils of the Italian military system. It is to be hoped, however, that the two genuinely important issues involved will not be lost sight of because the immediate source of irritation has been removed.

In the first place, the official announcement takes particular care to emphasize Italy's *right* to seize our citizens if she so desires. The italics, which are mine, clearly bring out the fact that the Fascist government still regards individuals born in America of Italian parentage as Italian citizens. Our government, on the other hand, necessarily maintains that any person born in this country is an American citizen. The conflict between the laws of the two nations in this respect is, therefore, just as acute as it wa before. Mussolini has made a lordly gesture which mean little. If our State Department means to assure America citizens the protection they should have when travelin abroad, it still must press the negotiations with the Fascis government on this point. It is important not as a mat ter of nationalistic self-assertion, but to make good ou melting-pot welcome to immigrants which implies the pro mise of the shelter of our citizenship.

The second point which Mussolini seeks to obscur by his magnanimous renunciation is the continuance of th active Fascist campaign in the United States to divert t Il Duce the allegiance of American citizens of Italian ex traction. The seizure of our citizens in Italy for militar service is perhaps the most spectacular feature of Mus solini's sub-surface invasion of America, but it is far fron being the most important. If he can lull our suspicion to sleep by granting us the privilege of visiting Italy with out being popped into the army, much is gained and littl lost. The essence of the matter is naively yet tactfully se forth in the opening sentence of his announcement, whic admits that the Fascist government "has made every effor to develop or create a movement toward the motherlan of Italians residing abroad." This leaves the Italian am bassador in a curious position after his recent statemen that "we are glad to have our people who go to th United States become naturalized." Somebody appears t be mistaken.

While Mussolini is giving up his right of seizure, hi agents in this country are laboring as diligently as ever first, to keep Italians in this country loyal to Il Duce s that they will be ready to fight for him in the next war and, second, to suppress at all costs criticism in the Unite States of the Fascist regime, so that America will not hesi tate to lend him more money to pay his current runnin expenses.

The first aim is being achieved by inculcating Fascis patriotism in young Americans of Italian parentage throug the schools which Mussolini has set up in this country, an exhorting Italo-American parents through his press here The Fascists in New York City went to the length o sending a boat-load of impressionable Italo-American child ren on a free trip to Italy for a propaganda training cours in the Baililla camps.

The second aim, suppression of criticism, is being ac complished by attacking anti-Fascists in America with th business boycott, social pressure, personal violence, and terror ization of their families in Italy. The Fascist methods ar all too effective.

Mussolini's efficient organization in America still i functioning to get human and financial war material fro this country, in direct defiance of our attempt to as similate the alien citizen. A Senatorial investigation i needed just as badly as it was before Mussolini promise not to molest our Italo-Americans in Europe.

Contributors to This Issue

ALFRED L. BERNHEIM is a director of the Labor Bureau, Inc.

STUART CHASE is author of "Men and Machines."

FREDERIC NELSON is on the staff of the Baltimore *Sun*.

HAROLD KELLOCK is an American journalist, now connected with the Soviet Union Information Bureau.

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LAURA BENÉT is author of "Noah's Dove," a book of verse.

HARRY ELMER BARNES, author of "The Twilight of Christianity," is now on the staff of the Scripps-Howard Newspaper Alliance.

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ALEXANDER BAKSHY, author of several books on the theater, writes on motion pictures for *The Nation*.

MARCUS DUFFIELD is on the staff of the New York *Herald Tribune*.

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THE ADJOURNMENT of the futile special session of Congress, after the Senate had been solemnly warned by President Hoover that it must legislate or confess itself unable to do so, marks the complete breakdown of the Republican Party's conduct of the government. It reflects upon the President who, as Paul Anderson points out elsewhere in this issue, has shown not only a total lack of leadership but of any understanding of what should constitute leadership, and in equal measure upon the so-called Republican leaders in House and Senate. When any party has sunk to such a pass that it finds itself compelled to fall back upon a Jim Watson as its mouthpiece in the Senate; when it places its future in the House in the hands of Congressmen like Tilson of Connecticut, it need only anticipate creeping paralysis. Of course it is the fashion to lay all the blame upon the Progressives and to say that if they had only remained loyal everything would have been satisfactory. Nothing of the kind. If the Senate had immediately voted the Tariff Bill as it came from the House it would in our judgment have put Mr. Hoover in a worse position than he is in now. This not only because it would have proved the complete ineptitude and the crass selfishness of the Republican leadership of both houses, but because it would have constituted a direct violation of his promise to alter the tariff only on schedules affecting the farmer. It is a stiff dose for the President to swallow, but it has saved him from a bitterer.

PRESIDENT HOOVER has now completed his delegation to the London Disarmament Conference by the selection of Ambassador Morrow and the Secretary of the Navy, Mr. Adams. We confess that Mr. Morrow's name alone prevents us from having a complete sinking of heart as we regard the commission which now stands as follows: Ambassadors Gibson, Morrow, and Dawes; Secretaries Stimson and Adams; Senators David A. Reed and Joseph T. Robinson. Even Admiral Jones has, to our regret, had his feelings assuaged and will go along as an adviser. For the rest, Mr. Gibson's futility as a negotiator is on record at Geneva, Senators Robinson and Reed are of the imperialistic and militaristic type of mind, and Secretary Adams is reliably reported to be opposed to the abolition of battleships unless the navy is "compensated" by additional cruisers, submarines, destroyers, etc. Secretary Stimson has spoken out well so far and both he and General Dawes have a special personal stake in bringing home a substantial success for their chief. Mr. Morrow's wisdom and sincerity, and the absence in him of professional office-holding narrowness, are the best assets of all.

IT WAS THE PROPHET ISAIAH who saw a vision of Judah and Jerusalem nearly three thousand years ago, in which the Lord was to judge among nations and the people to beat their swords into plowshares and their spears into pruning-hooks. It is the modern prophet Judah Magnes, chancellor of the Hebrew University of Jerusalem, who sees and preaches a new vision of Jew and Arab cooperating to build in Palestine "an interreligious and an interracial home." And it is a bitter and tragic thing that when he stood up in his university to preach that message, so eloquently in accord with the ancient splendor of Jewish tradition, little bitter-minded Jews should have hissed him, a Hebrew newspaper should have called upon his students to strike until he resigned, and the officials of the American Jewish Congress, led by Dr. Stephen S. Wise, should have hastened to denounce him. They seem to want the Jews to follow the alternative method of Joshua. But unfortunately, today, merely to shout with a great shout does not cause walls to come tumbling down.

WHAT WAS IT that Dr. Magnes said which roused such a turmoil? He said that "if Jew and Arab are to live together in Palestine it must be as an act of faith—of faith that they are brother peoples, and that they can rise above their weaknesses and their passions, however difficult this may now seem." Instead of insisting, as the little people do, that the Jews must preserve a flinty solidarity against the Arabs after these months of bloodshed, he talks peace, as he gloriously dared to talk it here in America in the midst of the World War. "The more generous and open-hearted Jew and Arab are to one another right now during these times of hatred and distress," he said, "the longer they will remember each other in gratitude and friendship." Jewish aspirations, he insisted, would be meaningless if they rested upon the steel of British bayonets, and the Balfour declaration had in some ways been a handicap to real Zionist progress. Dreams of a political Jewish state could not endure. Because Palestine is the holy land of three religions, Dr. Magnes asserted, it would continue to need international government, but he would prefer that the government be more directly responsible to the League of Nations than under the present British mandatory system. The immediate protests in Jerusalem were natural enough products of the inevitable war psychology of people who have lived in fear of their lives for months. But the haste with which the leaders of the American Jewish Congress rushed into print, apparently before they had even read the text of Dr. Magnes's statement, and denounced his attitude as breaking "the virtually unbroken front of the Jewish people," was a sad recurrence of war-time psychology. It is good to note that the important journal, the *American Hebrew,* supports his attitude.

THE QUEST throughout the world for raw materials continues. Coal, iron, rubber, coffee still arouse bitter controversies. But markets for investments and for manufactured articles are becoming a far more important bone of contention. Germany is afraid that, after the recent stock-market collapse, American manufacturers may begin "dumping" in an effort to find markets and employment for idle capital. Lord Melchett, England's most brilliant industrialist, supports Lord Beaverbrook's scheme for free trade within the Empire and protection against the rest of the world—meaning the United States. Europe talks of economic union and Briand proposes his "United States of Europe" because the new Colossus of the West threatens to swamp all the rest of the world with its surplus food and excess factory products. If, as a result of reduced buying at home, we accumulate a surplus of manufactured articles, they must, in the nature of things, be exported. We shall see our high-powered salesmen sent out in search of new fields abroad to conquer. They will compete with Germany whose reparations payments depend on a favorable trade balance, and with England whose life's secret is foreign commerce. They will seek additional markets in China, Australia, Russia. The result must inevitably be heightened international tension.

CONFISCATION OF ALL German private property in England, including German-owned stock in British corporations, was one of the vengeful privileges accorded by the Treaty of Versailles of which the British Government promptly availed itself. The proceeds of the property were to be used to pay certain British private claims against Germany or German subjects, and any surplus was to be turned over to the Reparations Commission for distribution among the Allies or among the German owners. The surplus, said to amount to over $100,000,000, has been claimed by the German Government, but Mr. Snowden, British Chancellor of the Exchequer, has refused absolutely to return it, with the result that the German press is pointedly inquiring of what British public morality consists. Mr. Snowden, who had to defend himself before a disturbed House of Commons on November 21, pleaded the provisions of the Dawes plan and the Young plan, decisions of the Reparations Commission and the Interpretation Tribunal set up under the Dawes plan, and "compassionate allowances" of $25,000,000 to individuals and proffered waivers of $25,000,000 more of unliquidated claims, as his excuse for holding on to the surplus. The MacDonald Government will have a heavy burden of moral responsibility to carry if it keeps this money.

THE STATE OF NORTH CAROLINA is having its own troubles in the legal proceedings against four union organizers, led by Alfred Hoffmann, of Wisconsin. Hoffmann and his three associates were first charged with "insurrection and rebellion" against the sovereign State of North Carolina. The Court threw out the insurrection charge at the beginning of the trial and would not permit the remaining charge, that of rebellion, to go before the jury. The defendants accordingly are to be tried for riot and resisting an officer, which is a long way from treason. But unfortunately the prosecuting attorney had wrongly worded the true bills found against the prisoners, and the Court, in the person of Judge G. V. Cowper, threatens again to throw the case out of court. Solicitor Pless has now decided to try Hoffmann, Hogan, Fowler, and Lewis in place of fifty-four union organizers and strikers indicted on charges of rioting and resisting an officer. In the face of legal tangles such as these the layman may well throw up his hands in despair. Several facts emerge from the confusion. Judge Cowper seems consistently to have maintained a clear head and a fair and impartial approach to the whole proceeding; the events out of which the trials have grown are, in plain language, that, while a crowd of strikers were attempting to dispossess a strike-breaker, Sheriff Adkins was threatened by defendant Fowler with a knife, one of the other defendants had a stick, and somebody hit a deputy over the head with a brick. Inelegant, surely; unwise, evidently; unlawful, probably; but certainly not rebellion and insurrection, and one might think, also, worth less time and money than is being spent on it.

CHINESE POLITICS are revolving at something more than their usual kaleidoscopic pace. President Chiang Kai-shek has been speeding up and down the Yangtze, organizing the resistance of the Nationalist Government against its insubordinate generals. In Honan, where the major battles have been fought, he has turned back the stubborn advance of Feng Yu-hiang's armies; in the Han Valley he has avoided the oft-threatened collapse. But no sooner is one victory won than a new civil war threatens. Far to the South Chang Fa-kwei, ousted three months ago from Hunan, is now advancing on Canton with his Kwangsi allies. If Chang Kai-shek, who has acted with superhuman and quite

un-Chinese vigor, emerges victorious from these trials he may have proved himself indeed the long-sought strong man of China. It will remain for him to prove that he is also the organizer of Chinese democracy. Meanwhile new troubles loom in Manchuria. News reports from that vast region have been so consistently exaggerated and even downright false that one takes with several grains of salt the announcements of large-scale Soviet invasion. The Russians themselves report that they have captured 8,000 Chinese troops. Thus far, however, the Manchurian game is still played with pawns; the "invasion" may be taken seriously only when it seriously threatens Harbin.

DAY BY DAY prohibition gets buried deeper under a weight of legal logic and illegal liquor. And strangely enough the most assiduous workers at piling on the intricacies are the victim's friends. Thus dry Iowa, through its Supreme Court, rules that liquor obtained without a search warrant may be used as evidence against a defendant; Senator Brookhart smells and tells; a very dry "Dry," Representative Denison of Illinois, joins the distinguished company of another voting Dry, Representative Michaelson, when he is found to have incriminating connections with leaking trunks (what this country needs apparently is mule-proof baggage); Dr. James M. Doran, Prohibition Commissioner, in a report to the Senate, states without explanation that there were 6,000 fewer arrests in seven months of 1929 compared with the same period in 1928, but that the "quality" of enforcement shows "marked improvement"! And finally a federal judge in Illinois, invoking an act of Congress passed in 1790 making a felon of any person who knows of a felony, proves with logic which he himself regrets is incontrovertible that any person who is present while liquor is being sold or who knows of its transportation or manufacture is a felon under the Jones law unless he reports his knowledge to the government. Meanwhile consumption of liquor, at least in the cities of America, has become a commonplace.

BOOKS, MORE BOOKS, and then some is the record of the publishing season thus far, with only the usual subsidence of the flood between the pre-holiday and post-holiday periods The responsibility for the imposing output cannot be laid upon the book clubs, for they at best dispense only a volume a month each, and the new books that have no club sponsorship are legion. This year it is biography that rides the crest of the wave. Great and small among the dead have had their life histories recounted, no matter how often or how well the thing has been done before, and an insinuating number of the living have come forward either with their reminiscences or in biographies at which they presumably have connived. Not to have had one's life written or the book at least planned and contracted for may before long cause one's friends to arch their eyebrows. Psychology and philosophy come next in order among the new books in point of importance, with fiction a poor third in quality in spite of its bulk, and after that a generous but miscellaneous sprinkling of travel, economics, history, and books on business subjects. There has been the usual threshing over of old straw in the form of compilations or new editions, and an increasing volume of translations. On the whole the quality of the native product, outside of fiction, has been good but not remarkable.

Birth Control

PUBLIC discussions of birth control, even in New York City, still arouse the righteous and frighten the faint of heart. The conference recently held under the auspices of the American Birth Control League was accompanied by the usual fireworks. In the first place, Dr. Shirley Wynne, Commissioner of Health of New York, canceled his scheduled speech on Birth Control and Health which he had agreed to make. At least those who arranged the conference were so sure he had agreed that they announced it in a leaflet three weeks before the meeting opened. Dr. Wynne, however, said that he had never promised to make the speech; he said it was a controversial subject; he blamed the misunderstanding on his secretary; and finally, after a good deal of prodding from various sources, he stated with great originality that the whole affair was a tempest in a teapot. On the whole, the incident was rather amusing than anything else and was awarded a handsome amount of space in the press. In the second place, the National Broadcasting Company refused to pollute its hook-up with the speeches of the Reverend Harry Emerson Fosdick and the Reverend Henry V. B. Darlington who appeared on the program of one session of the conference. The vice-president of the broadcasting company explained lucidly that birth-control propaganda was "objectionable to a great number of persons because of their religious faith."

The glare of publicity that these incidents turned upon the conference must have delighted the hearts of Margaret Sanger, Hannah M. Stone, and the other happy warriors of the American Birth Control League. It was partly responsible, no doubt, for the fact that the sessions were crowded, though the conference was most interesting in its own right. There was an imposing list of speakers, including Dr. Clarence C. Little, whose championship of this subject helped force him out as president of the University of Michigan, Dr. Ira S. Wile, Arthur Wiggam, Mary Ware Dennett, and Dr. James F. Cooper, medical director of the League. Dr. Cooper's speech was particularly interesting, for he told of a new form of birth control by means of a vaccine which gives immunity for nine months or more. This method is now being investigated officially by the Soviet government. Experiments have heretofore been confined to animals, Dr. Cooper said, but now thirty women have volunteered to serve as subjects. He also described other methods now in various stages of investigation. The most sensational feature of the conference was a debate between Canon William Sheafe Chase and Dr. Joseph Mayer on the question, Does Birth Control Promote Immorality? Canon Chase, for the affirmative, advanced the argument, among others, that "normal child-bearing offered woman a period of rest and recuperation." The conference found his entire speech very amusing.

Many of those most in need of birth control—the very poor—unfortunately do not know that it is possible. Such conferences as the one under discussion, with their attendant publicity, are of great value to the cause of family limitation. They bring nearer the day, which must surely come in time, when the law against the giving of contraceptive information will be removed from our statute books, and the matter will be left to personal taste.

Georges Clemenceau

FORTY-SIX years ago a writer in the London *World* described Georges Clemenceau as already prematurely old, his hair white at forty-two, his Mongol head "fashioned as if with a hatchet," his parchment-like skin bronzed and wrinkled. He was already a veteran of many battles. As a medical student in the sixties his Republican enthusiasms had led to a two months' sentence at forced labor, which in turn decided the young man that America might be a healthier climate for him than France. To America he came; but aside from the fact that New Yorkers failed to consult the young French doctor, forcing him to accept the role of teacher of French in a girls' seminary, he had other disillusions. Returning to France he announced that he had remarked two things: "The Americans have no general ideas and no good coffee."

He plunged at once into revolutionary conspiracy, and became mayor of Montmartre in the hurly-burly of 1870. But the excesses of the Commune disgusted him: his role in that bloody episode was, to say the least, equivocal. Yet the generation which saw the German occupation of Paris and the amputation of Alsace-Lorraine bore the scars deep in its heart. Clemenceau's mind was rutted in those days; all his life he hated Germany and the Germans. In the National Assembly in 1871 he voted steadfastly against the peace preliminaries and against the treaty which sanctioned the loss of the eastern provinces; and he spoke his mind about the moderates in those days with the same bitterness which characterized his attitude toward those who believed in peace without victory in 1917 and 1918.

When Clemenceau was elected to the National Assembly in 1876 he took his seat at the Extreme Left, the leader of the ultra-radicals. He denounced Gambetta who had been his idol; he aided in toppling ministry after ministry and even forced a president, Grévy, to resign. Richly he earned his name "the Tiger." He forced de Freycinet to name Boulanger, an almost unknown young general, as War Minister, then turned savagely on the man he had created and acted as Floquet's enthusiastic second when that gentleman stuck his sword through Boulanger's plump throat. But Clemenceau carefully avoided accepting the responsibility of office himself.

He collapsed in 1893, at 52, and seemed to be wiped out of politics. The Panama scandal spattered him with mud. Documents which seemed to show him in the secret pay of the British were proved forgeries, but his policy and his friendships, even the stock-ownership list of his paper, left him suspect. But the little man who had seemed prematurely old in 1883 had more life in him than those who wrote his obituaries believed. There was in him the burning fire of passionate convictions and the will to make that fire scorch. The mud of the Panama affair was soon forgotten in the even more violent passions of the Dreyfus affair. No one ever denied Clemenceau the quality of courage. He championed Dreyfus when to do so was to attack the honor and the army of France. It was he who, in his paper *L'Aurore*, published—perhaps even gave the title to—Zola's famous "J'Accuse." That was in 1903, a year after he had returned to political life, this time as a member of the Senate, a body for whose abolition he had previously fought. And when Dreyfus was triumphantly exonerated Clemenceau stood high on the roster of the republic. He took office for a few months as Rouvier's Minister of the Interior—the only time in his life that he ever accepted a subordinate portfolio—then, in 1906, became Prime Minister of France.

There was none of the suave political maneuvering of Briand nor of Poincaré's clerk-like routine, about Clemenceau—he imposed himself or remained outside. He had that biting wit which in our day and country characterizes George Moses; if he thought his opponents wild asses he called them wild asses; he was likely to do more, to prove his point. His cold, rasping voice was curiously impressive, and he had the economical talent of the great actor. Gambetta, Briand, Viviani, Jaurès were masters of the organ voice and of the sweeping gesture: Clemenceau stood, a little bent, his hands in his pockets, with a contempt for his audience which impressed it despite itself, and coldly rasped out his challenges. He never hid his own inconsistencies; there was no concealment in his defense of his use of the troops in the miners' strike. He had changed his mind; and his frankness disconcerted even Jaurès.

When in 1909 he resigned as Premier he had made an enemy of every important politician in France. Again his political life seemed ended. Despite his passion for preparedness he was not invited to join the great coalition cabinets of the early years of the war. He had no talent for cooperation; he and his enemies knew it. It was not until November, 1917, almost the darkest hour of the war, that he was called to the premiership. As Premier he dominated. The tired old cynic, with no belief in God or man, had yet an infectious faith in France and in himself. Interpellated upon his politics he replied in snapping sentences which, scorning all constitutional procedure, yet inspired a nation:

> What are my aims? Victory! Home policies? I wage war. Foreign policies? I wage war. Russia betrays us? I continue to wage war. We will fight in front of Paris; we will fight behind Paris; we will fight, if necessary, at the Pyrenees. I will continue to the very last quarter of an hour, because the last quarter of an hour will be ours.

There were men in France who thought differently, who believed in a negotiated peace. Bolo Pasha he shot; Caillaux he threw into prison on suspicion and kept him there without a trial; Malvy he exiled to Spain, because as Minister of the Interior he had sought to make friends with radical labor leaders. Captain Sadoul, who had seen virtues in the Bolsheviks, he condemned *in absentia* to death. But he had fire and courage, which France and the world respected; and the old man of 77, stalking through the trenches in his battered cape, became the idol of France.

The Peace Conference was a dreary affair for Clemenceau. He had no faith in leagues of nations, in the Americans, the British, or the Germans. Man, he believed, was warlike, and there were too many Germans. He despised the Protestant morality of Wilson and the political tight-

rope-walking of Lloyd George. He succeeded in emasculating Wilson's dream of a league of peoples, in sapping the sudden faith and hope of Europe, in writing a Carthaginian peace which seemed to him to include the essential military guaranties on the eastern frontier.

Meanwhile, however, France was increasingly weary and disillusioned. With the aid of his political henchmen, Tardieu and Mandel, he bullied France into giving the "bloc national" one more electoral victory, but even that bloc had come to feel that it could get along without the domineering old man. He expected Parliament to give him the final reward of election to the Presidency; but France traditionally suspects strong men in the Elysée. It was a bitter pill to Clemenceau when Paul Deschanel received more votes for the chief magistracy than he.

Clemenceau on the verge of eighty sailed for India, visited America, and retired to his study. He was no longer feared; and without the fuel of fear, hatreds die. He was the grand old man of France, recognized as a power and a personality throughout the world. He did indeed tower head and shoulders above most of his compromising contemporaries; but respect for personality need not overshadow analysis of policy. Clemenceau played a large part in bringing parliamentarism and democracy into disrepute in Europe; he was, as war-time dictator, the precursor in policy of Lenin and Mussolini. The gray-gloved figure in the square-cut frock coat and buckled shoes, who presided like a mask over the sessions of the Paris Peace Conference, was one of the most sinister influences of our day. Much of what he wrote into the peace treaty is already gone; more must go before Europe can revive. He was a ghastly prophet of revenge, his heart seared and his mind set in the days of '71; it was natural enough, but cruel for Europe, that he should have striven so faithfully to build up, on the other side of the Rhine, resentments as keen and as disruptive as his own.

Business to the Rescue

PRESIDENT HOOVER has summoned the nation's business leaders into conference in order that industrial disaster may not follow the stock-market crash. Washington's measures for meeting the situation fall under two heads. One group is psychological; the other deals with large business planning. The tax cut so suddenly announced by Secretary Mellon, after months of stiff-necked insistence that there could be no reduction, evidently belongs in the first class. It is designed to cheer up business; for notwithstanding the supporting figures given out, the change in the Treasury's tax plans at this time cannot be defended on fiscal grounds. The President's business conferences also are important for their psychological effect on business, and the accompanying newspaper publicity indicates that everybody concerned is trying to make that effect just as great as possible. Mr. Hoover's conference plans, however, go far beyond a simple effort at the immediate restoration of confidence. They represent a definite theory of action to which the President long ago committed himself. It is a theory of business stabilization by business men themselves.

Before examining that theory, it may be well to call attention to the extraordinary change that has taken place during the past quarter century in the public attitude toward business men. When President Roosevelt in difficulties in the year 1904 wanted to consult a group of New York financiers and business leaders, these captains of industry were secretly smuggled down to Washington during the night in a private car and were sneaked into the White House by a side entrance at seven o'clock in the morning, so that no one might see them. All this lest the valiant champion of popular rights in the White House be overthrown by an outraged public opinion that would not let the ark of the covenant of government be touched by the profane hands of New York financiers. What a contrast today! Herbert Hoover, business President, holds his widely advertised conferences with business executives in the Cabinet room itself, and the whole country applauds his "constructive" activities.

That faith is shared by President Hoover, and in a situation like the present one he believes it possible by intelligent leadership to induce the business men of the country in conference to go forward with plans for construction and provision of new facilities in such a way as to offset, at least in a degree, the recession in consumption that inevitably succeeds widespread losses like those of the past month. Putting the contrast crudely, for the time being we shall turn out fewer automobiles and radios and airplanes, but shall make it up by creating more factories and roads and railways and public works and capital equipment generally. The economics of the thing is highly disputable, but it is the theory on which Mr. Hoover and his associates are proceeding, as far as they can be said to have a reasoned theory. Note, for example, the large publicity given to orders for railway equipment in the days immediately following the President's conference with the railway executives, and the announcement of the proposed expenditure of a billion dollars by the roads in 1930. In sober fact we have seen no indication that they propose to spend a cent that they were not planning before the crash to spend. The very best that is likely to happen, in the absence of distinctly lower rates for money, is that they will not retrench expenditures below the limits planned at that time. It is easy to talk about spending more freely, but if revenues shrink and if the roads must sell securities at lower prices, it will take a deal of Presidential leadership to bring about increased spending on equipment.

The same thing is true of other lines of business. Mr. Hoover's general business conference did a notable thing in authorizing the announcement that the individual employers represented would not initiate any movement for wage reduction, in order that consuming power might be maintained, and Henry Ford, with his usual irresponsibility, captured the front page with the announcement of a wage increase, but all this does not of itself create the orders that must keep business going and so prevent unemployment. Of course there is some possibility of speeding public works, as the President has urged the States to do, but there are very definite limits to that process also.

We do not mean to minimize the possibilities of business stabilization by the action of business men themselves. In the years since the war many progressive concerns like the Dennison Manufacturing Company, Procter and Gamble, and the International Shoe Company, to mention only a few, have shown that remarkable results can be accomplished by a well-financed concern not too eager for quick profits, if it really takes seriously its responsibility for regular operation. But that is an entirely different thing from approaching an industry like steel manufacture which has never accepted any responsibility except that to its stockholders, and inducing it by some magic of conference or business council or what not to maintain its ordinary expenditure and increase its outlay for new construction just at the time when its traditional and hitherto successful practice has been to bank its fires, cut wages, and turn off its men. The immediate policy that Mr. Hoover is urging is one that requires great financial strength, uncommon foresight, and unusual willingness to wait for gains.

We have scarcely begun to suggest the first of the difficulties facing the President in the task of business leadership that he has undertaken. The attempt to plan and direct the economy of a communist state like Russia, where the sole aim may be abundant production wisely distributed, is an undertaking of appalling difficulty. The task of directing and coordinating the economic activity of a capitalist state like the United States, where the social end of production is constantly interfered with by certain activities of private industry seeking immediate profit, is immensely more difficult. If President Hoover's business council is to accomplish results of any importance, it must seek a larger aim than profits. Will it seriously undertake the greater task?

The Problem of the Road

STAGGERING figures have been submitted to President Hoover by the representatives of organizations interested in highway construction as their program for 1930. No less than $1,000,000,000, it is stated, will be expended by the several States for new roads and the bettering of existing ones, while the same amount is cited as the probable expenditure for country roads and city streets. Undoubtedly this will help to meet any unemployment problems if a serious one should arise during the coming year. It has, moreover, the advantage of being in considerable part an expenditure for permanent improvements urgently needed for the movement of goods and crops, quite aside from the question of pleasure traffic, as is evident by the demand of the agricultural leaders who on November 25 met President Hoover and asked for more federal aid for farm roads. While it is true that no pavements are indestructible, the establishment of a broad roadway with the necessary bridges, culverts, and protected shoulders is in the nature of a permanent investment.

It is in the latter respect that the construction authorities have most frequently failed in the past, not unnaturally nor inexcusably, of course, for no one could have foreseen the amazing development of road traffic. But the motor age is full upon us and no temporary depression can stop the increasing use of the highways. There is no excuse today for building roads that are inadequate in width or in surface material, and none for laying out roads that will inevitably have to be relocated or straightened. When one sees the number of changes in existing routes actually being made today in New York and New England to lay out roads which should have been laid as a matter of course originally, the parallel with early American railway construction inevitably suggests itself.

There is no good reason today for constructing any cement through-route with only two lanes for traffic. The slightest breakdown on such a highway causes immediate and dangerous congestion, while the efforts to pass slow-moving traffic are among the most prolific causes of disaster —it was Mr. Hoover's commission on automobile accidents which reported that more accidents were caused by slow-moving traffic than by speeders. That the time has come for a restudy of the whole problem from a national point of view is apparent from the joint resolution now before Congress, sponsored by Senator Phipps of Colorado and Congressman Robinson of Kentucky, providing for an inquiry into the feasibility of federal government aid in the construction of a network of express motor highways for fast travel between the great centers of population. It is proposed that there shall be such a route from Boston to New York to Florida, another across the continent, and still another which would run via Philadelphia and Kansas City to the Southwest. Other lines to the South are also urgently needed. We agree with Senator Phipps and Congressman Tilson that research work and proper planning now would probably save hundreds of millions of dollars. Such an inquiry should result in an all-embracing plan which could be the objective both of the States and of the federal government for decades to come. Our railway building was altogether too haphazard; let us avoid some of its mistakes in the planning of express highways. As to how such roads are to be paid for there is, of course, no unanimity of opinion as yet. There is, however, a growing inclination to consider the amortization of the costs by tolls. It is true that before the last of the toll-roads was abolished there was considerable feeling against them, notably in Kentucky. But the motorist, especially the long-distance driver, is aware of the tremendous wear and tear which comes from high-speed vehicles, and has so far been ready to pay the toll charges on bridges and tunnels. The extraordinary success of the vehicular tunnel under the Hudson is proof of what can be accomplished by tolls; its cost is being returned to the States of New York and New Jersey so rapidly that it will be entirely paid for by 1937.

Senator Phipps's proposal coincides with the announcement by the Secretary of Commerce, Mr. Lamont, of a uniform traffic committee to carry on the work of Mr. Hoover's committee on motor accidents, to which we have already referred. It is the fourth committee appointed in this field of automobile traffic since June. Despite all efforts, accidents are on the increase. Standardization of highways, of rules of the road, of lights, traffic signs, markers, etc., is therefore of the utmost importance, and so is the routing of through traffic around instead of through towns. All in authority should redouble their efforts for a reorganization of traffic which will as far as possible separate express traffic from local or casual, and at the same time make the motor highway a safer place on which to travel.

It Seems to Heywood Broun

I AM never skeptical of the facts furnished by the ingenious Mr. Ripley. When he flings forth his syndicated challenge, "Believe It or Not," I am among those who choose to accept and offer no resistance even to the most bizarre findings. If Mr. Ripley says that a girl in Burma with two heads appeared once on rival debating teams I merely murmur, "How very odd!" and never think of sending a self-addressed envelope with a demand for proof. Indeed, it is my contention that Mr. Ripley offers too little rather than too much. This particular client would be receptive to far more.

At the moment I am entranced by Joe Fluttner of Los Angeles. He sits in the center of the daily pictorial display and his right to belong among the curious and strange heroes and heroines is explained in the following line: "Joe Fluttner of Los Angeles can balance a dozen eggs on end (fresh eggs) in fifteen minutes!"

Only that and nothing more. I am not satisfied. Not, you understand, that any doubt arises in my mind about the fact that Joe Fluttner has done this very thing and can do it again. Of course, a few points need clearing up. Does fifteen minutes constitute Fluttner's best time, and if so will the record be accepted by the A. A. U.? From what direction did the wind blow and what was its velocity on the day the feat was first accomplished? Or if fifteen minutes merely constitutes the average time consumed by the Californian in balancing a dozen eggs, what can he do if pressed? It seems to me that Mr. Ripley should present his heroes to us only in their most inspired moments.

But chiefly I am curious about the personality of Joe Fluttner. He is pictured as a slight man five or six feet high and somewhere in the neighborhood of thirty-odd. His hair seems to be long, black, and slightly wavy. The mustache is just average, but the fingers are long and tapering as befits one of artistic ability. Yet even so we have not solved the riddle of Joe, the egg balancer. Is he single, happy, married, and of a religious turn of mind? What is his other occupation, if any? Moreover, I am very anxious to know just how the whole thing began. Egg balancing could be a gift or the result of an infinite capacity for taking pains. The story of how the first egg came to be balanced would interest me even more than does the triumphant dozen.

In fact it is rather more exciting to balance one egg than twelve. After you have seen a man do two, or at most three, I rather think the average spectator is apt to get the idea. I would not go from here to Los Angeles to see anybody balance a hundred. The thing could in time grow tiresome.

Possibly Joe Fluttner's eminence may be explained on the ground of lack of competition. Millions of egg balancers are, perhaps, born to live and die unknown and go down to nameless graves. Upon many tombstones it might be written: "Here lies one who could have gone far in egg balancing but for the fact that he never tried." Life is like that, particularly under our modern competitive industrial system.

We Americans are all rush and bustle. It comes as a strain for most of us to give even that amount of time necessary for boiling eggs let alone balancing them. If I may digress for a brief second, let it be here recorded that no egg cooked for less than four minutes is worth eating. And five is better. Yet it is almost impossible to obtain a four-minute egg. Chefs there are who can build an omelette light as swan's down. They can curry lobster and make even the potato seem an aperitif. But they cannot boil an egg four minutes. Cannot or will not—let us not be drawn away from the theme into quibbles. Four minutes seems a brief span unless you stand beside a gas stove watching boiling water. Then it is all eternity. Surely a nation which grudges this tiny fragment out of infinite time (which may be only an illusion at that) is not likely to go in for egg balancing on any considerable scale.

But if a somewhat cynical tone pervades these reflections it is no more than the inevitable envy felt by one who has tried and failed. Before hearing of Mr. Fluttner I had never balanced an egg in my life. Nor have I now, but it is not for want of trying. Mr. Ripley's brief parenthetical remark "fresh eggs" leaves me with some slight hope for the future. It must mean that the fresher the egg the poorer its sense of equilibrium. That would seem logical. Flaming youth is ever rebellious at accepting the pose into which the hand of authority would direct it. Moreover, when more difficult eggs are to be found I am sure that Mr. Fluttner will balance them.

Still, if bad ones are more tractable then it would seem logical for me to begin at the bottom and then work up rather than make an attempt to launch myself at the very beginning as a full-fledged egg balancer. But how to get eggs of the poorer grade—that is indeed a question. For an entire afternoon I've scanned the signs outside the grocers of the neighborhood and each flaunts forth the fact that he sells nothing but the best. Again it may be remarked that life is like that. If I didn't happen to want a bad egg I should probably have no difficulty in finding one.

Joe Fluttner presents among other things an interesting problem for the newer psychologists. It hardly seems likely that his biography will be neglected in a day when even Martin Van Buren is considered worth a writer's time. The biographer will find, I believe, that young Joseph suffered severely as a child from a sense of unrequited affection. There was I imagine an elder brother and it seemed to the littlest Fluttner that this boy received more than his due share of parental attention. It was Buck Fluttner who got the violin lessons.

In contact with companions of his own age Joseph suffered from a sense of maladjustment. He could not run like Fred nor throw a baseball half so far as Harry. I'll warrant that he shied away from kissing games. The presence of the opposite sex merely embarrassed him. One Eastertide he received one dozen colored eggs and a chocolate rabbit. Fortunately it was the rabbit he devoured. In the privacy of his own room he played with the eggs and managed to ballance one, then two, then three. And now Joe Fluttner can look the whole world in the eye. He has liberated his psyche. Yes, and if you must have it, he has maximated his ego.

HEYWOOD BROUN

Russia from a Car Window

V. The Soviets and the Human Being*

By OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

I. The Soviets and the Peasant

THE Soviets and their individual subjects—here is perhaps the greatest paradox of all. For with the complete denial of political liberty, of the right to dissent and to oppose, yes, even to hold conflicting economic opinions in plain view, one still has while in Russia the feeling that it is a land of greater individual freedom than most others. This is in large part due to a recognition of the tremendous advance in the position of the Russian worker over his situation in the Czarist period, and also to the smashing of certain outworn taboos, to the frank recognition of some human conditions as to which other states and societies shut their eyes. If the day ever does come when genuine political liberty prevails in Russia it will without doubt be the freest of all countries, especially as it has been spared the curse of Anglo-Saxon hypocrisy.

When we entered Poland on our way to Berlin we were met at the frontier by a Pole, the correspondent of an American newspaper, who said that he had been officially designated to greet us and to take us to Warsaw. He spent a large part of the next four hours inveighing to those members of our party who would listen to him against the horrors and the wickedness of bolshevism. The peasants, he insisted, were far worse off today than under the rule of the Czar. That was too much for some of us, so we took him in hand. Did the peasant have all the land under the Czar? No. Did he have it now? Yes, undoubtedly. Did the peasant have any schools under the Czar? No, not to speak of. Did he have schools today? Yes, it must be admitted that the Soviets were trying to place a school in every one of Russia's several hundred thousand villages and hamlets. Did the peasant have any voice in his government under the Czar? No, he did not. Had not the Soviets granted him the right to vote and to govern himself in local affairs? Yes, subject to communist direction. Still, it was a very substantial advance toward self-government? Oh, yes. We then submitted it as our judgment that any government which gave its peasants land, education, and self-government, all at one moment, to say nothing of other benefits, was certainly entitled to the gratitude of its people. Our Polish friend could only mutter again that the lot of the peasant was worse today than under the Czar!

It is not. Despite all I have written of the hardships and forced alterations in the life of the peasant, his is a far better situation than ever before. He may have over him some harsh and overbearing Soviet officials, and possibly occasionally a corrupt one, but none to compare with the brutal, arrogant, and crooked officials of the Czarist regime, from whom nothing could be obtained without a bribe. The driving out of the landlords was the first step toward individual freedom; the disestablishment of the lazy, ignorant, and autocratic priests the second. And in this respect let no man weep if there are today many villages without orthodox churches. If they are without such churches it is because they care so little for their religion that they will not support them. It is far better, in my judgment, that the churches should all be closed than that they should be continued as the handmaidens of ignorance, as teachers of degradation, of superstition, of fetish- and image-worship.

II. Communism and the Churches

No self-respecting state, and no decent one, could do else than strike from the peasants the shackles the orthodox Russian church placed upon their spirits and their entire mental development, at the behest of the Czarist system. Some ethical training will, it is to be hoped, be given in the schools, but if there is none whatsoever the peasant will still be far better off morally than under the religious control of the past. True, he will not be allowed under the Soviets to beat his wife and children as freely, maltreat his animals as cruelly, steal as regularly, get drunk as frequently as in the old days, but for this in the years to come the Russian peasant will yet devoutly thank the atheistic Soviets. No honest man can deny that in Russia the religion of the state church was the opiate of the people—one of the opiates that prevented rebellion at least a hundred years ago. In setting their face against a state church—and a crooked one—the Soviets struck a tremendous blow for individual freedom and set a splendid example to Italy, Poland, Spain, and other priest-ridden countries.

This is not, however, to be taken as condoning the present persecution of minor sects by the Soviets. To muster out a corrupt medieval state church and free men's minds from religious bigotry and the dread of a man-conjured hell is one thing. But to strike at all forms of worship and not even to do it openly and honestly, that is surely unworthy of any group of rulers who claim to be enlightened. There is no doubt whatever that in the past year, as part of the general swing-back toward extreme communism, those who are affiliated with sects such as the Unitarian, Methodist, Baptist, and Christian Scientist are feeling the despotic hand of the government. In Moscow I was offered from a trustworthy source a list of one hundred persons affiliated with churches who have been exiled to Siberia or otherwise punished, within a year, on one trumped-up charge after another, often the all-embracing one of counter-revolution; for the Soviets are careful enough not to exile men purely because of their religious activities. They are caught tripping in some other matter and away they go to Siberia. They may not even know that they have been tried until they are called to the telephone and told that they have a week to prepare for three years of enforced residence in some Siberian town. Moreover, under a decree published last May, such evangelical churches as still remain open find themselves under

* This is the fifth of a series of six articles. The sixth and last will appear in our next issue.—Editor The Nation.

such restrictions as to make it impossible for them to accomplish much of anything. By contrast with the freedom which the government grants the citizen in other matters of personal life, its interference with religious activities is deserving of vigorous censure.

But to return to the peasant. He no longer kneels to kiss the hand of landlord or official; he has become articulate and can complain as freely as he likes, even about the Soviets and their leaders. He has been given social equality. He can aspire to any seat in a theater when he goes to town, where he can now negotiate on equal terms with merchants and traders, before whom he no longer cowers. It is a great gift to a people to give them self-respect and the right to walk erect before any man. And the mujik needs it all, for he has far to go, and his wife even farther. Anyone who reads Maurice Hindus's "Broken Earth" will find therein a picture of the lot of the peasant's wife which differs but little from that which could be drawn of the squaw of a Sioux in bygone days. But whatever the fate of the Soviets, they have set in motion forces within the village life which can never be wholly checked.

III. The Health of the Worker

As for the workingman, a proletarian state should be able to present a remarkable list of achievements for him, and it does. Here are some of the benefits conferred upon the men and women who carry on the Soviets' industries: free drugs, free doctors, free dentists, free hospitals, free accident insurance, free health insurance, free old-age pensions, and two weeks' vacation each year. In addition there are provided clubhouses, reading rooms, educational courses, theaters, athletic grounds for the worker and his children, and the best homes that are being built in Russia. If he is still illiterate, there are teachers in plenty to teach him so that he may have access to books and daily newspapers. The wonderful old floors of the picture galleries and the former palaces of the Czar are being worn out by the great troops of men and women workers personally conducted through them. If the worker is taken ill every consideration is given to him—he may even be sent to the beautiful Caucasus for recovery in one of the countless sanitariums maintained for the workers. In every city through which he passes in the Caucasus, perhaps in every city of western Russia, he will find the former homes of the rich and the aristocratic turned into hospitals and refuges for the sick poor. At Stalingrad we entered the grounds of the old iron works. We were asked if we cared to see the mansion of the former head of the plant, which had been owned by French capitalists. We assented and entered, only to find the place a sanitarium for consumptives, with each bed filled. It was not an ideal place for tubercular invalids; but somehow it typified the revolution in social emphasis which the Soviets have brought about. Formerly nobody cared about a tubercular worker; now the finest house available is his home until he dies or recovers.

Coming to the workingmen's clubs, we saw one costing $750,000 at Kanavino, next to Nizhni Novgorod, with a superb theater in it. Some of our party demurred. Was it not too big and too costly for so small a city, someone asked the head of the Nizhni Novgorod Soviet the next morning? "Well," was his reply, "if what the manager says about the attendance at the club is true we shall have to build four more like it during the next five years." The clubhouse was well kept, well run, and well attended by people of all ages; some of the children were extremely well dressed, all were neat and clean. Never have I seen so many checker- and chess-tables under one roof. There were two large auditoriums beside the theater, one fitted for movies. On the ground floor was an excellent cafeteria where cheese sandwiches cost eleven copecks (5½ cents) and a "hot dog" twenty-five (12½ cents); apples cost ten copecks; cakes twelve; and coffee five.

Across the street was a maternity hospital; after visiting, quite unannounced, some workers' apartments, we burst, also unannounced at eleven at night, into the hospital, which was finished last spring, and inspected it from top to bottom. Eighty beds are provided, the whole being paid for by the city and out of the social insurance funds. Not one of the patients, not one of the dozens of healthy little babies being wheeled on trucks to their mothers for their night meal, becomes liable for a cent. It is the mother's right and the child's right to have the best care without cost. Nine doctors, one in charge of the laboratory, twenty-five nurses earning $25 to $30 a month, and fourteen general employees carry on the work. Those who were on duty gazed wide-eyed at the sudden intrusion of these strange, inquisitive Americans. We asked if this was built for the use of working people. "Most assuredly," was the head physician's answer. "Are others taken, too?" "Anyone who applies." "But what if the hospital were full save for one bed and the wife of a worker, the spouse of a bourgeois, and the life-partner of an aristocrat should apply for that bed?" The chief physician looked at us in amazement. "We should take the first that came. This is a humanitarian enterprise and we know no social or class differences here."

IV. Public Amusements

Much has been written about the various "parks of culture." These are efforts to give the people education and amusement combined. The great one in Moscow is a sort of refined and vastly improved Luna Park. Here are movies, theaters, and concert halls, with municipal bands, picture galleries, rifle-shooting ranges, opportunities for military drill, a model kindergarten with highly trained workers, manual training for older children, tennis courts, ball grounds, gymnastic apparatus—all together. One seated group was making music with balalaikas, guitars, violins, harmonicas. The sign said that these seats were reserved for that purpose and that visitors were welcome. The leader assured me, in English, that if I would come regularly he would help me to acquire a balalaika even to financial help! Our young American boys and girls found themselves in no time playing ball with teams of young Russians, tossing the ball over a net in a game of skill the name of which they never learned. Everywhere there was quiet, peace, content; no loud voices, no wrangling, no public hugging as at Coney Island; no toughs, no rowdies, no papers scattered around. Everything was, like Moscow itself, as orderly as could be, and nowhere in this park of culture did a single policeman or even a uniformed employee cross my sight. These "parks of culture," like the races in which the government pitted its own horses against one another and permitted betting, are a significant part of the Soviet program. The Russian leaders do not intend that communism shall make the lives of the proletariat

grim and dull and void of pleasure. They wish to bring beauty and happiness, coupled with more knowledge, into the workers' lives, and they have much still to do to change the grim somberness of the adults of Moscow.

It is the government that keeps up the wonderful ballet, the superb opera, the fine theaters; that insists that the workers shall be brought into contact with the masterpieces of art. If the people are soberly clad, that is not because the government wishes it; it is compelled to suffer this for the present, it asserts, for the sake of larger things. It is the government which urges the people to travel, to go to the country for holidays, as hundreds of thousands do from Leningrad and Moscow—perhaps to bootleg some food—and come back laden with flowers and as happily tired as similar crowds returning to Berlin or New York. It is the government which sends out those vacation boats which go up and down the Volga on two weeks' cruises crowded with happy people in scant bathing suits, as eagerly in search of actinic rays as the bathers on our own American beaches. No; whether the Soviet leaders do so to keep the masses content, or whether they do it because it is part of their program of enriching the lives of their workers, they are putting into life all the privileges and all the color they can. They provide short working hours; they have broken up the week so that Sunday disappears and there can be no one regular rest day or churchgoing day, but they plainly desire to fill the rest days with amusements which shall educate when they do not restore physically. Even the lunch hour at the factories is filled with music or lectures or communistic exhortations.

V. The Communist Challenge

"But," I hear it said, "there is not one thing in all this which the workers could not get under a capitalist government. We have factories which give their workers the best of care, give them amusements, good pay, and retiring pensions. There is nothing in the Soviet treatment of its workers which is distinctively communistic or a part of communism, nothing that could not be provided by American employers and municipalities working together." Precisely. This was the belief that came to me in Russia whenever I inspected what was being done for the welfare of the individual worker. We *could* have finer parks of culture than they; we *could* supply fine theaters and decent amusements and ideal labor conditions if we would. But, the communist points out, we *don't*. Our American legislatures do not free the worker from the dread of sickness; do not give him the dentists he needs and can never afford. They are only just beginning to provide old-age pensions; they have not tackled the question of unemployment; they are not concerned because millions of our workers are born, live, and die in our mill towns or cities without once having a glimpse of country life. Germany? Yes, there things are different. There, too, there are no Gastonias or Marions and no strike murders. There the social benefits I have enumerated above are in large measure bestowed upon the German working people—against the resistance of the employing class. Any capitalist state could, if it wished, give all the benefits listed above to the workers if it could bring itself to the belief that the workers, and not those who are already rich and privileged, are the chief concern of an enlightened state. The Russian communist insists that this will not come to pass elsewhere until the rich and privileged are subordinated or wiped out, until each state declares that the meek and lowly, namely the workers, shall inherit the earth and shall not be limited to such of the good things of life as they can procure with their scanty wages. Here is the most serious communist challenge to capitalist society. It will have to be answered some day; perhaps before so very long, if the Soviets should make a great success of their "immortal gamble."

VI. What of the Bourgeoisie?

And the Russian bourgeoisie and the aristocrats meanwhile—what of them? They cower in garrets, live as best they can, starve if need be. They, too, can visit the parks of culture, the theaters and other amusements, if they have the money. But they are intellectually destitute, cut off from social intercourse, and never free from the espionage of the G. P. U., the dreaded Soviet secret police. Anyone is free to accuse or denounce them. They do not dare to be seen together in numbers lest they be charged with counter-revolution. The members of the diplomatic corps and the foreign colony in Moscow fear to associate much with the remnants of what are now the submerged classes lest the Soviet police trail the friends they visit. It is a cause of suspicion if a bourgeois sees much of foreigners; when diplomatic relations with England were broken off dozens of persons, some say hundreds, who had had contacts with the British Embassy were arrested and a number shot by the Soviets, whose leaders seemed for the moment fear-struck. Even today the government cares not a whit about the sufferings of the former aristocrats and bourgeoisie. Unless they are suspected of plotting, they may live in complete obscurity and die off as rapidly as possible. Of course, if there are professionally trained men and women of one kind or another among them, they are welcome and get higher pay than can a communist; we saw many non-communist engineers at work on the great industrial projects we visited. None the less my statement is correct; the Soviets would welcome the emigration of the bourgeoisie en masse, or their extinction—though they will not let them leave individually—whereas they are chagrined by the wholesale emigration of 7,000 persons from the German Volga Republic, of the entire Swedish colony, and of many of the Greek settlers, and are turning several thousand Germans back, destitute and suffering. They know that these emigrants will speak ill of them wherever they may go. So freedom in Russia plainly is not for the bourgeois nor the aristocrat; they are prisoners on sufferance; their children who have fled to foreign states may not come to them, nor may they cross the borders to see their offspring once more before they die.

VII. Women in Soviet Russia

Freedom, by contrast, has come to all Russian women—freedom and equality. No longer is a peasant's wife no better than his ox or his ass. No longer is the worker's wife at a disadvantage before the law and in industry; no longer is she tied down for life through economic necessity to a brutal, dissolute husband. No longer is she denied entrance to the professions or the right to rise politically. She may live her own life, and if she desires no children the facts as to birth control are at her service, while abortion is no longer illegal. Divorce is free and marriage easy—some of us witnessed both processes in Moscow. It must not be overlooked, too, that the complete equality of Russian women

extends to industry. At the head of a great oil refinery in the Baku district is a woman. At Dnieprostroy we were introduced to a woman engineer who had been called away from a dinner party a couple of evenings previously to superintend the replacing of an engine upon its track. She is a charming and brilliant woman. The wife of Professor Alexandroff, the first planner of this water-power project, is credited with having accomplished well some very difficult tasks as assistant to her husband in the working out of the entire project. There are many good women foremen. One was sent to Kharkov to sink a shaft several men had failed to put through. She succeeded. There is no sex bar anywhere and no sex prejudice among the workers. This Soviet society has determined to profit by all the creative talent and executive ability available. It has learned from the history of capitalist states not to deprive itself, as civilization did for centuries, of the mental talents of one-half of the human race.

VIII. Marriage and Sex

Let no one believe that woman has been degraded by any act of the Soviets; quite the contrary. The poisonous Pole whom I quoted above declared there was no wholesale shifting of marriage partners and free sexual life until the Soviets came in. Nonsense! So far as extra-marital relations are concerned, Russia is no different from what it has been. The present government does not care who lives with whom out of wedlock, and neither did the Czarist government. By contrast with the latter the present rulers of Russia are really Puritans. While they believe that it is nobody's business what relationships men and women have to one another, they are strenuously opposed to promiscuity and anything approaching prostitution. They have cleaned up the cities not a little—Nizhni Novgorod, for instance, which during its famous fair was a center of prostitution and gambling. All the Russian cities I saw were cleaner and more decent to the eye than French and Italian or Spanish towns.

In the Soviets' refusal to regulate private morals by law there is wisdom, justice, and common sense; for such matters belong in the domain of public opinion. I much prefer the Russian frankness and laissez-faire policy to our own American hypocrisy which turns back men and women at Ellis Island because they have lived together unmarried before coming here, just as if there were not next door to Ellis Island, on Manhattan, a hundred or more thousand couples living in extra-marital relations. The Soviets, no more than the American government, would favor a white-slave traffic; the difference between the two is that the one seeks by communism to do away with the economic misery which produces white slaves and the other creates a law to deal with the case which merely victimizes the innocent and enriches hundreds of blackmailers. In the matter of drink the Russian government does not forbid the use of vodka—though it did for a time—but supplies it to the country; but it strenuously urges the Russians not to drink and is doing its best to educate its people to the evils of intemperance. That sounds hypocritical, but if it continues on this line it may in time achieve genuine temperance without going through our mortifying experience with prohibition; or it may decide later on that it is strong enough to compel abstinence by fiat.

Curious it is how ready we are to jump at conclusions. "Don't talk to me about those people," said a respected member of our delegation in Russia after viewing the nude bathing on the Volga and other rivers. "A people which has sunk so low as to have deprived their women of all modesty is beyond the pale." I mildly asked him if he was aware that nude bathing had been practiced on this river and most of the other great rivers of the world for centuries. It had never occurred to him. He thought the Soviets had introduced it! Nor had he ever heard of the historic bathing together in the nude of the sexes in Japan, Sweden, Norway, and elsewhere. I asked him if he believed that there were bathing-suit factories on the shores of Galilee when Christ was alive. He was inclined to doubt it, but I am afraid that he is still telling people that Russian women are totally without modesty, and that the Soviets are responsible for it. I am sure that still others who were with us hold to the opinion that if we could really search far enough we should find clear evidence of the nationalizing of women in some portions of Russia. The fact is that these bathing customs of the Russians are so deeply rooted that no one thinks whether they are modest or immodest. I am inclined to think that Mrs. Marguerite Harrison, herself a charming and refined woman, was right when she said that the Americans who saw something wrong with this custom because they were unaccustomed to it were the ones who were immodest and prurient, and not the Russians. One of the members of our party always listened very gravely and apparently sympathetically to denunciations of nude bathing; he confided to me privately that he had for some years belonged to a group of perfectly respectable men and women at home who had adopted this custom in the protection of privately inclosed bathing pools. Plainly this is a question of good taste and aesthetics, as well as of custom. But here again true freedom dictates that a country is best served which does not try to regulate these matters of changing *mores* by statute, but leaves them to public opinion.

Within the limits of public order the individual should be left absolutely free. It is in this direction that I feel that the Soviets desire to move. I heard, for instance, nothing while I was in Russia of a censorship of literature. I know that there is a censorship of political matters, and there is certainly a strict censorship of the press, and of what the foreign correspondents in Moscow wish to send out. One of them, for instance, was not allowed to telegraph that there was official evidence that the ruble is slipping in value. On the other hand, the censor has freely passed the reports of the shocking increase in executions, even allowing Mr. Duranty to say in one dispatch that on one day the "bag of revolutionists and kulaks [rich peasants] was fifty"—by bag he meant executions. Here, too, one must hope that if the Soviets last and become more firmly established they will do away more and more with the restrictions which now hedge around the freedom of the individual Russian. Important as they are, and often harassing and cruel, as, for instance, the refusal to permit the free movement of individuals beyond the frontier, I still believe that when one is in Russia one does feel personal freedom in the air and this despite the nationalization of all private property and despite the state's assumption that it is to say how much property a citizen shall have and what he shall not acquire. It is an anachronism and a paradox, I admit. But, as I cannot say too often, Russia is a conglomeration of contradictions, paradoxes, and anachronisms.

Wall Street and the World

By CHARLES HODGES

WHAT is the relation of the stock-market crash to international finance? Did transatlantic speculators, "raiding" Wall Street at the psychological moment, precipitate that crash? And what will be the effects of the collapse on European finance and industry? Before the World War, no one would have thought of asking such questions. The United States at that time was a debtor nation. European investors during the nineteenth century, financing our railroad and industrial development, really owned a large part of our equipment. Wall Street was a domestic institution, its financial activities bearing primarily upon American business and banking.

A pioneer nation in the New World, our nineteenth-century growth is nevertheless attributable in no small part to the capital we borrowed from Europe. Though the United States as a government has not borrowed abroad since the Civil War, States, municipalities, and private corporations secured large sums right up to the World War. America owed abroad three billions of dollars in 1899; probably six by 1910; and seven on the eve of 1914. The principal creditors were: England, four billions; Germany, two and one-quarter; France, one; Holland, two-thirds of a billion. Between 1914 and 1918 the international position of the United States was revolutionized. Apart from our expansion in world trade, the war years witnessed tremendous financial changes. The Old World holders of American securities had to sell out; the United States forged to the front as the world's banker.

At the close of the war two Wall Streets, so to speak, were in existence. The older Wall Street represented the financial center of America, the ups and downs of the market reflecting the hopes and fears of traders in predominantly American economic prospects. The newer Wall Street, however, means the banks that are developing our international business leadership. It represents the New World interests of the United States, the banker for governments during the conflict and the underwriter of business rehabilitation in the decade of reconstruction since 1919. As a world banker, Wall Street has come to rival even Lombard Street. Both sides of Wall Street, of course, are inextricably interwoven. Neither the domestic nor the international outlook can be disregarded.

The transformation of the United States from a debtor to a creditor nation has involved us commercially and financially in every quarter of the globe. During the World War and immediately after it, we cut our indebtedness to private investors approximately in half. The debts were liquidated by the huge export of goods to the Old World belligerents. Apart from the eleven billions of war debts of a governmental character, we loaned heavily abroad to private interests.

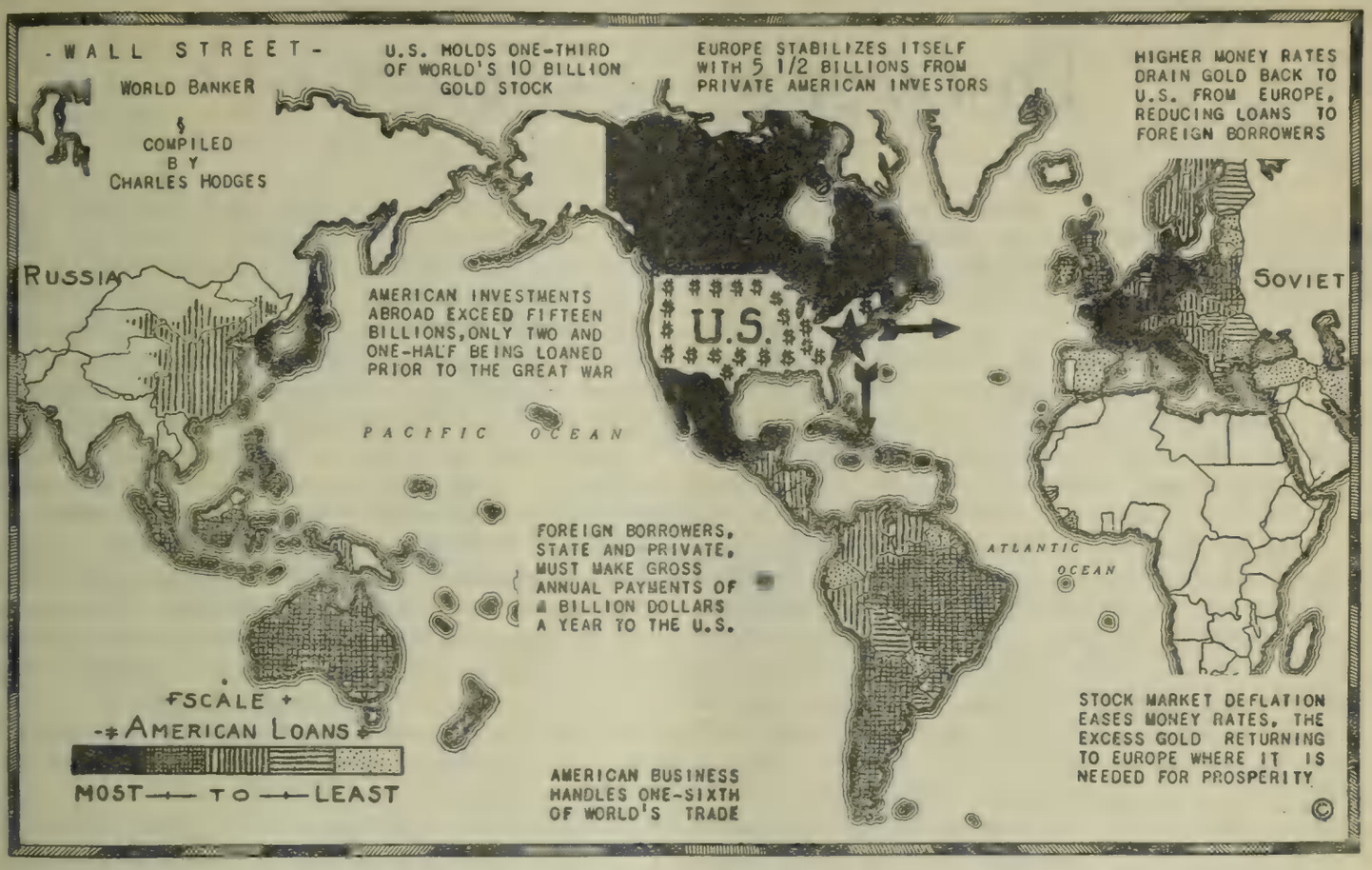
Thus business and finance alike have become concerned in the international situation. American business is doing about a sixth of the world's international trade, now pressing close upon Britain, which has enjoyed a commercial preponderance for a century. Before the World War, "finished" manufactures averaged less than a third of our total exports; today they amount to a half. American finance has provided the greater share of capital available for reconstruction. Aside from governmental lending, Wall Street has built up a private investment abroad which totals between twelve and fourteen billions. Our gross interests abroad stand possibly above twenty-five billions.

A world which borrowed over two billions a year from the United States in 1928 is bound to be concerned with American business and financial conditions. There are two principal reasons for this interest. In the first place, through our control over the bulk of the world's gold, the United States has come to occupy a financial position which directly affects European monetary problems. Secondly, Old World business, from a narrower point of view, has come to depend on Wall Street for capital. Before the war, only 13 per cent of the two and one-half billions of American capital loaned abroad was invested in Europe; now about one-third of the American overseas investment lies across the Atlantic. Furthermore, one-half the foreign flotations annually now go to the Old World. Significantly, three-fourths of these issues are utilized to provide the capital that is essential to European business; only one-fourth is loaned to governments.

The gold standard, owing to the financial ravages of the war, has been on trial. The stabilization of post-war Europe has hinged upon a redistribution of the world's gold supply. The United States has accumulated larger gold reserves than it needed for sound financial conditions. The European nations, struggling with the double threat to stability from depreciated currencies and inadequate gold reserves, have faced the menace of further losses of the precious metal, and since the early 1920's have sought by every means to replenish their depleted hoards of gold.

The principal difficulty has been that gold flows to the market where it can get the highest return. American prosperity, therefore, has been a financial burden to nations less favorably placed. American finance, however, in two ways has helped foreign countries to meet the situation. Loans have been made, the borrowed dollars helping to avert national bankruptcy by strengthening tottering paper currencies and aiding private enterprise. Moreover, our financial authorities, through the cooperation of the Federal Reserve Board with other banking systems abroad, have attempted to work with neighboring nations who happen to be our debtors. After discussions, never made public, between officials of the Federal Reserve system in New York and Washington and a European mission which comprised the heads of the British, German, and French central banks, steps were taken in 1927 to halt the gold drainage. Our lowering of the discount rate, first on the seaboard and then in the interior, proved only momentarily successful as assistance to Britain in its effort to hold depleted key gold stocks.

The policy of cheap money in America is held in many quarters to have been responsible for our pyramiding specu-



The map shows by its shading the comparative amounts of American capital invested abroad.

lation. The subsequent advances in the Federal Reserve rate to check the bull market were without effect; foreign funds again flowed into New York. The American stock-market boom, depleting transatlantic countries of commercial funds, contributed to dearer money everywhere. Between January and September of this year, fourteen central banks abroad raised their rates—five of them twice—with far-reaching disturbance of business. Their object has been, if not to attract capital from abroad, at least to hold it at home. But business the world over has been obliged to pay more for the funds made available.

The international situation has been further affected adversely by the decline in American loans abroad. The peak of the speculative wave in the United States has been accompanied by a sharp falling off in the volume of foreign borrowing. The flotations of 1928 stand as a record, and the present year represents a sharp decline. Conservatively priced foreign issues have not been able to compete with the boom in domestic securities. Whereas foreign issues totaled well over a billion dollars from January to October in 1928, this year's figures do not reach half that amount. Domestic flotations have dominated—stocks well to the forefront—in what promises to be, nevertheless, a record-breaking total of combined foreign and domestic issues.

The "drying up" of the American money market, therefore, adds to the troubles of foreign nations. Continued recovery abroad depends in part upon continued large-scale financing at reasonable rates. Moreover, our commerce must feel any slowing down of international trade such as has been threatened by the world-wide contraction of credit. These countries are the markets which consume American exports; half our foreign trade is done with the Old World.

Wall Street, in short, has been in the eyes of the world because foreign nations are affected as never before by what happens in our stock market. Whatever selling has taken place from transatlantic investors represents sales of despair. Between spring and fall, Old World business was hard hit. Berlin started the continental depression with its slump over the reparations parley. The climax was the Hatry companies' collapse in London. The whole cycle has backed up on the New York Stock Exchange as a forced liquidation of American holdings from abroad in accumulating blocks—far from a transatlantic bear raid.

The outcome of the October crash promises to aid business at home and abroad. If deflation is effective, the orderly recovery of American economic life will be accompanied by distinct international gains. The pressure on foreign financial centers from the top-heavy American market has ceased. The possibility of an international series of market collapses abroad appears to be past. Gold exports from the United States—not imports—are in sight. The "gold points" in foreign exchanges, at which it becomes profitable to import bullion, have been reached by London, Paris, and Berlin.

The decline in money rates, if not accompanied by a new wave of speculation, will bring the United States back into more normal relations with the rest of the economic world. These trends promise to readjust American gold holdings so that an over-abundant domestic supply, which has been the chief problem of the Federal Reserve system, will be distributed overseas where it can be put to work without inflation. They also point to renewed foreign financing by Wall Street, important alike to our foreign trade and financial preeminence.

Hoover's Washington

By PAUL Y. ANDERSON

Washington, November 23

THE President, deeply disappointed over the results of his initial efforts to abolish poverty by legislative methods, turns to the conference method and summons a whole battalion of "leaders" to the White House, hoping by this means at least to prevent the spread of such poverty as already exists. Whether the latter plan will succeed any better than the former is subject to conjecture but nobody can doubt that it is infinitely better suited to Mr. Hoover's temperament and talent. It is, in fact, the very sort of thing at which his gifts show to most advantage, and probably he has begun to realize it. If the special session of Congress demonstrated one thing for certain, it was that Mr. Hoover is totally devoid of skill in getting a legislative program adopted by Congress. He simply has no idea of the proper way to go about it. His leadership throughout the session was a marvel of ineptitude. When Congress met in response to his call for farm relief and limited tariff revision, his problem was simple. All that was necessary was for him to say at the outset exactly what sort of bills he wanted enacted. Instead, he pursued in each instance a course which consisted of maintaining blank silence until a situation had developed contrary to his desires, and then trying to bluster his way out of it. He handled the farm bill so badly that it was passed only after a nasty—and wholly unnecessary—fight in which the Administration lost control in the Senate; and he allowed the tariff situation to drift to a point where the Administration was practically powerless to influence the outcome, and the Republican Party in Congress was more demoralized than at any time in the past twenty years. Nearly all his difficulty has grown out of a habit to which I have previously called attention: that of refusing to do anything directly which he believes he can do indirectly. Writing in this place last June I said: "This Oriental trait has already got him into trouble, and will surely get him into more unless he abandons it." He hasn't abandoned it, and since then it has got him into plenty.

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THE Senate eventually did the sensible thing of adjourning in time to get a short rest from the tariff before the opening of the regular session. Many members were on the verge of actual physical exhaustion. Business men and Will Rogers love to talk about the Senate frittering away its time in idle talk; but the fact is that the ordeal to which a majority of the Senate subjected itself in the last ten days would have sent the average captain of industry to a sanitarium cutting paper dolls. In the closing hours before adjournment it still managed to attend effectively to a number of details. For one, it refused to be stampeded into hasty confirmation of two appointments which an unwilling President had been dragooned into making to the federal bench. Of them, more hereafter. It administered an artistic hiding to Roger Babson for his stupid attempt to saddle Congress with responsibility for the stock-market collapse—a collapse which Babson himself had predicted long before Congress was in session. It put a crushing quietus on the hypocritical blather of its own newly formed group which has been variously designated as the "Young Guard," "Hoover Blues," "Young Turks," and "Boy Scouts." This devoted little band of senatorial freshmen and sophomores set itself the impossible task of carrying out Mr. Hoover's suggestion that the tariff bill be passed in two weeks, and came forward with a proposal to confine revision to agricultural products and a few sick industries. It was ignored, and the insincerity of the proponents became painfully apparent when examination of the record disclosed that every one of them earlier in the session had voted against the Borah resolution, which would have accomplished almost exactly the same thing. The Senate, in addition, expressed itself very effectively on the presidential habit of ignoring civil-service ratings in connection with the postal service, when it overwhelmingly refused to confirm President Hoover's nominee for an obscure Montana postmastership. The custom of allowing local political bosses to select a nominee from among the candidates making the highest three marks, instead of giving it to the one with the highest, was instituted when the Ohio Gang took over the government, and has been faithfully followed by Presidents Coolidge and Hoover. Hereafter the practice will be more hazardous. Finally, and most important, the Senate declined to be swayed or intimidated from its purpose of deliberately taking up the items in the tariff bill one by one and deciding each upon its merits. On the whole, and with all its faults, it left no doubt that it remains the nation's principal safeguard against corruption, despotism, and special privilege in Washington.

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HERETOFORE I have alluded briefly to the extraordinary circumstances which surrounded the President's appointment of Albert L. Watson as United States District Judge in Pennsylvania. They are fully matched by those which attended his selection of Richard J. Hopkins for a similar post in Kansas. Both appointments were forced down Hoover's throat by Republican State organizations after Attorney General Mitchell had examined the records of the candidates and found them unfit. I purpose here to reveal some interesting details of these transactions, not only for their bearing on the character of the nominees, but also for the illumination they shed on the courage and firmness of certain great officials. It will be recalled that one of the first stated purposes of Mr. Hoover when he took office was to establish a rigid standard of merit in filling judicial positions. Pursuant to this lofty aim, Attorney General Mitchell was directed to give close scrutiny to the qualifications of all such candidates. He did so in the case of Watson. When a recommendation was not promptly forthcoming, the Republican State Committee of Pennsylvania held a meeting *in Washington*, attended by President Atterbury of the Pennsylvania Railroad and Lobbyist Joseph R. Grundy. The upshot was a call at the White House by Senator David Reed, and two days later Mr. Hoover sent

Watson's name to the Senate, where it was referred to a Judiciary subcommittee headed by Senator Borah. Published reports related how Senator Reed had "laid down on" the President, warning him that unless Watson was appointed the Pennsylvania Republican organization would not be responsible for the political consequences, and how the President thereupon hastily took the papers out of Mitchell's hands and made the appointment without a recommendation. Borah wrote to Mitchell asking if this was true. Mitchell replied by telephone, telling Borah that he was unwilling to put the facts in a letter, but would impart them to the Senator in a private interview. Borah declined to accept them in that manner, and the Attorney General was invited to appear before the full Judiciary committee. He complied, and after assuring himself that the session would be secret and that his statement would not be taken down, proceeded to declare that he had recommended Watson, although profoundly dissatisfied with his qualifications, because no suitable candidate seemed available. Some members of the committee appeared to be equally dissatisfied with Mitchell's explanation, but Senator Borah was not one of them. He responded with a favorable report!

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THE case of Hopkins was similar. The record showed that while Attorney General of Kansas he had accepted money from the Anti-Saloon League for delivering prohibition lectures. Subsequently, as a member of the Kansas Supreme Court, he wrote an opinion which declared in effect that the Attorney General of the State had power to grant immunity for a crime in advance of its perpetration if, in his opinion, such action would aid in the enforcement of the prohibition laws. It is admitted that the Kansas constitution, which he has sworn to uphold, forbids him to accept any other appointment during the term for which he was elected to the State Supreme Court and that his term has not expired. When this record was submitted to Attorney General Mitchell he exhibited every symptom of profound shock. He told inquirers that Hopkins was "totally unfit." He said there had been mitigating circumstances in connection with Watson, but that Hopkins's candidacy constituted "a test case" of whether fitness or political influence was to govern judicial appointments. There can be no doubt that he communicated these sentiments to his superior, because the President implored Senators Capper and Allen of Kansas to produce a more acceptable nominee. He was willing for the Republican organization in that State to choose the man, but hoped, in the name of mercy and common decency, that it would choose one whose record was less offensive. The machine stood pat, and presently Hopkins's name was on its way from the White House to the Senate. And once more the gallant Attorney General made known that he had given a belated but favorable recommendation! This was too much for Borah, who has declared that he will oppose Hopkins's confirmation. I suspect Mr. Hoover would not grieve too deeply if both his nominees were rejected. I credit him with an honest desire to clean up the federal bench.

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ASIDE from the conclusion of the tariff battle, the second session promises an event of uncommon interest, in the investigation which will be conducted by the Senate Committee on Interstate Commerce into the affairs of corporations engaged in interstate and foreign communication by wire and wireless and in the interstate transmission of power. In other words, what is in prospect is a sweeping investigation of the methods and rates of the Radio Corporation, the telephone, telegraph, and cable companies, and the big electric-power groups. It will be recalled that the Power Trust, after spending half a million dollars and retaining ex-Senators and ex-Cabinet officers right and left to defeat the Walsh resolution for an investigation of its methods and rates, slept soundly at its post last spring while Senator Couzens secured the adoption of a resolution containing all the powers that the Walsh resolution contained and five times as many more in addition. The Radio Corporation already has shown signs of apprehension. The Couzens committee should have a merry time likewise with the power magnates. There is big game in those woods!

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AS the recent session of Congress passes into history it will be remembered, among other things, for the number of new blocs that appeared on the Republican side of the Senate. Some lasted but a day or two; I have mentioned the short and sad life of the "Boy Scouts." Others showed evidence of greater durability. It is manifestly impossible to classify all Senators rigidly by blocs, for the reason that so many of them belong to more than one. An agile joiner like Arthur Capper, for example, is capable of belonging to half a dozen at once. I have endeavored, however, to make a list of some of the more interesting blocs, and a suggestion of their diverse natures. It is plainly incomplete, but here it is:

Sons of the Wild Jackass Bloc—Includes such men as Norris, La Follette, Borah, and Nye, who suffer from the naive delusion that the rest of the country is entitled to the same measure of governmental care and solicitude as the fat manufacturers represented by Messrs. Grundy and Eyanson.

Polecat Bloc—Self-constituted and self-designated by Brookhart, in connection with his custom of being explicit about the alcoholic content of the refreshments served at dinners which he attends as a guest.

Bewildered Bloc—Sometimes ribaldly identified in the press gallery as the "Whereinhell are we at bloc." Contains an approximate dozen of fledgling Senators of the general caliber of Hebert, Walcott, Patterson, Goldsborough, and Hatfield. They don't know where they're going, and it is extremely difficult for them to ascertain whether they are on their way.

Oh Dear! Oh Dear! Bloc—Consisting of Simeon D. Fess of Ohio. Fluttering anxiously from one distressing situation to another, this bloc probably allows its thoughts to stray often to those dear placid days at Antioch College, where piety and scholarship were one, and a Good Man was indistinguishable from a Great One.

Uncut Ivory Bloc—Phipps of Colorado, Kean of New Jersey, and little Freddy Hale of Maine—all solid men in the most substantial meaning of the word.

Charles Dickens Bloc—Sam Shortridge of California. Think of an owl with sideburns, spending the days in melancholy meditation on the decay of parliamentary government, and—what is worse—occasionally bursting into discourse on the subject in what it conceives to be the best manner of Burke, Pitt, and Fox combined.

What's Left Bloc—Long known as the Old Guard. Now consisting of Moses, Reed, and Bingham.

"Miracles" at Malden

By GARDNER JACKSON

Boston, November 23

SEVERAL weeks ago the Boston newspapers printed reports of miraculous cures said to have occurred at Malden at the grave of Father Patrick J. Power, an obscure Catholic priest, dead sixty years. Since then throngs of pilgrims have beaten down the earth of Holy Cross Cemetery, surging day and night about the grave. The spectacle is repellent beyond words and at the same time stirs feelings of intense pity. The commercialism involved is shocking: the slab over the grave covered with money dropped by the kneelers; the two waste-baskets filled with money and emptied two or three times a day; the mountainous pile of scarcely burned vigil candles in the rear of the cemetery chapel which are removed to make room for other candles by three shifts of boys working day and night just as soon as the people praying by them (and making a contribution of anything from 10 cents up for each candle) have left the chapel (a flat violation of the religious theory of the vigil light); the hordes and hordes of crippled children yowling at the treatment forced upon them; the tragically ignorant and faithful mothers with typically Mongolian idiot children whom they place upon the muddy, foul slab (to cure idiocy); the newspapermen rushing from one crowd collected around a reported cure to another crowd, taking names, and rushing off to the telephone across the street; the sergeant and patrolman at the grave trying to keep the kneelers moving, yanking them up from kissing the stone and (in the case of the sergeant) treating them just like a football crowd, even to telling one woman "to get the hell out of here! you've been in here nineteen times already!"; the grabbing by everyone of a handful of dirt from the grave and stuffing it in handkerchiefs and pocket-books to be taken home and cherished; the bottles filled with water from a faucet just inside the cemetery gate and taken to the grave where a little is poured on the stone and the bottle corked and then rubbed around in the muddy mixture to become consecrated water; the soaking of handkerchiefs in the muddy mixture on the slab and the laving of faces, necks, legs, and arms with these handkerchiefs; the hot-dog stands and food tents on the adjacent streets; the hawking of celluloid buttons, just like campaign buttons, bearing the likeness of Father Power; the making way every now and then for the movie men to get good shots and spread the word of cures around the country; the screams of hysterical women, the tears, the faintings, the fine dust into which the turf has been pulverized around the grave. It is a scene that violates the most elementary principles of mental and physical health.

Since the newspapers published reports of cures more than a million and a quarter people in all stages of affliction, disease, and deformity have prayed at this Malden grave of the priest who died at the age of twenty-five and who is remembered (with scant detail) for a saintly and scholarly disposition, for a few works on astronomy, natural philosophy, chemistry, and mathematics (written out by him in script), and for a particular fondness for children. On the Sunday before Armistice Day a crowd of 150,000 was reported at the cemetery. For the Sunday a week later newspaper estimates ranged between 200,000 and 300,000. Mayor-elect James M. Curley and his wife, who has been seriously ill for more than a year, were among those who knelt at the cement slab this latter Sunday. Rain or shine, the crowds have numbered on week-days anywhere from 15,000 to 100,000. All night many of them pray. They fill the small frame cemetery chapel with its thousands of vigil lights throwing a glow out over the tombstones and monuments of the cemetery.

Tracing the origin of the present appalling flocking of pilgrims, one instantly realizes that it would not and could not have happened except for the newspapers. St. Joseph's Parish adjoins the cemetery and Father Patrick Walsh of that parish is intrusted with the spiritual demands of the burial ground. At a morning mass on Sunday, October 27, Father Walsh announced that cures at Father Power's grave had been reported to him. He asked members of his congregation to inform him of any they heard about. The friend of a friend of the city editor of Boston's only tabloid was there; likewise a relative of an office boy on the Boston *Globe*. The tabloid city editor and the office boy's relative heard Father Walsh's announcement and also heard an altar boy report after the service the cure of his mother's deafness. The city editor sent a man to interview the altar boy's mother. The relative of the *Globe* office boy got in touch with him and the *Globe* was immediately on the trail, too. From the altar boy's mother information was gained, not only of her own cure but of other reported cures. The tabloid reporter went to the cemetery officials and told them he had a story on Father Power's grave. Was there anything they would or could add? The officials, Edward T. O'Connell, superintendent (brother of Cardinal O'Connell), and Joseph Walsh, assistant superintendent, urged the tabloid reporter, so he says, to hold the story. They hinted at doctors' affidavits of cures and intimated that the information would be released officially at the proper time.

The tabloid city editor went ahead with the material in hand. He played it on the front page with streamer headline and pictures. The *Globe* hesitated a day or two and then printed the story. The cemetery officials were incensed with the tabloid reporter for publishing the story ahead of their intended time. They tried to keep him from the cemetery. But he won out. More cures were reported. The account gathered momentum. Other Boston newspapers had to pay heed. Thousands were standing in line to kneel at the grave—scores and hundreds of thousands. Cardinal O'Connell, who has twice visited the grave, did not commit the church until the end of the fourth week of the pilgrimage. Then he announced to the reporters the closing of the cemetery on November 25 pending an investigation by the church. And the reporters? A fraction of them are frankly skeptical and horrified by the demonstration of the daily crowds. A fraction of them are sincere believers reporting matters to support their belief. And practically all of them

are on "a damned good news story" which makes the front page every day. They have reported over a hundred cures.

The cures they report? I have checked up as thoroughly as possible in a period of four days on three of them. The outstanding case among all those yet reported is that of Laura J. Moody, aged 18, of 15 Hamilton Street, Dorchester. Miss Moody was carried to the cemetery on Armistice Day in what she, the newspapers, and her doctors described as a plaster cast from neck to hips. She was said to be suffering from an incurable spinal deformity. She had been in the City Hospital for eleven months and had not walked for more than a year. She was doomed, so her family doctor, she, and her family said, to a bed-ridden life. She fainted on the cement slab over Father Power's remains (the marble marker resting on this cement slab on six pedestals a foot in height had been jarred from its base and somewhat damaged by the crowd of 150,000 the day before and had, therefore, been removed by the cemetery officials). She was taken outside the cemetery in an automobile, there revived, declared she could walk, and did so, back into the cemetery to the grave, where she prayed. She then arose and went to the chapel some 200 yards distant where she left her plaster cast on the altar.

I did not see this recovery of Miss Moody. A reporter, whose integrity I respect, did. "I've been hard-boiled about this thing right along," he told me. "I knew what you would think about it. But after that Moody girl I couldn't help believing." He described the episode in detail. He told me that the family doctor vouched for the cure and that the City Hospital records showed her condition to have been as reported. The newspapers (all except the *Transcript*) played Miss Moody's case under scare headlines—a miracle.

I visited Miss Moody three days later at the home of her uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. Hector D. MacKinnon, with whom she lives. Miss Moody was agile as a cricket and excitedly happy. She and her relatives confirmed with breath-taking enthusiasm and detail the miraculous recovery after "everything went black" for her at the grave of Father Power. A steady procession of visitors (friends and strangers) interrupted the interview. One woman arranged to have Miss Moody describe her experience before a large woman's organization. The family doctor came in—Dr. Edward J. Leonard of Dorchester, a graduate of the Georgetown University Medical School in the class of 1926. He corroborated everything I had been told. Miss Moody had had an incurably deformed spine induced by spinal arthritis. A few days before she was taken to Holy Cross Cemetery Dr. Leonard was with her till two in the morning, administering morphine to quiet her pain so that she might sleep. Pressed for an explanation of Miss Moody's transformation, Dr. Leonard said, "A miracle—that's all I can say." As Mrs. MacKinnon more than gladly joined with her niece and ward in signing a note releasing the City Hospital records to my inspection, she remarked, "Yes, we want this to be spread as wide as possible."

The hospital records showed Miss Moody was admitted to Ward U 16 of the medical service at Boston City Hospital on October 17, 1928, with a diagnosis of "septic sore throat" and complications of "infections, spinal arthritis." She had a high temperature for the first three or four days. It then subsided to practically normal and remained so throughout the eleven months. Dr. Harold W. Dana, visiting staff physician, had her in charge. Notations of "lumbar pain," "spinal motion pain," and "bad back deformity" appear soon after her admission. Dr. Dana had several doctors in consultation on the case, including Dr. Frederick J. Cotton, orthopedist. Treatment by "immobilization by sandbags" and "posture correction by fracture boards" was applied.

She was transferred to the surgical ward on March 7, 1929. Two weeks later her tonsils were removed. A plastic jacket was later applied. The notation occurs, "Patient does not cooperate well." On September 14, 1929, she was discharged to her home. Following is the discharge note: "Left lower leg has complete extension and flexion. Ham splint applied to prevent recurrence of flexion of left knee. Patient discharged with bi-valve plastic jacket and crutches and instructed to walk. To be followed by outpatient (department)." Miss Moody did not walk upon her discharge. She retired to a bed and wheel chair at her home until taken to Holy Cross Cemetery.

The house officers at the hospital who saw Miss Moody day in and day out were blunt. "Most of her trouble was hysteria. When we wanted her to walk she wouldn't try." The X-ray pictures of her spine are the crucial test. One taken soon after her admission to the hospital showed a slight cloudiness which gave basis to the suspicion of spinal arthritis. Another, taken soon thereafter, was negative, showing the spine to be normal. Others, taken at rather frequent intervals throughout her eleven months' stay, were negative. Several X-rays were taken just before her discharge from the hospital. They were all negative.

I had an interview with Dr. Dana, the visiting staff physician. His first question when I met him was: "What is your attitude toward these matters at the cemetery?" I replied that I was interested in checking up the facts of the cures. "Do you believe in miracles?" he then asked. "No," I answered, "I've never seen anything to make me believe in them." "Then you're on the atheistic side," he asserted. I demurred on the grounds that I am not sure what I am in matters of religious belief. "I believe in the supernatural," he went on, "and if you are going to print anything ridiculing the faith of those people at the cemetery I don't want to have any part in it." I assured him I had no intention of doing anything but report the facts. He then said that the recovery of Miss Moody can justly be classed as a miracle. "No," he agreed, "there was nothing organically wrong with her when she was discharged from the hospital, so far as we could determine. But she had acquired the habit of invalidism and might never have got onto her feet. Her experience at the cemetery broke that habit of invalidism." I asked him if any one of a number of other experiences, including treatment by a psychiatrist, might not have been "the precipitating factor" in breaking this habit. "Yes," he admitted.

The Boston daily newspapers which reported Miss Moody's cure with front-page display have made no effort, as I write this, to ascertain the physical facts in her case, or if they have, they certainly have not printed the facts. I submitted them to one Boston managing editor, and a reporter friend, who went with me on the check-up, tried to persuade his newspaper to print them. We both failed. The only place where these facts have been published in Boston was at the tag end of a feature article in the Boston Sunday *Herald* in which Miss Moody was photographed and

sketched in a faint at the grave under an eight-column streamer headline. The facts from the hospital record were compressed into two brief paragraphs.

Another case that commanded attention was that of Vincent O'Neill, Jr., aged 7, of 123 Prospect Street, Somerville, who was reported as cured of congenital stone blindness. This is what his father said to me several days later: "The boy has never been stone blind. He has a no-growth cataract over one eye. That's what Dr. Stevens calls it. The other eye has perfect vision. He's been in school right along, of course. He was taken to the grave by a neighbor woman without my knowledge. It did nothing to him. I called up the newspapers and told them the facts. They refused to print them. The reporters who've been out here won't listen to me. I've received a lot of pathetic letters on account of this and lots of people have been here at the house to see Vincent. It's terrible." The Boston *Traveler* finally printed Mr. O'Neill's statement on the second page under a small head.

Harold Sheehan, aged 7, of 7 Nonquit Street, Dorchester, was reported as having laid aside the braces from his two legs deformed by infantile paralysis three years ago. His mother four days later told me: "Harold did not take his braces off. I wouldn't dare let him. I'm afraid he'd fall and hurt himself. But on the way home from the cemetery he kicked his right leg more than he ever had before since he was sick, and I hope it is improved. I plan to take him to the grave many more times. Yes, I'm sending him to the Children's Hospital right along for treatment. They've done wonderfully with his left leg. He is in the School for Crippled Children. That's where he is now."

The Boston newspapers go on reporting cures. Jack Sharkey, aspirant for the heavyweight pugilist championship, visits the grave with his daughter the day after Mayor-elect Curley came. Headlines on the front page. Mrs. Curtis Guild, widow of former Governor Guild, comes. More headlines. Photographs unending and such photographs! I've seen some of them being taken—pitifully crippled youths and children being urged to stand without braces for the camera men. I saw one boy collapse twice before he could get up enough strength under the combined urging of his relatives and the camera men to stand with his leg braces in his hands for a picture.

The Boston *American* includes a large rotogravure picture of Father Power in its Saturday edition. It sells like hotcakes. All the newspapers sell. There are newsboys at the cemetery gates crying their wares. And from the milling crowd about the grave the reporters hastily telephone in the cures day by day to the city desk. Names, addresses, and the nature of the affliction said to be relieved or cured go into print and out into circulation without any genuine effort at anything approaching scientific verification. The Boston newspapers meanwhile are trading on the sincere faith of their hundreds of thousands of readers. It is shameless commercial journalism.

Whether the church intends to gather proof of the reported cures and set up a permanent shrine—the first in the United States—is not known. In any event the church moves slowly and cautiously in such matters. It will probably be years before anything official is announced, though the first cure at the grave was reported thirty years ago (when modern newspaper methods were not in vogue).

A Museum of Modern Art

By LLOYD GOODRICH

THE youngest of New York's art museums has just made its bow to the public. The Museum of Modern Art, the creation of a group of prominent collectors and amateurs, has opened its doors in the Heckscher Building on Fifth Avenue at Fifty-seventh Street. Just as the great Armory show of 1913 was the opening gun in the long, bitter struggle for modern art in this country, so the foundation of the new museum marks the final apotheosis of modernism and its acceptance by respectable society.

As its name indicates, the new institution is to be devoted primarily to the work of living artists and their immediate predecessors. Wisely enough, its organizers plan to go slowly in the beginning and restrict its activities for the first two years to loan exhibitions; after that, if all goes well, the museum will begin to form a permanent collection.

Thus, through private initiative, New York has taken a step that was taken long ago by the other great cities of the world. Paris has its Luxembourg, London its Tate Gallery, Berlin its Kronprinzen Palast, and even the smaller German cities can point to their excellent modern collections; but New York, the most modern of cities and the undisputed art center of America, has been in the strange position of possessing no single institution in which one could see a really representative collection of contemporary art.

The fact that the Metropolitan Museum does not in any sense adequately represent present-day art is too well known to need repeating. Those who defend this policy by the argument that the proper function of a museum is watchful waiting, overlook two facts: first, that most of the great museums of the world are supplemented by institutions which collect only contemporary art and thus act as feeders for them; and secondly that the Metropolitan, as far as concerns American painting, is not watchfully waiting but on the contrary is busily buying a large amount of singularly lifeless academic art. The question of the administration of the Metropolitan's Hearn fund for the purchase of American pictures, and the relation to it of the officials of the National Academy is too long and devious and probably too familiar a tale to tell here. It is enough to say that present-day American painting of a radical or even a liberal tendency has no more chance under present conditions of being purchased by the Metropolitan than the camel has of going through the eye of a needle.

New York also lacks any large annual exhibition of the type of the Carnegie International at Pittsburgh, furnishing a fair cross-section of the painting of today. And while the American shows at the Art Institute of Chicago have in the past few years included liberals as well as conservatives, and

even the Pennsylvania Academy and the Corcoran Gallery in Washington have let down the bars a notch or two, New York's venerable National Academy has evidently decided to die but never to surrender. On the other hand the Independents and the Salons of America, those great democratic festivals in which anyone can exhibit who can raise the five or ten dollars entrance fee, while infinitely more lively than the Academy, are no more truly representative of present-day American art, since for one reason or another many of our leading artists have stopped taking part in them. Thus, even in the field of contemporary American art, New York has lacked a really representative institution.

It is the dealers' galleries which have best supplied the demand for modern art. For the person wise enough to know where and when to go, there has never been any lack of opportunity to see contemporary work in New York. But the new museum by its very nature can accomplish more than the individual gallery. The average dealer is restricted to a certain small group of artists, but the museum can take the best from every group and by showing them together exert a healthy influence toward the breaking up of cliques and the creation of new comparisons and new alignments. It can stage more ambitious and stimulating exhibitions, in larger, finer settings, than any single dealer. It can concentrate on some particular phase or school and give it the most complete possible showing, or hold retrospective exhibitions presenting the whole development of an individual or a group. With its backing and prestige it can borrow the finest works from private collections or other museums. Too often the masterpieces of modern art pass unseen by the public from the dealer to the collector. The establishment of a gallery in which they can occasionally be seen by artists and all others interested is so obviously a good idea that it seems strange that it has never been carried out before. Even if the museum were never to acquire a single work for its permanent collection—which of course will be its most important duty—the mere act of holding loan exhibitions of masterpieces from our extraordinarily rich private collections would be sufficient justification for its existence.

But besides these practical functions there are other less tangible but no less essential services that the museum can perform. Seldom has there been such a crying need in the world of art for standards to correct certain popular tendencies. The modern French school, after years of bitter controversy, has conquered this country as it has every other. While there would be little dissent from the opinion that the art of France leads the world today as it has for the past century or more, it is also incontestable that we have carried our admiration for it to absurd lengths, accepting almost without question anything which bears the *cachet* of Paris, exalting certain distinctly second-rate artists far beyond their deserts, and in the process neglecting the art of every other country and to a certain extent our own. Waving the flag is as futile and dangerous a business in art as in politics, but the time has unquestionably arrived for a more drastically critical attitude toward modern French art and a more strenuous effort to separate the wheat from the chaff.

In this the new museum can help by showing the art of other countries. For example, our public has hardly any conception of modern German painting. One or two courageous dealers, interested more in pioneering than in their pocket-books, have sporadically exhibited German work, but lacking the organized publicity that is behind the French school it created scarcely a ripple. The same thing applies to the contemporary English, Italian, Spanish, Belgian, Dutch, Russian, and Mexican schools. The museum's opportunities in this direction are almost endless.

In the field of American art it has an equally important function to perform. Our art today has plenty of vitality; its greatest lack is self-confidence. Our relative aesthetic immaturity has made the average artist too sensitive to the dictates of Paris, in spite of the manifest fact that the greatest American artists have been quite independent of French influence. If the new institution can help us to acquire a clearer consciousness of our own particular genius and more courage to speak our own artistic language without fear of breaking the rules of grammar it will indeed be performing an invaluable function. But if it shows a lack of sympathy or understanding for American art, all its presentation of foreign art will do no more than encourage our tendency toward an artistic inferiority complex.

Modernism today has reached a stage much more subtle and difficult than in the old crusading days when black was black and white was white. Most of its leaders are no longer young and their contributions to the general stock of ideas have been assimilated and in many cases already outmoded. Of recent years few new figures of any importance have emerged. The movement as such has more or less ceased to move; what seems to be taking place now, as in impressionism a generation ago, is development along individual rather than collective lines. Most of the theories so confidently enunciated at the beginning of the movement no longer seem tenable; for example, the superiority of abstract to representational art, the unimportance of the subject, the cubistic formula, the preference for primitive over more highly developed art, the value of the naive and childlike vision. All these ideas, while interesting as manifestations of the *Zeitgeist,* have proved of only temporary significance. We have reached a stage where we should be prepared to throw overboard all these dogmas inherited from the early days of modernism and see things with new eyes. Someone has calculated that a new movement in art appears every generation; perhaps our present state of mind is the premonition of another such upheaval.

In this process of feeling our way through difficult and uncharted seas the new museum can play an important part. No institution can of course create art, but it can make the process of growth less difficult. If the museum merely does the obvious, fashionable thing that has been done a hundred times before it will serve no useful purpose. But if it is genuinely courageous and far-sighted, if it really tries to show the best that is being done in the modern world irrespective of what happens to be in fashion, it has a chance to help create new standards.

In its future exhibitions the museum plans to alternate between American and foreign art. The second event will be paintings by fifteen or twenty leading Americans, and the third a corresponding showing of contemporary French art borrowed from American collections. This will be followed by the work of three painters who may be said to be the ancestors of modern American painting—Winslow Homer, Thomas Eakins, and Albert P. Ryder; and after that will come a retrospective exhibition of the work of Honoré Daumier.

In the Driftway

AT last the Drifter has reached eminence. He is unique; he is one among a million. (Probably he always has been one among a million, but it would have been hard to say which one.) The Drifter seems to be the only person in the United States who did not lose a fortune in the late unpleasantness in Wall Street. At least so he gathers from the talk that is going round. Everybody else has been hit hard and is looking forward to a chilly winter. Even the diamond trade in Antwerp has hit the rocks (or, in the circumstances, should one say the precious stones?) while European hotel-keepers who formerly lived by bleeding American tourists are expecting to do a little bleeding themselves.

* * * * *

TO be sure, the Drifter (much as he hates to say it) is more than a little skeptical about all these fortunes that have been lost in the market. He thinks they bear a close resemblance to the $50,000 pearl necklaces which not-very-well-known movie actresses are continually losing through theft or dropping in taxicabs. It is the Drifter's secret belief that not one in ten of those who talk so tragically of the financial back-fire lost a nickel in it. This is not due to any unusual sanity but merely to the fact that the persons whom the Drifter has in mind did not have an available nickel with which to speculate.

* * * * *

FAR from regarding the Wall Street nose dive as a calamity, the Drifter thinks that for most persons it is going to be the greatest boon that has come their way in years. It is the most perfect financial alibi of a decade. For every person who lost anything in the scramble nine will be able to save substantial sums in the coming months through citing their alleged losses in Wall Street as a reason for not making contributions or expenditures which formerly they were not able to get out of. "I'm sorry, but I can't give anything for the blind babies' relief fund this winter; you see I was hard hit in Wall Street." "No, Mary, I don't see how I can let you have the money for a Florida trip this winter; you know what happened to the market." "Sorry, old man, that I can't make you a loan, but those pirates in the stock exchange got my roll and I'm cleaned out." So it will go. There will be a lot of people this winter saving money because of losses which they never had.

* * * * *

AN Englishman (at least one supposes him to be one) writes to a newspaper to complain that he cannot get a cup of tea on Manhattan Island.

> All unsuspecting, I ordered it in a restaurant, and they brought me a pot from which slyly peeped a ticket attached by string to assure me that it was really tea. This was the only intimation, for out came nought but faintly colored water. Then I found that the tea, what there was of it, was discreetly concealed in a cheesecloth bag, tightly tied in as if ashamed of its existence.

The Englishman's complaint that he cannot get tea in the metropolis is well founded, but he has picked the wrong reason. The tea ball, as the Englishman may not know it is called, is an excellent idea. It enables one to pull the tea out before it has given off all its tannin as it does in England, where it is put loose in the pot. The trouble is that in New York restaurants the water which is used is merely hot and sometimes only warm. It is not boiling boisterously, as it should be, when poured upon the tea, nor is the pot properly prepared by putting in hot water and then turning it out in order to raise the temperature of the receptacle. Nor do New York restaurants know enough to serve a proper amount of hot water with tea; some don't know enough to give one any.

* * * * *

BROADLY speaking, the United States is not a tea-drinking country and therefore our restaurants do not know how to make the beverage. New York is no worse than the rest of the country except in so far as its cooks are more ignorant and careless generally than elsewhere. If the Englishman wants good tea in New York, he should go to a Chinese restaurant. The fact is that a man who drinks tea is looked upon with a touch of scorn in most American restaurants—unless maybe he does so in company with a woman. The Drifter remembers that after returning from several years abroad he craved his afternoon tea, and was accustomed to slip out of his office about four o'clock to get some. But he was ashamed to ask any of his he-man companions to go along. They all assumed that he was going for a cocktail and probably thought him mean not to invite them. So the Drifter used to slink out amidst a chorus of sly remarks, such as "Take one for me" or "Don't get too merry." He didn't dare reveal that he was bent on a mere sip of tea.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

A New Party

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I cannot see for the life of me why you are disappointed with the results of the New York election. The fact that Norman Thomas polled a vote of 175,000 proves, if anything, that there are hundreds of thousands in our city who are ready and willing to support a real liberal. Norman Thomas has proved himself during the last campaign to be the most eligible leader of a liberal party. Socialism does not appeal to the average American citizen and even the liberal-minded do not readily vote for a Socialist, but should the Socialists be far-sighted enough to discard their name, and organize instead a liberal party, there is no doubt that we would have a good chance of electing a great many officers at the next election, and possibly a mayor a few years hence.

New York, November 15 CHARLES DEUTSCH

Parity and Peace

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Mr. Frederick R. Barkley is to be congratulated for his clear and timely article—Parity Up or Down? From Mr. Barkley's article one can measure the true significance of Mr. MacDonald's recent visit to Mr. Hoover. The Labor Premier's visit, heralded by all the American press, reactionary and liberal joining in one chorus, as marking a new era in international

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politics was nothing less than a bargaining over a couple of cruisers. The whole world was to believe that universal peace had thus been assured! Instead of demanding absolute disarmament, as a representative of the Labor class ought to do (of course one could not expect him to do such a *silly* thing as M. Litvinov had done at Geneva), and instead of calling upon every country to make an end to the feverish and mad war preparations, Mr. MacDonald has negotiated an agreement with President Hoover whereby the United States will abandon "the construction of about 15,000 tons—one or two ships—out of the fifteen 10,000-tonners authorized by Congress last spring."

Belle Harbor, L. I., November 15 SAMUEL CIBULSKI

Concerning Opera Audiences

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: It is surely not a matter of international importance, nor will Mr. Hoover forthwith dispatch a submarine up the Danube canal if I venture to contradict what Mr. B. H. Haggin says concerning the behavior of Viennese opera audiences. During the past twenty-five years, especially since 1925, I have frequently heard performances here and never have I been disturbed by loud or even soft conversation. Nor have I seen people troop down the aisles—à la Metropolitan—while the *Vorspiel* to Tristan was being played or leave their seats while the Liebestod was being sung.

Regarding Mr. Furtwängler there can of course be two opinions, but he is looked upon as a great conductor by Julius Korngold, Ernst Decsey, Heinrich Kreidler, Robert Konta of Vienna, Alfred Einstein of Berlin, Oscar von Pander of Munich, and others whose names do not just now occur to me. And I venture to say these gentlemen also know a thing or two about music.

Mr. Haggin, whose contributions to your columns I have always read with great pleasure, when chiding our audiences for applauding bad singing evidently fails to distinguish between the applause coming from the claque or deadheads and that accorded by people who pay for their seats.

Vienna, November 4 JACQUES MAYER

Clothes and the Man

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: You address a string of editorial questions to my sex. I rise to reply.

> What of men? Do they still wear wool suits in hot weather,

I do, but not with vest, and most of the time my coat is not on my back but merely accessible as a proof that I have one, or as a place where I can get something out of the pocket.

> high collars in all weathers,

No, sir, I set the fashion of constantly wearing a soft turndown collar a good while ago.

> stiff hats on their heads,

I wear no hat, winter or summer, except, at my mother's request, when I go to church.

> stiffer shoes on their feet?

Not guilty. I wear low canvas tops and rubber soles outdoors summer and winter with great and increasing satisfaction, and generally slippers, largely felt, indoors. At church (and at other ceremonial occasions when I let myself be caught at such, which is seldom) I wear leather. If when I start out in the morning there is heavy rain or deep winter slush, I cover my foot with rubber or specially treated leather, but I don't do it for light rain or for unthawing snow not deeper than the top of the low shoe, and I am seldom foolish enough to let the mere prospect of worse weather when I come home cause me to give my feet a burden that was not necessary when I started. Theoretically I wear extra protection when snow is deeper than my shoe-tops; practically I find it works well to be increasingly careless of this. Of course I wear heavy socks in winter. For winter pruning I wear the warmest things I can get on my feet, for pruning is the chilliest work I know because it calls for so much standing still or slow moving. I find that keeping my feet more ventilated not only serves for lightness and comfort, but has robbed wet feet of their terrors; my feet (which of course must by nature be the toughest part of the body against cold) are now solid enough so that I no longer catch cold through them.

STEVEN T. BYINGTON

Ballard Vale, Massachusetts, November 12

John Dewey

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Professor Buchanan's article on John Dewey was pretty bad, but to put on Dewey any of the blame for the present state of thinking in the United States ("John Dewey, the man who has made over our thinking") is terrible. I hope he brings a libel suit against *The Nation.*

Detroit, November 1 ETHAN E. EDLOFF

An Even More Excellent Cock

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I was much impressed by the article on Mr. MacDonald in *The Nation* of October 9, but as an Englishman (I am now a visitor to this country) I disagree on one or two points. First, to an English observer in England it did not seem as if Mr. Snowden at The Hague was seeking deliberately to estrange us from European countries, as is implied in your article. The general view at home was that Mr. Snowden was showing Europe for the first time that England was no longer to be considered as the universal cushion for the ills brought upon Europe by the World War. My other objections are perhaps mere prejudice. But even if America is "the cock of the world's walk, politically and industrially," I do feel that the cock would be an even more excellent cock if it realized a little more sympathetically the claims and rights of the British—shall we say—hen? Finally, I do feel assured that Britain is not "industrially decadent." The vast move toward "rationalization," headed perhaps most strikingly by Lord Melchett, is surely indicative of a new "industrial revolution" even more united and coherent than that of the eighteenth century.

St. Louis, October 12 S. K. N.

A Substitute for Tariffs

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: You have an admirable knack for analysis of economic evils but hardly ever give a satisfying solution. In the issue of November 20, in the editorial The Protection Swindle, you conclude with the following: "We are utterly opposed to

the whole tariff swindle, and we devoutly wish that it could be carried to the people as a single issue in a political campaign." Suppose it is made an issue, let me ask what answer can be made to the critics who may admit that protection does not protect but who ask what source of taxation will be resorted to to take the place of the millions of revenue now secured from custom duties? If you followed the lead of Frank Garrison you would declare for taking the unearned increment of land, a procedure which is morally defensible and which would make it easier for capital and labor to utilize the only source of wealth, the earth, on easier terms. If not, why not?

Chicago, November 16 MORRIS LYCHENHEIM

Drama

Desperate Impropriety

AS "A Primer for Lovers" is wobbling toward its close upon the stage of the Longacre Theater it becomes necessary for a young man to tell an older one what he thinks of him: "Your conduct," he says, "is ungallant—and lousy."

Now it so happens that in this particular instance the unexpected union of two words from two different vocabularies is dramatically appropriate. The young man is reaching after the dignity necessary to one who has assumed the role of censor, and he remembers that "ungallant" is suggestive of the days when people were supposed to behave with decorum. He himself, however, belongs to that younger generation which speaks a different language, and so, after a short flight into the realm of convention, he returns to his natural manner. "Ungallant" gives tone to the reproach; "lousy" expresses his real feelings.

Unfortunately, however, such a confusion of styles is as distressing in an author as it may be amusing in a character, and the playwright responsible for the dubious entertainment at present under consideration seems as uncertain as the young man concerning the manner he ought to adopt. He has no doubt about his desire to be improper and he is well primed with a collection of witticisms which are not so much risky as fatal; but whether to aspire toward pure comedy on the Congrevian model or to rest content with farce of an exceedingly primitive kind—that is the question which he seems never to have been able to answer. Granted the good old tale of the man who embraced the wrong woman in the dark and then decided, as a result of the experience, that she was the right one after all, our author desperately needed to know in what mood to recount it, but the final curtain finds him as uncertain as the opening scene. He is still wobbling painfully between "ungallant" and "lousy."

The setting is a country house on the occasion of a week-end party, and the dramatis personae are the conventional figures of polite comedy. They are, moreover, compelled from time to time to interrupt their antics for the purpose of delivering set speeches in the manner of Congreve or Wilde, but no sooner have they discharged these literary obligations than they begin to act very much after the fashion of the traveling salesman and the farmer's wife in the cycle of smoking-room sagas. Much may be said for the artificial idiom of pure comedy; something, perhaps, for the realistic language of the dirty story; but there is nothing whatever to be achieved by mixing the two, and if the audience at "A Primer for Lovers" laughs now and then, the laughter is only very rarely a compliment to the entertainment. Occasionally it may be a tribute to a flash of wit but more often it is provoked by the ludicrously desperate attempts at impropriety; and more often still it is in frank derision of the actors (some of them competent enough) who

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are compelled to flounder unhappily through roles which could not under any circumstances be consistently played.

Thomas Dickinson's "Winterbound" (Garrick Theater) deals soberly but not very excitingly with the story of a young sculptress who ran away from sex and tried to live with a female companion on a Connecticut farm. A neighboring rustic carries the companion away and the sculptress decides that the problem is not so simple as she supposed. Aline McMahon is excellent.

"Veneer" (Harris Theater) purports to tell the tragedy of a dreamy girl who fell into the hands of a rotter. It fails because neither the man nor his victim is very convincingly characterized.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

□ FILMS □

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□ LECTURES □

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HARRY F. WARD — Dec. 7th
"The Religion of Prosperity."

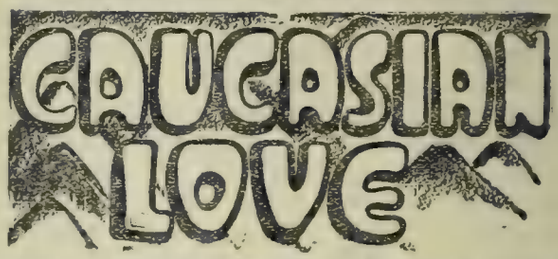
MORRIS L. ERNST — Dec. 14th
"Who Supports the Obscenity Laws."

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□ FILMS □

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A Ledge—The Assembly, W. 39th Street, Play.
A Wonderful Night—Majestic—W. 44th St.
Berkeley Square—Lyceum—E. 45th St.
Bitter Sweet—Ziegfeld—54th St. & 6th Ave.
Broken Dishes—Ritz—W. 48th St.
Criminal Code—National—W. 41st St.
Cross Roads—Morosco—W. 45th St.
Irish Theatre—The Silver Tassie—7th Ave. & W. 4th St.
It's a Wise Child—Belasco—44th St.
Journey's End—Henry Miller—W. 43rd St.
June Moon—Broadhurst—W. 44th St.
Marionette Theatre—Garrick, W. 35th St.—Sat. mornings.
Robin Hood—Jolson's, 59th St. & 7th Ave.
Rope's End—Masque—W. 45th St.
Street Scene—The Playhouse—W. 48th St.
Strictly Dishonorable—Avon—W. 45th St.
Sweet Adeline—Hammerstein—Broadway & 53rd St.
The Little Show—Music Box—W. 45th St.
The Game of Love and Death—Guild Theatre—W. 52nd St.
Yiddish Art Theatre—Jew Suss—Broadway & 28th St.

First Nights

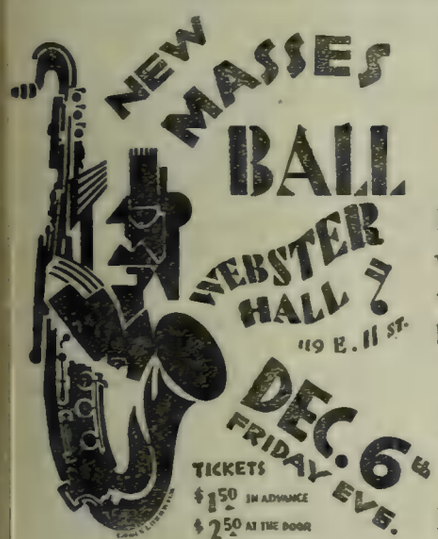
Sherlock Holmes—New Amsterdam—W. 42nd St. Op. Nov. 25th.
How's Your Health—Vanderbilt—148 W. 48th St. Op. Nov. 26th.
The Silver Swan—Martin Beck—W. 45th St. Op. Nov. 27th.

Films

Caucasian Love—Film Guild—52 W. 8th St.
Disraeli—Warner Bros.—Broadway and 52nd St.
News Reel Theatre—Embassy—Broadway and 46th St.
The Box of Pandora—55th St. Playhouse.—154 W. 55th St.
The New Babylon—Cameo Theatre—42nd St. and Broadway.

Concerts—Recitals

Angna Enters—Sun., Eves., Dec. 1, 8, Booth, W. 45th St.
Cleveland Orchestra—Tues. Eve., Dec. 3, Carnegie Hall.
Conductorless Symphony—Sat. Eve., Nov. 30, Carnegie Hall.
Cornelia Otis Skinner—Sun. Eve., Dec. 1, Forrest, W. 49th St.
Marcel Grandjany, Harpist—Tues. Eve., Dec. 10, Town Hall.
Marguerite D'Alvarez—Fri. Eve., Dec. 6, Carnegie Hall.
Manhattan Symphony—Sun. Eve., Dec. 8, Mecca Temple, W. 55 St.
Philharmonic Symphony—Thurs. Eve., Dec. 5, 12; Fri. Aft., Dec. 6, 13; Sun. Aft., Dec. 8, Carnegie Hall; Sun. Aft., Dec. 1, 15, Metropolitan Opera House.
Philharmonic Symphony, Junior Orchestral Concerts—Sat. Morn., Nov. 30, Dec. 7, 14, Carnegie Hall.



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The Reparations Referendum

By A. H. FELLER

Berlin, November 2

THE German Nationalist Party has just concluded an excellent example of hara-kiri. No other name can be applied to its inexplicable conduct in forcing a popular referendum on the adoption of the Young Plan. Article 73 of the constitution provides:

> A popular vote shall further be resorted to on a measure initiated by the people if one-tenth of the qualified voters so petition. A fully elaborated bill must accompany such petition. The National Cabinet shall lay the bill together with a statement of its attitude before the National Assembly. The popular vote does not take place if the desired bill is enacted without amendment by the National Assembly.

Under this initiatitve provision, a two weeks' period is allowed within which voters may inscribe their names in order to make up the required 10 per cent. In accordance with the constitutional procedure, the Nationalists put forward a measure repudiating war guilt and rejecting payment of any further reparations.

The necessary number of signatures to place the measure before the country has been secured, but a proposal whose least result would be the collapse of the credit of the Reich and the indefinite prolongation of the Rhineland occupation cannot, of course, hope for the assent of more than half the electorate.

Besides containing a repudiation of the war guilt clause, the measure, as it was submitted, required from every German official an oath not to execute any measure providing for payment of reparations, or to make any such payments, and threatened any official who should do so with a prison sentence, not even excepting the President of the Reich. As first drawn, the bill mentioned the President by name, but such a storm of protest arose in the Reichstag on its introduction that it was stricken out. Nevertheless, the attempt to shackle the foreign policy of the Reich by making its ministers liable to penal consequences for doing what they might conceive to be for the best interests of the nation was enough to alienate any sensible German citizen, no matter how much enraged over the war-guilt question. The attempt to cover the flaws of the bill by calling it a "freedom" law inevitably resulted in ludicrous comparisons with the prison-sentence paragraph.

That the affair had at first a most threatening aspect cannot be denied. The question of war guilt lies close to the heart of every German. The nation is passionately convinced that the verdict of Versailles is a falsehood, and there was danger that a substantial portion of it would forget the impossibility of altering the peace treaty by a unilateral act of Germany and inscribe itself for the initiative. After all, the combined parties of the Right had polled 7,000,000 votes at the last election. Perhaps they might exceed that now. Strengthening of the forces of discord and militarism, not only in Germany but across the Rhine and beyond the eastern border as well, would follow inevitably. As far as any sensible motive can be attributed to the proposers of the initiative, this must have been the result they hoped for.

While responsible citizens of all shades of opinion spoke out against the initiative, the government at the outset was inclined to treat the matter as hardly worthy of notice. But once the two weeks' registering period had started, it bent every effort to defeat the proposal. In part this change of policy was perhaps a reaction to the agitation of certain sections of the French press which saw the specter of the German *revanche* at last taking on flesh and blood. Several of the Reich ministers campaigned against the measure in almost an American fashion, including speeches which were broadcast over the radio. President Hindenburg issued a statement denying in the most vigorous terms the intimations of the Nationalist press that he was in favor of the initiative. Finally, the Prussian government forbade state officials to inscribe their names. The Nationalist Party, playing its last card, applied to the Reichsgericht, the Supreme Court of Germany, for an injunction against the latter order. With the decision of the court that the action of Prussia was legal, the Nationalists relapsed into a campaign of incitement.

As pointed out above, 10 per cent of the electorate was necessary and 10.08 per cent responded. But the figure is deceptive. Where the voters were free to express their choice, the results were pitifully meager. Pomerania and East Prussia were responsible for the size of the figure, areas where the reactionary landlords drove the peasants to the polls. In Berlin 7.6 per cent of the electorate was inscribed, in Hamburg 4 per cent, in the Catholic South not much more than 6 per cent. As was to be expected, it was in the Rhineland that the initiative fell with an appalling thud. Cologne brought forth 1.3 per cent, Trier, .3 of 1 per cent. In Mainz, the heart of the occupied territory, two votes were recorded in the first two days and the total result was .28 of 1 per cent. The nearer to the Rhineland, the fewer the inscribers. Such was the response of the Germans under foreign domination to the "freedom" law.

The immediate political result of the initiative began to make itself felt even before the voting was over. The Nationalist Party, the party which holds the second largest representation in the Reichstag, is beginning to split up. It is not too much to say that its days as a major factor in the politics of the Reich are numbered. Its more reactionary elements are being forced into the camp of the National Socialists, the party of Hitler and Ludendorff, of the Bavarian putsch and the Stahlhelm. To express it in terms of personalities, Hugenberg has been captured by Hitler. The saner elements must gravitate toward the bourgeois parties of the Center. As a parliamentary factor the National Socialists will never play an important role. The elections for the Baden Landtag, held before the initiative was complete, point toward the new alignment. In a chamber whose membership was increased from 72 to 88, the Catholic Centrists increased their representation from 28 to 34, the Social Democrats from 16 to 18, the Communists

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Thursday, Dec. 5—Dr. E. G. Spaulding—The Development of Fundamental Ideas and Fundamental Problems in Philosophy and Science. "Appearance and Reality: The Fundamental Dualism."

Saturday, Dec. 7—Dr. Houston Peterson—Types of Character. "Elizabethan Drama and the Doctrine of Humors."

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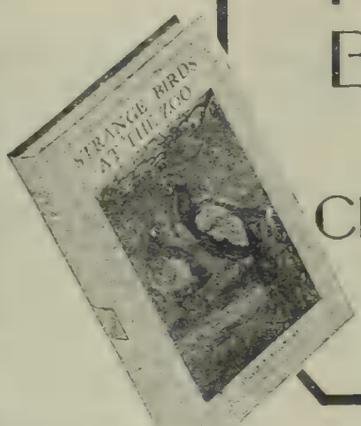
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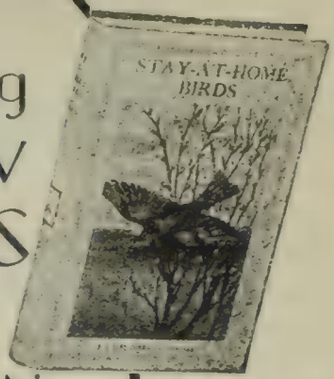


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Sunday, Dec. 8th, 4:00 P. M. SCOTT NEARING will speak on the SOVIET UNION. Doors open 3:30 P. M. Please come early. ADMISSION 50 CENTS

from 3 to 5. Meanwhile the Nationalists fell from 7 to 3, while the extreme reactionary Nationalist Socialists, who had not been represented before, gained six seats. That the *Lokal-Anzeiger* could hail this as a victory for the Nationalists indicates to what a pass the party has come. The parties which called 7,000,000 voters to the polls in 1928 could barely muster 4,000,000 in 1929.

Contributors to This Issue

CHARLES HODGES is associate professor of politics at New York University.

PAUL Y. ANDERSON is the national correspondent of the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch.*

GARDNER JACKSON is a Boston newspaper man, well known for his work in behalf of Sacco and Vanzetti.

LLOYD GOODRICH is a contributing editor of the *Arts.*

A. H. FELLER is on the staff of the Institut für öffentliches Recht und Völkerrecht in Berlin.

ROBERT HERRICK is author of "The Common Lot," "Together," and other novels.

DAVID MORTON is professor of English at Amherst College.

CORINNA REIMAN MARSH has contributed verse to various periodicals.

MARK VAN DOREN is author of "Now the Sky and Other Poems."

PAUL SHOREY is professor of Greek at the University of Chicago.

V. F. CALVERTON is editor of the *Modern Quarterly* and author of "The Bankruptcy of Marriage."

ARTHUR WARNER is associate editor of *The Nation.*

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH is dramatic editor of *The Nation.*

HAROLD KELLOCK is an American journalist.

SINCLAIR LEWIS is the author of "Dodsworth."

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Holiday Book Section

What Is Happening to Our Fiction?

By ROBERT HERRICK

THAT principle of acceleration by which Henry Adams explained so many phenomena of modern society is nowhere more in evidence than in contemporary writing, especially in the novel, which being the most fluid form of expression is nearer the popular mind than any other. Literary generations with their fashions and their discoveries and their personalities pass in kaleidoscopic rapidity, and as they usually leave behind them survivals the confusion of diverse impulses increases. Already the rugged generation of Norris and Mr. Dreiser is fading from the scene. Mr. Upton Sinclair and Mr. Sinclair Lewis are almost *vieux jeu;* while the shapes of Howells, James, and Cable loom out of the mists of a past that seems as far away as the world of Scott or Balzac. In such a whirlpool of "movements" and "influences" as the present exhibits it is difficult to make any exact diagnosis or prophecy: every generalization is immediately confronted by a contradiction. Nevertheless it is a seasonal diversion as well as a teasing temptation to chart some of the more obvious gyrations of the voluble whirlpool.

Today there are not only more people reading fiction but more writers of fiction than ever before. And there are more of what might be called casual laborers in the field than professional novelists. There are relatively few writers of an established reputation and a familiar craftsmanship, such as Mrs. Wharton, Miss Cather, Miss Glasgow, with a professional competence and pride in their art; and there are many "free lances" who try the novel form without much if any apprenticeship to the craft—journalists, critics, engineers, housewives, and what not. Having a little leisure and a typewriter they take a chance in what has become the universal medium for literary speculation. Such an attitude toward the business is totally unlike that revealed in the notes which Henry James prepared for the New York edition of his novels. The older novelist was preoccupied with questions of technique, form, presentation, all those delicate but—to the artist—vital problems of the how as distinguished from the what. He in common with his more important contemporaries seems to have taken the latter for granted, preserving a gentlemanly reticence about its origins as about private concerns, whereas to the contemporary fiction writer, as to the journalist, his "stuff" is the preeminent consideration. Which is merely saying that our elder novelists took themselves seriously as craftsmen, workers in a special and honorable form, and although they might from time to time experiment with the play or the essay or even write verse, they considered themselves, they were known to be novelists, craftsmen, and artists, and their product had the hallmark of the professional.

When the expert examines the creative efforts of the casual worker, whether he be a dramatic critic or a newspaper correspondent or a poetess—it is not necessary to be more personal!—he is likely to be impressed by the intelligence and the verbal facility exhibited, which hardly compensate for a lack of the novelist's feeling for life. Often entertaining and well-written books, they are not properly novels in the traditional sense of that term. They are peopled with dummies who talk and act with the precision of clever robots, and according to the scale of achievement range from mere chatter up through "bright conversation" to "serious discussion"; but they never simulate life, even when in ruder instances they may abound in the raw elements of life transferred unassimilated from experience into book, as in the daily paper. After turning the pages of a number of such so-called novels of the talk type or the raw experience type, the expert may become convinced that the novel in the solid epic form as it has hitherto existed is already a lost art. Psychology (of the psychoanalytic variety), smart conversation, "stream of consciousness" meanderings, even "chunks" of raw experience do not supply the fiber and the shape necessary for the prose epic.

This may be only another way of saying that the novel is changing, as it has changed so many times before, into some form better adapted to our accelerated life; that the old categories have been found too cramping for the versatile modern mind, and through improved methods any tyro can be taught in a few lessons how to throw his experience into something that can be sold as a novel. Something similar is happening in biography, which having borrowed the novelist's tricks of analysis, implication, innuendo, and so on, is competing successfully with the novel for the favors of a fiction-fed reading public. However much this jazzing up of sober history and biography—and of philosophy too—may disgust the scholar, as Mr. James Truslow Adams pungently reveals in a recent magazine article, the bizarre fictionized results are superseding the historical romance which flourished exceedingly not so long ago. They are all part of the process of popular education in a society that must have even its intellectual diet highly spiced and sugared. The sole objection to this facile interchange of techniques which is producing so many strange hybrids is that it destroys the true novel, which is something more than either biography or a "slice of life." Even such brilliant and important books as "Black April" and "Scarlet Sister Mary" are character and social background studies that should not be classed in the noble category of the novel. Much of Mr. Sherwood Anderson's writing illustrates the same limitations. Although it is futile to quibble over academic distinctions of form, it is impossible to accept such imaginative studies and sketches as an adequate substitute for the full-bodied fiction of a Hardy, a Balzac, a Zola, and many another master of the novel.

Associated with this transformation of the fiction form is the rapid feminization of our literature as of our social life, about which I have had occasion to write elsewhere. That process has been long under way, but lately—"since the war"—the pace has become greatly accelerated, and no one can predict where it will end or what literature and

life will be like when the "oppressed" sex has come fully into its own. Quite naturally women are invading the fiction field in ever-increasing numbers, as one of the luxury occupations to which in their need for economic freedom they gravitate, and they are bringing with them their own peculiar interests and emphases. Moreover, writers of the other sex and publishers (and their assistants who almost invariably are women) reckon primarily with the woman world where fiction is mainly consumed. The changes thus brought about in the substance of contemporary fiction though often trivial in detail bulk large as a whole, above all in the treatment of sexual relations. Instead of less sex or a more spiritualized interpretation of sex as the Victorian might have anticipated from the advent of women writers in fiction, there is actually more sex, more biology, and fewer taboos in the modern novel than ever before. Possibly more "honesty" (although that is a relative term) and less sentimentality about the "primary urge," and a total lack of mystery!

One cannot mention sex today without considering the vagaries of the "new psychology" (behaviorism, psychoanalysis, et al.) although their influence is not to be explained exclusively by the feminization of our life and literature. For men as well as women writers have lapped up the atrocious jargon of psychological fantasy and plastered it thickly over their fiction, trying to ram life in all its variety into the narrow molds of the "complexes," so that in extreme instances a novel becomes the case record of a psychiatric clinic. Whatever one may think of the scientific importance of psychoanalysis—I leave that to the medical profession—there is no doubt that its influence in contemporary literature, on the serious as well as the more imaginative aspects, is disastrous both verbally and mentally. Until its whimsical vocabulary has been forgotten and whatever truth it may contain has been absorbed and assimilated with other truths, the writer of fiction would do well to eschew psychoanalysis altogether—leaving it along with Christian Science to professional practitioners.

As has already been pointed out, much of the fiction today is not by professional hands. In another and deeper sense it betrays the amateur spirit. Two recent war novels, one by a young German and the other by an American, illustrate the point. Both stories are told in the first person, and both profess to present the war as it really was—the "naked truth" about the war. The American hero is an ambulance driver, while the German protagonist was a common soldier—a contrast that has some significance in itself. But the points of view of the two writers are in greater contrast. The perceptions, the reactions of the American are those of an observer, of an outsider rather than of a participant, and one is not surprised that in the end he becomes a deserter. Both stories deal liberally in the filth that accompanies war, especially the latest machine war, and deal with it with ungloved hands in modern fashion, so that both books in some degree encountered the prejudices of American censorship. But the German's plain speaking is clean human dirt, so to speak, while the American's smells noisomely of the boudoir, the brothel, and the bar. Every American war book or play that I have seen has some of this amateurish taint; not one, not even "Three Soldiers," has the serious quality of the best European fiction based on the war—of "Le Feu" and "All Quiet on the Western Front." It is inevitable, for we were amateurs in the great struggle, never rightly understanding what it was all about, often generous and gallant and efficient amateurs, but never quite grown up; so that our literature drawn from that source must have the unsubstantiality and superficiality of the amateur, who does not pay with his blood for his convictions. But it is not merely our war plays and stories that are permeated with the amateur spirit. It pervades our fiction quite generally as in fact it does our national life. As a people we rarely take anything with entire seriousness (although often most hysterically)—neither our Dohenys, Daughertys, Hardings, nor our Saccos, Vanzettis, and Mooneys. Exception should be made for Mr. Upton Sinclair, who in "Boston" very nearly rose to the heights of a tragic theme, for which he failed to attain the Pulitzer prize. And with all our prurient mucking about in sex, psychoanalytically and otherwise, we are, as revealed in our novels, without deep passions. Lacking passion, as distinguished from sexuality, one does not come through to a great literature in any form. This thesis has been amply demonstrated a number of times by Mr. Sinclair Lewis in his admirably just revelations of average American character.

We are told that at last America is coming of age, full of "promise," but I fail to see it, at least in its fiction. That is still largely written by the young for the consumption of the very young, of the football age. As for the "promise" I am somewhat weary of waiting for a renaissance so frequently predicted. As a matter of fact we are no longer a young people; our literature has a respectable lineage. There was a time not so remote when certain authentic craftsmen were at work here in America in this field; when Mark Twain, Howells, James, Cable, and others delivered themselves with an assurance serenely sustained over a period of years. That epoch has passed, and what has happened since is too confusing and complex to discern clearly so near at hand. What will happen when the present taste for individualistic abandon has run its course is impossible to predict. But if the novel survives, as it has survived similar chaotic and arid conditions, then we may expect that it will resume its proper character of the prose epic; that it will have mastered both vocabulary and ideas so that strange pseudo-scientific terms do not stick out of it like currants in bad cake; that neither its authors nor the characters they present will be so exclusively preoccupied with their conscious (and unconscious) insides; that something more illuminating than a purely biologic relation between the sexes will be entertained, etc. Then the novel will reassume its authority as the interpreter and the chronicle of contemporary life, and its creators may become sufficiently devoted to it to stick to their lasts like good workmen and not take flyers in fiction as in the stock market when the whim or the pecuniary exigency moves them.

Meanwhile I, and I fancy many others in this semi-literate land, get the kind of fictional satisfaction that properly the contemporary novel should give us direct from the daily newspaper, which contains more varied, more humorous (not to say grotesque), and more tragic and universal stories than any to be found in the bookstores or sponsored by the literary guilds. Dickens peopled London with his imaginative creations, as Balzac did all France. Today in the morning's newspaper appear such rich types as Shearer, Grundy, Senator Bingham, Fall, Doheny; the Lindbergh

epos and the Sacco-Vanzetti tragedy, Gastonia, et al.—so many, so rich in imaginative implications! Here is the raw material of great novels which each reader must create for himself, because as yet we have no craftsmen sufficiently endowed to fuse, refine, and transform it into enduring art.

Alien Ethers

By DAVID MORTON

No other brightness that the leaf has known
Was ever spun of particles as frail
As this immoderate radiance that is blown
To stilled intensities before it fail;
These are strange ethers that were never meant
For long survivals here or anywhere,
A thin, precarious gold that soon is spent
In broken lights and shards of crumbling air.

This brightness is of ecstasy and death
That bathes the world a moment in the flood
Of other airs than these we breathe for breath.
Nothing is here for bone or flesh or blood,
Only a bright enchantment for the leaf
Whose passing is too spelled for any grief.

Illusion

By CORINNA REIMAN MARSH

Between these daisy-powdered slopes that rise
As drowsily as haze of noonday lifts,
Where warmth rests soft as sleep on languid eyes
And honeysuckle fragrance, dreaming, drifts
Slow as the shadow of a floating gull—
Between this east and that sea-sapphire west
Where smooth arpeggios of mountains lull
Red, passion-weary suns to quivering rest—
Here, in this valley-space between, peace dwells
Within a fragile bubble. Here no thought
Intrudes, nor urgency of call or pull;
There are no heavens of ecstasy or hells
Of pain. For one transcendent moment, caught,
Peace hovers luminous and beautiful.

Stuart Sherman

Life and Letters of Stuart P. Sherman. By Jacob Zeitlin and Homer Woodbridge. Farrar and Rinehart. Two volumes. $10.

A BIOGRAPHY of a writer in two large volumes by a pair of his oldest friends is likely to be a literary horror. At the same time it is almost certain to be indispensable, since the friends will have had access to letters, journals, and memoranda, and to those even more important sources of light, the impressions and memories of the writer's contemporaries. Messrs. Zeitlin and Woodbridge have produced the indispensable book about Stuart Sherman; but in addition they have written a book which is readable in its own right, a book which tells a rich and moving story with fulness yet with art, with loyalty not only to the subject as a person but to the discipline of the profession which he practiced. I have heard complaints that the book is too detailed and that the authors of it have been too zealous in the defense of their subject against every petty attack made upon him. The second charge is probably just, though the error would be pardonable; the first is certainly not so. No detail was to me uninteresting, which I suppose is the test in such matters; and if any had been I should have been ready to remember that the first biography of a man is expected, even obliged, to err on the side of fulness. Who can say what will be uninteresting to our grandchildren? Most of our thoughts, no doubt; but few of our deeds if those deeds are presented in that clear light which action wears like a halo.

Stuart Sherman's life was intensely active in spite of the fact that he spent so many hours of it with nothing bigger than a pen in his hand. Indeed that was when he was active. If there is such a thing as a born writer he was one—one who seems to have known it from the beginning and who never succeeded in conquering the excitement of the discovery. He did not grow into authorship, though he grew into such things as maturity and fame. His feet were there from the first, and he marched with an ambitious, warlike, and triumphant tread until the day he died. There was a beautiful valor in the man, a flaming quality which his friends felt and his readers recognized, and which the present biography succeeds quite perfectly in expressing. I refer not merely, or at all, to the circumstance that Sherman was militant in his criticism—broke lances with Mr. Mencken and Mr. Rascoe, and charged with unmitigated ferocity against a generation of famous authors. That was only one episode, and to me now not the most significant one, in the entire adventure. I am thinking rather of the inmost temper of the man—of his pride, his ambition, his eagerness, his instinct to express himself in challenge—and of the depth and danger of his eyes. All this combined with an extraordinary tenderness of conscience and an almost appalling sense of responsibility to give his utterance richness, excitement, delicacy, and weight. All this made him a marked man. But he was marked anyway, for he was one of those men whom the gods allow to set a high value upon themselves. The present biography is valuable among other things for the picture it gives—immensely moving at times—of a boy, a man who saw himself with passionate seriousness and who, starting from that point, widened his gaze in an attempt to see all the world.

Sherman was a writer above everything else, and Messrs. Zeitlin and Woodbridge have demonstrated this in an unexpected way. They have made him an even better writer than he already seemed, and done this by the simple device of printing his letters, which are among the best, I think, ever written in America. But of those later. The biography shows first, and quite conclusively, that there were certain things he could not do, though he wanted to do them. He could not write poetry, for instance. He has been called a poet in that loose language which identifies genius in general with poetry and which bestows the word as a kind of honorable title upon any human being who happens to be complicated or interesting. But if a poet is one who writes poetry, then Sherman was none; his verses, many of which are sprinkled through these two volumes, never cut themselves free from the purely literary part of their author's memory. Neither, I suspect, could he have succeeded in any of the novels which his journal shows him to have planned. Here, for instance, are some notes for "A Novel of Philosophical Ideas":

> Take a village character—New England—Son of a minister of Civil War period. The old library. The Calvinism; the pleasureless, barren life, without art.
>
> Then have him acquire "moral perfection" as aim, and acquire immense stocks of culture through books in almost utter solitude. (Give him some traits of the prac-

tical Thoreau) till he feels himself the equal to anyone you please. (This must be exhibited.)

The last parenthesis gives him away, as does the immature, amateur style of the whole passage, which was written not in his youth but after he had created (at forty) the legend that he was a venerable critic.

Even his criticism is made by this book—though I am sure the authors had no such intention—to recede into a perspective which diminishes its importance. For one cannot read carefully without perceiving that Sherman was too early fixed in a critical attitude, too early caught by a critical creed. The boy who had come out of California and Arizona to get his education at Williams and Harvard was highly romantic. Intoxicated by the literature he then devoured, he was on his way to saying so when at Harvard he fell under the influence of Irving Babbitt, one of the most frigid of living dogmatists, and through Professor Babbitt of Paul Elmer More, one of the best but also one of the narrowest and most repressive of American critics. There is tragedy, I think, in the circumstance that Sherman folded his wings to walk by their side. Their talk was all of control, and this was well enough; but so far as I know they had never had any romanticism to control, whereas in Sherman there were oceans of it. The result of its suppression was that moralism which still seems to me, in spite of the biographers' assurances to the contrary, too conspicuous in Sherman's criticism. Time, not authority, should have trimmed his excesses. He was at bottom very sound and sensible, but he should have discovered this slowly. As it was he put on the censor's robes at thirty, got labeled as an enemy of the younger literary generation, was galled by the label but went on wearing it, and spent much of his force during the best ten years of his life in battles over critical terms which even then were questionable as to their reality, and now are rather sadly dated. Humanism, naturalism, infra-rational and supra-rational instinct—what are they but technical terms, and what business had this radiant brain with them? Mr. More as literary editor of *The Nation* conducted his contributor into fame, and as a correspondent over several years was a constant source of encouragement as well as of too much wisdom. But the very correspondence between the two throws light upon the drama of their unnatural relationship—More always calm, Sherman always restive, and Sherman finally realizing that the distinguished Platonist of Princeton stood somehow too darkly between him and the contemporary world he so passionately wanted to see. After that his championship of the American spirit, and after that his fling as a weekly journalist in New York.

It is pretty clear, I think, that Sherman never expressed himself wholly except in his letters. And since he was a great man of some sort, with "a greatness," as one of his best friends said after his death, "not to be measured," it is his letters which I would put forward as his best claim upon the attention of posterity. They reveal him not merely as a man who loved literature more deeply than anyone else in his day—few of his critical enemies seem to have perceived how much he loved the very authors he condemned—but as a man who got infinite pleasure out of covering paper with ink, and who, being boundlessly interested both in himself and in every gifted person whom he knew, grew alive in new ways when he sat down to answer a letter. His letters are long and beautiful, and richly contain the elements that make a correspondence permanently interesting—sympathy, generosity, malice, raillery, wit, nonsense, animal spirits, scrupulous accuracy, irresponsible exaggeration, eloquence, passion, and style. From the beginning he was a superb letter-writer—that is, from the age of twelve, when he was writing to his mother from Arizona, and from the age of eighteen, when he was sending sage yet sarcastic advice to his brother and sister. Whereas I feel fatal limitations in Sherman's verses, and whereas I find only the pagan part of his criticism to be as good as it ought to be, I never detect anything wrong in his correspondence. In his letters to his mother, to his son John, to More, to W. C. Brownell, to Ellery Sedgwick, to Homer Woodbridge, to Carl and Irita Van Doren, and to others who were legion he could and did say everything there was to say. Messrs. Zeitlin and Woodbridge have done him and us one signal service. They can do another by collecting even more letters than they use here and printing them in two volumes by themselves. The result might very well be an American classic.

MARK VAN DOREN

Plato

The Son of Apollo. By Frederick J. E. Woodbridge. Houghton Mifflin Company. $4.

PLATO may be read for human delight, for his suggestiveness, and to ascertain his precise meaning. The third way happens to be my predominant interest. The forewarned reader is forearmed, but though I cannot promise to keep King Charles's head out of this review altogether, I will try to deal fairly with Professor Woodbridge's notable book from the other two points of view before tilting against him as a specialist in what I trust he will regard as a friendly and knightly joyous passage of arms.

Professor Woodbridge is, I presume, not responsible for his publisher's statement: "A distinguished philosopher reinterprets Plato and Platonism for the modern reader." His own more modest announcement is that he is offering the reader his personal Plato—with the Protagorean suggestion that in the flux of philological opinion one man's Plato is as good as another's. What he in fact offers is, first, a rambling but readable introduction on the life of Plato, of which the main point is that the marvelous and mythical anecdotes told of this son of Apollo, though not literally true, may symbolize more truth than a dry summary of the few facts which historical evidence could convey. There is, secondly, a desultory and skeptical chapter about Plato's writings to which I will return, and thirdly to seventhly a succession of chapters on the Perfect City, Education, Love, Death, Socrates. These chapters are in no sense a reinterpretation of Plato and Platonism, not even in the sense in which this could be said of Mill's review of Grote's "Plato," Pater's "Plato and Platonism," Faguet's "Pour qu'on lise Platon," Emerson's essay in "Representative Men," and even my own article in the Warner "Library of Literature." They are at the most illustrations of Professor Woodbridge's Plato the literary artist, by means of specimen translations and summaries with a few added comments.

The Perfect City, for example, is not a rightly proportioned study of Plato's political philosophy; it is an extremely sketchy account of the more picturesque parts of the "Republic" including a translation of the final myth, accompanied by observations that are pretty, suggestive, or epigrammatic rather than true. Professor Woodbridge thinks it necessary to spend a page in telling his readers that the title "Republic" is not used in our sense of the word. He talks about "communism and greater sexual freedom," perhaps with intended reference to Aristophanes, but without anywhere warning his readers that there is very little sexual freedom in the "Republic" and that the communism is a device to enforce disinterestedness on the rulers to whom it alone applies. It interests him more to play with Plato's imagery than to explain his meanings: "Socrates seems to have rubbed particularly hard on poets. He saw in them base imitators who gave men only an imitation bed on which to lie. Is it then that he would show them the real bed? Lying on it we dream of the perfect city and get up to make our bed more comfortable. To do this there must be more

than dreams." The publisher has visualized this reinterpretation of the Platonic idea by a sketch of a bearded and lightly clad Greek gentleman reclining on such a bed.

For the chapter on education Professor Woodbridge translates several pages of the "Laches," and translates or paraphrases parts of the "Protagoras" and "Meno" which he supplements by a reprint of the introduction to Bertrand Russell's "Education and the Good Life." He thinks that nothing comes of these Platonic debates but the fun of the discussion. But he himself fails to make clear to his readers how definitely it all points forward to the fundamental distinction in the "Republic" between the elementary education and discipline of the masses and the higher education of those fitted to rule. He does, I am pleased to see, rightly apprehend the moral, so greatly needed today, that "Plato would keep the young out of the realm of the debatable until they have matured a little in the realm of the undebatable." But even here he half spoils the truth by the added epigram: "then he would let them into the former, trusting the grace of God to do the rest." For in fact Plato does not rely on *theia moira* to save souls in his own state. It is needed only in democratic Athens. And how could Professor Woodbridge so far mistake Plato's real opinion as to say: "Virtue cannot be taught because it is debatable"?

The long chapter on love I must regard as a sop to Cerberus. Everybody likes this kind of titillation of instincts that need no encouragement. The "Charmides," the "Lysis," the "Symposium," and the "Phaedrus" are perennially interesting. Professor Woodbridge gives a résumé of them with bits of translation and a few reflections of his own. The chapter on Death consists mainly of Professor Woodbridge's own moralizings on another eternally interesting subject. After some forty pages of these mortuary meditations he tells us that "the substance of it at least can be found in Plato's dialogues either explicitly or by implication."

The final chapter on Socrates, who is inextricably confused with Plato himself, is mainly a confirmation of Professor Woodbridge's opinion that Plato is a bad reasoner "and that inconclusiveness, not conclusiveness, is the constant outcome of the discussion." That is undoubtedly the impression that the Platonic dialogues make on many hasty readers. It is not the opinion held of them by the majority of the great writers from Plutarch and Cicero to Mill and Emerson who have really known Plato. Even his enemy Landor admits that Plato's fallacies are mostly, as he puts it, wilful. Professor Woodbridge strangely prefers to "think with" or at any rate to appeal to the "vulgar." He can hardly expect a lifelong student of Plato to acquiesce, and so I am sure he will pardon me if I examine his chapter on the writings of Plato somewhat critically.

I do not quite know whether that chapter expresses Professor Woodbridge's considered opinions or is a more or less conscious appeal to the popular amusement at the differences of scholars and distrust of their dogmatisms. In commenting, for example, on Alline's hope that "we may restore in all its details the authentic text of Plato" he animadverts on "the hope of doing so extravagant a thing"—justifiably if he really intends to press the phrase "in all its details" to cover spelling, punctuation, and other minutiae. But the entire paragraph will mislead the reader, and I do not know whether Professor Woodbridge himself is aware that the text of Plato is in fact more certain than the text of Chaucer; that the few variant readings in the "Republic" almost never seriously affect the sense and rarely the style; and that there are astonishingly few sentences in the entire body of Plato's writings about whose meaning a competent Grecian and critic of literature need have any doubt.

Equally misleading is the uncertainty he feels or expresses about the Platonic canon. It is not easy, he says, to dismiss the doubts of Zeller and others about the "Laws." He does not tell us that Zeller withdrew the doubts expressed in a youthful work and that there are no "others" today among reputable scholars. The "Laws" are beyond question the work of Plato, and a very great work despite the lack of the youthful dramatic charm which is all that interests Professor Woodbridge. Scholars may still differ about the genuineness of the "Hippias Maior," the "Theages," the "Minos," the "Epinomis," and the "Letters," but there is not the slightest doubt about the authorship of any of the more significant dialogues.

No less superficial is Professor Woodbridge's denial of all unity to the Platonic writings. It can only mean that he has not really studied seriously the more serious dialogues that bore him, but has taken his impressions as most people do from the more readable dramatic pictures of Athenian life and conversation, in which young men quibble and chop logic as Shakespeare's young men pun. I can understand this attitude in the poet and litterateur Matthew Arnold, who can see nothing but "barren logomachies" in the world's first and greatest and still most influential analysis of ultimate epistemology, the "Theaetetus." But Dr. Woodbridge is a professor of philosophy. Is it possible that the laurels of Mr. Will Durant will not let him sleep? It is true that Plato's writings lack the unity of the systematic philosophical constructions of a Kant, a Hegel, a Schopenhauer, or a Herbert Spencer. But he held a number of serious convictions about life, philosophy, religion, ethics, government, logic, science, and pseudo-science which are hinted at even in the minor dialogues, which definitely emerge in the artistic work of his early maturity, and which change only in clearness of definition and intensity of conviction throughout his later years.

I must dismiss with a similar challenge the repeated statement that Plato, though he is credited with being a great logician and may have been that in the Academy, is a bad reasoner in the dialogues. Professor Woodbridge twice gives a page to describing and denouncing this bad reasoning in general terms, but he has given no concrete examples on which issue could be joined. There are many things that Plato could not know. But there is in fact no bad reasoning in Plato that under critical examination does not prove to be either dramatic or the conscious choice of an alternative deemed necessary to moral or intellectual salvation. Every attempt thus far in disregard of these principles to convict Plato of serious inconsistencies or faulty logic has broken down. I wish Professor Woodbridge would try his hand at the game with these rules in mind.

PAUL SHOREY

The Sexual Revolution

Marriage and Morals. By Bertrand Russell. Horace Liveright. $3.

THIS book is unique, not so much in what it says as in the way it says it. Many of the arguments advanced by Mr. Russell have been advocated by other writers in this same field, but they have never been defended in such a clear, considered, logical manner. Mr. Russell undermines an entire morality as one might divest himself of an old robe—taking out the right arm first, then the left, and finally letting the whole thing fall easily to the earth. What is more, he has preserved an amazing calm amid the most exciting theme of our generation.

Sexual ethics, except in Soviet Russia, Mr. Russell observes, have never been "determined by rational considerations." They have always been "the outcome of superstition and tradition." What we must aim to do today is to make our sexual ethics rational. We must establish happiness, or whatever its approximation may be, as our end and adjust our ethics in such a way as to attain it. It is this problem of

adjustment that Mr. Russell is concerned with in his book, and in all his analyses he refuses to allow himself to be moved by any other considerations than those that are purely rational.

Mr. Russell's arguments as to what should be a rational attitude toward marriage and morals are not difficult to state. In the first place, marriage is an institution that should be far more concerned with the realistic relationship of parents and children than with the romantic relationship of lovers. In fact, when people do not desire children marriage has no meaning whatsoever, and Mr. Russell maintains that the most intelligent attitude toward marriage "would be to say that no marriage should be legally binding until the wife's first pregnancy." The author's decisive attack upon chastity is closely allied with his general attitude toward marriage. There is much wisdom in his contention that our stress upon prenuptial chastity, for instance, has been essentially pernicious. There is great gain, he points out, if the man as well as the woman has had sexual experience before marriage. Mr. Russell urges this point with singular perspicacity. A girl who is a virgin, he claims, is much more easily trapped into a hopeless marriage than one who has had sexual experience and understands something of her bodily functions and the nature of the love emotion. That the soundness of this logic is denied by most people today is clear proof of Mr. Russell's claim that our attitude toward sex is still based upon superstition and not upon reason.

While Mr. Russell's contention that it was the discovery of fatherhood which led to the subjection of women is far from convincing, since what we know of the change from the matriarchate to the patriarchate indicates that the cause was far more economic than psychological, his analysis of feminine subjection as a reality is superb. His description of the physical and mental prison in which women were forced to live prior to their recent emancipation is excellent by virtue of its insight and interpretation. Woman's revolt in our day has brought us face to face with a number of new problems which we must meet. One is that of sexual as well as economic and political equality. Women must have the same right to sexual experimentation as men—before marriage as well as after. As long as sex relationships remain sterile, there is little need to be concerned with adultery at all; indeed, Mr. Russell suggests that adultery should not be considered sufficient ground for divorce. Husbands may have to learn "to be as tolerant of lovers as Orientals are of eunuchs," and married people in general will have to get rid of the idea that marriage should "exclude other sex relations."

The striking fact in all this moral diagnosis and prognosis is that Mr. Russell is really concerned with a rationalization of what has actually occurred or is in the process of occurring; he is dealing in words with what in so many ways has already happened in fact. The very people who find their lives caught and twisted in exactly the ways that Mr. Russell so aptly describes are the ones to condemn in theory what they actually practice. They are afraid to face the conclusions that their behavior demands. In the last analysis Mr. Russell, like Judge Lindsey, is proposing nothing new; he is only suggesting a candid facing of a new fact. An old morality is bankrupt; a new morality will have to be created. In fact, a new morality is already in the process of being created blindly by the very people who have never heard of Mr. Russell or of the new theories of morality that many of this generation have proposed. The economic and psychological forces in our civilization are at work achieving this change. Mr. Russell's book attempts only to give clarity to this change, but in trying to do this he is attempting in a fine, courageous manner an extremely grave task. Too much praise can scarcely be given to those who, like Mr. Russell, see this change as part of a greater revolution in the very structure of social life.

V. F. Calverton

An Ideal Ex-President

The Autobiography of Calvin Coolidge. Cosmopolitan Book Corporation. $3.

NOBODY of understanding would expect Calvin Coolidge to write a good autobiography. Such a work can be produced only by a person who has both the wish and the capacity for self-revelation. Considering his notorious reticences, Mr. Coolidge would seem to be almost the worst possible person to write the story of his life. So nobody should be surprised to find the present volume pretty thin milk. Yet the meagerest autobiography reveals some truth, usually inadvertently, which another biographer would miss or in regard to which his assertion would be open to dispute, and in this respect Mr. Coolidge's life of himself is no exception.

The opening chapter, on his childhood, is perhaps the best in the book. Mr. Coolidge is able to relax somewhat there—to view that little Vermont farm boy and his environment with a certain detachment and lack of consciousness. One smiles with the author in reading how as a child he was taken on a visit to Montpelier, the State capital, and was less impressed by the privilege of sitting in the governor's chair than by a stuffed catamount in the museum. He writes that his boyhood's ambition was to keep store, like his father, and there will be some with the malice to comment that an excellent village storekeeper was spoiled to make a mediocre President. The account of college days is less satisfactory. There is almost nothing about friends, hobbies, non-classroom activities, outside reading, or developing ideas, though there is a little about his studies and a sincere tribute to his teacher in philosophy, Charles E. Garman, who apparently fixed Mr. Coolidge in his orthodox moral and religious beliefs. One reads with some amazement that at commencement the future President's classmates chose him to deliver the "grove oration," which according to custom was intended to deal with the class "in a witty and humorous way." But Mr. Coolidge hastens to add: "While my effort was not without some success I very soon learned that making fun of people in a public way was not a good method to secure friends, or likely to lead to much advancement, and I have scrupulously avoided it."

The story of Mr. Coolidge's meeting with his future wife, his courtship, and his marriage is polished off in 250 threadbare words, while in the whole account of his White House career there is practically nothing about contacts with other public men, not a line about political struggles, no morsel of inside information in regard to what went on in Washington. Yet one does glean that, disdaining the services of the White House barber, the President shaved himself with an old-fashioned razor; also that he enjoyed shaking hands with the general public and apparently sent his autograph to all who asked for it.

There is one subject in particular in regard to which one looks for light: the Boston police strike, which raised an unknown governor of Massachusetts to national prominence and paved the road to the Presidency. The story went out to the country in 1919 that Governor Coolidge by his firm, decisive stand in calling out the National Guard broke the Boston police strike and saved the city from anarchy. Mr. Coolidge's own account serves to perpetuate that falsehood; for falsehood it is—as *The Nation* pointed out ten years ago—according to the report of the Storrow committee, the findings of which have never been successfully disputed. That committee was appointed by Mayor Peters with the hope of settling the trouble over the unionization of the police force. It was a businessmen's committee, headed by James J. Storrow of the banking house of Lee, Higginson and Company. Its report

shows that Governor Coolidge, realizing in advance of the police walk-out that public opinion was pretty evenly divided, kept his hands off as completely as possible. It was only after the police had walked out, after there had been serious disorder, after public sentiment had turned against the police, and after Mayor Peters had restored order by calling out the National Guard in Boston that Governor Coolidge won the nation's applause by needlessly mobilizing the National Guard of the entire State with a flamboyant proclamation.

While Mr. Coolidge's account may not be literally untrue, it is so far from the whole truth that it leaves the uninformed reader with an impression which is fundamentally and essentially false. For instance, Mr. Coolidge writes: "On reaching my office in the morning [Wednesday, September 10, the day after the police walk-out] it was reported to me that the Mayor was calling out the State Guard of Boston to report about five o'clock that afternoon. He also requested me to furnish more troops. I supplemented his action by calling substantially the entire State Guard to report at once." The truth is that on Monday night, September 8, members of the Storrow committee visited Mr. Coolidge and asked him to have militia in the streets in advance of the police walk-out, which was set for the following day. Mr. Coolidge did not give his formal answer until the next morning, Tuesday [the day of the walk-out], when a note was received from him saying: "I am unable to discover any action that I can take." Nor did he call out militia on Wednesday, as his account leads the reader to suppose. He did not issue his call until Thursday, September 11. On this point the words of the Storrow committee are convincing and, for Mr. Coolidge, crushing: "By Thursday morning order had been generally restored in the city. On Thursday afternoon the Governor assumed control of the situation."

The important truth in Mr. Coolidge's book lies not in the narrative but in its moralizings and copybook maxims. Here is a better measure of his mind and spirit than a score of pages of self-analysis would have yielded. In his first chapter he writes that his boyhood environment gave him a good knowledge of the practical side of government. "I understood," he continues, "that it consisted of restraints which the people had imposed upon themselves in order to promote the common welfare." Could there be any better explanation of Mr. Coolidge's limitations as a statesman than this negative definition? A few pages farther on we find him slipping into such Pollyanna utterances as: "While I am not disposed to minimize the amount of evil in the world I am convinced that the good predominates and that it is constantly all about us, ready for our service if only we will accept it." And again: "We were taught [by Professor Garman] to follow the truth whithersoever it might lead. We were warned that this would oftentimes be very difficult and result in much opposition, for there would be many who were not going that way, but if we pressed on steadfastly it was sure to yield the peaceable fruits of the mind. It does." O fortunate Mr. Coolidge to have found it so!

After that one reads without a quiver such superb evidences of complacency and assurance as "I was ready, from the time the justices named me the Clerk of the Courts until my party nominated me for President"; or "The right thing to do never requires any subterfuges, it is always simple and direct"; or "Fate bestows its rewards on those who put themselves in the proper attitude to receive them." Such sentences explain better than the vague pages in his last chapter why Mr. Coolidge did not choose to seek reelection to the Presidency in 1928. He was satisfied with his achievements; he had no unfulfilled program which he burned to carry out; he had no failures which he wanted to retrieve or hopes to whose realization he still stubbornly clung; he wasn't getting any fun out of the job, and he was shrewd enough to sense the possibilities of catastrophe in sticking too long by it. What more natural than to retire to the simpler, more grateful duties of ex-President, an office for which he is ideally qualified?

Most of our Chief Magistrates have been pathetic as ex-Presidents. Mr. Roosevelt was a caged tiger; Mr. Taft quit the job gladly for the Supreme Court; Mr. Wilson's post-White House days were a somber tragedy. But Calvin Coolidge, although he may not have attained first rank in the Presidency, promises to go down into history as our greatest ex-President.

ARTHUR WARNER

The Dualism of Thomas Mann

Three Essays. By Thomas Mann. Translated by H. T. Lowe-Porter. Alfred A. Knopf. $3.

THOMAS MANN is an artist-philosopher with an ideological system of his own. Perched upon the pinnacle of his magic mountain he sees a titanic struggle going on below him, but he cannot be sure which side ought to win and in the confusion he cannot even distinguish with certainty the disposition of the troops. Down there where the dreamy East is meeting the pragmatical West and the contemplative artist stands up against the man of action; down there where the children of nature contend with the children of spirit and where the Catholic ideal of a hierarchy gives battle to the liberal faith in the ethics of democracy; down there on that dubious field the fate of mankind is being decided. Momentous as the issue is, he cannot know for certain either what is allied with what or on which side the angels fight. Is the spirit of nationalism the enemy of Eastern communism, or is it rather the enemy of that traditional Western unity which opposes itself to the Oriental flood of which communism is a part? And even if we knew the answer to that question, would we not still be incapable of knowing which was fighting the battle for humanity, because still incapable of knowing in what direction the brightest possible future for humanity lies? Yet know we must if we are to be more than passive victims of forces beyond our comprehension.

In his distress he sets up categories like those which he once labeled sickness and health, but he finds them not as useful as they promised to be. The very words unintentionally beg the question, and one discovers that certain precious things like the sensitivity of the artist go into the wrong category. And yet, he seems to say, categories there must be. The various phenomena are manifestations of some grand dualism, and to discover what its two faces are is a matter of life and death. Every idea, every tendency, every personality must be analyzed in a desperate effort to discover the principle upon which a division can be made, for until that principle is discovered we cannot know our enemies from our friends. Like Paul Valéry, like Henri Massis, and like a half-dozen others he is convinced that civilization hangs at this very moment in the balance. He is sure that decisions must be made. But he cannot see clearly enough to make them unequivocally. It is not, be it understood, that he has no temperamental preferences, for he is obviously hard-headed and aristocratic. His impulses are conservative rather than radical and he leans toward discipline, order, and what he would call the West rather than toward mystical democracy, Christianity, and what he would call the East. But he is enormously sensitive in his feeling for even the things which he holds suspect, and he often hangs suspended at the very moment when he is sure that he should choose.

For some men doubt is a peaceful refuge, an escape from the necessity of decision and choice; but for others it is a torture. In these latter it generates a sense that their fate is

being discussed in a language which they cannot quite grasp, and out of that sense grew "The Magic Mountain"—a brilliant attempt to convey through concrete characters and incidents Mann's conception of forces which can be named only with such elusive names as liberalism, humanism, mysticism, sickness, and health. Now, in "Three Essays," he has gathered together three papers of which at least two may be regarded as pendants to that impressive novel. In one he describes his visit to the spiritualistic seance which suggested the curious supernatural interlude in "The Magic Mountain," and in the others he analyzes Goethe and Tolstoy in the light of the dualism which so much concerns him.

Both, he finds, were children of nature as distinguished from such children of spirit as Schiller and Dostoevski. But both submitted themselves to anti-naturalistic influences and it is here that they diverge, for while the one looked toward Christianity and the East the other looked toward a kind of Germanic Hellenism and the West. Tolstoy in his peasant's blouse and Goethe in his official uniform are parodies, but parodies which reveal the significant difference between the two men who subdued their natural force to two different disciplines; and the question for Mann is the question which is preferable. In this case he answers it cautiously and tentatively, but nevertheless unmistakably, by pointing his finger at the German. For us at least, he seems to say, the way of the West is the only way. Tolstoy the peasant, the Christian, the Slav turns his back upon us and our future. Russia lies between Europe and Asia, but its great prophet looked toward Asia.

Those who turn to "Three Essays" in the expectation of finding there a simple key to "The Magic Mountain" will be in some measure disappointed. To read it is to learn that much which seems dubiously hinted in the novel seems so, not because its author deliberately chose to leave simple convictions unexpressed, but because it is only by parable that he knows how to say what he feels the necessity of saying. Yet here is the same mind at work in much the same way, and here, by consequence, is as illuminating a commentary as one is likely to get upon a novel which will probably remain among the most distinguished of our time.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

Young Mr. Windsor

The Biography of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales. By W. and L. Townsend. The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

H. R. H. Edward Albert Christian George Andrew Patrick David, Prince of Wales, is doubtless an amiable and well intentioned not-so-young young man. In the esteem of a susceptible part of our population he occupies a place almost as high as those held by Mr. Rudy Vallee and the late Valentino. The reader of his authorized biography will not cover many pages without learning, in addition, that the Prince is a man of "remarkable achievements," that he is "a great English gentleman of the newer school," that he has "pronounced business acumen," that "his excellence is as indefinable as the charm of a lovely woman," and that "he has earned himself a niche in the history of the world without comparison amongst his peers of the past."

The authors repeatedly assure us that the possessor of these breath-taking virtues is often completely exhausted from the arduous duties of his office. In this connection one assumes that the narrative does the Prince a disservice, for in it he is confined to such comparative frivolities as traveling in state, delivering graceful platitudes prepared for him by someone else, getting bits of ribbon pinned on him by foreign potentates, or taking tea before the camera in a miner's cottage. For the rest, we learn that hard liquor, gambling, hunting, golf, serious reading, and other minor vices make little or no appeal to him. We are informed that when he has a bit of time to himself he visits his parents or spends "a happy hour in his den" at York House listening to his gramophone records, of which his favorites are "dance tunes." Though the Prince commonly intrusts the composition of his speeches to a secretary, his biographers assure us that "he chooses all his own clothes and gives personal instruction as to their care," and that in sartorial matters "his is the acme of quiet good taste and gentlemanly refinement."

In sum, this is a real nice biography, fairly sweating with good taste and refinement.

HAROLD KELLOCK

Thus the Churches

Religion Lends a Hand: Studies of Churches in Social Action. By James Myers. Harper and Brothers. $1.50.

THE capacious bosom of the church has room for many sucklings. There are the overgrown youngsters who should have been weaned and pushed out long ago, business entrepreneurs of religion like the Stratons, McPhersons, and Reisners. There are the sickly infants, scarcely viable, like the Unitarians and enlightened Congregationalists with whom churchgoing is hardly more than a decorous hebdomadal habit. And there are the authors of books like "Religion Lends a Hand." The Rev. James Myers, I am sure, will always draw his sustenance from the breast of the Bride of Christ.

He has written a very helpful book. The publishers claim for it a "delightful touch of humor" which they must have found all the more delightful because it is unconscious. It crops out on the very first page in an account of the milk producers' fight against the milk trust in the Chicago area. The church of course does not take sides. Its function is to conciliate, to blur the class cleavage in capitalist society. Myers writes of such a conciliation meeting in the Huntley Congregational Church:

> The first speaker was the superintendent of the consolidated school. "One of the chief dangers to our civilization," he said, "is class division, augmented by feelings of injustice. It is a good omen when the church undertakes to resolve such conflicts between economic classes, and in no place is such conciliation needed more than between city and country." And the village banker said, "Amen!"

Though he does not know it, the humor is entirely Mr. Myers's.

Again he writes of a woman who developed into a circuit-riding preacher in Maine. With almost saturnine but once more unconscious Freudian humor, Mr. Myers tells how after the death of her husband she "passed through a deep religious experience of the love of Christ."

The book will have many readers among Christians as naive and kindly and busy as Mr. Myers himself. They will feel the reflected glow of the industrial secretary's pride at being able to record that a very progressive Los Angeles pastor believes in civil liberty "even on behalf of members of the I. W. W." They will become similarly Christlike as they contemplate the Y. M. C. A. where two colored boys "are considered 'just the same as anyone else.'" They will take pride in the struggles of the Y. W. student in industry who could hardly bring herself to use the "tough language of the class of girls to be found under such poor conditions" as young working women often find themselves in.

And how they will smirk when they learn how on the Labor Temple committee "Park Avenue and Second Avenue

meet. Members of wealthy uptown churches sit down with Polish and Jewish officials of the Garment Workers, the Typographical Union, the Teachers' Union," and presumably other slum products addicted to tough language.

Yet the book is important. Apart from revealing the smug condescension of religion in its present-day efforts to lend a hand, it gives varied and interesting examples of the many fields into which cautious pioneers of the cloth are anxiously feeling around with tentative paw. The best chapter of the even dozen is the one on the church and the twelve-hour day in steel. It gives a factual account of the twelve-year pressure on the steel trust to adopt the humaner and also more profitable eight-hour shift in its mills. There is a maximum of history and a minimum of Myers in it. SINCLAIR LEWIS.

Mr. Yeats's Kubla Khan

A Packet for Ezra Pound. By William Butler Yeats. Dublin: The Cuala Press. 10s. 6d.

THIS slight book consists of a few pages of autobiographic gossip about Mr. Yeats and Mr. Pound at Rapallo, a new preface to The Great Wheel (from "A Vision"), a poem, and a letter declaring that that book will proclaim a new divinity—the Oedipus-Christ, apparently, who sank into the earth body and soul instead of ascending into the abstract heavens like the son of God. The new preface, the only portion of the book that may claim any interest, replaces the old preface to "A Vision" which told an impossible story of the finding of the documents which led to the preparation of that strange book. It is now explained that shortly after his marriage Yeats found his wife an adept at automatic writing.

> What came in disjointed sentences, in almost illegible writing, was so exciting, sometimes so profound, that I persuaded her to give an hour or two day after day to the unknown writer, and after some half dozen such hours offered to spend what remained of life explaining and piecing together those scattered sentences. "No," was the answer, "we have come to give you metaphors for poetry."

We are not told why the poet disregarded this warning, and those of us who have tried to understand "A Vision" wish fervently that he had not. By 1920 fifty copy-books were filled with this automatic writing and a lesser number with the revelations in sleep that took the place of the writing. These books seem to have played a large part in the making of "A Vision," of which the author now says:

> All of "A Vision" except the section on the twenty-eight phases, and that called Dove or Swan which I repeat without change, fills me with shame. I had misinterpreted the geometry, and in my ignorance of philosophy failed to understand distinctions upon which the coherence of the whole depended, and as my wife was unwilling that her share should be known, and I to seem sole author, I had invented an unnatural story of an Arabian traveler which I must amend and find a place for some day because I was fool enough to write half a dozen poems that are unintelligible without it.

The remainder of this part of the present book consists of a more or less detailed account of the circumstances and difficulties attending these spirit messages. Assuming that the account bears some actual relation to genuine experiences—Mr. Yeats has a way of preferring the symbolic truth to the literal truth—it will be of some interest to the psychologist if of none to the literary man. Meanwhile it is interesting to observe the implications of the above confession. For all the fragility of the early poetry, so faery, so charming, so bewitching, nobody ever thought of complaining that it was remote from human interests as the critics did of the arcane symbolism in the "Wind among the Reeds" and other volumes that have appeared since. This symbolism came largely from Yeats's interest in Blake, who led him for a long time by two roads—the road of the divine imagination, the revelatory imagination, and the road of the divine passions. The farther he went along the former the more he became lost in its dark mazes, for he was Yeats and not Blake, and he was very sane and Blake was very mad. In his attempts to distinguish the false from the true imagination, which is the problem of this gospel, he was sidetracked by his unfortunate interest in the world of the daemons of whom he speaks most lucidly in "Per Amica Silentia Lunae"—which is his retelling of the thoughts of the Cambridge Platonist, Henry More, in his book "The Immortality of the Soul." This was tantamount to exchanging the fairies of Sligo for the spooks of Soho, and the spirituality of the one was poorly bargained away for the spiritism of the other.

Yeats would himself deny, I think, that he made this exchange, for he has said somewhere that the magical ideas of such men as More are but the same body of ancient tradition that we find in the superstitions of rural Ireland which were his early love; but they are indeed two very different worlds that he has created for himself out of these two interests. The world of imagination in which the Wanderings of Oisin was born was one to which all have access; it is magical and innocent, and as near us as the wonder-world of our own private childhood. But what of the mysterious darkness of this other world? It is really not one-half as mysterious as the fairy world his Sligo peasants created for him. That world throbbed with life for them and him, it was an elaborate starlight; this other world was conceived intellectually and is supported by such invention as the impossible story of the Arabian traveler. He has made his journey to it by a road as tortuous as the road to Babel in the old scriptural cuts, and the readers who choose to follow him do so more from loyalty than natural attraction, feeling when they get there, I make no doubt, as uncomfortable as a skeptic at a seance. It is hard on Yeats's admirers: he invents a world of unattractive spooks, then invents stories about it to give it color, then writes poems that are only intelligible when read with these invented stories, and for the sake of the verse we put up with the story and the spooks only to be told of a sudden that it was a foolish story anyway and that the spooks had misled him. We are left with the suspicion that it is not the spooks but Yeats's critical faculty that is at fault.

It is not impossible that the experiences recounted in the new preface are genuine. From the point of view of the literary man it makes no difference which story Yeats prefers to keep; he will be tempted to disregard both of them, as Professor J. L. Lowes disregarded Coleridge's story about the composition of Kubla Khan in writing his "Road to Xanadu." In that book, a monument of industry, every single line in the Ancient Mariner and Kubla Khan was most plausibly traced to its sources in Coleridge's reading, and if some indefatigable student were to apply a little of the same method to Yeats's "Vision" he would probably find that the sources of that book lie just as snugly within the realms of this fleshly world. Mr. Yeats avers that in all his readings among the philosophers he has come on nothing, save the vortex of Empedocles, that suggests the geometrical symbolism communicated by his "messengers" and reproduced in "A Vision." It is most likely that the notion originated, as his dream originated, with the group of thoughts that were sifted down to "Per Amica Silentia Lunae"—thoughts that gathered into the city of his brain from a thousand places. A million things might have suggested his geometrical symbolism to him: the strange geometrical designs in Henry More, for example, the pictures of the Wheel

of Life he must have seen over and over again in his readings in Indian philosophy, the Tantric symbols from the same source, and so on. This is not said to deride Yeats's belief but to show its irrelevance to literature, for in the end it will make little matter which be true since the only thing of interest or importance to anybody will be the beauty and the poetry strained from all this brew. The brew itself tasted very flat indeed in "A Vision," and it tastes so very flat in this little book that it drives one to the thought that writers nowadays do far too much of their brewing in public, and do it far too quickly.

SEÁN O'FAOLÁIN

Invention and Interpretation

The Bird of God. The Romance of El Greco. By Virginia Hersch. Harper and Brothers. $2.50.

Horace Walpole and Madame du Deffand. An Eighteenth Century Friendship. By Anna de Koven. D. Appleton and Company. $3.

AFTER the anxious inquiry for fact and the careful endeavor to record it accurately, comes the indulgence; after research, the definition. Behold Jesus through St. Mark, Renan, Papini, and Barton; behold Napoleon through Thiers, Ludwig, and Merezhkovsky! The transition from interpretation to invention is usually too subtle to permit accusation; only when the facts are too strained does the bubble burst. Mrs. Hersch with the smallest amount of data invents a personality; Mrs. de Koven with abundant evidence postulates an amazing contradiction.

Knowledge of El Greco is very limited. He came from Crete. He studied under Titian. He lived in Rome before he went to Spain where, until his death, he worked in Toledo. He was the father of a son whose mother he never married; the same woman was with him at his death. His Greek name was Domenicos Theotocopoulous, meaning "bird of God"; the Italians and the Spaniards spoke of him as The Greek. These items and his paintings constitute about the only certainty there is of him. Thus if Mrs. Hersch wishes to believe that the indeterminate figure she conjectures and to which she attaches this information—the undeveloped boy in Titian's home, the ambitious, egoistic man in Toledo, the genius who was more Spanish than the Spaniards—is El Greco, there is no proof other than the paintings by which to contradict her. Even then the ground is uncertain, for who can divine the character of a genius through his work? One can only say that the quality of that work warrants a different, a more violent, a stranger interpretation; that the ponderous style, half chronicle, half exaggerated romance, of a language overladen with richness is not compatible with the frenzied exultation of the pictures. For the reader who peruses the book as a novel and not as a biography there are the story of a cruel love affair and bright glimpses of seventeenth-century Spain. But to the reader to whom those wondrous spirals of color, light, and line are among the most amazing manifestations of human spirit and artistic technique the book will seem unnecessary, not because it adds nothing to the final estimate of the artist nor because it sheds no new light on what is already known, but because it offers a dangerous confusion between assumed personality and established work.

Lytton Strachey believes that when Madame du Deffand, aged seventy, first met Horace Walpole, aged forty-nine, the result on her part was "something like a religious conversion." Gamaliel Bradford calls the effect "an infatuation," and Mrs. de Koven in this, the most recent study of the subject, says it was "maternal love." Obviously there is a difference of opinion, yet no new facts since Mrs. Toynbee's edition of the letters, in 1912, have been revealed. Mrs. de Koven quotes at length from this edition and quotes more fully than any of the previous critics, but the impression is not altered. Madame du Deffand, after several years of struggle to make Walpole accept the effusive language of her affection, resigned herself to his foolish demands for an unemotional vocabulary. The old lady veiled her sentiment as well as she could, but that her sentiment became or ever had been maternal the evidence hardly warrants. What is maternal in the early letter that says, "You have reduced me to powder, but I love you for good and all"; or in the later one that admits, "Your letter has upset me so that I feel as if I were drunk"; or in the acknowledgment that at the receipt of one of his letters she goes quite out of her head? What of the last words she writes to him: "You will regret me, for one is glad to know that one is loved"? She tried to curb her ardor; she asked forgiveness; she called herself "Grandmama"; she avowed her willingness to do anything to please him. Is such solicitude maternal? Maurois, in his essay, declares "It is indeed love," the word he uses being *amour,* not *amitié;* and the letters do not contradict him.

Mrs. de Koven has devoted the first half of her volume to a study of the eighteenth-century background, both English and French. Thus her book gives not only the most complete idea of the curious friendship that is to be found apart from the letters themselves, but it also offers a thorough and just approach to it. In scholarly fashion the author presents her material first, reserving her judgment until the end, so that the account is unprejudiced and her interpretation, right or wrong, in no way interferes with the evidence.

FLORENCE CODMAN

Verse Delicate and Mature

Dark Summer. By Louise Bogan. Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50.

WE have had no book from Louise Bogan since her small and exquisite first volume "Body of This Death." Those poems were as delicate as bone, but they reflected like a crystal an intense and bitter mind intent upon the analysis of its betraying heart, punishing itself in a kind of proud confessional. A spiritual pride and a heart wiser than its desires were there written down in flawless perfection of language. No other poet in America has a more inevitable sense of the exact word to be employed than has Miss Bogan. In "Dark Summer" the same immaculate spirit and restless heart continue their discourse in language which shows no flagging of the poet's critical employment of her tool. The tool is the same and the creator the same; only the season has changed. For in "Body of This Death" a young woman examined the warfare of mind and heart and found brief respite in passionate interludes, whereas in "Dark Summer" a mature woman examining the same warfare finds it deathless.

Here is an immortality unique with Miss Bogan: no harvest fills the bins while the cycle of years spins by so rapidly that images of spring and summer must be forever in the mind's eye. Memory will not give us pause even in autumn. The heart must bleed and the mind be unaccepting even while the flesh chills. Therefore these unquiet lives. In the long narrative poem The Flume a woman protected by love cannot be convinced of love in any way save by betrayal. In the dialogue Summer's Wish the first voice must protest against the violence of memory which makes Spring a repetition, while the second voice argues for an acceptance of promised beauty. Inescapable beauty must destroy the shell-like spirit and yet the voice be proud to speak:



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Within the mind the live blood shouts aloud;
Under the breast the willing blood is burned,
Shut with the fire passed and the fire returned.
But speak, you proud!

The intensity of "Dark Summer" is the intensity of fear always alive in the mind though the heart be at home in love:

The willing mouth, kissed never to its own beauty
Because it strained for terror through a kiss,
Never quite shaped over the lover's name
Because the name might go.

Miss Bogan's poetic creed may be said to be in her lines:

Speak out the wish like music, that has within it
The horn, the string, the drum pitched deep as grief.
Speak it like laughter, outward. O brave, O generous
Laughter that pours from the well of the body and draws
The bane that cheats the heart: aconite, nightshade,
Hellebore, hyssop, rue—symbols and poisons
We drink in fervor, thinking to gain thereby
Some difference, some distinction.
Speak it, as that man said, *as though the earth spoke,*
By the body of rock, shafts of heaved strata, separate,
Together.
Though it be but for sleep at night,
Speak out the wish.
The vine we pitied is in leaf; the wild
Honeysuckle blows by the granite.

At the time when so much of poetry is merely energetic echoing or forced attempt at individuality, we have among us those few, and among them Louise Bogan, who are not only excellent technicians but true poets in that they have an extremely sensitive approach to their physical world and a definite poetic outlook concerning it. EDA LOU WALTON

Trailing the Truant Apache

The Truth About Geronimo. By Britton Davis. Edited with an Introduction by Milo M. Quaife. Yale University Press. $4.

LIEUTENANT DAVIS, a West Point graduate, was with the army in the Apache country from June, 1882, to September, 1885, when he resigned from the service. For a considerable part of this time he commanded one or more companies of Apache scouts. His book is a narrative, largely from his own recollections, of events in the several campaigns during those three years, and a brief résumé, from various first-hand sources, of the campaign that closed with Geronimo's last surrender. It is a well-knit, carefully executed narrative, thickly sown with humorous or thrilling incidents, and all of it is engagingly told. It pictures the daily life on the reservation; it recounts the intrigues of the malcontents, the outbreaks followed by the pillage and slaughter of civilians, and the long and wearisome campaigns in pursuit of fugitives who contrived always to keep beyond reach until, tired and hungry, they returned to be forgiven. Back on the reservation, they fell at once into their old ways. The malcontents asserted their right to brew and drink tizwin (a crude ferment of young corn so potent that it would fire the heart of a jackrabbit); to beat their wives and cut off the noses of the ones suspected of infidelity; and when restricted in the exercise of these amusements they planned new outbreaks.

Though the challenging tone of the title prepares the reader for a new evaluation of Geronimo, the accepted view of him as a vicious, treacherous, and lying savage is reaffirmed. His rank among his people, however, seems somewhat heightened in the author's account; and it is perhaps better to hold to the happy characterization made of him by Lieutenant Charles B. Gatewood as merely "the secretary of state" of Nachez, the legitimate chief of the Chiricahuas. But whatever his rank, he was paramount among all his tribesmen in the ability to incite warfare, and on this point the author's testimony is conclusive.

Lieutenant Davis is a partisan of Crook and is not impressed by the claims made for Miles. The credit for inducing Geronimo to surrender he gives unreservedly, as do most informed persons, to Gatewood and his two Apache emissaries, Ki-e-ta and Martine. He pays a warm and richly deserved tribute to Captain Emmett Crawford, "sans peur et sans reproche," killed by a Mexican bullet while pursuing hostiles across the border and when apparently just at the point of winning a victory. For the loyalty and devotion of his Apache scouts he has high praise. An occasional error occurs in what is otherwise a notably clean text. Such a slip as that of dating the attack at San Carlos and the fight with the fugitives at Chevelon's Fork, a hundred and fifty miles away, as of the same day (July 17, 1882) could be made by any writer and overlooked by any editor or proofreader; but it is a bit singular that the names of Mangas Coloradas (Red Sleeves) and of his son Mangas should be consistently misspelled throughout the book. W. J. GHENT

The Third Caravan

The New American Caravan. A Year Book of American Literature. Edited by Alfred Kreymborg, Lewis Mumford, Paul Rosenfeld. The Macaulay Company. $3.50.

THIS, the third issue of a praiseworthy undertaking, comes as a distinct disappointment after the first and second issues. For one thing, the actual material has been cut down by at least a third, possibly more. Fatigued reviewers will be cheered up, perhaps; on the other hand, it may be argued that a collection of experimental, advanced writing should be as copious as possible, even at the risk of including occasional mediocre pieces, in order that the reader may get some large sense of the tendency of the literary vanguard. This sense was admirably communicated by the first and, in a lesser degree, by the second "Caravan." Not so here; the only thing binding the contributions together is their unconventionality of form, considered by magazine standards. Even this must be qualified; for the poems of Evelyn Scott, Stanley J. Kunitz, Helen Pearce, and John Gould Fletcher could, without great difficulty, have found berths for themselves in any one of a number of reviews, poetry magazines, or literary supplements.

But while it would be interesting to trace a stream of tendency, it is silly to expect or demand it. The editors have without any doubt chosen the best that was offered to them, selecting each piece on its individual merits. These merits do not appear to be overwhelming. The verse is on a much higher plane than the prose; on the whole, it is skilful and deeply felt. Only two groups of poems seem to me decidedly bad—those by Helen Pearce and Leon Srabian Herald. Phelps Putnam contributes a moving, almost a grand, long poem called "The Daughters of the Sun." The verse of Mr. Kunitz is incisive, compact, and fierce and the contributions of Evelyn Scott, Matthew Josephson, and John Gould Fletcher are all excellent. The "Three Poems" of Isidore Schneider have, I feel dimly, their own magnificence; but I confess that the syntactical deformations and the inversions are too much for me. The most enjoyable thing in the whole book (and, significantly, the only one, out of twenty-nine contributions, possessing any humor) is Wallace Gould's charming poem to Emily Dickinson, which is delightful yet by no means "light." Paul Green's

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By CHARLES R. DANIELS

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folk fantasy, "Tread the Green Grass," partly in prose, partly in verse, I can make little of. It seems to me unnecessarily obscure and the changes from literary language to Southern dialect rather confusing.

The fiction rarely rises above the mediocre or the merely eccentric. Joseph Vogel in his "Wedding" contributes a near-savage piece of naturalistic satire, and S. Guy Endore in "Cataract" incloses beautifully and imaginatively the emotion of nostalgia. I can find little in the remaining prose that is interesting except Yvor Winters's essay on modern French and American verse, wordy but extremely provocative and intelligent. Of the better-known prose writers the most disappointing is Jean Toomer, from whom, since his amazing "Cane," many have been expecting a work of intense quality. His contribution, evidently a portion of a novel, is not merely badly written and full of childish polysyllables but is intellectually innocent. The conversations of which it is composed recall the dialogues of two thoughtful sophomores. It is the only piece that the editors should unquestionably have refrained from including.

CLIFTON P. FADIMAN

The Apostle of Americanism

Thomas Jefferson: The Apostle of Americanism. By Gilbert Chinard. Little, Brown and Company. $5.

AMERICAN historical literature has lately been enriched by Bernard Faÿ's life of Benjamin Franklin, based partly on new and interesting papers. Although he tried to reduce Franklin to the stature of a rather mean little bourgeois, unworthy of a niche beside any great Roman Catholic prelate, M. Faÿ added materially to our understanding of that remarkable Philadelphia printer, called "Pappy" at home. Now comes another French scholar, Gilbert Chinard, with a life of Jefferson that partly atones for the havoc wrought by M. Faÿ. Born and educated in France, long a resident of the United States, now professor of French literature at Johns Hopkins, Professor Chinard is peculiarly equipped to deal with the most French of our true-born English philosophers. To imagination, sympathy, and wide knowledge he has added the fruits of long and painstaking research. He has not suddenly boiled a pot with a biography of Jefferson; on the contrary he had already published four volumes on that great Virginian when he began on this, and not content with the data in hand he proceeded to explore thousands of unpublished letters and papers which had never been thoroughly examined before. And what a joy it is to find amid the blinding storm of books one representing years of quiet and unremitting investigation, and characterized by the calm moderation which we rightly expect in the best of French scholars!

In general structure this is a complete life of Jefferson from his boyhood days to the dying hour at Monticello, giving new nuances and interpretations to the old story. Essentially it is a history of the man and his philosophy of civilization. Hence the subtitle, "The Apostle of Americanism," is entirely correct. Here is a picture of Jefferson's dreams for his native land—dreams built on English social doctrines and American circumstances. In his vision America was long to remain an agricultural country; the soil was to be tilled by honest, fearless freeholders; labor on the land was to give the backbone of independence required in a democracy; government was to be mild and simple in its operations; everywhere there was to be the largest possible freedom of inquiry and expression; a well-rounded educational system was to provide the rudiments of learning for all and a ladder for the training of leaders in public service and the professions; peace, economic security, and individual liberty could at last be won for mankind in a land far removed from the oppressive classes and warlike governments of the Old World. Cosmopolitan in intellectual interests, nationalist in politics, a realist in philosophy, Jefferson was above all a seeker after good things for the land of his birth. And he had an influence on the thinking of the world that is beyond calculation. Such, in meager outline, is the thesis of this book.

Knowing his Jefferson from the ground up, Professor Chinard does not make the mistake of overemphasizing the influence of French thinking on the New England divines' apostle of atheism, bloodshed, and plunder. On the contrary while treating fully Jefferson's French experience and studies, he tells the plain truth, namely, that Jefferson was a thinker in his own right, no mere exponent of alien philosophy and traditions. Nowhere is this more effectively illustrated than in the chapter on the Declaration of Independence, especially the pages covering Jefferson's interpretation of the doctrine of natural rights. Professor Chinard thinks it doubtful whether he knew Rousseau's theory and ascribes to him more originality in formulating the creed than previous writers, who have laid stress on English origins, particularly Locke. In other words, in these pages Jefferson is an outstanding American thinker breaking the way for his countrymen—a rich and engaging personality.

Besides the fundamental things in the book there are collaterals, such as Jefferson's residence in France, which are treated in a new way under fresh light. Space forbids even an enumeration of them. Moreover there are phrases struck off in passing that arrest attention; for example, Jefferson "was not an economist but a sociologist."

Of course it would be possible to quarrel with this book, as with all human undertakings. The hard-boiled economist or politician may be inclined to say that Professor Chinard is more of a humanist and literary critic than a biographer—especially of Jefferson, the shrewdest party manipulator of his time; but a review is no place for quarrels. Professor Chinard has written an important book, one that must be taken into account by all students of American history and thought. He has made Jefferson big. He could have made him little. But that is no matter, in the eyes of those who try to keep their humor and their perspective amid the clack of the typewriter and the roar of the printing press.

CHARLES A. BEARD

Progressive Psychology

The Science of Psychology. By Raymond Holder Wheeler. Thomas Y. Crowell Company. $3.75.

Everyman's Psychology. By Sir John Adams. Doubleday, Doran and Company. $2.50.

The Thinking Machine. By C. Judson Herrick. University of Chicago Press. $3.

THE progressive note in psychology is dominant despite the confusion of tongues and the clashing voices of clamorous schools. The three instrumental compositions that chance to meet the reviewer's table may without violence be interpreted as signs of concordant progress.

Professor Wheeler offers a significant text built upon a modernistic conviction. He enrols himself as a *Gestaltist,* though he uses the term "organismic psychology" as well. This means that the whole is more than the sum of its parts; that we always act as a total organism in a total situation, with a goal-idea; the whole forms an action-pattern which in form becomes a configuration or *Gestalt.* He applies this principle pedagogically and plunges the student at once into the complexities of social psychology—a questionable procedure. The vol-

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ume amounts to a compact encyclopedic survey of the experimental renaissance that characterizes progressive psychology. What is lost in this realistic survey is the general interpretation. Yet it does interpret the message of progressive psychology: that the human endowment and its setting, scientifically viewed, are the psychologist's province. Behavior in all its ranges, conscious behavior notably, has thus found a new instrument of interpretation. Professor Wheeler has produced a text that will impress the fellow-scientists of other domains with the coming of age of the newest of the sciences. Psychology has come to its own, and in that arrival becomes a discipline for specialists, however responsibly the practical service of psychological principles is recognized.

There could be no more convincing corrective and complement to this rigidly technical view of the problems of psychology—for the social, genetic, and clinical applications are integrated only to the point at which they serve as an illustrative commentary on this or that text—than the engaging volume by Sir John Adams, a notable contribution to the available instruments of popularization. Sir John proceeds with the confident touch of an artist. He does more than "take the chill off" the subject—his favorite phrase, a sly dig at the frigid academician; he paints with a rich and colorful palette. While the British approach and interests are not quite the American, the two are congenial save in one respect: the leisurely, digressional procedure may produce impatience here and there in minds adjusted to the tempo in which time is money and racing a sign of abundant vigor. Much of this results from the survival atmosphere of ivied quadrangles peopled with scholastic interests; and in addition Sir John has been to Germany and tries to make out that Herbart was a precursor of Freud.

But, digressions apart, Sir John keeps to his theme and makes available for the reader an admirable selection of living problems in the progressive psychological forum. The "Great Mystery" of personality and the relations of the ego to its habitat; the "psychic nether regions" where phobias dwell and complexes rise to haunt the waking mind; the "paid-up psychic capital" of our habits; the "psychic steering-gear," the will; the "psychic overflow" of the emotions; the "Demos" of our social imitation as well as prejudice—these apt metaphors are followed through with equally apt exposition so that those who amble with an easy attention may profit and understand. "Everyman's Psychology" will find favor on both sides of the water, for it makes a vivid appeal to the common interests of all men who believe that psychology has a guiding function in the control and comprehension of the human endowment or have curiosity enough to test for themselves whether it has.

Professor Herrick has done an equally effective bit of popularization. He has the vigorous touch of the expert hand, trained in the laboratory and inspired by the investigative interest that has explored as well as reported. His main purpose, in contrast with that of Professor Wheeler, is to play the role of interpreter, bringing home to the student and the reader not only what the facts are but what they mean. He is in all truth a mechanist, and the mind is to him a thinking machine, but not, like the proverbial primrose, nothing more; for it is a machine of its own peculiar order, and consciousness —the bogy of the extreme behaviorist—is as readily visaed in this mechanical world as is the most simply conditioned reflex. Professor Herrick has no more hesitation in speaking of the organs of consciousness than of those of digestion. Otherwise he could not tell his tale, either of visceral or of cortical behavior, and no more could Sir John Adams tell the story of "attention, interest, and boredom," or Professor Wheeler describe the manner in which the configuration emerges at different levels by "mice and men"—the subject of another excellent book by Professor Herrick. If one objects that a ma-

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chine thus elaborated loses its mechanical aspect and becomes an animated, vitalized robot, Professor Herrick would rule the objection out of court while other psychologists would question his jurisdiction.

The distinctive note of progressive psychology which the third member of the above trio brings into the theme is the physiological one; yet so uncertain is the line between the two disciplines that Professor Herrick suggests as the only practical criterion the department of the university which is charged with his salary. But the more significant fact is that of the biological clue in the goal-idea that determines behavior and thus makes totally inadequate the over-simplified formula of stimulus-response which the mechanistic behaviorist accepts as a solution, thereby depriving the psychologist of his occupation.

The progress of psychology thus reflected projects a movement with a direction rather than an arrival. The day has come when the readily accepted conviction that psychology has an increasing part to play in human affairs must give way to a more clear-visioned and a more responsible undertaking—that of achieving a safe and sane perspective and a workable program. Data have been accumulating so rapidly, and the testers and experimenters as well as the appliers and the cultists have been so busy adding to their stock and marketing their wares, that the sense of values has been endangered. The immediate problem of progressive psychology is to set its house in order. What present-day psychology needs is a great interpreter—a modernized James, a composite Galton, Wundt, and Freud.

JOSEPH JASTROW

Peons and Politicos

The Under Dogs. By Mariano Azuela. Translated from the Spanish by Enrique Munguia, Jr. Brentano's. $2.50.

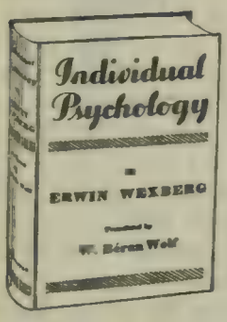
THE Mexican Revolution has been conspicuously devoid of literary self-expression. Francisco Madero, Jr., in 1908, wrote the equivalent of Thomas Paine's "Common Sense" in "La Sucesión Presidencial." It embodied the ideology under which the political revolution against the tyranny of Porfirio Diaz was launched. At about the same time the agrarian and more important phase of the revolution-to-be found an academic presentation in Andrés Molina Enríquez's "Los Grandes Problemas Nacionales." Both of these books were dogmatic and didactic presentations by educated men.

Then came the revolution. It swept the land with fire, inundated it with blood, seethed it in anguish. A proletarian revolt, an uprising of the profoundly oppressed, above all an ethnic impulse, it found its expression in purely characteristic folk-ways—arts and crafts, especially painting. The written word made its appearance only in the printed ballads, the *corridos*—sung by street troubadours and passing on endlessly from lip to lip—recording the gallant deeds of heroes, the cruel suffering of martyrs, the gruesome tragedies of an epoch of destruction.

An outstanding exception to this dearth of literary expression, however, was a slender volume entitled "Los de Abajo," literally "Those of Underneath," by Mariano Azuela, first published at El Paso in 1918 but not "recognized" as a work of art until its republication nine years later. A physician in Mexico City, Azuela was caught up in the revolutionary whirl. Graphic, terrible, true, his portrayal of what he saw is the most important human document that has come out of the Revolution. Some of the horrors have been depicted elsewhere, notably in Fr. Francis Clement Kelley's "The Book of Red and Yellow," a terrific indictment of the revolutionists of 1914-1915, and more recently in an extraordinarily able narrative of the Revolution, Martín Luis Guzmán's "El Aguila

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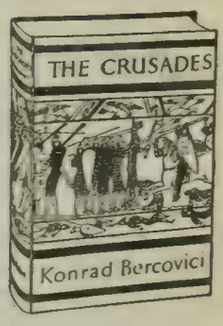
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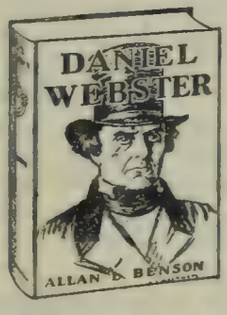
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y La Serpiente." But in neither of these is found a presentation from the standpoint of the under dogs who both made and suffered the horrors of the Revolution. Father Kelley wrote in unsparing condemnation of the Revolution's leaders. Guzmán, one of them, while writing dispassionately, sees the Revolution through its leaders' eyes. Azuela writes of the peons who, equipped with machete and rifle, found release from a lifetime, indeed from generations, of oppression by reckless fighting, roving, killing. In this book all the sordidness, all the baseness of these human dregs is shown faithfully, but wholly without propagandist purpose. It is a record starkly realistic in its simplicity and unsparing truth. It is for the Mexican Revolution a work which combines the qualities of Zola's "La Débâcle" in relation to the Franco-Prussian War and a composite of such fiction as "Soldiers Three," "What Price Glory," "Sergeant Grischa," and "All Quiet on the Western Front" for the World War. No one can discourse on revolution from the ease and safety of an armchair who has not seen and lived in an uprising of the masses in its naked brutality. Azuela supplies this picture for the ten years of violence that followed the fall of Porfirio Díaz.

Illustrations by the great Mexican artist José Clemente Orozco admirably preserve the spirit of the book. Orozco, like Azuela, was a participant in the bloody marches and countermarches over mesa and pueblo. Enrique Munguía, Jr., has performed creditably the task of rendering the almost untranslatable Mexican-Aztec *argot* into readable English.

ERNEST GRUENING

The Man and His Job

Human Nature and Management. By Ordway Tead. McGraw-Hill Book Company. $3.50.

A DECADE and more ago Mr. Tead with his "Instincts in Industry" did some valiant spade work in behalf of a better understanding between the worker and his job in the modern industrial world. "Man came out of an agricultural, ■ hunting, a village background where human needs and desires were capable of simple and direct satisfaction. The adaptations required for modern living are, to say the least, drastic." The Big Boss had no knowledge of what his factory and his machines were doing to workers, and he cared less. He got all the foot pounds of energy he could out of them and then threw them on the scrap-heap. But due to the activities of Mr. Tead and his friends, this simple code is beginning to receive a dent or two. The Big Boss still reigns supreme in the South and over great areas elsewhere in the Republic, but here and there the astonishing discovery has been made that the more intelligently the worker is handled the more work he is capable of doing. Under the new dispensation he is exploited to the limit for the profit of the firm, but instead of fainting beneath the lash his health was never better. In brief, it has been found that good working conditions—light, sunshine, air, guarded machines, short hours, rest periods—all tend to make, in the long run, for more profits as well as for happier, healthier human beings. To the gorilla intellect of the Big Boss the formula is of course inconceivable.

Mr. Tead now carries on the good work with a specific inquiry into the psychology of the man on the job. The book is addressed primarily to the factory manager. He is told what psychology means, given an outline of the mechanism of emotions, habits, inborn tendencies to action, the learning process, the defense complex, the meaning of will and purpose. Mr. Tead then proceeds to cite specific examples; he shows how psychological methods have actually been applied in the selection of workers, in training them for their tasks, in the creation of

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morale, in arousing interest, in group action, in the application of discipline.

Take, for instance, the matter of arousing interest, to which one chapter is devoted. The Big Boss is prone to laugh at the mere idea, thereby losing a fat fraction of his net income. Managers a trifle more intelligent seek to offset the grind of the shop with welfare work—band concerts, dances, ball games, reading rooms, picnics. But Mr. Tead outlines the real problem: make the job itself interesting. This is the only finally intelligent approach. Alas, "this objective is not widely held among executives as yet"; our author is still well out on the skirmish line.

To lay the ground-work for an interesting job four things are necessary: (1) The selection of employees adapted to the job—square pegs for square holes; (2) security of tenure in employment so that the worker is not constantly tortured with the fear of being laid off; (3) some tangible reward for interest, financial or other; (4) a working relationship which commends itself to the worker's sense of justice. Coming to the specific problem of interest, the workers must share in the experience of knowledge, of skill, of a sense of approval, a feeling of status, a sense of progress, and an assurance of reward. We are then given a résumé of how various companies have actually applied these principles in whole or in part, and how production has been increased or waste and spoilage have been lessened thereby.

Here, for example is the Hamilton Watch Company. It posts on its walls great colored charts showing the main financial structure of the business—costs per hour, non-productive labor, direct expense, defective work. "Everything we do under this plan is directed toward giving employees all the facts about the business." One large controllable cost item was cut 50 per cent the first year, and then cut in two the second. The men understood how their work fitted into the whole productive picture. They became interested in trying to make the cost curves dip downward. Their jobs became more amusing; the company made more profit.

In Russia I saw the same charts and the same interest. The psychological process was identical. But the extra profits came back in the end to the workers who produced them, and the workers knew it. Perhaps this principle is destined to provide the greatest productive efficiency of all known schemes. Indeed I have long been calling for some competent industrial psychologist to take ship and really find out what makes the Russian workers work. Under the canons of classical economics they are permitted hardly sufficient energy to light a cigarette, yet for the past three years physical production has climbed 20 per cent per year faster than in any other country on earth. After reading this wise and illuminating book, I am convinced that Mr. Tead is the man for the job.

STUART CHASE

Lincoln Exposed

Abraham Lincoln. The Politician and the Man. By Raymond Holden. Minton, Balch and Company. $3.50.

TRUTH, like murder, will out. And so, at last, we have the "truth" about the awkward, slow-witted, scheming, timid politician, always putting party above convictions and himself above everything else, whom the world reveres as Lincoln but to whom his psychoanalytical biographer, with easy familiarity, refers as Abraham. If there was a choice to be made between a high motive and a low one, between public interest and party expediency or personal advantage, Lincoln, or rather Abraham, instinctively if belatedly took the selfish course. In 1856, for instance, he "was still trying to believe



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that he was a Whig, although, as others told him, there no longer was any such thing as a Whig." But "it was a safe bet that some months after the rest of the North and West had admitted the coming ascendency of the Republicans Abraham would climb upon the bandwagon." Accordingly he was soon serving his "new masters."

Lincoln's hide-bound partisanship was fittingly accompanied by a dense ignorance of the history and the nature of the government which he ventured to discuss at Cooper Union in "not a very good speech." But for once his biographer makes allowances. Lincoln had no access to the "records of the debates in the illegal Federal Convention which drafted the Constitution" and hence could not know that, as it has been neatly put, "the organic law of this nation was formulated in secret session by a body called into existence through a conspiratory trick, and was forced upon a disfranchised people by means of a dishonest apportionment in order that the interests of a small body of wealthy rulers might be served." More striking than either his partisanship or his ignorance was his timidity of thought and action. Seldom knowing what it was all about, he usually went around in a daze, shaken by apprehensions, frightened at his own shadow. Even as President he was not "the ghost of a leader" until in desperation he rallied his spirit and became a dictator.

How did it happen that a man like this won the confidence of his countrymen at the greatest crisis in their history? Mr. Holden's explanation is simple. Abraham had an irresistible voice. He "never failed to hold his audience spellbound. It was, indeed, the spell which guided his outpourings, rather than the reasoning behind them." At the end of the debates with Douglas, in 1858, "not one person in the United States was any nearer to a clear understanding of the issues involved." How a biographer can know a thing like that it would be impertinent to inquire. Doubtless he knows it by the same magical process that tells him that when the door had closed upon Lincoln, alone in his room in the White House, "he flung himself down on the bed and lay as if exhausted, with his long black forearm pressed upon his eyes."

Mr. Holden has missed a great opportunity. For there was a Lincoln who was a small-town politician, with ideals and practices to correspond. Somehow he was transformed into a statesman. The delineation of that change would be profoundly interesting, but it would give us no such grotesque figure as that which wobbles its way through Mr. Holden's pages.

ROYAL J. DAVIS

When the Nations Confer

The Practice and Procedure of International Conferences. By Frederick Sherwood Dunn. Baltimore: The Johns Hopkins Press. $2.50.

SOCIAL psychologists have been slow in studying the nature of the conference method, with the result that political scientists can take no leaf from their book and so may attempt to find relationships where there are none. Dr. Dunn is entirely honest in his perception of the shortcomings of any attempt to classify the difficult field of international conferences, and realizes that he is only groping his way. The international conference is no product of an orderly evolution but is still in the very early stages of development. Dr. Dunn's best efforts reveal only four general usages in procedure: the requirements that there shall be unanimous consent for the adoption of any proposal, that all representatives shall be equipped with "full powers," that the foreign minister or chief delegate of the country where the conference is held shall be elected presiding officer, and that French shall be the general language of debate.

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Even these usages have been departed from in the heyday of international conferences since the war.

Dr. Dunn's clarity of definition is excellent, as is his precise use of terms such as "political" and "non-political"—the former referring to the relations between the governments of the world as states and the latter to the international activities of individuals extending beyond national boundaries. Political conferences occupied the early field, but the non-political, unknown before 1850, are now far in the lead as far as numbers go. It is to the latter that Dr. Dunn looks for further development.

The reader who arrives at the end of the book may well feel that he has completed a circle and returned to his starting-point, for the past course of international conferences offers small basis of prediction for the future. Yet Dr. Dunn's task was worth while, even if he does little more than show the present lack of organization. It is too bad that so clear a book should be written in so pedestrian a style and end so abruptly, with the last paragraph leaving the subject dangling in mid-air. It is also especially to be regretted that procedure is so constantly emphasized per se rather than in relation to the substantive content of the conferences.

JANE PERRY CLARK

Parliament and Empire

Parliament and the British Empire. Some Constitutional Controversies Concerning Imperial Legislative Jurisdiction. By Robert Livingston Schuyler. New York: Columbia University Press. $3.75.

PROFESSOR SCHUYLER'S book is a rejoinder to the contention put forward by Professor Charles H. McIlwain in his volume entitled "The American Revolution: A Constitutional Interpretation," a work which received the Pulitzer prize in history in 1923 and made a considerable stir in historical circles, to the effect that the British Parliament "never possessed lawful authority outside the realm of England and that those Americans who denied its jurisdiction over the colonies were therefore right." According to Professor McIlwain, the imperial supremacy of Parliament had its origin in a legislative usurpation dating from the Long Parliament, and particularly in the act of May 19, 1649, establishing the Commonwealth. This act is declared by Professor McIlwain to have been not only illegal, but also the beginning of "the direct constitutional antecedents of the American Revolution" and "apparently the first formal assertion by a Parliament of its authority beyond the realm."

Professor Schuyler concedes, of course, that not only the act of May, 1649, but all the other acts of the Long Parliament were illegal, for the reason that they were all enacted without the assent of the King. In English legal history, indeed, they are not recognized as statutes at all, but are known as ordinances. The claim of Parliament to imperial authority, however, as presented by Professor Schuyler, does not rest upon the dubious foundation of an illegal ordinance. "An examination of the statutes of the Tudor period makes clear beyond doubt that the Parliaments which enacted them did not consider that their authority was confined to the realm of England." We find Parliament legislating for Wales, for English possessions on the Continent, for the Channel Islands, and for the Isle of Man. In fact, as Professor Schuyler reads the record, "the jurisdiction of Parliament was never confined to the realm of England. From the earliest times Parliaments were imperial in the scope of their authority."

Having discredited, as he believes, and as the evidence which he adduces seems clearly to show, the McIlwain theory,

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Professor Schuyler goes on, in the main portion of his book, to trace the evolution of parliamentary authority outside of England and the substantial modifications which it has undergone. Until the Act of Union, in 1800, gave Ireland representation at Westminster, Ireland successfully maintained its claim to be governed only by laws enacted by the King and the Irish Parliament, although "the merits of the Irish claim and the reasons for its triumph are to be found elsewhere than in the strength of the historical arguments used to support it." Barbados offers an example of an early colonial protest, and the constitutional issue was repeatedly joined in the long controversy over the abolition of slavery in the colonies. At the present time Parliament is, "in fact as well as in form," a "sovereign legislature" for India and the numerous colonial dependencies and mandated territories, although "in practice local legislatures are permitted to deal with matters of local concern" and a policy of "progressive realization of responsible government" has been proclaimed for India. For the Dominions, on the other hand, "the British Parliament has ceased to be an Imperial Parliament in any real sense of that term."

Professor Schuyler has done a sterling piece of work, and his book is a contribution of first rate importance to British constitutional history. Special attention should be directed to his voluminous notes, into which he has contrived to pack a very large body of information and criticism in addition to citations of his authorities.

WILLIAM MACDONALD

Discreditable Journalism

The Red Napoleon. By Floyd Gibbons. Jonathan Cape and Harrison Smith. $2.50.

CONQUER AND BREED (capitals not ours) is the motto of Karakhan of Kazan who, according to Floyd Gibbons, will conquer Europe and Asia within five years and invade the United States in 1935. We gather that this Karakhan is a thoroughly unpleasant fellow. He is Red and yellow at the same time; he has squint eyes and belongs to the Third International; he has a white wife and, oh, how he loves white women! He seizes the reins of power in Soviet Russia after the assassination of Joseph Stalin on November 2, 1932, and then proceeds to conquer China, Japan, Austria, Poland, Germany, Italy, France, Spain, Australia, and what have you. A Communist prime minister named Cook and the British Labor Party turn over Great Britain to his "Sovietic" (sic) rule in 1933. Mussolini makes a brave stand for civilization but is blown in pieces on February 18, 1933, by an air bomb. And then Karakhan's soldiers behold the women of Europe. No wonder the circulation of *Liberty,* which carried this story as a serial, has gone up.

Karakhan finally gets to the United States, which isn't quite ready for him because the dirty pacifists have been at work and because not enough people have subscribed to the Chicago *Tribune.* He captures much of New England and New York and wipes out Seattle. Our capital is removed for safety to St. Louis. When the white race is going down for the third time our darling admirals, who helped Mr. Gibbons with the charts for his book, rush into the breach, demolish the combined British, Japanese, French, Chinese, Russian, Italian, Red-yellow fleets in the grand finale of the Battle of the Windward Passage, and the Red Napoleon retires to Bermuda to sit on a porch and die while Mr. Gibbons writes his biography.

All this could be dismissed as pish-posh if it were not for the fact that our miseducation in pugilistic nationalism has prepared millions of good, ordinary Americans from Gastonia to Centralia to accept it as gospel truth. The book also raises

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an important ethical question for American journalists. How far should a journalist be allowed to couple the artifices of fiction and the real names of living men in a story which, in the deepest sense of the word, is untrue? Mr. Gibbons uses scores of real people to give his narrative reality—Karakhan, Seipel, Mussolini, Al Smith. H. G. Wells, Samuel Hopkins Adams, and others have blended journalism and fiction in ways which caused critics to question their good taste, but they were conscientious and authentic in presenting the figures and the spirit of a period. Mr. Gibbons's tale is another matter. Only a member of the National Security League in the last stages of delirium tremens could mutilate facts and distort characters more successfully.

If Mr. Gibbons as a foreign correspondent were to write news dispatches in which he miscalculated the military strength of Russia and the tendencies toward social revolution in Europe and Asia as obviously as he does in this book, he would be universally discredited in his profession, but because he writes in the form of fiction he escapes both our libel laws and the penalties meted out to irresponsible reporters. We can only hope that in the future he will confine his imaginative journalism to the weekly that carries at the top of its editorial page its own moral epitaph: "Our country, right or wrong."

PAUL BLANSHARD

Russian Romance

Cement. By Feodor Gladkov. Translated from the Russian by A. S. Arthur and C. Ashleigh. International Publishers. $2.50.

"CEMENT," though an important novel, is not by any means a great novel. The author is woefully addicted to pathos and ornamentation; and not infrequently his pathos degenerates into bathos, and his ornamentation into a heap of obstructing details. His characterizations, too, are not always felicitous: not one of the main heroes is clearly delineated. Many situations are absurdly treated (the Party cleansing is a good example). The two lines along which the story unfolds—the factory and the home—are never welded into an artistically convincing whole.

The historic moment presented in the story is the spring and summer of 1921, the days of the first faltering attempts at economic rehabilitation after the civil war. Poverty, hunger, disease, lack of faith among many of the workers, sabotaging tactics on the part of the few remaining "bourgeois" specialists, bureaucracy in the most responsible offices of the Communist Party—these are some of the main obstacles which Gleb Chumalov, the central character of the novel, encounters in his mighty efforts to rebuild the cement factory. Needless to say, Gleb finally emerges victorious. After three hundred closely printed pages we finally come to the scene of his great triumph—the celebration of the reopening of the factory.

Parallel to his victorious struggle on the economic front, the hero of the story wages a much more cruel, perplexing, and desperate battle on the marital front. A disciplined Communist, a civil-war hero belonging to the Order of the Red Flag, Gleb, in his connubial relations, is conservative, traditional. He still feels a proprietary right to his wife's undivided affections. He still wants his Dasha to be the old-fashioned female—wife, mother, cook. But Dasha has changed. Three years of activity in the revolutionary party have made a new woman of her. She is free and independent and places her social and Communist duties above those of wife and mother. "I love you, Gleb," she says, "but perhaps sometimes I love others, too . . ." Gleb is overwhelmed, while Dasha continues: "I don't know, Gleb; everything is broken and smashed and be-

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come confused. Somehow love will have to be arranged differently . . ." How simple political and economic revolutions are when compared with the ruthless civil wars and revolutions people have to fight out in their own souls!

Gleb's victory on the economic front is somewhat spoiled by his partial defeat on the "domestic front." He reestablishes the old factory; he fails to reestablish the old family. With the death of their only child, his wife leaves him in order that she may function unhampered as a free woman and a consecrated Communist. Yet even here Gleb is only partly beaten, for he finally succeeds in transcending the atavistic emotion of jealousy. In the exultation at the restarting of the works, he forgets his bitter hatred for the man who had once possessed Dasha. The moment is glorious—enmities are hushed, jealousies waved aside, doubts resolved in a splendid outburst of comradely enthusiasm. The two erstwhile antagonists shake hands. The personal is merged in the general, the individual in the social.

JOSHUA KUNITZ

A One-Foot Shelf

Man and His World: Northwestern University Essays in Contemporary Thought. By 58 Contributors. Edited by Baker Brownell. D. Van Nostrand Company. Twelve volumes. $19.25.

THE purpose of this extensive collaboration is stated by the editor to be, "first, to integrate somewhat the uncoordinated concept of man's intellectual universe; second, to find the modern theme—or themes—and its development in his varied interests." Certainly this is an ambitious project. Its successful execution would have meant a modern Bible. Actually it has resulted in a miscellaneous collection which is neither anthology, symposium, nor encyclopedia at the same time that it is a little of each. Indeed, it comes very close to the ideal of fifteen minutes a day.

The idea of a great symposium providing a panoramic view of the intellectual world of modernity is in itself a good one, but it is really seriously to be doubted if the idea can be realized by assembling what are for the most part elementary essays many of which, indeed, were originally delivered as lectures at Northwestern University. The difficulty cannot be concealed by giving the volumes in which the essays are now collected such absurdly pretentious and grandiloquent titles as "A Preface to the Universe," "Making Mankind," "Society To-Morrow," or "Civilization and Enjoyment." It is true that now and then one comes across interpretative and critical essays, but the contributions seem almost to have been divided into two categories: a few interesting "problem" essays such as usually go into current symposiums, and many descriptive outlines of various branches of knowledge—philosophy, science, art, economics, anthropology, and religion, which constitute the bulk of the offerings.

A moral might or might not be drawn from the fact that the articles on physical science are on the whole the most satisfactory and those on anthropology the least so. At any rate, one begins to see that the announcement of the twofold object of coordination and interpretation is purely a rationalization of the miscarriage of most of the essays. When they are bad, they are to be considered as coordinating. But then one wonders at the omission of hundreds of other subjects that might go into a vital encyclopedia. This separation of the static and dynamic aspects of experience may be taken as an illustration of the common delusion of most scholars that encyclopedic articles must necessarily be dull compendiums of information. But even a collection of essays individually brilliant would fail to effect a synthesis of the universe, since all philosophies of life

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must necessarily be personal. Thus Dr. Brownell, who not so long ago expressed his ideas in "The New Universe," only makes matters worse when he attempts to achieve coherence by imposing himself upon his contributors. In special introductions to each volume, in addition to long opening and closing essays, he insists upon communicating his breathless and ecstatic sense of the emergence of his "new universe." Somehow his Whitmanesque dithyrambs do not go well with discussions of wage scales, overproduction, culture areas, birth-rates, and feminism. It must be concluded that the reader who wants to learn about modernism would do better to keep to the Whiteheads, Morgans, and Eddingtons.

Individually considered the essays of T. D. Eliot, Alvin Johnson, E. A. Burtt, Shailer Matthews, Edwin E. Slosson, W. D. Macmillan, Llewellyn Jones, Robert Morss Lovett, and perhaps a few others are the ones worth reading. I offer the constructive suggestion that they be printed in one volume as the second edition of this series, if there should be one.

WILLIAM SEAGLE

Political Briefs

Liberalism and Some Problems of Today. Edited by H. L. Nathan and H. Heathcote Williams. London: Victor Gollancz, Ltd. 10s. 6d.

The editors of this volume, both of whom are announced on the title-page as prospective candidates for Parliament, presumably in the election of last May (the preface bears date of March), have brought together sixteen papers or addresses in which various aspects of Liberal policy are discussed. Among the authors are such well-known Liberals as Sir Herbert Samuel, Philip Kerr, Sir John Simon, H. Wilson Harris, and W. T. Layton. As none of the writers has attempted to formulate a detailed party program, it would be unfair to assume that their contributions, taken together, cover all the important points with which the Liberals, if they had a chance, would undertake to deal. One gathers, however, that the party, if it followed the advice here offered, would give the Socialists a wide berth, champion free trade against the safeguarding policy of the Tories, stand by the League of Nations, lend a friendly ear to disarmament proposals, and do what it could to relieve unemployment and put British industry and trade in a better way. As the expected Liberal revival not only failed to arrive, but also seems destined, in view of the outcome of the May election, to be indefinitely delayed, the book must take its place, for the present at least, with the other political gems which the dark, unfathomed caves of ocean bear.

Amerika und Wir. Amerikanisch-Deutsches Ideen-Bündnis. Von Ernst Jäckh. Stuttgart: Deutsche Verlagsanstalt. 2.75 marks.

The cautious and tactful author of "Deutschland das Herz Europas" here brings together in a small volume the matter which he used in six radio lectures on the reasonableness of sympathetic relations between the United States and Germany. The patient frankness with which he admits Germany's faults and hopefully accepts her burdens is touching and disarming, and his reluctance to judge other nations should protect him in turn from severe judgment. He finds running through America's foreign policy, from early in the nation's history to the present, an unbroken thread of wisely pacifist imperialism, and discovers that America's deliberately chosen attitude of long standing is identical with Germany's providentially necessary position of today. He continues in these lectures the thesis of his last year's book: Germany's prosperity is that of Europe, and Europe's prosperity is that of America. The

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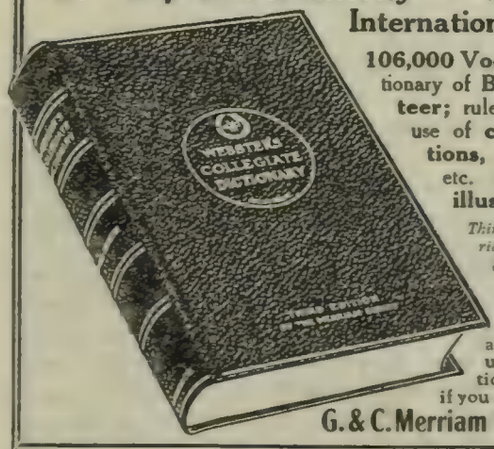
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kindly, shrewd, realistically idealistic Western republic, he is sure, understands this and will act accordingly.

Executive Agents in American Foreign Relations. By Henry Merritt Wriston. Johns Hopkins Press. $5.

Diplomatic agents, as distinct from ministers or ambassadors, have been used by most of the presidents for a variety of purposes, such as the opening of diplomatic relations, the establishment of communications with governments not yet recognized or with which diplomatic relations have been severed, the representation of the United States in colonies or dependencies where there was no regular diplomatic official, participation in international conferences, and secret or quasi-secret missions. President Wriston of Lawrence College, whose book was originally prepared as the Albert Shaw Lectures on Diplomatic History at Johns Hopkins, in 1923, has made an exhaustive study of the work of these agents and of the discussions in Congress to which their appointment has frequently given rise, and in so doing has contributed a valuable chapter to the history of American diplomacy. The connection of the American government with the curious hang-over from the Peace Conference at Paris known as the Conference of Ambassadors seems not to have been included in his inquiry, but some information is offered about the list of Americans whom President Wilson sent on their travels while the war was going on.

The Europa Year-Book, 1929. Edited by Michael Farbman. London: Europa Publications, Ltd. George Routledge & Sons, Ltd. 21s.

The only important changes to be noted in the fourth annual issue of this useful handbook are in the arrangement of the contents. The sub-section hitherto devoted to "Peace Treaty Commissions" has been enlarged to a chapter which includes disarmament, reparations, and minorities, and the whole international part of the book is placed first. The Who's Who of the various countries has been improved by the introduction of short statistical surveys in place of fragmentary tables, the Who's Who of non-Europeans in Europe now includes India and Cyprus, and the chapter on American investments in Europe has been recast. The value of the personal data would be greatly enhanced if the titles of at least the more important works of the writers who are listed were given.

Soviet Union Year Book, 1929. Compiled and Edited by A. A. Santalov and Louis Segal. London: George Allen and Unwin, Ltd. 7s. 6d.

This is the fifth annual issue of this invaluable handbook, obtainable in this country through the Amtorg Trading Corporation, New York. The new features, besides revised statistics and other factual matters, include a concise Who's Who of Russian politics, banking, literature, and science.

Political Handbook of the World. Edited by Malcolm W. Davis and Walter H. Mallory. Yale University Press. $2.50.

This is a second edition, revised to January 1, 1929, and enlarged by the inclusion of a brief section on the United States, of the reference manual issued last year by the same editors for the Council on Foreign Relations. The information that is given is restricted to parliaments or congresses, parties, and the political press, but within those limits the material has been carefully compiled, the descriptions of the tenets of foreign political parties being especially useful for American readers. It seems a pity that a work so well worth doing for the American public could not have been extended to include at least a brief summary of the political history for the year of the countries dealt with, since without some such help the book hardly fulfils the expectations which the editors, in their preface, clearly entertain. As criticism is invited, we may point out that the statement, in the new United States section, that the Republicans are "strong in the Northern and Eastern States" and the Democrats "strong in the Southern States" seems to leave the party situation in other important parts of the country up in the air.

The Soviet Union and Peace. With an Introduction by Henri Barbusse. International Publishers. $2.25.

A collection of seventy documents relating to peace and disarmament issued by the Russian Government from 1917 to 1929. The historical introduction by M. Barbusse concludes that "despite the innumerable international obstacles put in the way of the Soviet Union by its imperialist foes and opponents, it has never relinquished its aspirations toward peace, never lost an opportunity of demonstrating them, and never refused to take the initiative in advancing the affairs of peace."

The Public International Conference. By Norman L. Hill. Stanford University Press. $3.

Professor Hill's book, the only comprehensive work on the subject, sketches the history of the international conference, explains in detail the way in which such conferences have been called and their methods of organization and procedure, and considers briefly some of the limitations of the conference idea in dealing with international matters and the course which the device seems likely to take in the immediate future. The League of Nations, of course, comes in for special study, and particular consideration is given to the two Hague Conferences of 1899 and 1907, the Paris peace conference, the Washington conference on the limitation of naval armaments, the Genoa conference of 1922, and the Havana conference of 1928. Professor Hill concludes that the conference is a "specialized mechanism" of some value for deliberative purposes, but that it is not readily adapted to emergencies, especially those requiring prompt action; that it finds expert information difficult to obtain or use, and that recent conferences have shown a tendency to depart somewhat from the generally accepted doctrine of the equality of states and unanimity in decision. The future usefulness of the conference, Professor Hill thinks, is largely bound up with the development of the League of Nations.

British Documents on the Origins of the War. Volume IV. *The Anglo-Russian Rapprochement, 1903-1907.* Volume V. *The Near East: The Macedonian Problem and the Annexation of Bosnia, 1903-1909* Edited by G. P. Gooch and Harold Temperley. New York: The British Library of Information. $3.50, $5.50.

These massive volumes of more than 1,600 pages between them give one added respect for the British Foreign Office. Here are memoranda which include remarkable detailed descriptions of Russia in the throes of the 1905 revolution and of Turkey on the eve of the Young Turk revolution, as well as the stories of those revolts in daily dispatches and the long, painful history of the carving of Persia into Russian and British spheres of influence and of the growing grasp of Britain on Tibet. Official papers of the period reveal little that is new, but they do not make the story pleasanter. The text of Curzon's famous 1899 dispatch foreseeing the division of Persia is given for the first time almost in full. The minutes of Edward VII afford scanty evidence of the talent for statecraft often attributed to him. The most interesting items are the frank "minutes" jotted on official dispatches by Foreign Office officials. For instance, on October 21, 1908, a Belgrade dispatch reported the Serbian Foreign Minister as threatening war with Austria-Hungary. Thereupon the senior clerk of the Foreign Office and the assistant clerk noted: "So long

as Russia does not feel obliged to join in, a war between Austria and Serbia would not greatly affect us and might injure Austrian trade in the Balkans to our advantage. . . ." "I think this mere bluff," commented the Assistant Under Secretary, and the Permanent Under Secretary added his initials to this verdict. Sir Edward Grey soberly added: "It is possible, though not likely, that Serbia might act as M. Pachich says, but Serbians are sure to talk in this strain for some time to come. We have already advised them once to restrain themselves."

Fiction Shorts

Farewell to Paradise. By Frank Thiess. Translated from the German by H. T. Lowe-Porter. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.

This slight idyll of adolescent love, set in a dull middle-class summer-resort hotel with a backdrop of German countryside, is told with an unadorned directness which gives it at least a certain sincerity and reality. It is to be regretted that books dealing with adolescent emotional conflicts suggest Wedekind and challenge comparison with that pioneer in the field of juvenile psychology; for there is a new generation of German youth since Wedekind, and the post-war adolescent presents, as we know, a whole new series of problems to the novelist and the dramatist. Unfortunately, no hint of this new situation is to be found in the present book, which is largely Wedekind *réchauffé*. It is atmospherically Germanic, by which is meant that these youths and maidens are dreamy and sentimental, dwelling in a fairy world far longer than do children of the same class of society elsewhere. The period of the story covers a short summer vacation at a small country hotel, with four children as central figures against a background of parents and miscellaneous guests. On the whole it lacks poignancy though not delicacy; it is, perhaps, adequate, but it is not inevitable either in tone or treatment.

The Galaxy. By Susan Ertz. D. Appleton and Company. $2.50.

This is the story of a really remarkable woman. She served what some men imagine to be the purpose of woman; she nourished and helped and protected from annoyance; she comforted; her life was progressively constructive. However, Laura Deverell, the woman, seems to be what she is rather in spite of the author. Susan Ertz is an excellent craftsman of a kind, but her craftsmanship appears to have been deliberately directed away from "the more important things" which one no longer scoffs at. It is the more annoying because she comes so close that one can see her turn aside. Once or twice, when she ventures into the realm of mysticism, the ventures are disastrous. It is a good story, but superficial and deliberately externalized.

Hansine Solstad: The History of an Honest Woman. By Peter Egge. Translated from the Norwegian by Jess H. Jackson. Doubleday, Doran and Company. $2.50.

Although this novel is the first work of Peter Egge to be translated into English, Dr. Henry Goddard Leach, who contributes an introduction, is authority for the statement that the author has published thirty-three volumes—novels, plays, short stories, poems; that he started his literary career as a protege of Knut Hamsun, and that he is, or has been, president of the Norwegian Authors' Association. The story is that of an intelligent peasant woman who in girlhood falls under the shadow of a dark suspicion. She is wholly innocent, but her reputation suffers a blow from which she never quite recovers. All her life, in good fortune and in bad, the shadow lingers

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over her, so far determining every act and thought that to clear her name becomes the moving passion of her soul; but the blight is never wholly dispelled. The theme is peculiarly one of the Maupassant type, and its treatment is that of the school of Flaubert. Mr. Egge tells the story with fine restraint and sure understanding but without the startling flashes which illuminate the pages of the masters of this order of writing.

A Night Among the Horses. By Djuna Barnes. Horace Liveright. $2.50.

Judging from this republication of her earlier short stories and poems, Miss Barnes belongs to that lesser band of expatriates who have shouldered the burden of art. Her book, although worthy of attention because the author has embraced the worthy ideals of a serious clique, is intrinsically a failure because it contains practically all of the faults and few of the qualities of this group's work. A stilted intellectualism in dealing with hardy emotions and the simple, rough elements of the soil, an inordinate insistence on modernistic form, and a strenuous imposition of purely subjective suggestion rob these tales of the force and invigorating freshness they might otherwise possess. A certain preoccupation with the macabre, too, leads Miss Barnes to sacrifice precision and consistency for inartistic bizarre effect. Her humor, in parts almost consummately grim, subtle, and sardonic, degenerates too often into crude, boisterous mockery not far removed from the inane finger-pointing of a hysterical schoolgirl.

The Necessary Man. By Agnes Logan. The Bobbs-Merrill Company. $2.50.

This novel about a young Englishman who gives up love, a cherished ambition to become a veterinary, and glory in the World War for his parents and their farm provides only a fair amount of entertainment. It is the kind of book that should be read with due appreciation of its rather charming rural descriptions, its occasional dash of refreshing color, and its description of the simple, everyday life of country people of small means. The story of Sandy Brockelbank's sacrifices for others and his discovery that they have been for nothing seems to move toward tragedy. But the author happily discovers a dun-colored lining which she passes off for silver, and the story ends with thoughts of comfort for the weary. It is a pleasant, leisurely, mildly amusing tale.

A House Is Built. By M. Barnard Eldershaw. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.50.

In 1837 Quartermaster Hyde of the British navy, finding himself on Flagstaff Hill overlooking the city of Sydney, Australia, made an important decision. As a result, two years later, having resigned from the navy, he arrived in Sydney with his two daughters and a son and established the firm of Hyde & Son, merchants—a house which, under his guidance, quickly advanced to the front rank. The reader of "A House Is Built" is led on to follow the course of this business and this family over a period of forty years, during which the Hydes grow more and more prosperous and grandchildren are born, grow to maturity, and marry. The book is a family saga. The years are punctuated with incident—dramatic episodes, love affairs, tragedies, and (for the most part) mere happenings. In the end the old quartermaster and his son are dead and the business falls into the hands of a grandson who seems of alien breed and detests a career which he cannot escape. The book is the work of two Australian women who combined their names with a prefixed M. to form a pseudonym. It is not difficult to understand how it won a £1,000 prize as the best novel in a contest open to Australian writers, for it shows no signs of collaboration and is sure, restrained, and, in its cumulative effect, poignant. Yet in spite of the obvious effort of the authors to link their story with the growth and trade expansion of Australia, the reader feels little of that unity of a family with its time and place which lends greatness to the work of a Galsworthy or a Mann. The glimpses one gets of the convicts in serried ranks, the distant bush, the gold fields seem out of joint; for except for them the Hydes might just as well have been living in Boston or Liverpool or Hamburg. Perhaps for this reason the book gains in realism.

A Great Love. By Alexandra Kollontay. Translated from the Russian by Lily Lore. The Vanguard Press. $2.50.

Included in this volume by the Russian ambassadress to Mexico and Norway are three short stories, in purpose more sociological than aesthetic since they all expose some problem arising from woman's sexual role in the contemporary scene. The title story deals with a woman who, recognized by her lover as his social and economic equal, struggles to establish a similar emotional and physical status for herself and fails. Prostitution is dealt with in the next sketch, and in the third the non-emotional attitude of the younger generation toward sex is set forth. Madame Kollontay mentions no solution more definite than "Action, constructive action. Struggle," but her statements are strong and provocative. She writes with observation and sympathy, and the acuteness of her character analyses makes the first narrative especially noteworthy.

Full Measure. By Hans Otto Storm. The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

Unfortunately Mr. Storm has cluttered what might have been an excellent novel with an abundance of purely extraneous material. In his delineation of human ruin caused by the tremendous expansion and consequent deflation of the radio industry, he has introduced such a complication of plot and subplot as almost completely to obliterate his main theme. Besides, the novel is too long and, like the radio company it describes, altogether too unwieldly; it lacks the hard, succinct compactness which tragedy demands. With all its obvious and serious faults, however, "Full Measure" has a crude force and a skill in characterization which suggest better work later.

Stranger Fidelities. By Mathilde Eiker. Doubleday, Doran and Company. $2.50.

After the World War and an all too brief voyage to Cytherea with John Meglassen, a young and capable American business man who had enlisted, Marie-Hélène conscientiously sacrifices her lover to return to her uninteresting husband who has just been demobilized. The latter dies and, for no particular reason other than the insistence of her pretentious aunt, Marie-Hélène marries Colonel Barbour, elderly, pompous, and wealthy. To him she is unremittingly loyal and enters with infinite grace into his sedate existence in America, but throughout the years of her second marriage she waits in inarticulate fashion for word from her lover, and at times misses a meeting only by the merest chance. When at last she is released from the Colonel, Marie-Hélène sees John again in France. In the lovers' wanderings along the Riviera it seems that a final, glorious compensation is being meted out to them for years of boredom, misery, and bitter disappointment; but John is as eminently loyal as was Marie-Hélène, even to the wife for whom he has no real love, and for that reason the new alliance can not be permanent. Marie-Hélène also realizes that "her moments of happiness must ever be jewels set in a cross." The character-drawing of this woman of determined loyalty and superlative virtues is not wholly successful. One seldom feels that she is the beautiful warm woman the story requires; she seems instead to be austerely remote from life even when most human, and almost calculatingly cold-blooded when self-abnegating.

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COMMANDER BYRD and three companions—Bernt Balchen, pilot, Harold June, radio operator, Captain Ashley McKinley, camera man, with the Commander himself as navigator—have flown over the South Pole. They took wing in a world of white clouds, white snow, white horizons; they flew within an altitude of 500 feet for half their journey and then found it necessary to climb to 10,000, through the narrow walls of a glacier, with no room to turn around in if the plane could not rise sufficiently. While they flew on, the four men were busy at the controls or were redistributing gasoline, taking moving pictures, dumping out food that had become too heavy for their ascent, and watching with desperate anxiety the instruments that told them where they were going, how, and whether or not they would make their goal. This is high adventure, and there is probably not a boy in the world who reads this story without wishing that he, too, could have been on that history-making trip. The fact that the brilliant polar day was with them for twenty-four hours, that they were clothed in furs, that ice lay below them, and great ice peaks, some 15,000 feet high, pierced the sky around them makes the story more thrilling and picturesque. But it has its sober aspects, too. The Byrd expedition was undertaken for solemn, scientific reasons; it will give men more knowledge of the lands that lie at the bottom of the earth than has ever been available. The camera and the airplane will one day leave no parts of this planet uncharted. When that day comes, men of Commander Byrd's temperament will have to find other worlds to conquer.

THE ANNOUNCEMENT that Dwight Morrow will within a few months be appointed United States Senator from New Jersey to succeed David Baird, Jr., who now takes the seat made vacant by Senator Edge's appointment as Ambassador to France, is extremely satisfactory reading. While *The Nation* is not of Mr. Morrow's political faith, it rejoices that a man of such fine personal quality, high integrity, and broad vision, and such a praiseworthy public record may be the defender of his point of view in the Senate. That he will be opposed by some of the Old Guard in New Jersey seems already plain. But we have the faith that he will win in the primary if he contests for the full Senatorial term. If Mr. Morrow does remain in the Senate we venture the prophecy that he will be favorably considered for the Presidency in succession to Mr. Hoover by Progressives in that body. Which is a long way, however, from saying that he will achieve the nomination at the hands of the Old Guard. But he is a man well worth watching, whatever he does and wherever he may be.

THE PUBLIC-UTILITY executives called into conference with the President—so the story goes in Washington—had an unexpressed feeling that they could cooperate more whole-heartedly if the government would let up on them for a while. Very likely, but how about their letting up on the rest of us? They never seem to let up on the Federal Power Commission. The current report of that body finds no fault in them, and recommends local rather than federal control. We know what that means. F. E. Bonner, executive secretary of the commission, has managed, according to an Associated Press dispatch, to evolve a plan for having the Departments of War, the Interior, and Agriculture assign men to do accounting field work for the commission. This plan, however, was opposed by William V. King, chief accountant of the commission, whose good work we have noted before. Mr. King demanded specialized training for his men, and the commission finally gave him a free hand to select from the accounting personnel of the three departments such men as he desired. Senator Nye, in protesting against Secretary Bonner's plan, called attention again to the ill-fated confidential memorandum dug up by the correspondents last summer and repudiated by the power executives. It urged the turning over of the commission's accounting work to the departments mentioned, saying: "It is believed that these departments will not have men specially trained for this work; at least they will be removed from the direct supervision of Mr. King." The forces at work for control within the Power Commission will bear sharp watching.

KILL OR STAY OUT seems in a fair way to become the rule of the federal courts in the matter of naturalization, notwithstanding that the Kellogg treaty abolishing war "as an instrument of national policy" is now a part of the law of the land which judges, district attorneys, and other federal officials are sworn to uphold. Margaret Dorland Webb, a Canadian-born Quaker who has lived for twelve years at Richmond, Indiana, has just been refused naturalization by Federal District Judge Hoelscher because of her unwillingness to fight even "if the law were changed compelling women" to do so. Asked if she would "be willing to use physical force" in defense of herself or members of her family in case of attack, she replied; "Yes, but I would not take life in doing so." Would she be willing for the government to "defend itself by force of arms under necessity"? "But that isn't necessary," she replied, "now that our government has renounced war." That was too much even for her counsel, Wilfred Jessup; "We are not in the millennium," he said, and in view of the decision of the Supreme Court in the Rosika Schwimmer case declined to press the application. The Beloit *Daily News* reports the refusal of naturalization to a Russian priest at Medford, Wisconsin, because his religious convictions forbade him to bear arms. We wonder what the Wickersham commission will have to say about these and similar cases when it comes to report on the lawlessness of the courts.

THE VIRTUOUS DR. BENES, Foreign Minister of Czecho-Slovakia, does not intend that Hungary shall recover any of the territory that Czecho-Slovakia acquired from it as a consequence of the World War. Eight years ago, he told a correspondent of the New York *Times* recently, he had thought that it might be possible, but in the interval Hungary has been resorting to propaganda, and a restoration of territory now wouldn't do at all. "To give Hungary anything," this apostle of righteousness declared, "would be only to encourage her to demand all." The concession, he added, "would simply be used as a stepping-stone toward the reconstitution of pre-war Hungary"; and a pre-war Hungary, apparently, would not be likely to kowtow to Dr. Benes's darling, the Little Entente. Moreover, there is a practical difficulty: "with the restoration of 650,000 nationals to Hungary I should have to transfer 100,000 Slovaks who inhabit the same territory." A six-to-one case against the Hungarians is, of course, conclusive. Meantime the Committee on Non-German Reparations which was set up by the recent conference at The Hague is reported from Paris to have failed to reach any agreement in the case of Hungary. At Sofia, too, there have been riotous protests against the reparations that Bulgaria is to make. What an enduring peace the Allies made!

ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS FINE and thirty days in the county jail is the sentence imposed on Alfred Hoffmann by Judge Cowper at Marion, North Carolina. The jury found Hoffmann guilty of rioting but not guilty of resisting an officer, and they recommended mercy. Hoffmann's three co-defendants were sentenced to six months in the road gang, with possibility of reduction of sentence for good behavior. Considering the state of tension in the locality and the fact that feeling has been running high against labor organizers and strikers, the results of this particular trial are rather encouraging than otherwise. But they would be still more encouraging if the State could bring itself successfully to prosecute charges against certain of its police officers, also participants in the "riot." The sheriff of Gaston County and his deputies are by no means absolved of a provocative share in the troubles of August 30. Judge Cowper, before passing sentence, expressly reaffirmed the right of labor to organize: "No sentence of the court must be interpreted as opposition to the right of labor to organize lawfully. The sentence is merely for violating the law of North Carolina." However, there are indications that this fair-minded attitude is not typical of North Carolina's officials as a whole. A movement is under way to make rioting more than the misdemeanor it now is, and there are rumors that a statute similar to California's anti-syndicalist laws will shortly be offered to the legislature.

"POLITICAL SOPHISTRY" was the term with which Dr. Curtius, German Foreign Minister, characterized the so-called "Liberty Law" intended to prevent the acceptance by Germany of the Young plan which the Reichstag was asked to approve. The bill not only provided for the rejection of the Young plan in advance of any action that the conference at The Hague might take, but also imposed the drastic penalty of penal servitude upon any official of the Reich who should approve either the payment of reparations or an agreement with any foreign government for such payment. Under the constitution the rejection of the Nationalist proposal, following a popular vote of more than 10 per cent of the electorate in favor of it, requires the submission of the proposal to a plebiscite. The small number of votes, only about 8,000, in excess of the required 10 per cent makes it reasonably certain that the plebiscite will fail, and the impressive majorities with which the Reichstag, following the devastating speech of Dr. Curtius, rejected the various clauses of the bill indicate pretty clearly what the people may be expected to do at the polls on December 22.

THE MACDONALD GOVERNMENT goes on strengthening itself at various points of its program, notwithstanding that some of the difficulties which it has to meet are serious. A preferential tariff agreement just concluded with Argentina is expected to give certain British textiles a decided advantage over American products in the Argentine market. The League of Nations has been reminded that international conferences are a law unto themselves, and that if the date set for the meeting of the naval conference at London, January 21, happens to interfere with the date of the meeting of the League Council the Council may have to make other arrangements. The initial subscriptions to Mr. Snowden's 5 per cent conversion loan have come in well. The pledge to abstain from propaganda in Great Britain, as a part of the agreement for the resumption of diplomatic relations with Russia, will be interpreted, according to Foreign Secretary Henderson, to cover the Communist International as well as the Russian Government. Conferences on the coal-mine situation have struck a snag, however, although the resignation of Herbert Smith, president of the Miners' Federation, following the acceptance by a majority of the districts of the government proposals which Mr. Smith had opposed, has disposed of one important obstacle, and on November 28 the Government escaped de-

feat in a debate on the new dole bill only because of the absence of Liberal and Tory members.

GENERAL SMUTS put his finger on a vital spot in the reduction of armaments business in his speech at London on November 14 when he called attention to the special importance of aerial disarmament. "Aerial warfare," he declared, "constitutes by far the most serious danger to civilization. It means ruthless warfare, not against the armed forces of the enemy but against his civilian population, with the consequent destruction of cities and the population behind the lines." "With air forces rapidly growing in many countries," he continued, the situation was one that should "be dealt with without further delay." General Smuts let his hearers at the Guildhall understand quite clearly that he felt no enthusiasm over Mr. Hoover's suggestion about immunity for food ships in time of war, for the reason that the success of any effort to humanize war seemed to him very doubtful. There were plenty of "humanizing expedients" on hand when the World War began, but "as soon as the first shot was fired" they "went by the board." The better plan, as General Smuts sees it, is to develop the method of conference between members and non-members of the League of Nations, since "the spirit of conference is the very soul of the peace movement." Stranger things might happen than that the five naval Powers that are expected to confer at London in January should find, after they had agreed to reduce and limit their navies, that the development of air armaments would shortly render all navies comparatively useless.

WHEN THE SUPREME COURT of the United States in 1923 invalidated minimum-wage legislation, it clamped down the lid on one of the darkest spots in our industrial life—namely, the wages paid to great numbers of women workers. The Consumers' League of New York, in its investigation of the wholly unorganized candy industry two years ago, cast a little ray of light into that darkness and then took positive action by establishing a white list of candy manufacturers who pay a minimum wage of $14 a week in addition to meeting certain sanitary and hygienic requirements. We are glad to note that the league is making efforts to extend this work to other large centers, Cleveland already having its own white list. In view of the approach of the holiday season, we remind readers who want to buy candy made under approved conditions that copies of the white lists may be obtained by addressing the Consumers' League, 289 Fourth Avenue, New York City.

MYRON C. TAYLOR, chairman of the Finance Committee of the United States Steel Corporation, at a celebration in honor of the birthday of Andrew Carnegie, has appealed to the public for courage and confidence. From among many gems in his utterance, we cull the following:

> These two examples of collective action may well make one pause in considering the problem of the nation's ultimate destiny, for if such a tremendous operation, carried on in a period when the nation's financial and industrial and commercial strength was at its highest peak, when the labor of the country was fully employed, and when confidence in the future was justified on every hand, should carry the community to such an unwarranted pitch of competitive buying of securities of all sorts and as suddenly plunge it into the very depths of disbelief and fear, one must wonder whether the temperament of our nation makes it any more secure against the ravages of time and decay than were those great nations of history to which we have referred.

Precisely; we agree heartily with this compact and trenchant illumination of the problem under consideration, for we believe that it was really quite incredible that the public through ignorance, or eagerness to hazard, should have followed its imprudent course in the face of grave warnings by men like Mr. Taylor and his associates, which only goes to prove how dangerous it is when mass action gets out of the hands of the financiers and steel leaders and banking heads who are usually to be trusted to steer the country into proper channels, all of which, to quote Mr. Taylor again, "reminds one of a locomotive, driven at full speed over a busy line through populous districts, past all signs and signals along the way, headed for certain disaster"—disaster as certain as that which ought to overtake those who inflict sentences like these upon an innocent public in elucidation of a national disaster!

"PICTURES OF ROASTING SOULS in hell make more atheists than any other thing in the world." Is this the latest pronouncement of the society to foster atheism? It is not. These words have come from the lips of that respectable dignitary the Bishop of London, in no less renowned a place than Westminster Abbey. Had the words been uttered in those sacred precincts even a hundred years ago we know what charges of heresy and blasphemy would have lain against the speaker! Again, the Bishop said: "Some say that people who rebel against God will be annihilated. I can only say, we do not know." But if the Church of England is ready to confess its ignorance as to this possibility in our future life, how can it claim to know anything about our eternal salvation? Finally, the Bishop announced that passages in the Gospel of St. Matthew "attributed to our Lord were not said by our Lord at all." Good Heavens! We hope that he will never undertake a trip to Tennessee or ask to speak in the church of the late Rev. John Roach Straton. To question one word of the New Testament is treason in all our fundamentalist circles whether the traitor be a bishop or a layman. To make matters worse the "Gloomy Dean," Inge, of St. Paul's, in London, similarly expressed his doubts at almost the same hour. He would "be the last to revive the terrible symbolism of hell torture," but he is, he admits, considerably anxious lest the "godly fear" of the New Testament be entirely banished. Now bishops and deans may worry all they please; the fact is that sensible people and intelligent people everywhere have unanimously done away with that hellish figment of the imagination which was devised primarily to keep the masses in subservience to those who depressed and exploited them.

THE NATION takes pleasure in announcing the accession to its staff as literary editor of Henry Hazlitt, for years in charge of the book pages of the New York *Sun*. Mr. Hazlitt begins his work on January 1, 1930. Miss Kirchwey, at present literary editor, now on a year's leave of absence, rejoins the staff next fall, we are happy to say, as an associate editor.

"Fit to Rule"

IT was Elihu Root, if we remember rightly, who once declared that the Republican Party alone was fit to rule. Now not even Mr. Root, we believe, would greet this Republican Congress, as it meets again in its second session after its futile first sitting, with any such tribute. Never, we think, has the party fallen lower as a formulator of national policy; never has an Administration, which took office with a large party majority in the House and a workable one in the Senate, achieved so little. A Republican President took charge after the most emphatic victory ever recorded—only to demonstrate that being a successful engineer in no wise guarantees that one is also a leader. It is plain that Mr. Hoover must in large measure bear the responsibility for his party's debacle—for he cannot lead. He indicates his wishes, but neither specifies just what he wants nor knows how to obtain it. His is the type of mind which grapples with no problem until compelled to do so, and he is further handicapped in that he is without a large and devoted following in the capital.

It is the same Congress which is meeting again and it will produce as little as it did in the last session to benefit the public and much, we fear, that will do harm. In an hour when sound reason dictates the lowering of the tariff to open up more world markets to us in the coming period of industrial depression and consequent restriction of the home market, the Republican Party will make it much more difficult for the rest of the world to buy from us or to pay us what it owes us. A tariff bill will doubtless be put through, but the measure, no matter how much altered, will still reek with politics, compromise, expediency, and selfish aggrandizement. Even the Progressive Senators, with the outstanding exception of Senator Norris, have been so recreant to the plain people as to vote for a thirty-four cent duty on wool—the wool every citizen must buy unless he substitutes shoddy. They have forgotten that it was the Schedule K of the Payne-Aldrich Tariff of 1909 which so roused the country against Mr. Taft that the Republicans lost control of Congress in the following year. Mr. Taft himself admitted that Schedule K, levying a duty of thirty-three to thirty-six cents a pound on wool, was "indefensible." In 1929 we find our leading Progressives voting for a thirty-four-cent duty on this commodity.

None the less the dispatches report that the Progressive group will be more than ever in control of the situation in the regular session and will continue the program of reducing the tariff slightly here and there and building it up at points where the group thinks the farmer can be protected. Their economics are utterly at fault. Except in a few cases, it is not possible to aid the farmer by the hocus-pocus of bringing him within the magic circle of protection. Nothing that can be done for him will offset the burdens he already carries as a result of the taxation of most of the things that he needs and uses. As to this, let us cite some words of one of the ablest and most honest of the recent members of the Tariff Commission at Washington, Edward P. Costigan, who served on that commission for years. In a recent address in Denver he declared that:

> The effort to put agriculture and manufacturing on a parity by means of the tariff is doomed to failure, so far as the great bulk of our production is concerned. The prices of approximately three-fourths of our farm products are fixed, not by the tariff, but in world markets, and if the government is to save the producers of those goods against loss, bounties rather than tariffs must do the work. Farm subsidies such as the debenture plan might partially relieve the present agricultural distress, but if high tariffs are to be maintained all along the line on manufactured goods, it appears certain that the farmer is destined to play a rapidly lessening part in our economic life. One reason is that farmers are not able to combine like manufacturers and thus limit production, divide markets, and fix prices. Accordingly while their eyes are on foreign competition, the farmers are often disastrously affected by domestic competition. The recent useless high tariff on butter is a striking case in point.

The Progressives cannot see that there is a moral issue in this tariff question and so they cannot throw themselves whole-heartedly into defeating the tariff bill. This is but fresh evidence of the lack of statesmanship at Washington.

The significant point about it all is that the present disintegration and demoralization of the Republican Party are of its own creation. We admit that there have been other times when the party seemed on the point of complete decay, when there was a shocking dearth of leadership by other than partisan spoilsmen. But what we are witnessing today is, we believe, a deeper rotting out of the party's fiber than at any time heretofore. This is as it should be; if its complete surrender to the masters of wealth and special privilege does not carry with it a progressive punishment in the corroding of its own spirit and membership, one will have to abandon one's belief in the mills of the gods. Certainly no one can maintain that the party ever touched a lower tide in its leadership of the Senate than when it made Jim Watson of Indiana its leader and the spokesman of the President of the United States.

Meanwhile, as Senator Walsh has pointed out, it does not lie in any Republican's mouth to abuse the Democrats for striking hands with the Progressives. During the years 1919-1920 a Republican Congress deadlocked the government of Woodrow Wilson, wrecked its domestic reconstruction program, postponed tax reduction until 1921, and deflated the farmers at an enormous cost to them. Senator Walsh's indictment cannot conceal the fact that the leadership on his side of the House is as inept, as futile, and as devoid of principle as that on the Republican. Democratic leadership, too, steadily disintegrates as the party more and more embraces the Republican policies it once professed to oppose. The tariff cancer is eating out its heart. The Democratic Party, too, is infected by imperialism, poisoned by the virus of big navalism, and unredeemed by its superior interest in foreign affairs which too often is based upon expediency rather than principle. How under these circumstances can there be any hesitation on the part of liberals in turning to the task of creating a new party free of corruption and sincerely devoted to the welfare of the masses?

Mr. Stimson Moves

OF real significance is the action of the United States in appealing to fifty-three nations, signers of the Kellogg Peace Pact, to unite in bringing pressure upon Russia and China to stop further hostilities and settle their dispute over the Chinese Eastern Railway. That the action is a belated one is true, for it came after Russia and Mukden had apparently settled their differences so as to make intervention by the rest of the world superfluous. It is not even clear that there ever existed a state of war save in the minds of certain excited reporters and in the frantic reports sent out from Chinese sources at the time of their appeal to the League of Nations and to Washington for help. None the less, even if this state of affairs makes Secretary Stimson's action a bit ridiculous, we prefer to dwell on the fact that it establishes first, that the United States Government is taking the Kellogg Peace Pact seriously and, second, that it has created a precedent according to which the nations may act when future emergencies arise. It would plainly have been far better had Mr. Stimson waited either to ascertain the facts as to the reported collisions in Manchuria between Chinese and Russian troops—he admits that he is only "credibly informed"—or if China and Russia had settled their grievances before he moved. But the point is that the Government of the United States has shown a moral responsibility in the matter of its signature to the Peace Pact which is worthy of acclaim.

China, it will be recalled, last July summarily ousted the Russian officials of the Chinese Eastern Railway, the great artery of North Manchuria, and took over entire control of that Sino-Russian enterprise. The Chinese alleged Russian propaganda as their excuse, but even if these complaints were true they constituted no legal basis for violent seizure of the railroad. Russia replied with an ultimatum demanding restoration of the ousted officials and, when China refused, broke most of the remaining threads of their diplomatic relations.

War seemed imminent. Geneva almost boiled over with large ideas of peaceful intervention by the League. Unfortunately, Soviet Russia was not a member of the League, and had shown a certain resentment of that body's hoity-toity attitude. Now the Kellogg Pact has no "implementation," no machinery for enforcement, but since the ratifications are deposited at Washington, it seemed appropriate for Mr. Stimson to recall to Russia and to China that both had pledged themselves not to seek settlement of their disputes except by pacific means. It might have seemed even more appropriate and, what is more important, more effective, if the State Department had not refused to soil its hands by direct contact with the Russians. It had to work through the astute M. Briand in Paris, and the message seems to have been garbled in transmission.

The Chinese had made a miscalculation. They reckoned that the Bolshevik-hating Powers, particularly Japan, would be with China against Russia. But in this case it was the Chinese who were seizing private property. The Japanese saw very clearly that what was sauce for the partly Russian-owned Chinese Eastern Railway in North Manchuria might some day be sauce for their own railways in South Manchuria and they were heart and soul with the Russians.

Russia brought up troops and, along the wild frontier, there were frequent but unimportant border skirmishes. Chinese news agencies made battles out of fist fights, but their wild exaggerations soon discredited them. Meanwhile, the soy-bean crop was not moving, and the Chinese farmers in Manchuria complained. Soon a split in Chinese opinion appeared. The Manchurian Government wanted peace at almost any price so that normal business could resume, and traffic flow freely to Vladivostok. The Nationalists, at their far-away capital in Nanking, stood on prestige and refused to yield a jot or tittle. But when a series of rebellions lessened the authority of Nanking, Mukden plucked up its courage and, at first secretly, resumed conversations with Moscow.

Nanking apparently heard of these, and the fun began. First came reports of a tremendous Russian invasion of Manchuria. (The early reports announced capture of certain towns by the Russians; a week later the same Chinese news agencies were solemnly reporting bombardments of the towns which they had reported captured!) Geneva was eager to help, but did not see how to do it. Mr. Stimson, however, stepped forward again with the hallowed Kellogg Pact in his hands. He wanted, he said, "joint international" action for peace. Unfortunately, his words were larger than his capacity for action. Japan, for instance, has always been conspicuously averse to joint international action in Manchuria. Politely, of course, but firmly, she told Mr. Stimson to keep out.

But Mr. Stimson had apparently so far committed himself as to have to go on in his appeal to the other nations and to cry "Peace, Peace" when there was no war. The bomb of peace burst. The Russians calmly announced that they had made peace on their own terms with Mukden.

The Saar Conference

THE return of the Saar basin to Germany is finally being discussed; after several delays, Franco-German negotiations started at Paris on November 21. If an agreement satisfactory to both sides is reached, a large obstacle to Franco-German rapprochement will have been removed. More than three years have elapsed since the famous Thoiry luncheon when the return of the Saar was first broached. Finally, at The Hague, Briand and Stresemann in an exchange of notes dated August 30, 1929, agreed to discuss the matter "shortly at Paris." An excellent spirit of conciliation seems to have marked the opening of the negotiations, and while the delicacy and difficulty of the problem presage a long conference, nevertheless the beginnings are auspicious. Most important of all, the discussions may be viewed as a move toward a peaceful revision of the sacred Versailles treaty. Although originally arranged by M. Briand's more liberal government, the negotiations are being carried on by the Right Ministry of M. Tardieu.

It will be recalled that at the Paris Peace Conference France attempted to annex the Saar outright in order to gain possession of its rich coal resources. The population of 800,000 is at least 90 per cent German, but the Versailles treaty provides that "as compensation for the destruction of the coal mines in the north of France and as part payment

toward the total reparation," Germany should cede to France the "full and absolute" ownership of the coal mines of the Saar basin. These mines are today operated by the Mining Administration of the French Government. Furthermore, Germany renounced the government of the area in favor of the League of Nations as trustee. According to the treaty, this regime is to be in force for fifteen years, or until 1935, when a plebiscite is to determine whether the population wishes to continue under the present League regime, to be united with France, or to return to Germany. In case of the latter contingency, Germany must repurchase the mines at a price payable in gold.

As provided by the treaty, the Saar has been governed by a commission of five members appointed by the League Council. Since 1922 there has been an Advisory Council composed of thirty representatives elected by the Saar inhabitants. The council is responsible to the League, and the Saar people have the right to send petitions to the League Council through the commission. This right has been frequently invoked, especially during the first troubled years after the war when the French exercised a preponderant influence in the governing commission. During that period the harassed Saarländer looked to the League as their only hope. On the economic side the introduction of the French franc into the territory in 1923 saved the inhabitants from some of the worst consequences of the German inflation, although in 1926 they suffered from the decline of the franc. The Saar forms part of the French customs system and has therefore not been cut off from the iron derived from the neighboring Lorraine. Besides having the advantages of the French market, since February, 1928, a Franco-German commercial agreement which supplemented and extended two arrangements concluded in 1926 has provided the heavy industry of the Saar with a better German market.

To appreciate the importance of the current negotiations in Paris we must consider them against the background of French policy in the Saar since the armistice. During the first years France tried very hard to consolidate her position; she seems to have hoped that the 1935 plebiscite might result favorably for her and to have acted accordingly. Doubtless some of the grievances of the Saarländer as to French propaganda in the schools and attempts at Frenchification were exaggerated. But the continued presence of French troops (until 1926) and the preponderant French influence on the governing commission did not tend to soothe the Germans.

M. Briand, however, evidently views the Saar problem in its proper relation to the larger question of liquidation of the war. Furthermore, he realizes that were a plebiscite held it would result in at least a 90 per cent vote for reunion with Germany. The return, five years early, of territory which France must surely give up in time would be a gesture which Paris could well afford to make. It is generally assumed that a small group in the powerful Comité des Forges comprises the only persons in France really interested in retaining the Saar, aside from the politicians of the Right, to whom any change in the Versailles treaty is an anathema. It is the task of the present conference to safeguard the interests of the French industrialists who are said to have invested at least $20,000,000 in the territory. The very fact that a delegation of sixteen Germans has been cordially received at Paris to discuss these questions augurs well for a peaceful revision of the Saar clauses of the Treaty of Versailles.

Ships by Order

FOR wise and far-sighted bureaucratic autocracy commend us to the Postmaster General, Walter F. Brown, lately politician in ordinary at Toledo and now economist extraordinary. This gentleman has decided to follow the President's example and ward off by executive fiat bad times in shipyards. Summoning before him officials of the United States Lines, Mr. Brown informed them that in order to receive any mail contracts their company must expend during the next eight years $150,000,000 for the construction of three giant super-liners capable of crossing the Atlantic in less than five days to compete with the new German record-breakers; of four 20,000-ton cabin-type vessels capable of doing twenty knots an hour, and of four passenger-and-freight ships of 12,000 tons and eighteen knots. As soon as they are completed these steamers will graciously be permitted to earn mail subsidies at the rate of $30,000,000 in ten years. Thus will Mr. Brown create, with a magic wand, a fleet to make English, German, and French shipmasters tremble in their boots, to carry American mail, with American poststamps, in American bottoms, under the American flag.

It is an alluring picture, certain to stir the hearts of all our nationalists and our navalists, who desire a large reserve merchant fleet. Unfortunately, the officials Mr. Brown summoned are plainly not good patriots; instead of praising Mr. Brown, as him from whom all ship-blessings flow, they had the impudence to suggest that he had overlooked one small matter—where the passengers and freight for this new fleet would come from. This is of course a mere trifle; yet these officials dare to assert that $30,000,000 will not keep a fleet of eleven ships at sea for ten years unless it is supplemented by other earnings, especially as the company already has the Leviathan and eleven other vessels to keep afloat. But why should that concern Mr. Brown? If it will head off bad times to announce that these new ships are to be built, why should this great economist hesitate? Let the company work out the details and provide the earnings; his job is to furnish the ideas. The only difficulty is that when the company last year bought the United States and American Merchant Lines it stipulated that it should build only two super-liners. It can thus refuse to accept the new proposal. But the wily Mr. Brown is ready for such a refusal. He has let it be suggested that if the United States Lines will not see its duty "other interests which are already identified with shipping lines, such as J. P. Morgan and Company, might be found ready" to do so. It is a case of put up or shut up shop.

We are convinced that, since patriotism calls and economic distress menaces, some red-blooded men will be glad to honor the super-economics of Mr. Brown and waive all obstacles. Why should carpers point out that the world is only just overcoming a vast surplus of tonnage; that Italians, Germans, English, and French are all planning super-liners and the Russians a fleet of 600 ships; that no one knows whether or not the four-and-a-half-day liner will pay; that no trade is so dependent on prosperity as is the Atlantic service, and that no one can foretell what shipping conditions will be eight years hence? The Postmaster General knows best. Let us all do his will.

It Seems to Heywood Broun

A YOUNG newspaper friend of mine once had a nervous breakdown and went to the sanitarium of a famous specialist. After six or seven weeks the treatment was completed and I met the convalescent in a restaurant. To me he seemed somewhat tense and fidgety, but he insisted that the doctor had worked wonders. "I tell you there's nothing the matter with me now at all," he said, and pounded his fist upon the table. He spoke with great vehemence. "I'm absolutely all right," he added; "there isn't a thing wrong with me." And this time he made the dishes rattle with the violence of his gesture. "I don't see what gets into people," continued the newly cured neurotic, "they can't seem to understand that I'm absolutely sound."

By this time he was talking so loudly that I led him from the restaurant and the next day it was arranged that he should go back to the sanitarium for another few weeks. Ever since then I have always been a little disturbed when any individual grew too insistent about his fundamental soundness. And so I would feel more easy about America's immediate economic future if the White House bulletins were somewhat less frequent and less peppy. Mr. Hoover and his advisers have created a dim feeling that maybe the nation is passing a graveyard.

But things are not nearly so bad as the nervous reassurances of the government might seem to indicate. Nobody but an ignorant man, or an official, would pretend that industry has not received a powerful wallop somewhere in the neighborhood of the chin. There is no point in saying, "Never touched me," and rushing in for more. That fools nobody. The wise boxer who is knocked down by a punch takes his time in getting up. Only amateurs insist upon leaping up without a count and rushing into an immediate mix-up. It is much better to take the full limit of time allowed for recuperation and rise at the toll of nine. Too many leaders, both official and otherwise, have been trying to make American industry step right back into the mess and slug away again. This is less than inspired counsel.

Every country discovered during the war that official communiqués are prone to euphemisms. The canny citizen learned to interpret the jargon of optimism and when it was said officially that the army had made "a strategic retirement to previously prepared positions" he knew that there had been a reverse and a retreat. Just so it may be that no great harm is done in calling a panic "a brief period of readjustment." Still the shortest word is the most direct line between any two given points and the various official spokesmen might as well speak out frankly and admit that for the time being the lush stage of prosperity has ended. That does not mean universal calamity and soup kitchens, but even the most casual observer knows that the Coolidge boom has come to the end of the road in the Hoover panic.

Or possibly it will be known as the Coolidge panic in spite of the fact that Mr. Coolidge had already quit office when the break came. Republicans have a rule that in the case of disasters it is every man for himself. There was a day when Presidential blunders, even the most serious ones, were laid at the door of the private secretary. It was always possible to say that Mr. Loeb or Mr. Cortelyou had done it. These gentlemen at the time of their martyrdom were being paid to suffer just such indignities, and took the necessary blame without flinching. That system has been changed. Now it is customary for the current President to avoid criticism by pointing out that whatever happens was really begun by the man who preceded him in office.

Thus, Calvin Coolidge was able to avoid any embarrassment about oil by allowing all the burden of the most palpable blunders to rest upon the sainted memory of Warren Gamaliel Harding. And Mr. Hoover's lieutenants will doubtless insinuate with a certain quiet tact that after all it was Calvin Coolidge who made public announcement of the fact that brokers' loans were not too high. A curious fellow your regular Republican. In a sense he is practical minded. There was no difficulty at all in finding hundreds of faithful party men who would admit that Mr. Harding's administration had been at least unfortunate. But this admission was not made until after the President's death. Likewise it is not impossible to find those who feel that Calvin Coolidge gave aid and encouragement to the process of speculative inflation. You see Mr. Coolidge isn't running for anything just now. The Republican regular is an idealist who lives largely in the future. Even as he admits that the last national leader of his party was not so hot he will begin to sing praises of the new one just around the corner. And he has a convenient sort of deafness. Once I tried to stop a stalwart who was eulogizing President Coolidge, but newly sworn into his high office. "Hold on," I said, "Mr. Coolidge may merit everything you say of him, but do you by any chance remember that you told me just the same things about Warren Harding before he was elected?" The Republican Party has no past (with the exception of the occasional traditional mention of Lincoln). Its face is set to the present and the future. That is the direction in which the jobs lie.

Herbert Hoover's ready relief might seem to have more chance of immediate efficacy if there were a little more team work in the Cabinet. The various meetings with industrial and railroad executives were sound in principle. The announcement by captains of industry as to what their companies expected to spend in improvements and enlargements could well be salutary in checking unemployment. But the love feast between the government and big business was suddenly interrupted by a grating sound. While Mr. Hoover, in the parlor, was encouraging big business to get still bigger Mr. Mitchell was in the pantry filing suits under the Clayton act.

It might be a good idea to let the financiers already quoted have a chance to amend their figures. No policy of expansion will get far if the threat of trust busting hangs over American industry. Competition, particularly that which is artificially enforced, has always been the father of overproduction and panics. Seemingly the lesson has not yet been learned. But perhaps it is just as well that there should be Hooverian blunders. After all, the next Republican President may be in dire need of someone on whom to blame things.

HEYWOOD BROUN

Why China Fights

By LOUIS FISCHER

CHINA continues to bleed in recurrent civil wars which are as interminable as they are indecisive. Political chaos, economic distress, and the confusion in foreign minds increase with each succeeding victory. But "victory" leaves the situation unchanged. It brings the victor and China nowhere. What is it all about?

More than a year ago, Feng, who is as little "Christian" as he is "Bolshevik," and Yen, the "peace-lord" of Shansi province, accepted offices with the Nanking government. In the same year, they fought that government. Now they have been bribed to a standstill. Chiang Kai-shek, the dictator of Nanking, has paid them handsomely, it is said, to sign a truce. Their war was one of the most sanguinary episodes in the Chinese internecine struggle. Thousands were killed and wounded. One morning Chiang, the great generalissimo, launched a successful financial attack; Feng and Yen ran up a white flag. But their armies and prestige are intact.

What Chiang and his German military experts could not accomplish on the field of battle, T. V. Soong, Nanking's Finance Minister, achieved by a flank banking operation. Nanking had to do it quickly because it is threatened by a new danger from the South where Chang Fa-kwei, whose famous Iron Army conquered South China in the period of Borodin and Galen, has made a sudden dash into the rich Kwangtung province. His objective is Canton. While Chiang grapples with Chang, Feng and Yen may try another offensive. Dispatches from China already speak of that possibility. And IF—it is a big IF—Chiang defeats the Iron Army, he cannot destroy it. It will simply retreat and reorganize. And so it goes. Feng, Yen, and Chang may be bought or beaten into passivity, but they are not eliminated. They continue to rule their districts and to exclude Nanking's authority. They cannot overthrow Nanking, and Nanking cannot overthrow them. Yet every now and then they must try. This is China's tragedy. She can neither be united nor remain peacefully disunited.

China is really a continent divided into countries each gravitating in a different direction and generally toward a center ruled by a foreign Power. This is the secret of her lack of cohesion. South China is an example. The provinces of Kwangtung (Canton), Kwangsi, Fukien, Kiangsi, the lower part of Hunan, and the associated regions—a district counting 80,000,000 inhabitants—depend for an economic outlet on Hongkong, a British colony, and are therefore subject to British imperial policy. Hongkong is the key to South China. Large classes of Chinese in the region find their interests identical with those of the British, and consequently oppose centripetal nationalist tendencies. "Canton for the Cantonese" is their motto; and they draw strength from Chinese clannishness and provincialism. The absence of railway connections between South China and the Yangtze River basin naturally reinforces Hongkong's hold, and the absence of a port at Canton makes that hold tantamount to commercial bondage. Everything that passes into or out of South China goes through Hongkong. The British of that island community control the life of Canton's hinterland.

In like manner, Yunnan gravitates to another foreign center, to French Indo-China. Its army is modeled after the French. Its arms are mostly French. Its opium is exported through French Indo-China. Sometimes the rich province of Kwangtung attracts its merchants, and the weak province of Kwangsi its militarists. Nothing, however, fosters any interest in a national state.

Similarly Manchuria. The northern half is more or less economically interested in the Soviet Union. The southern part is a Japanese sphere of influence. But Mukden cooperates with Nanking only when Nanking does Mukden's bidding. The business and political ties are with Japan, not with Central China.

A parallel situation has developed in Central China. The most recent outburst of civil war involved two groups in that region: Nanking or Chiang Kai-shek, whose foothold is in the Yangtze River basin, and Feng, who rules in the Yellow River basin. Chiang has never impressed his authority on more than five provinces, and never collected taxes in more than two—Chekiang and Anhwei. His position, therefore, is no better than and no different from that of Sun Chuan-fang, a general or tuchun whom he supplanted in 1927 as master of the "Five Provinces" of the Yangtze. Chiang's orientation is on Shanghai, its Chinese bourgeoisie, and its British imperial might. By intrenching himself along the Shanghai-Nanking line, he loses control of Canton. His arm does not extend to Szechuan further up the Yangtze. And when he seeks to move on Peking, Japanese forces in Shantung, and the fear of flank and rear attacks from Chinese rivals make the venture hazardous.

Chiang Kai-shek's chief rival in Central China is Feng. The provinces of Shensi and Honan, and sometimes the Moslem state of Kansu, have been his hunting ground in recent years. This Yellow River district has developed its own bourgeoisie, which wants freedom from the superbourgeoisie of Shanghai. And the peasantry in Feng's domain entertains the usual antipathy to the great city by the sea. Feng therefore wants his own outlet to the ocean through Shantung, where, however, he comes into conflict with Japan and with the Shanghai-Nanking "Five Provinces." Or he tries to move down toward the Yangtze and comes into conflict with the British, and again with Nanking. Or he may seek to extend his influence in the direction of Peking. Here, unless he reaches an agreement with the ruler of Shansi—now Yen Hsi-shan—his rear and flank are exposed; but if, by means of an accord with Shansi, he captures Peking and Tientsin, as he has done in the past, he arouses the jealousy of the Manchurians and the suspicion of the foreign Powers. Wherever Feng can find air, food, and revenue, he also finds imperialist lines of defense. These either take him into tow or bend and break him temporarily. Exactly the same situation arises when other provincial or "federal" tuchuns strike out on the



The Chinese Provinces and Treaty Ports

warpath. They fall into the lap of some foreign interest.

The foreign spheres of influence on the periphery of China act as lodestones for her different parts. They pull in various directions. Each section orients itself on some treaty port or foreign colony, and even when two ports are dominated by the same foreign Power, as in the case of Shanghai and Hongkong, their hinterlands refuse to unite. For this reason, China's unity is a Utopia until treaty ports, unequal treaties, extraterritoriality, and actual economic domination by foreigners along the Chinese seaboard are abolished.

Special privileges on the coast make the interior of China an economic vacuum. Few foreigners go where their gunboats cannot protect them. But the cancelation of extraterritorial rights would end the period of concentration in the maritime regions. China's mineral wealth remains unscratched. China continues a closed country because unusual conditions in the ports make it attractive to stay there and unattractive to work inland. The treaty ports prevent unification and hinder the establishment of a central government which could maintain order and promise safety in the interior. China's littoral, therefore, is over-developed while her vast bulk is under-developed. Provincial tuchuns accordingly tend to move from the hinterland, where tax levies yield little, to the coast, where revenue is heavy. And there they succumb to foreign influence.

Japan, England, and France have well-defined spheres of influence in China. The United States has none. America, moreover, disposes of sufficient surplus capital to invest in large quantities in China's natural wealth, whereas England is interested primarily in trade, and Japan concentrates on the resources of Manchuria. America gets less from special rights on the coast, and is in greater need of peace in the interior. Washington consequently favors Chinese unity. Britain, France, and Japan oppose it. They must oppose any movement, be it nationalism, communism, or American imperialism, which threatens to unite China and thereby weaken their regional footholds.

But as long as British and Japanese clash with American interests and until the latter, acting through the Chinese bourgeoisie, can crush the others, efforts to unite the country must fail. The Americanization or "Kemmererization" of China therefore becomes impossible, and without America Chiang Kai-shek or his successors remain mere incidents in Chinese social development. Alone, the Chinese bourgeoisie is too immature to unite China. And the moment it coalesces with the only foreign Power—the United States—whose economic interests demand unification, Japan and Britain are antagonized. China is too important to them. They cannot abdicate to America.

The great French Revolution and the Turkish nationalist revolution produced their Napoleon and Kemal Pasha because they opposed feudalism and foreign coalitions. But Chiang Kai-shek can neither dissociate himself from his landowning supporters nor defy the nations. Without them, he is powerless. With them, he is a tool. In theory and intention the unifier of China, Chiang is actually another Sun Chuan-fang projected into a more advanced stage of the Chinese revolution.

The Chinese national bourgeoisie is concentrated in Shanghai, Hankow, and a few large cities. It is economically weak. It cannot develop the resources of China

single-handed, but it has graduated from the compradore stage and wishes to invest its own capital in business enterprises outside the limits of its treaty ports. Its landowning and trading interests extend beyond the precincts of its immediate metropoles. It is too full-blooded to remain confined in Shanghai or Hankow or Tientsin.

Such an economic class must advocate a strong central government which can maintain order, protect ways of communication, abolish the likin, and collect customs. It must, since it is too poor itself for the gigantic task of industrializing and opening up the Chinese continent, seek the cooperation of a foreign country that frowns on provincial tuchuns, regional economy, and regional governments. That country is the United States.

The French revolution enthroned the bourgeoisie, the Turkish revolution the peasantry, the Bolshevik revolution the proletariat. But the Chinese revolution has not given undisputed victory to any one class capable of mastering the country. The fighting will probably go on until this happens, or until temporary exhaustion intervenes.

Feng and Yen dominate districts where feudal and petty bourgeois influences are sufficiently powerful to resist the penetration efforts of the Shanghai super-bourgeoisie. If Nanking and Shanghai extended their authority, the department store would push the small provincial trader to the wall, the big bank would crush the petty money-lender in the interior, and the likin and its revenue would be taken from inland governors. The feudal barons, moreover, must oppose the bourgeoisie in China as they have opposed it elsewhere throughout history. These interests linked together make a potent combination which Nanking has not been able to overcome.

Chang Fa-kwei operates in districts most stirred by peasant revolts. In 1927 he sided with the Left Kuomintang, and at one time even leaned toward the Communists. Purely Communist military units roam about in his territory either independently of him or as his chance allies. Chiang Kai-shek symbolizes the bourgeoisie, which prefers a temporary truce with feudal-middle-class elements in order to be free to smash a revolutionary tendency.

Anti-bourgeois classes in China, in other words, can dispute the rule of the bourgeoisie. Hence the incessant fighting. Because certain foreign Powers know that a victory of the bourgeoisie would end their favored position, they hold Nanking in leash. Japan and Britain need a stalemate. Hence the indecisive tug of war.

Hoover's Fillip to Business

By LEO WOLMAN

WE should look for no miracles out of Washington and the Hoover conferences with the leaders of American business. At the most the administration program is a highly tentative and experimental attempt to restore business confidence and to promote a faster pace of industry wherever acceleration can be achieved without creating new and more serious difficulties. So stated, these steps toward the stabilization of business may appear to be hesitant and ineffectual; but it is doubtful whether any Supreme Economic Council or Americanized Gosplan could, in the present state of our knowledge, construct a more satisfactory program and accomplish much more with it.

The root of the problem lies, of course, in finding an acceptable explanation of the causes of business recession and revival; in discovering what crucial factor or factors account for a slowing down of business on one occasion and for a snappy revival on another. The collapse of the stock market, while it may have hastened things and produced an attitude of extreme caution among both business men and consumers, is probably only one, and perhaps not the most important, factor in the present situation. Acute students of the course of business had for some time been predicting a decline in the level of business by the close of 1929, partly because they anticipated in late 1929 and early 1930 a repetition of the experience of 1924 and 1927, and partly because the markets for both automobiles and private and commercial (but not industrial) housing appeared already to be in or rapidly approaching a state of glut. In other words, it was becoming increasingly difficult to dispose of apartments, office space, single and double houses, and automobiles.

It is one thing to describe this condition and quite another to account for it or to explain it away. The whole theory, in fact, of saturation points, whether of a single group of industries or of the whole of industry, is still in an elementary state. I venture to say that there is nothing more surprising and inexplicable in the economic history of the United States than the accelerated tempo of American industry since 1922. Such explanations as there are, are explanations after the fact and not the material for forecast. The most elaborate inquiry yet made into the characteristics of an economic period, the results of which were published in the two volumes of "Recent Economic Changes," yielded a mass of invaluable material for further analysis but failed to disclose the determining factors in the revival of 1922 and in the persistence of an extraordinary high level of industrial production since. The maintenance of high wages in the face of declining wholesale and retail prices and the resultant rise in the purchasing power of the consumers of the country is the most widely accepted reason for our post-war prosperity. But this may very well be only another instance of putting the cart before the horse. The effective cause may again be sought in the prevalence of a new type of credit inflation, such as may arise from instalment selling. But here, too, such evidence as we have is incomplete, inconclusive, and contradictory. There may also be sheer physical limits to the growth of a market for a single commodity like the automobile, but no one knows what those limits are.

Under the circumstances, the course of action open to any public administration is reasonably clear. It must discover available stimuli to business and make arrangements for their prompt and effective application. It cannot act like war governments and create a rapidly expanding market for all goods and services by systematic and continuous credit

inflation, because no responsible agency of the public can afford to exchange the incalculable future consequences of inflation for an immediate and temporary respite. Such enterprises as it encourages and such employment as it furnishes must rest on a secure economic foundation.

This foundation is at this time to be found in the United States in the projected construction enterprises of both private business and public agencies. Since the close of the war there has been a vast and rapid increase in the expenditures for construction by nearly all American units of government. New and expanding requirements for transportation facilities in our congested cities; a huge road-building program which now annually accounts for one and one-half billions of dollars a year; a wide variety of public improvements that reflect the rising standards of living of most American communities, together have produced annual expenditures of easily more than $2,500,000,000 and give employment directly to more than 700,000 persons, not to speak of the indirect employment of a substantial number engaged in the production of materials and the like.

Many of the States and municipalities, and all of the largest of them, are far behind in their programs of subway building, bridge construction, the elimination of grade crossings, and the extension and improvements of sewerage and water-supply systems. If to these normal developments were added only a portion of the proposals of the various city and regional planning commissions, public construction programs for the next years would assume unprecedented proportions. New York City alone has a projected construction program easily in excess of one billion dollars, while its present expenditures for public works run less than $200,000,000 a year. Where such programs are for the moment retarded, the delay is due, in large measure, to well-known administrative blockades and not to fundamental economic considerations. Quasi-public enterprises like the railroads and other public utilities appear to be in a similar state. The railroads, as part of their long-time program to strengthen their competitive position, contemplate expanding budgets of electrification, the improvement of terminal facilities, and similar measures. The electrical and power public utilities, like all growing industries, spend annually huge sums for equipment and for plant improvement and extension. It is estimated that their expenditures for these purposes last year were approximately $800,000,000. A substantial increase in the expenditures of these public and private agencies might easily in the next year more than compensate for the decline or loss in residential and office construction, which fell substantially in 1929 and may conceivably remain on even a lower level during 1930.



Underlying financial and business conditions appear to be altogether favorable to rising expenditures in these fields. The flotations of public bond issues, which were withheld during the past year and a half because of an unfavorable bond market, are now made more attractive by the improved state of the money market. The public-utility companies are credited with unusually large cash reserves and surpluses which would enable them to finance these proposed projects without strain. It is hard to find in this type of stimulation any of the dangers that are usually associated with attempts to produce an artificial business activity.

There are, to be sure, knotty administrative problems in the way of carrying out these programs with the least friction and the greatest speed. The railroads are on their part influenced in their present policy by the unsettled state of the consolidation program. State, municipal, county, and federal governments are in many cases slow and circumspect in the exercise of their administrative functions. Effective and large-scale acceleration of public construction throughout the country requires the whole-hearted cooperation of thousands of public officials and often the scrapping of a cumbrous but traditional executive procedure. It may be that these results can be achieved only through the pressure of organized public opinion. And to this end, the Hoover conferences may be regarded as having contributed an indispensable service.

Whatever the outcome of these measures may be (and their effects are bound to be confused), it seems clear that the essence of a successful program of this nature is speed. Of much greater importance than the increase of the total volume of construction during the year 1930 is the rate at which such construction will proceed during the next months. Once factories are shut down and pay-rolls reduced, there are set in operation cumulative forces which are much harder to control and to arrest. If, on the other hand, an immediate increase in the orders for building materials, tools, and machinery, and the prompt employment of increasing numbers in road building and other construction have the anticipated effect of diffusing employment in industry generally, the more remote future may well be expected to take care of itself. It is not to be supposed that all the thousands who may be laid off in the automobile industry will find employment in these new projects, although some of them may. But such direct transference of labor is not the essential factor. The point is to add immediately to the prevailing volume of employment and business in the expectation that this new activity will constitute that fillip to industry which it now seems to require. President Hoover's experiment with the public stabilization of industry is, for this country at least, unprecedented in scale and conception. It is fortunate that it is being tried at a time when the whole American industry appears to be free from those excesses that presage severe and prolonged industrial depression. The hysterical rumors that followed the succession of breaks in the stock market can find no support in the basic facts of prevailing American business. Inventories continue low; stocks of retailers and wholesalers are not excessive; wholesale prices fluctuate in a narrow range and on low levels; and the general efficiency of industry has been more than sustained. If under the influence of these friendly circumstances the experiment is found to work, we shall then have taken another step in the direction of a controlled and more orderly industry. During the past ten years many business concerns have shown that a considerable degree of stabilization can be attained by carefully planned individual action. President Hoover is trying to marshal the forces of both public and private business for another forward step.

Russia from a Car Window

VI. The Soviets and the Future

By OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

I. The Care of the Children

"THE hope of Russia's future lies in its young girls," declared in Moscow one of the wisest writers on Russia, himself Russian-born and anti-Communist. There can be no question that the Soviets are seeking to build up a superb race. While there are still some wild children not yet picked up and put into asylums and homes, the bulk of the children we saw looked well-fed, healthy, and strong. When the weather permits, their little bodies are freely exposed to the sun, just as one sees so many laborers on the railways and roads stripped to the waist that one forgets to notice their beautiful red-brown color. Everything possible is being done for the oncoming generation—besides pumping them full of communistic doctrine and teaching them to hate the capitalism they are not allowed to study or to understand.

In the beautiful health resorts in the Caucasus, notably at Kislovodsk, we saw so many really beautifully developed young men and women that some of us began to wonder if the Soviets were not deliberately seeking to restore the body and its care to the position it held among the ancient Greeks. Certainly there were many taking sun-baths and wandering over the hills in scant attire who looked in the pink of health and moved with the grace and ease of trained dancers and runners. At eight o'clock one night, as we were returning to Vladikavkaz from Tiflis after a day of scorching heat and clouds of dust, our autobus picked up three Russian boys, the youngest nine years old, the eldest fourteen. They had been hiking barefoot since four o'clock that morning, climbing first from Kazbek Station to the glacier on the great Kazbek Mountain which is eight hundred feet higher than Mont Blanc. There they walked several hundred yards on the ice without shoes. Then they turned back, went down to Kazbek Station, and started for Vladikavkaz, thirty-two and one-half miles away. When we picked them up we had passed dozens and dozens of other young people, the boys wearing trunks only, although the night was chilly, their packs on wagons, all climbing the seven thousand feet to Kazbek Station. Our three little hikers were fresh and in no wise overtired. They had just walked twelve kilometers without a rest and were planning to reach their homes at Vladikavkaz at three in the morning with nothing but mountain water and the huge chunks of black bread carried on their backs to sustain them. It is no wonder that high hopes are being built on children such as these. Maurice Hindus, too, believes in Russia's youth, and begged me to visit him and observe it in a city of 100,000 persons in the Ukraine. "I have traveled," he said, "in many countries, but I have seen no young people like these. They are free, they have liberty, but they know how to honor it."

No one can deny that there is in Russia today a remarkably effective schooling of the youth in civics and in the doctrine of service to a society which holds out no hope whatever of great material rewards; that schooling is probably even more rigid and self-disciplined than the youth training of the Italian Fascists. These Russian boys and girls in the Pioneers and Comsomols of the ages of ten to twenty-three are eagerly embracing a life which for a long time to come will mean great privation, at best an income of $150 a month with practically no worldly possessions. If this plan of life is definitely accepted by these young people, with understanding and appreciation of what it all means in the way of self-denial and self-sacrifice, together with the enthusiasm they are now displaying, it will be one of the most amazing examples of what religious and patriotic fervor can do which the world has yet witnessed. One hesitates to think what frightful, soul-destroying disillusionment will come to this generation if the Soviet experiment collapses.

II. Education Not Free

As for education, we have George Bernard Shaw's recent word for it that Russia is the only country which is properly educating its children—a dangerous generalization which may be true in spots. It is probably correct that the intention to give the most modern instruction is there. But there can be no ideal education where there is such a deliberate attempt to close the minds of the children to other things of life than those ordained by the Soviets. Free modern education implies the right to browse unhampered in every field, to examine and judge every theory of morals, economics, and government—nothing more and nothing less. Of this kind of freedom one finds curiously little understanding in Russia. When we of the American-Russian Chamber of Commerce delegation reached Kharkov, we were heartily greeted by the members of the Ukrainian Literary Society. "We welcome you of the American press to a country which has the freest press in the world"—this was the opening remark of the head of the society. We accepted the challenge. It speedily appeared that his idea of liberty of the press included only those editors who favored the communist doctrine, precisely as Mussolini permits editorial freedom in Italy only to those who whole-heartedly support Fascism and suppress everything he does not care to have printed—in other words, who are willing to half-inform or to deceive the Italian people.

When I asked our Ukrainian friend if I would be permitted to establish a Ukrainian *Nation* in Kharkov, land of the "freest press in the world," and denounce the communist system there, he said: "You would be allowed to print one issue and no more." Asked if Ukrainian anti-communists would be allowed to publish their views he replied: "Oh, no, we could not allow a handful of dissenters who are not 5 per cent of the Ukrainian population to disturb the progress of the country." "Then," came the challenge of a young American auditor, "you would say that capitalist America would be justified in suppressing entirely the existing communist press in America since the American communists do not number anything like 5 per cent of the population?" The answer ran to the effect that if any more such embar-

rassing questions were asked it would be necessary to terminate the conference! If this reveals an amazing mentality and hopeless ethical confusion, it is no more striking than the assertion of the official and unofficial defenders of Mussolini that Fascism is, in its final analysis, the "very essence of democracy"! But it is precisely this mentality which in large measure controls in Russia today and insists that this "freedom" points the way for the liberation of the working classes the world over and that it will insure the triumphant success of the Bolshevik program.

III. Human Nature and the Soviets

Will it? It is easy to say that it will not if you are opposed on humanitarian and ethical grounds, or if you believe so completely in the present capitalistic system as to hold that no other economic organization of human life is possible. It is still easier to scoff at the whole communist program with a facile "You can't change human nature," and the assertion that therefore an acquisitive system of life is necessary to stimulate the human individual into advancing himself and his fellows spiritually and materially. To such doubters the self-denial of the Communists in restricting themselves to the barest living wage, and the refusal of highly educated engineers, familiar with pre-war capitalistic conditions, to accept any advance in salary is also unconvincing. The scoffers, in their cynicism, insist that these Communists either are secretly getting graft, or are possessed of a fanatical fervor which is sure to burn itself out before long. The latter is the commonest argument against the survival of the Soviets. No such passion for an impossible ideal, the critics assert, can long dominate men's minds or long induce them to live bare and colorless lives on the very edge of destitution and undernourishment. "You can't change human nature," they chant.

But the fact is that you *can* change human nature, or the habits and tribal customs with which the nature of man is usually confused. You *can* teach him to live for others and make tremendous sacrifices for others for the commonweal. Certainly no one can foretell into what extraordinary form the Soviets may not mold the Pioneers and Comsomols, and especially the young girls on whom so much hope is based. They have had these children from babyhood up to impress and mold and direct as they see fit. History tells us that great waves of asceticism and self-denial swept over Europe centuries ago. Here is another one in Russia.

Then one must not judge Russian human nature by our own. Conditions which we would not stand for a day Russians may endure for generations. Certainly they are now on the road to becoming the completely obedient tools of the dogmatists who rule them, who are also making of Russia a frightful prison-house for the millions who dissent and would gladly flee from their native soil to other lands. So far, therefore, as the psychological factors are concerned there is nothing improbable or impossible in the belief that the Russian people as a whole will yet definitely accept the Soviet scheme of things as an endurable way of life and will come to approve of it. If their economic conditions should improve rapidly they will, of course, react the more favorably and yield themselves to a life of abnegation as long as it may be necessary, in the hope that gradually their rulers will be able to employ the nation's surplus in enriching their lives and giving to each worker some of the good and costly things which in capitalist countries only the rich man may enjoy. When that time comes, the Soviet rulers say, they will gradually lift the ban on free speech and free thought; elsewhere I have already expressed my doubts about the eagerness of despots to lay down their tasks. At present, however, Stalin is in the saddle as never before; the opposition yields to him at every point; the omens are all favorable for him.

The only question seems to be not so much whether the Russian can be induced to accept communism, but whether he can endure the process of industrialization, and whether the rulers themselves will not in their haste over-extend themselves and topple over their entire structure. As Russia, because of its make-up and slight industrialization, was the most favorable place in the world to try the communist experiment, so the Russian was the best person to try it on. But the readiness with which some workers in America accept the intolerable working conditions which would cause ferment and grave unrest in other countries, and the ease with which the iron Fascist regime has been forced upon the Italians, are proof that one can readily impose hateful and extraordinarily trying conditions upon a people and prevent their rising to regain their liberty. I repeat, Russia must submit today—and tomorrow. If the Stalins of the next few years can keep their ship of state off the rocks of depreciation and bankruptcy the world will have seen the establishment of a tremendous new force to be reckoned with.

IV. The Force of a Great Ideal

Finally, no one must underestimate the driving force of a great ideal and of the teaching of unity to the Russian masses. The concern of the Czarist regime was to keep them ignorant, uneducated, depressed, serfs in fact if not in name, incapable of joint action. Now they have in considerable degree become articulate. They have it driven in on them that they are not only the custodians of the new Russia, but that they have in their hands the future of the race itself. Well, it is a profoundly serious thing to infect a whole people with the belief that they have become the prophets of human redemption, to give them a new idea to cherish and, if need be, die for. That belief may insure Soviet success. It is today a most stimulating and reviving force; it unquestionably in part explains the tremendous thirst for adult education, and it gives life and point to the present otherwise dreary and pinched existence of the masses. They know whither they are headed, however hard the road.

Your Russian is an amazing realist. I am astonished every now and then to meet émigrés who can face the facts, who realize the guilt that was theirs, who admit that their class looted Russia for its own selfish aims. As I write, I see the face of a noblewoman, long an attendant of a Czarina, owner once of one of the finest houses on the Neva. After telling me of her several arrests and long imprisonment for no cause save that she had a title, and her loss of every ruble she possessed, she calmly said: "Well, we who ruled Russia earned just what has come to us, if only because of those Jewish pogroms that the Czar permitted to take place, although some of us protested—in vain." She, too, could feel that Russia now had an objective besides the further enriching of the rich and privileged.

Here I must record a statement made to me by a man whom Louis Fischer, *The Nation's* able Moscow correspondent, introduced to me as "the ablest man in Russia."

I am constantly traveling to Berlin, London, Brussels, and Paris. I meet on the trains and on my arrival in those cities Russians who have just left their country. They are always wild with enthusiasm at escaping for a time from what they call their Russian prison—you must understand that the men are government officials or engineers, or business men allowed to go abroad because their missions are official or unofficial. "Oh, how wonderful it is here," they say, "how wonderful to get back to the old gay life!" They revel in the dance halls, the cafes on the sidewalk, the well-dressed crowds, and all the charms of capitalist society. But when I come back after four or five weeks and call upon these same people they do not look so happy, but seem rather depressed. I say to them: "What is the matter; isn't it all just as nice as it was when you first arrived and you were so happy to have escaped from your Russian prison?" "No," they reply, "we are not as happy." "Why, what's the matter?" "Well, it's all so bourgeois." "But you are bourgeois yourself?" "Yes, but look at the faces of the people around us in this restaurant. They are all like that, so sordid and materialistic. We shall be glad to get back to Russia." "To get back to your prison?" "Yes; well, you see it is bad enough there, but after all they have got a plan, a program, an ideal, even if you don't like it. At least in Russia we are working for something. Here they are just out to make money and have a good time; here materialism rules."

There you have some of the strength of the Soviet movement.

V. Where the Leaders Have Blundered

As to the possibility of Russia becoming democratic, there is certainly in the Soviet form of government no natural obstacle to its becoming a popular one just as it has no relationship to communism. I once heard Secretary Lansing say to the American correspondents at his reception room in the Hotel Crillon in Paris during the Peace Conference that he saw no reason why the Soviet form of political organization might not be as democratic as our own, and no one will accuse Mr. Lansing of having been unduly favorable to the Bolsheviks. It could certainly be made workable in a capitalist society. But the Russian leaders have made the grave mistake of identifying their new form of government with a bloody despotism, precisely as communism has, partly through facts and partly through hostile propaganda, become identified with violence. The average American, and especially those legislators who have done that un-American thing of legislating against a state of mind and have made membership in the American Communist Party a crime, has come wrongly to believe that communism necessarily connotes bloodshed, the violent seizure of private property, and governmental terrorism of the worst kind. I suppose that such violent convulsions as that which took place in Russia and the French Revolution must inevitably be bloody when they occur. The more the pity that the Soviet rulers of today feel that there is no other way of maintaining their power except through violence, terrorism, and murder. They cannot, I believe, have the sympathy of liberals the world over as long as they pursue this policy. They cannot hope for friendly cooperation from those who wish to set the workingman free in other countries and give him every one of the benefits that he has under the Soviet regime as long as they rule as they do.

It is no answer to say that these Soviet leaders know their problem and their people; that their great objective of human happiness warrants their methods, that the end justifies the means; that, should the Soviets be thrown out, Russia would disintegrate into the most appalling anarchy, and that they resort to no more bloodshed than is absolutely necessary. This has been the language of despots from time immemorial, and when they have been overthrown nations and peoples have not disintegrated, but have gone on to better things. It is a fact that the finest ideals may be ruined by a wrong approach or by the use of wicked measures to attain them. For myself I can see no compromise on this question, no argument which shatters the intensity of my belief that those who take the sword shall perish by the sword.

No one who has witnessed this Russian experiment and sensed its significance can remain unmoved by the human elements involved and by its dramatic quality. The deeper, therefore, the regret that the men who are doing these titanic things are savagely crushing their critics or opponents, are shooting, imprisoning, and exiling precisely as did the Czar. The whole world yearns for a state which shall really be controlled by the masses and not by handfuls of men temporarily in control of powers no group of mortals should have. Yet the Bolsheviks, with all their desire for peace, justice, liberty, and equality for a nation of workers, offer, side by side with tremendous benefits, the methods of a Caesar, a Cromwell, a Franz Joseph, a Nicholas, and a Mussolini.

[*This is the last of a series of six articles. They will shortly be reprinted in pamphlet form. Another important article on Russia by Louis Fischer, Moscow correspondent of* The Nation, *will appear in an early issue.*—Editor The Nation.]

Secretary Wilbur at Boulder Dam

By RUTH FINNEY

WHEN Secretary of the Interior Wilbur makes final disposition of the power at Boulder Dam the attitude of the Hoover Administration toward the future of the country's power resources will be known. In the present Boulder Dam controversy the issue between public and private development is drawn as clearly as it could be drawn. Until hearings held recently before Secretary Wilbur at which his tentative plan for disposing of the power was discussed this had not been generally apparent. His allocation, at first glance, seemed to give States and municipalities such generous treatment as to make complaint of his concessions to power companies seem captious; but at these hearings the matter appeared in a new light. City after city registered its protest against the Secretary's proposal to give the Southern California Edison Company one-fourth of all the power to be generated at the great dam which is to be built by the federal government. In two days of discussion one man, and only one, spoke in favor of the Wilbur plan. He was W. C. Mullendore, attorney for the Southern California Edison Company, the great concern that distributes power throughout this part of California.

(*Continued on page 718*)

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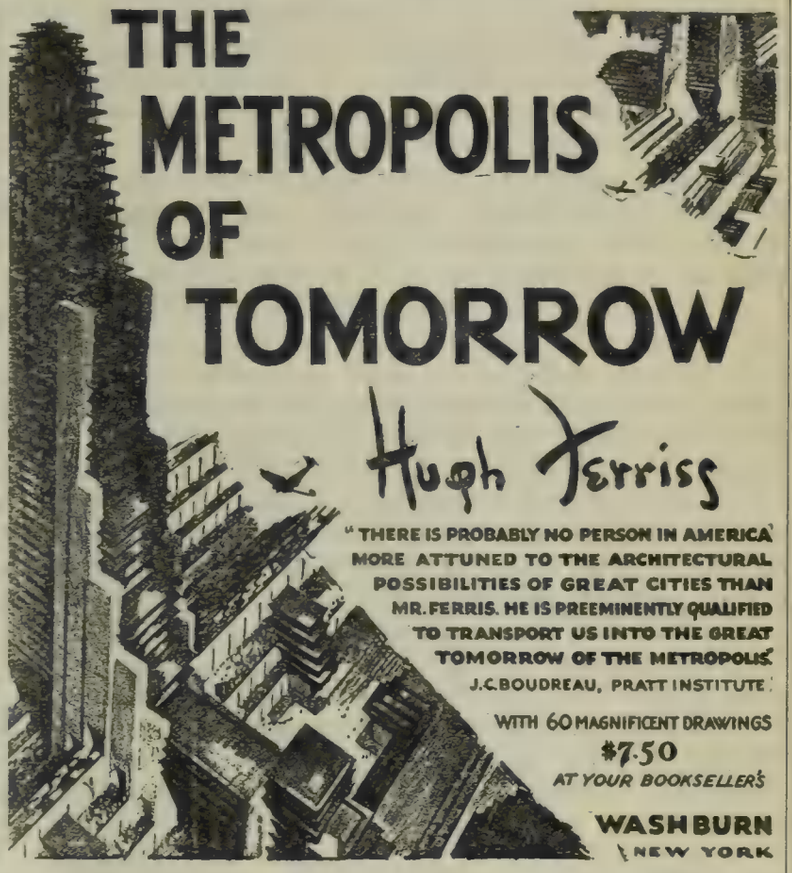
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This is the situation. The use of all power generated at Boulder Dam for the next fifty years is about to be assigned to some one. In the second week of December Secretary Wilbur is to sign some sort of contract which will dispose of this great resource for almost two generations. It is necessary that such a contract be signed because the Boulder Dam Act safeguards the government's $165,000,000 investment by providing that not a stone shall be turned toward construction of the dam or any other phase of the work until valid contracts have been executed guaranteeing in advance repayment with interest of the cost of the project.

There are more than twenty bidders for the power from the dam. Several bidders would like to take the whole output, 550,000 firm horsepower. There is no doubt that the necessary contracts could be secured from any one of several sources, all safeguarding the federal government effectively. The problem is to divide the power among the applicants according to the public interest as the act provides. Secretary Wilbur announced a tentative division late in October. For the Metropolitan Water District of southern California he set aside 50 per cent of all the power. The Metropolitan Water District is an organization of a dozen cities which must get drinking water for their future needs from the Colorado River. They cannot get the water except by pumping it across a range of mountains. It is for this that their power is to be used. Mr. Wilbur had no choice but to give them all the power they need for this purpose since Congress specified in the Boulder Dam Act that one of its primary motives was to make drinking water available to the peoples who need it. The district has no authority to go into the power business in any way. None of the power allotted to this body will be resold.

The rest of the power the Secretary divided evenly between the city of Los Angeles and the Southern California Edison Company, reserving 18 per cent of the total, each for Nevada and Arizona to use within their own borders if they decide they wish to do so, and reserving 4 per cent for use of small cities of the Southwest. Thus the Edison Company is to receive half the power available for use as power in southern California, for distribution among wholesale and retail customers. It is this which has startled and disturbed the cities that fought so long and gallantly for passage of the Boulder Dam bill, expecting to receive from the federal government a fair proportion of the power it makes available. While the Edison Company used all its resources to defeat the bill, these cities kept up their fighting courage by a vision of a future independent of the company.

They felt sure of this independence because the Boulder Dam bill as passed by Congress specifies that where cities or States and private companies make conflicting applications for power, the public agencies shall be given the same preference rights as are set forth in the federal Water Power Act:

> In issuing preliminary permits . . . or licenses the commission shall give preference to applications therefor by States and municipalities, provided the plans for the same are deemed by the commission equally well adapted, or shall within a reasonable time be made equally well adapted, to conserve and utilize in the public interest the navigation and water resources of the region.

There has been no dispute, the surprised city spokesmen pointed out to Mr. Wilbur, as to the equal acceptability of their plans for using power and those of the Edison Company. There has been no doubt of their financial responsibility. They feel that Congress plainly intended them to have this power. They do not understand under what interpretation of the law the Edison Company can be given any of it. Their interpretation of the preference clauses was strongly supported at the hearing by Representative Phil Swing, one of the authors of the bill, and Senator Key Pittman of Nevada, who was a member of the Senate committee which framed it.

If the Edison Company is given what Mr. Wilbur plans to give it, this is what will happen. The cities will have to buy their power back from the Edison Company instead of direct from the government. They will have to get the power somehow. Their growth demands it. They will, of course, pay a greater price to the Edison Company than will be charged by the government.

Los Angeles owns a large power-generating plant and municipal distributing system. Its power bureau does a $14,000,000 business annually. It supplies two-thirds of the residents of the city with current for light and heat. The other third buy power from the Edison Company. In the twelve years the city has been operating its system it has forced reductions in power rates which have saved the people of the nearby territory $25,000,000. But the generating plant is not large enough to supply the needs of all the people, so the city now buys power from the Edison Company and retails it, paying the company $3,700,000 a year. If it gets the power it wants from Boulder Dam it will not have to buy this power from the Edison Company, and further rate reductions will be possible. The city will be able, also, to serve the other third of its population which now has to depend on the Edison Company.

The city of Pasadena has its own electric plant. Its people used to pay the Edison Company twelve cents a kilowatt hour for current. They now pay the city four cents. But the city needs power from Boulder Dam to meet its growing needs. The city of Burbank has its own distributing system. It buys power from the Edison Company now at nine mills per kilowatt hour, and retails it to its people. If it is allowed to buy Boulder Dam power from the government it will have to pay only four or five mills per kilowatt hour. Glendale is in much the same situation, and so are the other smaller cities. They are unable to construct generating plants for themselves, though they believe in public power development.

"But," said Mr. Mullendore of the Edison Company, "if you wish to serve the public interest, you must give the power to us. We serve four-fifths of the people in the Southwest, and turn three-fourths of the wheels of industry. We represent these people before you, for there is no one else to speak for them. Shall they be denied a share of the benefits coming from an investment of the federal government?" A remarkable argument, but Mr. Mullendore made it. "Did you serve the interests of this public when you tried for many years to keep the Boulder Dam bill from passing?" he was asked. To this there seemed to be no particular answer. "Fortunately," said Senator Pittman, "Congress has determined what is the public interest. It has determined that it is to the public interest to let a municipality serve its people rather than a private company."

Power allocation was not the only phase of the Wilbur plan complained of at the recent hearings. Secretary Wilbur

has rejected the plan for government construction, equipment, and operation of the Boulder Dam power plant provided for in the Swing-Johnson bill, and worked out instead a motley scheme which presents the most complex and difficult situation that could be devised, according to W. B. Mathews, attorney for the Los Angeles Bureau of Water and Power. The Secretary plans to have the federal government build the power plant, but the generating machinery which must be imbedded in this structure, fastened to its foundation, floor, and walls, an integral part of the whole, he does not intend the government to own, though Congress has authorized him to spend the necessary money to instal it. The city of Los Angeles must instal the machinery, he has ruled, the costs of installation and operation to be borne jointly by the city, the Edison Company, and the small allottees of power. Such a plan will cost three million dollars more than if the machinery were installed by the federal government. It is hard to see why the Secretary should favor an arrangement of this kind which seems disadvantageous to everybody concerned.

And while Mr. Wilbur proposes to make the city of Los Angeles the contracting agent for power he provides for a board of control "to act with the city of Los Angeles in operation of the plant." On this board Los Angeles is to be in a minority. It is to have two members, the Edison Company is to have two members, and a fifth member is to be named by the Secretary of the Interior.

The small cities of southern California have joined Los Angeles in protesting against this arrangement. Without exception they asked for operation of the plant by the federal government, or else by the city and the Metropolitan Water District. If the Edison Company is to receive any power by waiver by the public agencies of their preference rights, this is no reason for divided authority in operation and maintenance of the plant, Los Angeles argues. And if she is overruled and forced to consent to operation of the plant by a board of control, she will never consent, according to her spokesmen, to permitting the Edison Company such a large representation on it as the Secretary suggests, which amounts to giving the Edison Company one-quarter of the power, none of the responsibility, and two-fifths of the authority over the power with an excellent chance of capturing complete control of the board.

Throughout the two-day hearings, Secretary Wilbur maintained an inscrutable attitude as he listened to condemnation of his plan. He asked only one question of importance. "Just from a general standpoint of federal policy," he said to W. B. Mathews of Los Angeles, "would you think it desirable for the federal government to start in equipping power plants for the municipalities of the United States?" This of course is not precisely what Congress had in mind when it undertook a $165,000,000 project to protect its citizens from flood and drought, and made provision for safeguarding its investment by selling power, finally providing that since it was selling power, States and cities should have first opportunity to purchase. But then "I am spending very little time trying to find out what was in the mind of Congress," said Mr. Wilbur; "I have to abide by the bill as passed." And the last part of that statement, at least, the mayors and city attorneys and city engineers gathered before him prayerfully indorsed, and pointed to their preference clauses.

In the Driftway

TWO dispatches appeared on different pages of the same issue of a New York newspaper recently which the Drifter thinks should have been side by side. A dispatch from Helena, Arkansas, told how a judge there ordered the destruction of a kind of electric chair used in the sheriff's office for the purpose of getting confessions from prisoners. The chair had been in use a long time and had been rebuilt three times. The judge's knowledge of it came through the statement of a Negro in court that the chair had been used to extort from him a false confession that he had killed his step-son. When the pain became unbearable, the Negro said, he told the officers in charge that he would sign a confession if they would turn off the current.

* * * * *

ON another page of the same newspaper was a dispatch from Seattle, Washington, describing another device used with prisoners, known as a "lie detector." It, too, had been used to obtain a confession from an alleged murderer, but no judge had ordered it destroyed. On the contrary, the dispatch was apparently intended to gain approbation for the device as a new application of science toward the detection of crime. As described, the "lie detector" consists of two leather plates which go under the arms, with a chain at the back to hold them in place. A rubber tube wound around one arm registers the blood pressure, while an electric wire leads to a needle which traces a record of the respiration and blood pressure. So far, so good. The instrument itself is not one of torture. But the description of the way in which it was used, although hailed by the prosecuting attorney as a great step forward in the campaign against crime, left the Drifter with precisely the same feeling about the "lie detector" as about the device used in Arkansas. In describing a *seven-day session* with his prisoner the prosecuting attorney said:

> The entire examination, for six or eight hours each day, has centered around the question: "Where is Bassett's body?"
>
> We questioned him over and over, perhaps a hundred times: "Is it in a lake?" "Is it in the Sound?" "Is it in a well?" On all these questions, if he answered, the answer was "No," and in any case a negative reaction was registered.
>
> We found he would not answer any question relating to cemeteries. When we worked along that line he struggled, threw his arms about, feigned fainting spells . . .
>
> We had a plate made showing every grave in a Swedish cemetery, but Mayer positively refused to look at it.
>
> The most force that we used on him was last Sunday. When Mr. Keeler had just finished a series of questions on the graves and cemeteries about Bothell, Mayer, suddenly roused, sprang like a cat and smashed the machine.

* * * * *

EVEN then the inquisition did not stop. The prisoner was seized, shackled, and sent back to his cell, and after the machine had been repaired the examination was resumed while the alleged criminal lay on his cot wearing an "Oregon boot"—whatever that may be. "We gave him one day's rest in the last week," said the attorney.

THAT kind of treatment, the Drifter thinks, is torture, and although a description of the "lie detector" sounds innocent, it is hard, when one stops to consider the subject, to see how the device can be used effectively without torturing the person to whom it is applied. Of course the torture is of a mental sort, but there will be few to say that it is any less barbaric on that account. The law, of course, gives a prisoner the right not to answer questions put to him. But this right is constantly invaded and flouted by police and prosecuting officers in the United States. If a prisoner refuses to talk at first, he is not let alone thereafter. He is besieged again and again. He is waked time after time during the night and urged to tell what he knows. He is confronted with all sorts of gruesome evidence. A deliberate effort is made to wear him down through sleeplessness and fright. All this is admitted—boasted about—by police and prosecuting officers. It has apparently come to be regarded as legal. Beyond such treatment are various illegal methods, always officially denied and yet known to be in use. The use of the "lie detector" seems quite as barbarous and unjustified as beating up a prisoner with a piece of rubber hose. Our entire criminal procedure is antiquated, cruel, and unjust, but perhaps its worst aspect is the way in which persons not yet convicted of any wrong-doing are tortured by what are held to be lawful means in the effort to wring confessions, true or otherwise, from them. THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

A Woman Protests

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In an interview in the New York *Times* following his recent arrival in this country, Mr. Bertrand Russell was quoted as saying, apropos of the excess of women teachers in the schools, that "the scientific attitude toward life can scarcely be learned from women." As yet I have not seen a single protest against this astonishing and unscientific statement. Neither has Mr. Russell complained that he was misquoted. Since a great many men and some women still entertain these atavistic ideas about the feminine intellect, such assertions coming from a man who is generally regarded as a leader of progressive thought are capable of doing much harm and ought not to be allowed to pass without criticism.

New York, October 28 MARY DUDDERIDGE

Mr. Russell Replies

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The quotation given in Miss Dudderidge's letter is substantially correct. I would explain, however, that I say nothing as to women's congenital capacities—it is only women as hitherto educated that I regard as unscientific in outlook. So are most men, but not all. America seems to me to have less respect for fact than any other civilized country, and I attribute this partly to feminine influence. I hold that children, from six on, should have at least one man among their teachers.

I am afraid this explanation makes matters worse, but I shall probably be out of the country before there is time for maenads to tar and feather me.

New Orleans, November 11 BERTRAND RUSSELL

History as She Is Taught

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The State of Ohio requires every senior to study American history. The instructor here is a lieutenant in the United States army and a declared nationalist and imperialist. His classes are led to believe that Norman Thomas and Ramsay MacDonald are the two greatest scoundrels in the world today, that Isadora Duncan was the most immoral woman ever born, and that Russia is only a hell on earth. But this is not the worst! Nearly all of his students uphold him and believe his statements. There is a large organization under his leadership for promoting Americanism or militarism. When I asked this man to read some articles in *The Nation*, he told me it was the worst of all communistic publications and advised me not to read it.

Fostoria, Ohio, November 7 RICHARD SCHLATTER

Ostrich-like Optimism

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In true liberal fashion *The Nation* never fails to reveal a marvelous ostrich-like optimism. The naive faith and hope which it exhibits at all times in the obscene spectacle at Washington is astounding, but the pinnacle was touched in the issue of November 13 when you commented upon the executions in Russia. "The only creditable thing about it is that the Soviets (meaning, I presume, Bolshevik officials) seem to be telling the world of the killings they authorize." Isn't it marvelous! Murders are terrible things, but somehow they seem to be justified in your eyes if only there be a sufficient amount of candor.

The Bolsheviks' experiment has been doomed to failure from the first because of their faith in bullets and bayonets. Terrorism breeds but one thing, and that is its counterpart, and as long as the principle of authoritarianism holds in the world we are doomed to a vicious round of bloodshed, tyranny, and misery.

Santa Monica, Cal., November 15 PIERRE GORDON

The Socialists Object

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: We wish to take serious exception to your reference to Socialists as "doctrinaire" in your editorial of November 27. It is true that the Socialist movement has a rich tradition of brilliant generalizations promulgated by Marx, Engels, and a host of others. Perhaps their mode of expression did not imply that experimental attitude which is a cardinal tenet of modern thought. But Socialists feel that their tradition is not something to be crammed down the throats of its adherents but rather a fund of wisdom and experience. It has been repeated time and again that acceptance of such admittedly disputable theories as the economic interpretation of history, the class struggle, and surplus-value theories is not necessary in order to join the Socialist Party. Socialists themselves disagree on these matters. Nothing more is expected than adherence to the general proposition that the line of social and political progress today lies in the direction of expanding collectivism.

Today Socialists believe that the common ownership of the things necessary for our common life is justified not because Marx said so, not because it is eternally right at all times or under all conditions, but rather because they believe that this

will most effectively work for the common good. This pragmatic attitude toward social questions has been incorporated in the thought of all intelligent Socialists. It is socialism as interpreted by such people that should be the object for criticism, just as the object for criticism of the existing economic order should be the best presentation of its case by its most intelligent spokesmen.

HARRY HASKEL
BENJAMIN HASKEL
CHARLES HASKEL

New York, November 28

Boulder Dam

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Your editorial note on the Boulder Dam power allocation is a natural first reaction to Secretary Wilbur's decision. But the decision merits a judgment based on a more careful analysis. These facts should be considered by the friends of public ownership before they indulge in too much praise of the Secretary. Wilbur is willing to let the city of Los Angeles "operate" the Boulder Dam Power plant, but under the supervision of a board of control that will be dominated by power company representatives and the federal government (a reactionary influence, to say the least). The proposed representation is: one member for the city of Los Angeles, one for the Metropolitan Water District, one for the Southern California Edison Company, one for the Southern Sierras Power Company, and one for the Secretary.

It is not yet clear what the limits of this board's power would be—whether, for instance, it would be authorized to determine financing and operating costs in connection with the generating equipment and to modify the price of power to the contracting parties accordingly.

The private power companies, under the Wilbur plan, will wind up with better than 52 per cent of the total 550,000 horse-power to be generated, while the cities, the only public bodies equipped to distribute power for general industrial and commercial uses, will receive only a little more than 15 per cent. According to Harlan G. Palmer, member of our water and power commission, the States of Arizona and Nevada are to receive each 18½ per cent of the total. This leaves 63 per cent for division among the Metropolitan Water District, Los Angeles and other applicant cities, and the private power companies.

The water district gets 50 per cent of the 63 per cent, leaving 31.5 per cent to be divided equally between Los Angeles and other cities on the one hand and the Southern California Edison Company and the Southern Sierras Power Company on the other. The cities thus receive 15.75 per cent of the total.

In arriving at what the private companies will undoubtedly capture ultimately out of the Wilbur allocation, the fact should be borne in mind that neither Nevada nor Arizona is ready for public ownership distribution. No one familiar with the situation disputes that their allocations will be turned over to private corporations. The total power to be delivered to private agencies is therefore the sum of 37 per cent and 15.75 per cent, or 52.75 per cent. Such is the power division from a financial set-up requiring the investment by the water district and the cities of more than $300,000,000 in aqueduct, reservoirs, generating machinery, transmission lines. It doesn't look good!

Los Angeles is in need of at least an additional 100,000 horse power at the moment to free itself from the necessity of purchasing power at a fat profit to the Edison Company. Secretary Wilbur will not give us enough to end our bondage.

Los Angeles, California, November 8 RUBE BOROUGH

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Not Spring

By JAMES RORTY

Not spring, nor any memory of youth
Burns as this autumn forest burns toward death.
The spark of birth, the candles that we light
Of hope and love to cheat our night—
How quickly they are quenched in this great flame
whose breath
Kindles each hill with fierce intolerable truth!

Now we have seen, and now the streams of power
Run full, for we are fed with that same fire
The green youth dreaded. Uphill to defeat
Our lean spring faltered but to meet
A stricken summer; now our desire
Is free and raging to its ultimate hour.

Not spring; from us no agony of birth
Is asked or needed; in a crimson tide
Upon the down-slope of the world
We, the elect, are hurled
In fearful power and brief pride
Burning at last to silence and dark earth.

Fine Rain

By MELVILLE CANE

Fine rain
Drills with steel
Through ice;
Strings silver berries
On black branches;
Threads
Sky to sod.

Religion in America

The Twilight of Christianity. By Harry Elmer Barnes. The Vanguard Press. $3.

IN this somewhat formidable volume—it runs beyond 130,000 words—Dr. Barnes displays all his virtues and all his defects. He is, on the credit side, immensely industrious in assembling facts, shrewd in discerning their implications, and courageous in stating those implications without evasion. On the debit side he is constantly over-prolix, often repetitious, and not infrequently somewhat vague. His book gives me the impression of having been put together in a hurry. If more time and labor had been expended upon it, it would have been 30 per cent shorter and at least 100 per cent better. But even as it stands it covers a wide and tangled field in a far from incompetent manner, and some of the points it makes are very effectively presented.

It had its origin in an address that Dr. Barnes made in December, 1928, before one of the sections of the American Association for the Advancement of Science. In that address he pointed out the obvious fact that religion, as it is practically encountered in the United States, has lost all contact with the ways of thought of enlightened men. The result was a storm from two quarters. On the one hand such pillars of orthodoxy as Cardinal Hayes leaped to the attack, and on the other hand there were protests from such scientific sentimentalists as Henry Fairfield Osborn. The double onslaught set Dr. Barnes to searching for evidence in rebuttal, and out of that search flowed the present book.

It is by no means a denunciation of religion per se. On the contrary, Dr. Barnes is willing to concede that "man's emotions, as well as his intellect, must be exploited in the service of social control, and religion is better adapted to performing this function than science." But he believes that the time has come, nevertheless, to throw overboard a great deal of worn-out theological baggage. How can it make men better to demand that they believe things that are palpably not true? And of what possible validity to the modern world are moral ideas formulated by a Teacher whose first postulate was that the end of the world was at hand? It is in his criticism of this *Interimsethik* that Dr. Barnes is most daring and at the same time most persuasive. He does not dodge any consequence of his denial. He believes that the time has come to abandon Jesus as a counselor and to set up a way of life that shall be based, not upon resignation, however noble, but upon hope. Man, to be sure, has not yet conquered his world, but he has at least got far enough to be beyond despair. No sensible person believes any more that the Day of Doom is at hand. Why, then, should anyone cling to an ethical scheme grounded upon that assumption?

What is needed is a reconsideration of the whole matter, not in the light of dubious revelation and childish speculation, but in that of established facts. It is idiotic to found an attitude toward alcohol, say, on the divinations of theologians, most of them patently ignorant and dishonest; the thing to do is to take the advice of men who understand the workings of the human body and something of the interactions between the body and the mind. And it is equally idiotic, in the domain of sexual relations, to go on poll-parroting the obscene nonsense of St. Paul—a man whose following today, if he could come back to earth, would be confined to the same class of yearners and half-wits who followed him while he lived. Here again guidance must be sought from men of science. Is it argued that certain practices and attitudes are dangerous and hence evil? Then let the question be determined by examining the actual facts. Some of them, of course, are still obscure, but enough have been brought into the light of day to make them far more trustworthy than the puerile dogmatism of Paul.

Dr. Barnes reviews at length the ideas of the chief American theologians of the moment, both fundamentalists and modernists. I suspect that his secret sympathy, like that of most fair men, goes to the former. They talk a great deal of nonsense, but there is at least a certain show of logic in their general position. Either the New Testament is true, or it is false. If it is true, then they can well afford to swallow a few absurdities in order to do God's will. The modernists are on far shakier ground. Seeking to edit the New Testament to their taste, they do almost as much damage to what they accept as to what they reject. Most of all, they run aground on the *Interimsethik*. Dr. Barnes calls upon them to abandon it, and his argument is so devastating that it is hard to imagine them making a plausible answer.

The book, as I have said, is too long. In some places its endless quotations and heavy laboring of the obvious make it downright dull. But it deserved to be written and, despite its

defects, it should do some good. Most religious discussion in America is carried on in terms of unreality. There is no frank grappling with the basic problems. The fundamentalists yell too much, and the modernists are too eager to be polite. Dr. Barnes avoids both extremes. He states his case with good manners and yet does not conceal any of it. As for me, I am inclined to go farther than he does: I believe that, on the whole, religion is a curse to the human race, even when it is relatively mild and decent. But Barnes is for giving it at least one more trial, and here he presents his reasons very cogently.

H. L. Mencken

Women and Wages

Victorian Working Women. By Wanda Fraiken Neff. Columbia University Press. $3.50.

MRS. NEFF has put vast industry and much skill and humor into this early Victorian study of women in British industries and professions. Though her work is especially directed to the period from 1832 to 1850, when the earliest factory legislation was in the making, she wisely takes a liberal view of her chosen period, and from many literary and historical sources traces the evolution of the economic and social status of women before and after this period. She has fused two distinguishable purposes in her study: first, to give as accurate an account as possible of the actual situation of women wage-earners as set forth in statistical and other formal inquiries and in the current literature of the period; and second, to deduce therefrom an interpretation of the function of *belles-lettres* in handling social questions. Some readers will complain that these disparate interests introduce an element of disorder into the book, and that as social research it suffers from the high subjectivity of the literary material. The answer Mrs. Neff might make would be that the vivid pictures of the factory life and of the governess given in the current fiction of the age were necessary, on the one hand, to give reality to blue books and official reports and, on the other hand, to bring out the strange obliquity with which the reading public of the time regarded, or disregarded, the misery and oppression which prevailed in the woman's section of the economic system. For though Mrs. Neff puts the claim too high when she affirms that "in the study of Victorian working-women lies hidden a new appraisal of nineteenth-century literature," the stony-hearted neglect of working-class conditions by most of the popular authors of the day and by their public stands as a formidable indictment of the Christianity and ethics of this most "respectable" age. Mrs. Gaskell and Mrs. Tonna gave vivid presentments of the factory girl and the dressmaker's apprentice, Charlotte Brontë and Thackeray of the governess, and Dickens of many stray working-class types; but it is none the less true that the romance interest was centered upon women of the middle and upper classes who did not work for a living. Mrs. Neff, indeed, brings out from numerous sources the sense of inferiority, of degradation, which among all the respectable classes was evoked by the notion of women's work outside the domestic sphere—a feeling which even today lingers in the better-to-do classes of our provincial towns. In her chapters on the textile and non-textile workers she cites from government reports and magazine articles the appalling conditions prevailing in most factories and workshops, even after Lord Ashley and other reformers had forced through Parliament the beginnings of public control. She discusses in an interesting way the defenses of the laissez faire policy furnished by the religious leaders on the one hand, the political economists on the other, to the "liberal" mill-owners of the time in and outside of Parliament. The discrimination against women entering "men's trades" and the slow growth of women in the trade-union movement were, no doubt, largely responsible for the worse wages, hours, and hygiene in women's employment. This is borne out by the factory report of 1834, showing that millinery was more injurious to health than factories.

The two chapters on The Governess and The Idle Woman, taken together, shed a powerful light on the "leisure-class mentality." There was still, as Mary Wollstonecraft complained half a century before, no reputable employment for the young woman of the educated classes forced to earn a livelihood save teaching, and large numbers of well-to-do mothers preferred to enjoy the small dignity of having a home governess to bully or to snub than to send their girls to a boarding school. In no point of our social system was the snobbery of which Thackeray was the most skilled exponent so prevalent. A servant had a status; the governess had none, and was too often the butt of lower-class as well as upper-class contempt. But, unlike the ordinary wage-earner, the governess early won a considerable place as "heroine" in fiction. This was due to the fact that governesses could themselves become writers if they had a talent. The "idle woman" is an interesting expansion of Thorstein Veblen's treatment of "conspicuous leisure," and of the part which a "good marriage" plays in that economy. "To get ready for the marriage-market a girl was trained like a race-horse. Her education consisted of showy accomplishments designed to ensnare young men." It is, however, only fair to say that this training was generally confined to the definitely well-to-do classes, and that the larger body of the middle classes did give their daughters some rude practical training for housekeeping and motherhood.

John A. Hobson

The Wanderings of Takawo

The Golden Wind. By Takashi Ohta and Margaret Sperry. Charles Boni. 75 cents.

IT was a bold step on the part of the publishers to begin the Paper Books series with "The Golden Wind," for however snobbish this may sound, the story of Oriental adventures here presented is not for every reader. Action there is and excitement; love and war and religious mystery offer sufficient incidents to satisfy the most melodramatic taste; yet it is not the thousands of sensation seekers who make for the popularity of books, but the limited number who can find enjoyment in prose of a high order, who will really appreciate this narrative.

Miss Sperry's writing is as simple as that of Thornton Wilder, although much more profound. What it has most in common with the style of Wilder, however, is that in its peaceful, fluid, and naively ironic spirit it, too, dominates all of the dramatic substance of the book. It creates the same impression as does the sight of a great river on a lazy July noon. One feels a colossal calm notwithstanding that one knows that whirlpool and current and rapid, insect and fish and beast, rush and swarm all about.

Thus the question as to whether Takawo, the hero, will pass his test of admission to the Mai-Sai bandits is resolved in the moment of introspection when he sees his reflection in the pool; and again the clash of two men's love for a woman, of political plotting and mystic ritual, are somehow absorbed in the description of a hoary temple and its simple-wise worshipers.

I am informed that in this collaboration Mr. Ohta related in barely recognizable English the incidents which compose the tale of Takawo's wanderings. This fact explains the striking quality of the book. There is in it a tone of distant intimacy, the intimacy of friend rather than kin. Miss Sperry has made these adventures her own, but the sense of wonderment with

which she has accepted them brings them closer to us of the West. We find a point of tangency with this Oriental life in the simple fact that it has passed through an Occidental mind which does not take all of its phenomena for granted. The remarkable feature of the achievement lies in the fact that the essential character of the material has not been falsified nor cheapened in the process. How faithful Miss Sperry has been to the spirit of her collaborator is best illustrated in the honest and deft way in which she has dealt with Takawo's sexual adventures. Whether she describes the idealistic covenant in the harem of General Ko, or the playful, happy union of a chance meeting with a passionate wench, or the sordid fiasco in a house of prostitution, she communicates the precise degree of natural and exotic feeling which the hero experienced in these situations.

Without inhibition and without ostentation the authors let their young Japanese live his normal life. That at the conclusion of his adolescence he discovers

> Parents, children, love: these are but the illusion we live with others in this life. We live alone and the wind of exile blows ever on our heads . . .

proves that this life has been wise as well as bitter-sweet normal.

JOHAN SMERTENKO

How to Read Poetry

Practical Criticism. By I. A. Richards. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $4.

CRITICISM is neither a science nor an art. Such a book as this, properly speaking a monograph on the study of language (not grammar or syntax), shows that it at least has the password to the domain of science. The laboratory experiments, illuminated by astute comment, which are here described should be read in connection with Mr. Richards's "Principles of Criticism" and "The Meaning of Meaning," the latter written in collaboration with C. K. Ogden.

Mr. Richards tried the experiment of issuing printed sheets of poems, ranging in character from a poem by Shakespeare to one by Ella Wheeler Wilcox, to students who were invited to comment freely on them. The authorship of the poems was not revealed. After a week the comments were gathered in by the lecturer and made the theme of his discourse. The experiments are of course interesting, but not at all conclusive. They lead, however, to Mr. Richards's own analysis in the latter half of the book of such matters as figurative language, sense and feeling, stock responses, sentimentality, and inhibition. Not only are these questions dealt with under a penetrating light, but they are handled in a way that adds much to the stores of knowledge we are daily piling up in regard to poetry and its effects on the human mind. We know now, if we never knew before, that the academic way of teaching poetry is wrong. We recognize, also, that only a self-complete organism can appreciate the best poetry. Most critics and Poetry Chair panjandrums are as fallible as their victims: heirs, that is, to all the small vices, stock reactions, and blurred judgments that have marked poetry-reading since the day when the religious dance was first clothed with living words.

It may be admitted, as Mr. Richards asserts, that the human situation of the poet and his reader are of the utmost importance to the writing and reading of poetry, and that the problem here is integrated with the happy (or unhappy) blunders of language. Granted that we need a repioneering of our impulses and a rebirth of the whole psychic being, what of the tradition of poetry, once this has occurred? May it not be that the truly civilized man, as Mr. Richards envisages him, will cast out the whole continuum of great poetry, finding it weak and too actual as Emerson considered Goethe, or weak and subjective as any superman might esteem Donne and Keats. We have no means today of telling, as Mr. Richards suggests, whether the "true" enjoyment of poetry is indeed a measure of the healthy pacts we have signed with life, or not. No doubt the flexible and many-faceted creature whom Mr. Richards sets up as the perfect enjoyer and arbiter of poetry would also relish other aspects of life to the full. He would imagine himself into his neighbor's emotional and intellectual world, seeing behind and beyond the mere words and gestures. But since he is as yet only an hypothesis, we do not get far by emulating his abstract and slightly unhuman criteria.

Mr. Richards recommends the following rite before reading poetry: "Sit by the fire (with eyes shut and fingers pressed firmly upon the eyeballs) and consider with as full 'realization' as possible:

I. Man's loneliness (the isolation of the human situation).
II. The facts of birth, and of death, in their inexplicable oddity.
III. The inconceivable immensity of the universe.
IV. Man's place in the perspective of time.
V. The enormity of ignorance."

Will this cure us of mawkish sentiment or of seeking compensation for our thwarted desires in poetry? I doubt it. Every reader has his banal rucksack of responses prepared to meet these situations or the words in which they are dressed by Mr. Richards. No man can make himself a perfect appreciator of poetry merely by taking thought. In brief, there is no cure for bad poetry (a relative thing) nor yet for inept poetry-reading. Both may have their underlying value in our present modes of living. We cannot even, as our author advocates, disinfect poetry of its false mysteriousness. Only Mr. Richards's abstract poetry-taster can do that; and he must first, as I see it, abolish the word poetry and, changing himself into a Chaucer or a Shakespeare, a Keats or a Wordsworth, drink deep at the sources of life as they did and create what they created, which is in each case a life-enhancing essense. "That which is truly told Nature herself takes in charge."

PIERRE LOVING

Gladstone and His Day

After Thirty Years. By Viscount Gladstone. The Macmillan Company. $7.50.

Gladstone and Palmerston (1851-1865). Correspondence. Edited by Philip Guedalla. Harper and Brothers. $5.

IT seems to have been decided that the most famous of English liberal statesmen cannot be made interesting. Gladstone was important, copious, and powerful; but he never wrote and seldom said anything that men have remembered, and our exacting age finds him entirely lacking in the salt or spice of personality. Morley's "Life," although a fine monument, is not complete, and Lord Gladstone has done a job that needed doing. This is true in respect of three crucial stages of his father's career: the fight with Disraeli over Turkey, the affair of Gordon and the Sudan, and the long tragedy of Irish home rule. The letters of Victoria and Disraeli had already revealed the gross cynicism of the Eastern policy which Gladstone opposed. The new material here brought together, and presented with no aid whatever of style or craft, provides a thorough vindication of the Liberal leader. If Lord Gladstone, in defending his father, had not fallen into a foolish blunder about Buckle's editing of the Queen's letters, his position would have been invulnerable. He shows that his father made a noble offer of cooperation with Salisbury and Balfour for a non-party settlement of Ireland in 1886. But the situation, shockingly bungled by

Gladstone's lieutenants, offered an irresistible temptation to the Tories. They made full use of it, thus releasing the forces that wrought the ruin of Ireland between the fall of Parnell and the appearance of De Valera. There is almost no reason in the governance of nations.

The correspondence of Gladstone and Palmerston provides a first-rate example of the spacious Victorian manner. The younger man was an invaluable member of Palmerston's cabinets during and after the Crimean War. The two men had nothing whatever in common, save an equal genius for, and absorption in, public affairs. They differed about everything, regarded one another with mutual suspicion, but kept their tempers perfectly and never came near a quarrel. Mr. Guedalla cannot hope to come upon a better piece of ground for the display of his knowledge and the exercise of his ingenuity as a commentator. But what an utterly vanished world it is!

S. K. Ratcliffe

Zona Gale's New Manner

Borgia. By Zona Gale. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

THERE is no contemporary author whose evolution is more interesting than that of Zona Gale. From the days when she began to compose somewhat sentimental stories in the manner of the local colorists down to the present when she is writing psychological novels in a manner very distinctly her own, the course of her development has been continuous and self-directed. There were those who saw in "Miss Lulu Bett" the irresistible influence of a fashion in realism, and who hailed it as a sign that Miss Gale had been persuaded to climb on the literary band-wagon; but the aloofness of her spirit ought to be in itself sufficient to guarantee that nothing of the kind had happened, even if it were not for the fact that since the publication of the book her work has departed farther and farther from conformity to modish patterns. The truth seems to be that if she crossed the stream at that point it was only by accident, and the fact that she has continued to live in the relative isolation of a Wisconsin village is the outward sign of a preoccupation with self-development too complete to permit any dalliance with literary fashion. She discovered naturalism for herself and then abandoned it in favor of the far more personal method which achieves very absorbing results in "Borgia." She has her "early," her "middle," and her "late" manners, but they are stages in the development of a highly individual talent.

This latest novel is concerned with telling the strange story of a girl who seemed to bring calamity to all whom she touched. Herself morbidly aware of the fact, she feels that it is evidence of something evil in her own nature, but she does not know what that evil is. Though the phenomenon began to manifest itself during her childhood, it has grown constantly more striking until it seems that if death or calamity overtakes any one of her acquaintances it is traceable to her—she took him where he contracted the fatal disease, she suggested the expedition upon which he was killed, or it was to please her that he did not go where he might have escaped. No obvious ill will, no obviously unintelligent advice, are involved. Rationality would say that she could not possibly have known how chance would operate, that she could not possibly be held in any way accountable. But if it is indeed only chance, then chance seems to work with a malignant persistence which necessitates some new conception of its nature, and the problem of the book is the problem of discovering the what and the how of something in her personality that works evil to others.

One candid friend suggests that the whole exists only in her mind; that she works ingeniously to fix guilt upon herself because at bottom she enjoys the sense of playing a darkly important role in some drama which goes on just outside human ken; and we are led to suppose that this explanation includes a half-truth. But as the story approaches its fortunate termination still more tenuous things are suggested. This heroine is not "right" with the world. Her will is not good despite the fact that she is not grossly or even consciously malignant. Willing evil she is the occasion of it, not because she plans or knows, but because the spiritual universe works in ways we do not understand and responds to evil suggestions which we do not have to express in plans of our own. Love and hate take short cuts through it. They are forces in and by themselves.

Now for this species of mysticism in itself I have scanty intellectual respect, for it smells unpleasantly of New Thought and the Yogi of California. But for the art with which Miss Gale has used it, for the skill with which she has evoked an atmosphere at once apparently realistic and yet charged with a sense of the ominously mysterious, I have a very high admiration. An effect like that which she creates cannot be pursued directly; it cannot be achieved through direct description or direct narration. It must be hinted between the lines, enmeshed in a network of words which seem to be concerned with something else. And Miss Gale has succeeded amazingly in doing what she set out to do. Her story is absorbing and strangely disconcerting. Her book is one of those rare ones which cast a genuine spell.

The story is laid in the Middle West of today and the manners described are the manners of ordinary upper-class people, but the author has the true mystic's gift for looking so intently at the familiar that it begins to seem strange. One knows these people very well, yet at the same time it seems that one has never really been aware of them before. There is no elaborate background, no lengthy disquisition, and yet everything necessary is somehow presented. Here, in a word, is a very individual vision plus a very accomplished technique. Miss Gale's isolation has no doubt encouraged a great deal of self-communion, but she has never forgotten that her business is ultimately to communicate; and what we get, therefore, is a manner as crisp, as deft, and as definite as the mood is tenuous and intangible.

Joseph Wood Krutch

Submarines and War

When the U-Boats Came to America. By William Bell Clark. Little, Brown and Company. $3.

WHEN the submarines crossed the ocean in 1916 the general reaction was one of amazement. For the fact remains that when the war broke out in Europe the great objection to the submarine among naval experts was that it was not adapted to long-distance cruising. Von Tirpitz had refused for years to spend much of the German naval appropriation on underseas vessels. The transformation of the submarine into a vessel that could operate at a distance from its base for a considerable length of time was one of the many technical developments that made the World War unprecedented. It gave Germany the opportunity to come within an ace of defeating the Allies by instituting a submarine campaign against Allied shipping, and it allowed them to bring the war to the very doors of America.

Curiously enough Mr. Clark does not place much emphasis on the visit made to the American coast by a German war submarine in 1916 (the commercial submarine Deutschland arrived about the same time). It seems to me that this might very well have made an excellent opening chapter for his book. If he had turned to J. W. Gerard's "My Four Years in Germany" he would have discovered the interesting fact that

Gerard and Swope of the *World* were on the ocean when this raid took place and seized the occasion as an excuse to conduct an inflammatory propaganda against the Germans. Swope wirelessed his paper that it was the opinion of the informed that Germany was about to renew unrestricted submarine warfare. Gerard was indirectly rebuked for his part in this episode, for when he saw President Wilson the latter emphasized strongly his desire that Gerard should prepare the way for peace when he returned to Germany. Mr. Clark might well have shown how it was that the visit of a war submarine to our shores before America entered the war was a contributory factor in setting the emotional trend of American public opinion toward such entrance. Instead, he deals almost exclusively with what the Germans accomplished in the raids conducted after we entered the war. Pitifully little was actually accomplished. As Mr. Clark points out, what the Germans really demonstrated was the potentialities of the submarine as a long-distance fighting vessel. Mr. Clark uses this fact to support an argument in favor of preparedness. The conclusion does not necessarily follow, and the reader would have been saved a momentary annoyance if Mr. Clark had stuck to his mutton, which in this case was history and not propaganda.

Six U-boats visited American waters. They destroyed, by various methods, vessels to the total of 166,907 tons. In so doing they also destroyed 435 lives. There was a wide discrepancy between the success of the various vessels, but not one returned to Germany without a few sinkings to its credit. The protective system of the United States navy did fairly good work but did not succeed in destroying a single submarine. On the other hand, it rendered most of the mines harmless, chiefly by sweeping them up. Yet the greatest killing by the Germans was the United States armored cruiser San Diego which sank off Fire Island after striking a mine.

Mr. Clark's narrative confirms the opinion of Admiral Sims with regard to submarine atrocities. By and large the Germans were very decent in treating the victims of their sinkings. They made use of the wireless to notify vessels where survivors were in open boats; they towed boats to a position nearer shore; and they gave the men in the boats their position and directed them to the nearest shore. Nevertheless, lives were lost, as the figure quoted above painfully shows. The lives that were lost off the American coast were about twice as many as the American lives lost through submarine action before the United States entered the war. The visit of the U-boats demonstrated that the American coast was pregnable. Beyond that the episode proved nothing at all except that war is utterly idiotic and that the energy that went into the construction of these instruments of destruction might more profitably have been directed in the ways of peace.

C. Hartley Grattan

Illustrated Books and New Editions

Churches of France (The Macmillan Company; $20), a finely printed quarto volume of 179 pages, offers informal and non-technical descriptions of upwards of forty churches and cathedrals by Dorothy Noyes Arms, together with fifty-one full-page reproductions of etchings and drawings by John Taylor Arms.

Ernestine Evans contributes an introduction to *The Frescoes of Diego Rivera* (Harcourt, Brace and Company; $10), a collection of pictures reproduced from the originals in the Ministry of Education and the National Preparatory School at Mexico City and the National Agricultural Academy at Chapingo. Thirteen portraits and sketches by Rivera are also included.

The Second New Yorker Album (Doubleday, Doran and Company; $2.50), a collection of more than 100 illustrations from the *New Yorker,* is offered as "a Social Register of the year's humor." A foreword assures the reader that "many of the funniest drawings" which the paper has published "originated through a complete misunderstanding between editor and artist. The completer the misunderstanding, the funnier the drawing."

The Gluyas Williams Book (Doubleday, Doran and Company; $2.50) reproduces 80 pages of joyous cartoons originally contributed to *Life* and the *New Yorker.* Charles Dana Gibson writes a foreword and Robert C. Benchley a preface.

A handsome two-volume reprint of the second and revised edition of Smollett's *The Adventures of Peregrine Pickle,* with nineteen full-page illustrations in black and white by Alexander King, has been brought out by the John Day Company ($15). The edition is limited to 1,000 copies, of which 950 are numbered.

Carlyle's *The French Revolution* has been reissued by E. P. Dutton and Company in a two-volume edition ($6), with an introduction by Hilaire Belloc, and twelve pen and ink drawings by G. E. Chambers and sixteen portraits in photogravure.

Professor George Herbert Palmer's well-known translation of *The Odyssey of Homer* has been reissued with full-page illustrations in color by N. C. Wyeth (Houghton Mifflin Company; $5).

Giacomo Casanova: His Life and Memoirs. Translated from the French by Arthur Machen. Selected and Edited with Connecting Links by George Dunning Gribble, is a recent addition to the Borzoi Classics (Alfred A. Knopf; two volumes; $7.50). The text of the "Memoirs," unfortunately, is expurgated.

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Music

An Operatic Revival
Mr. Horowitz Reappears

TWO events marked the opening of the Metropolitan Opera season. First the debut of Joseph Rosenstock, the new Wagnerian conductor, which resulted in a tragedy, and the revival of Puccini's "Girl of the Golden West." Mr. Rosenstock plainly suffered from a lack of knowledge of the Opera House acoustics and was, therefore, frankly experimental in his manner of conducting. More than that, he marred his reading of "Die Meistersinger" through his very rapid tempi which frequently embarrassed the singers and muddled the delicate nuances of the orchestral picture. His fortes were at times over-torrential, yet lacking in depth and brilliance. So unfavorable were the comments upon his performance that it seemed impossible to remain and he has at this writing already severed his connection with the Metropolitan and returned to Europe, which is the more regrettable since the Metropolitan distinctly needs a new Wagnerian conductor.

The revival of Puccini's "Girl of the Golden West" has been, on the other hand, a genuine success. With Mr. Belasco, the author of the original play, in the audience and with Madame Jeritza, Mr. Martinelli, and Mr. Tibbett in the leading parts there was an opening performance which has done a great deal to reinstate this opera in public favor. The "Girl of the Golden West" is above all good theater, and makes its mark largely on this account. On rehearing the work, however, after a lapse of years, one questions the ultimate value of the musical setting. Puccini is in his best moments a melodist, and the opulent and at times over-sophisticated style of his lyricism is frankly out of place in this swift-moving staccato drama. He has therefore adopted in part a scheme of fragmented rapid-fire recitative and abrupt, lightly tensed orchestration which adequately meets the demands of his text, and at the same time serves as a general model of procedure to many Italian operatic composers of the day.

Whether the play actually gains by such methods of setting may be doubted, but certain it is that the music loses both in inherent quality and in sensuous appeal. In spite of these limitations and the handicaps of his idiom, Puccini has given a good show in the "Girl of the Golden West," and it was the element of showmanship that was specially stressed in the Metropolitan performance. The breathless tempo of the melodrama, its moments of stark humor and passion were admirably revealed, while general excellence of ensemble and *mise en scène* made up to a certain extent for the lack of distinctive American atmosphere in action and dialogue. Mme Jeritza has found in Minnie a role that is well suited to her powers of dramatic expression, even though at times she exaggerates the part and becomes over-boisterous. Mr. Tibbett as the sheriff was gratefully restrained in manner to balance the wholly Italian exuberance of Mr. Martinelli's Jack Rance. When all is said the "Girl of the Golden West" is a diverting blend of well-hinged music and Italo-American melodrama.

Among pianists of the day Mr. Vladimir Horowitz has come to occupy an enviable position. His playing is distinguished by admirable virtuosity and a rather rare blend of poise and poetic insight. This was especially evident in the Brahms and Chopin group of his recital on November 15. The Brahms F-minor Sonata is not a grateful number to pianists. It is somewhat episodic in structure and introspective in mood, and avoids even a breath of the spectacular. Mr. Horowitz was unusually successful in preserving a careful balance of these

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qualities, while reflecting the pith and eloquence and at times the veiled solemnities of Brahms's style. In his reading of Chopin there was fire and brilliance and constant mastery of the difficult art of perspective, and this despite the fact that the Chopin selections were not of a kind to reveal the artist's highest interpretative powers. The program concluded with Liszt's "Don Juan" fantasy, a *tour de force* of pianistic resource, played con amore by Mr. Horowitz. Taken as a whole, the recital proved a memorable event of the early season.

Memorable also was the Philharmonic concert of November 14, with its first presentation of Ravel's "Bolero." Not since Safonof's reading of the Symphony Pathétique has a conductor of these concerts evoked such enthusiasm. Rarely indeed has any orchestra achieved a more stupendous climax than was built measure for measure under Toscanini's baton on this occasion. The result brought an overpowering ovation for the conductor and the orchestra which was richly deserved. More even than in past years Toscanini has fashioned the magnificent out of his instrument. He leaves behind a record of superb accomplishment.

In lighter vein, but likewise inviting favorable comment, is the production of Johann Strauss's "Fledermaus," revived by Messrs. Schubert under the title of "A Wonderful Night." It is a hopeful sign of the times when managers begin to realize that the usual type of Broadway musical comedy has become somewhat shoddy, and look a bit afield for their productions. Moreover, there is a wealth of material in the domain of French and Viennese light opera which is all but unknown on this side of the water, and which may well appeal even to Broadway. To be sure, this Schubert production errs on the side of over-elaborateness, and something of the original Viennese flavor has evaporated in the process of jazzing the dialogue and music. But the operetta is exceedingly well cast and sung, and the use of a revolving stage as in its recent highly successful revival in Berlin lends an air of improvisation wholly in keeping with the spirit of the libretto. LAURENCE ADLER

Films

The Eye and the Heart

IN considering works of literature and drama we have come to recognize that the mere sequence of events described does not constitute their whole "story." The manner in which the events are described and unfolded is as much a part of the story as are the events themselves. The same consideration obviously applies to the motion picture. Like novels and plays the motion picture tells the story with a multitude of means which all contribute to the total effect. The only difference is that its means are peculiarly its own, and especially so in the case of the silent picture. It will be remembered that the American silent picture, now defunct, relied for its effect mainly on the action of the characters. The Germans and the Russians between them, while giving a peculiar national twist to their plots, have also brought into play a number of other means of expression. Notably, they have emphasized the pictorial appeal to the eye and the dynamic or rhythmic continuity. It is still a debatable question whether the pictorial or the dynamic emphasis is the more potent, and whether the former when applied in the motion picture should not be completely dissociated from the forms which it developed in the art of painting, and made to seek a purely cinematic form in the dynamic foundation of the motion picture itself.

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of light effects, of surface texture, or of the treatment of human character. Least of all can it afford to do it when it attempts to tell a story of dramatic significance. But I should not like to say that films which lay particular stress on their pictorial appeal are not interesting. Some of them will titillate your pictorial palate, if you happen to have one, with such choice relishes that you will forget everything else. "The New Babylon" (Cameo), the latest Russian arrival, almost comes within this class. Any one who remembers his Manet, his Renoir, or his Degas will find their characters suddenly come to life with all the atmosphere that their masters gave them, and almost with their masters' brush strokes. They do not strike attitudes as painters' models do, but move about with perfect poise and naturalness; sometimes they even indulge in a veritable orgy of movement. Yet they always retain a certain quality of unreality about them, as if they were ghosts masquerading in human clothes. If it were not a story of the Paris Commune which these characters unfold before us we might possibly accept them for real beings, but the Maeterlinckian touch of otherworldliness in the midst of the struggle for a new life in a real world seems to defeat the very message of the story.

Those who like stories of adventure, with all the romance that pertains to their heroes, will enjoy Ronald Colman in his latest debonair effort called "Condemned" (Selwyn's). One does not apply the criteria of psychological truth to pictures of this kind. All one asks of them is that they should be plausible. And "Condemned" is plausible besides being amusing, racy, and, in the end, quite thrilling. It is also rich in detail in depicting the life of the penal colony on Devil's Island, though with the accent on Mr. Colman's deviltry the devil of the island somewhat recedes into the background.

It is just because "The Trespasser" (Rialto) tries to deal with serious matters of life in the manner of a *Liberty* story that one must pronounce it a less satisfying picture than "Condemned." Miss Gloria Swanson acquits herself creditably in this her first appearance in a talking picture, but the story is utterly unreal for our day. ALEXANDER BAKSHY

Drama

Good Intentions

ROMAIN ROLLAND is a distinguished author. For some years past his "Game of Love and Death" has stood on library shelves and received, no doubt, a measure of consideration by virtue of its position in close proximity to "Jean Christophe." Unfortunately, however, the Theater Guild has chosen to blow dust from the pages in order to arrange for a production upon the stage of its own theater; and the play, submitted to the test of performance, reveals itself as a pompous and essentially futile melodrama whose emptiness is not concealed by the measured language or the dignified gesture. It has, to be sure, its moments of interest; but these moments are merely those in which the author condescends to use a few threadbare theatrical situations no more effective in his hands than they would be in those of any competent stage carpenter. Considered as a piece of rather antiquated theatricalism it will pass; considered as an attempt to reach the grand manner it is flat failure.

Obviously the intentions of the author are of the very best. He writes in the full consciousness of the fact that dignity and elevation are expected of him. In undertaking to tell a tale of the French Revolution he realizes that he has chosen an epoch surrounded by glamor and that the theme is one which calls for majesty of treatment. Moreover he goes, quite conscientiously, through all the gestures. His characters strike the ap-

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propriate attitudes and utter aphorisms when these are expected of them. Danton, Robespierre, and the rest are mentioned with awe. All the characters seem to be aware of the fact that they are making history. But somehow little except good intentions is evident. One knows that the author feels his responsibilities and that he is doing his best, but one is not moved as one is expected to be. The poetry, the passion, the exaltation which ought to be evident are not. Minerva has been invoked—piously, trustingly, perhaps a little overconfidently—but she exercises her ancient prerogative and does not respond.

The lesson of the performance, often taught before, is, I believe, sufficiently plain. Modern audiences are not predisposed in favor of history and costumes, and modern audiences are right. The grand manner is not ours and we cannot achieve it merely by trying. We know what it is, we recognize it in the great masters of the past, but the language of the heroic drama is essentially a dead language. Try as they will, neither the author, the actor, nor the spectator breathes naturally the atmosphere which a play like the "Game of Love and Death" strives to evoke. One and all have lost the capacity to see life in these terms, to be convinced by such gestures. They may desire some ampler vision than realism affords, they may long for more spacious times, but they cannot create what the age has denied them. Ask a painter to paint like Tintoretto, and he may copy the externals of the manner, but his picture will inevitably be silly because he does not really see people as invested with the kind of dignity which Tintoretto gave them; and what is true of painting is true of literature and drama also. Dignity and sublimity come hard to us. They are caught in fleeting moments; they turn up unexpectedly in strange places; but they are never more conspicuously absent than when we strive to capture them by getting ourselves up, literally and figuratively, in fancy dress.

The best disposed audience gathered at the Guild Theater feels this fact. Actors as competent as Alice Brady and Frank Conroy feel it also, as something self-conscious in their manner reveals. And if Rolland himself is less aware than the others that his effort is unsuccessful, his failure is none the less evident in the unconvincing character of his heroics. The language is lead where it should be gold; it struts when it should soar. The costumes, the situations, and the deeds are what they ought to be, but the faith in them is gone and the drama seems, by comparison with any heroic piece written in an heroic age, like an opera with the music left out. However good his own intentions and those of the Guild may be, the gesture of both is futile. If the style of our moment is ever transcended it will be in some new way, for plays like this one are merely literary in the very worst sense of that word.

"Your Uncle Dudley" (Cort Theater) is, as the title would suggest, a "homely" farce. The uncle in question is an amiable go-getter very terribly put upon by a domineering sister-in-law, and there is, of course, a romance on the side. But familiar as the materials and the style are, the piece is both expertly put together and written in a vein of shrewd satire which is none the less telling because essentially amiable. Thanks in part to a hilarious performance by Mrs. Jacques Martin in the role of an indomitable old lady it is excellent entertainment.

Daniel Rubin's "Claire Adams" (Biltmore Theater) is a very serious drama devoted to showing that a nice girl from Waco may be turned into a murderess merely because she comes to New York to live. Unfortunately the author never escapes from the commonplace except when he falls into the incredible.

Mr. William Gillette earns our admiration by his gallant revival of his old success "Sherlock Holmes" (New Amsterdam Theater). Detective plays have become noisier, faster, and more violent since the days when they were a sensation, but Mr. Gillette is still impressive despite his seventy-five years.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

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Sherlock Holmes—New Amsterdam—W. 42nd St. Op. Nov. 25th.
Strictly Dishonorable—Avon—W. 45th St.
Sweet Adeline—Hammerstein—Broadway & 53rd St.
The Game of Love and Death—Guild Theatre—W. 52nd St.
The Silver Swan—Martin Beck—W. 45th St. Op. Nov. 27th.
Yiddish Art Theatre—Jew Suss—Broadway & 28th St.

First Nights

Merry Widow—Jolson—59th St. & 7th Ave.—Revival.

FILMS

Hungarian Rhapsody—Film Guild—52 W. 8th St.
Disraeli—Central Theatre—Broadway and 47th St.
General Crack—Warner Bros.—Broadway & 52nd St.
News Reel Theatre—Embassy—Broadway and 46th St.
The Box of Pandora—55th St. Playhouse.—154 W. 55th St.
The New Babylon—Cameo Theatre—42nd St. and Broadway.

CONCERTS—RECITALS

Angna Enters—Sun., Eve., Dec. 8, Booth, W. 45th St.
Cornelia Otis Skinner—Sun. Eve., Dec. 8, Forrest, W. 49th St.
Manhattan Symphony—Sun. Eve., Dec. 8, Mecca Temple, W. 55 St.
Philharmonic Symphony—Thurs. Eve., Dec. 12; Fri. Aft., Dec. 13; Sun. Aft., Dec. 8, Carnegie Hall; Sun. Aft., Dec. 15, Metropolitan Opera House.
Philharmonic Symphony, Junior Orchestral Concerts—Sat. Morn., Dec. 7, 14, Carnegie Hall.

DEBATE

"Is Modern Marriage a Failure"—Bertrand Russell and John Cooper Powys—Mecca Temple—Fri. Eve., Dec. 13th.

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DISCUSSION GUILD, 15 E. 40 St., Lex. 7483

Communism in India

WE reprint the following article from the *Manchester Guardian*. According to an editorial note which accompanies the article, its author returned only a few months ago from an important post in India. *The Nation* prints the article, of course, for the facts presented rather than for the opinions expressed:

For one reason or another communism is very much in the mind of the public in India, and, indeed, in the United Kingdom and elsewhere, just at present. In some quarters there is a disposition to see in Communist intrigue in India possibilities of the same calamitous results as attended the work of the "Red" agents in China. It is hoped that the present article will prove reassuring on this point, though no attempt will be made to gloss over the true dangers of the situation.

Since 1924 there has been an openly established Indian Communist Party, with headquarters at Cawnpore, and during the last eighteen months or so Communist societies have sprung up under a variety of names, including, in Bengal, that of the Workers' and Peasants' Party. Before 1924 there had been some hesitation on the part of Indians and Europeans to found an avowedly communist society in India, since it was uncertain whether the profession of communism did not fall within the scope of the Indian penal code. However, in that year the judgment in the famous Cawnpore conspiracy case was delivered, and the founder of the Indian Communist Society thought that the case had shown that no offense against the law was committed by professing faith in communism, provided that this was not followed by treasonable designs and overt action against the state. It is quite impossible to give accurate figures of membership of the Communist bodies and societies in India. Many of them consist only of their founders, and genuine membership, even among the intelligentsia or the educated youth of the country, seems to be very uncommon. The danger from the Communist movement in India arises from the facts that its genuine votaries are to a large extent highly trained and active organizers, that it commands the sympathy of an appreciable section of the Indian press, and that its work lies among a mass of laborers, both industrial and agricultural, with a low standard of wages and living, profoundly ignorant as a rule, and, consequently, easily excited and goaded to action.

Against these conditions which favor the growth of communism in India are to be set certain countervailing circumstances. The first is that agricultural labor is, except in the tea and coffee gardens and on a comparatively few big estates, absolutely incapable of organization, being scattered in tiny units over a vast country where the language spoken in one part is entirely incomprehensible in another and where practically whole provinces are withdrawn from the scope of Communist effort because the land is tilled by peasant proprietors. So it is that except on certain plantations and some of the bigger estates, notably in Bengal and in parts of Bihar and Orissa, Communist doctrines have made no headway among agriculturists.

Very different things are to be said about the effects of communism on industrial labor. For although there is no heavy concentration of industrial labor except in the few great textile areas — Bombay, Calcutta, Madras — the lesser centers of Cawnpore, Ahmedabad, Sholapur, and some others, and the seat of the great Tata iron and steel industry at Jamshedpur in the province of Bihar and Orissa; in all these places Communist agents have been busy, particularly during the past two years, and the results of their labors are to be seen in the almost continuous series of strikes in one place or another, at any rate during the past nineteen months. Elsewhere, where there is no big concentration of labor, there has been little or no evidence shown of Communist influence, and such trade disputes as there may have been have arisen from the usual causes. But in Bombay, Calcutta, and Jamshedpur the hand of the Communist is very evident in the industrial disputes which have taken place in recent months. Strikes have started for no sufficient reason and have been carried on by means of intimidation of willing workers, long after there could be any shadow of economic or other justification for refusing to go back to work. . . . The record of Bombay for months past is a striking example of the grave dangers and the colossal economic harm to India which can flow from the work of the Communist agents.

The same agency has been at work among the employees of certain of the big railway companies, and within the past two years strikes, accompanied in most if not all cases by acts of sabotage, have taken place, largely, there is no reason to doubt, as the result of Communist instigation. The South Indian Railway and the East Indian Railway have both been the scenes of prolonged strikes of a kind and accompanied by incidents new to Indian industrial disputes. Indeed, the same can be said of the recent strikes in Bombay, Calcutta, and Jamshedpur. The crimes which have been their accompaniment represent something absolutely new in India, and, it is to be hoped, something transient.

While we are dealing with this subject of the new model of Indian strikes, it may be as well to point out that both in Bombay and at Kharagpur, on the East Indian Railway, recent strikes have led directly and almost inevitably to furious Hindu-Mohammedan rioting, another example of the dangers to which India is exposed by the stirring up of industrial or any other sort of mass unrest.

It is clear, therefore, that Communist agents have succeeded in unsettling industrial and transport workers in a number of places in India, but it is equally clear that the corpus vile of their experiments is utterly ignorant of what communism is and of what are its ultimate objects. Indian workers strike because their wages and standard of living are low, and the way to remove the Communist danger is to raise both. The agriculturists are apparently all but untouched by Communist agitation, and the same can be said of the educated classes as a whole. A few intellectuals profess communism in an academic way, and a few of the more extreme Nationalist politicians hope to find in communism a strong ally for their political fight. Both intellectuals and politicians have a certain following among the educated youth of India, but it is a following without stability or influence. Nevertheless, the experience of the past two years has shown that the industrial workers in the biggest centers are peculiarly malleable material in the hands of clever and unscrupulous Communist organizers, and this is one of the circumstances which gives such importance to the recently appointed Whitley Commission on Indian labor. A better organization of trade unions, the extension of welfare work among the employees of great industrial and transport units, better housing (a task in which the municipalities can take a great share), and, generally, any improvement in wages and in the standard of living of Indian industrial labor will do much to render sterile the efforts of Communist agents, who, after all, are preaching a doctrine wholly alien to Indian traditions.

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Thursday, Dec. 12—Dr. E. G. Spaulding—The Development of Fundamental Ideas and Fundamental Problems in Philosophy and Science. "Law. Is there such a thing as Chance?"

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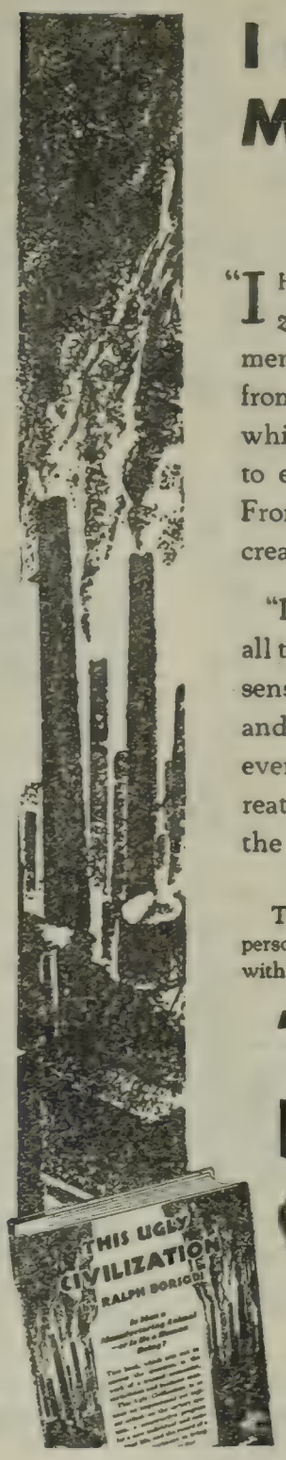
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SALVATORE ACCORSI. Remember the name. It belongs to an obscure Italian workman now on trial for his life in Pittsburgh for the murder, in 1927, of John J. Downey, Pennsylvania State trooper. On August 22, 1927, a number of workers and their families were holding a meeting in the apple orchard of a private farm near Cheswick, Pennsylvania, to protest against the execution in Boston of two other obscure Italian workmen named Sacco and Vanzetti, doomed to die that very night at twelve. Almost as soon as these fatal names were mentioned, mounted State police burst into the farm and with tear gas, clubs, and revolvers broke up what had been a quiet and altogether legal meeting. In the confusion and violence that followed —during which 300 men, women, and children were injured —John J. Downey, one of the troopers, was killed. Meanwhile at Russelton, six miles away, Salvatore Accorsi, according to several witnesses, had been busy repairing his old Ford car. Having finished his repairs, he started down the road in the car. He was stopped by some of the raiding troopers who were searching for the murderer of Downey, questioned, and then permitted to go on. Accorsi continued to live in Russelton, unmolested, for eight months following the murder. Then, since he was out of work and had been evicted from his home by the Republic Iron and Steel Company, he moved to Staten Island with his wife. Meantime, at the coroner's inquest, the troopers who took part in the raid on the meeting swore that they did not know who fired the shot which killed Downey. Almost two years passed. In June, 1929, W. M. Brown, one of the State troopers, remembered with miraculous clearness that it was Salvatore Accorsi who had shot Downey. Accorsi was found in Staten Island, living with his wife and children—two of them born since the Cheswick raid—and working as a day laborer. He was indicted for murder, and extradited to Pennsylvania where he is now on trial. Publicity and money may yet save him. We hope that both will be forthcoming.

THE PROMOTION of Colonel Patrick J. Hurley, Assistant Secretary of War, to the headship of the War Department places in charge of the military forces of the country one who himself fought with distinction as major and lieutenant-colonel in the World War. The press has made much of the fact that he is the first citizen of the old Indian Territory, now Oklahoma, ever to enter the Cabinet. This is interesting, of course. Far more important is the question, which cannot now be answered, how much of a militarist he is. It was very much to the credit of the late Secretary, Mr. Good, that he refused to make jingo speeches and showed a general disinclination to let himself be used as the mouthpiece of the War Department militarists. We sincerely trust that Colonel Hurley will profit by this example. A man of large means, a founder of the United States Chamber of Commerce, a bank president for several years, it is hardly to be expected that he will be an ardent advocate of a change in our military situation. Yet the very fact that he is a man of affairs must create the hope that he will loyally support the President in his desire to cut down the tremendous expense to which the government is now put for our needless military and naval burdens.

FROM VARE TO GRUNDY—what a fate for Pennsylvania! No sooner is the former again rejected by the Senate and welcomed back to Philadelphia by 2,000 of his supporters who greet him with "We are back of you, Bill," than the Governor must needs offer the vacant Senatorship to Joseph Grundy, prince of tariff lobbyists. And in a way Grundy merits it. No one has worked harder for the manufacturers of Pennsylvania who own the State. No one living has, we suppose, raised more money for the Republican Party than he who poured $800,000 into the Coolidge campaign fund and $1,000,000—one-tenth of all that was raised to elect him—into Herbert Hoover's campaign treasury. Are these not achievements worthy of a Senatorship? Ought not the party of prosperity and unlimited campaign funds to exalt the man who can rake in the cash at election time more expertly than anyone else? Ought we not to have on the floor of the Senate the man who declares for tariff walls so high that not a single foreign manufactured article which is also made in Pennsylvania can surmount them and enter this country? Let us by all means have in official life a champion of the tariff ultimate—the logical conclusion of the

whole tariff fraud. There he will be in *propria persona,* a monument to the extent to which rapacity, selfish greed, and special privilege will go—and, incidentally, an illustration of the type of men with whose aid our statesmen like Calvin Coolidge and Herbert Hoover are willing to pay their way into the Presidency.

RAMSAY MACDONALD, in marked contrast to President Hoover, has chosen, beside himself, three delegates to represent England at the coming naval disarmament conference who are determinedly anti-war—even pacifists. They are A. V. Alexander, First Lord of the Admiralty, Arthur Henderson, Secretary for Foreign Affairs, and Captain Wedgwood Benn, Secretary for India. A veteran of Gallipoli and a distinguished flier on the Italian front, Captain Benn is a consistent advocate of no more war. He is, however, as determined a fighter for his beliefs as any man now in the House of Commons. Arthur Henderson, unlike MacDonald, chose to take part in the conduct of the war, but no one can question his eagerness now to advance the cause of peace at every point. As for Mr. Alexander, he is a refreshing person to have at the head of a naval department for he, too, is devoted to the making of a warless world. Finally, Mr. MacDonald himself may be expected to do his uttermost to achieve something really worth while. Again we regret that Mr. Hoover's delegation contains several convinced militarists who cannot be other than lukewarm in their espousal of a genuine disarmament program.

PRESIDENT HOOVER RECOMMENDS that the Federal Power Commission be composed of full-time commissioners in place of the Secretaries of War, the Interior, and Agriculture, and that the commission be given certain regulatory authority in cases of interstate transmission of power, though he would guard jealously the powers of State commissions. The importance of the commission's work is little realized. Its accounting division, in particular, ought now to be laying securely the foundations of the future rate structure, but it will not be allowed to do so if its work is transferred to untrained accountants outside the commission, as was proposed in the notorious confidential memorandum of last summer and as has been urged by the commission's executive secretary. A series of striking articles by Drew Pearson in recent issues of the Baltimore *Sun* has given extracts from an unpublished report of the commission's accountants showing the overcapitalization of certain power companies. According to this report the Niagara Falls Power Company, for example, the great New York concern in which J. P. Morgan and Company have become heavily interested, claims "a fair value" of more than $77,000,000 on an actual investment of not more than $20,500,000. There could be no clearer illustration of the need of an adequate, trained accounting force for the Power Commission if rates in future are to rest on actual investment, as was the purpose of Congress, and not on the capitalization of hoped-for earnings, as is the accepted business practice.

SO THE UNITED STATES has finally signed its name to three protocols which provide for the membership of this country in the World Court. These must in turn be submitted to the Senate for ratification, which will probably be delayed. Thus begins a new chapter in our relations with the rest of the world, the worth of which must be tested by time. Our readers are aware of *The Nation's* attitude on the World Court. We have never been enthusiastic about it and have always regretted the failure at Paris to build on the Hague Court rather than to institute a new one so clearly allied with the League of Nations. The American reservations have seemed to us, moreover, to devitalize the court not a little; we have opposed every one of them, believing that all members of the court should be on an equal footing—as we have insisted that to be a real world court it should have universal jurisdiction. As it is, we cannot become excited about our adherence to this new tribunal, but can only hope that the court may confound its critics and become in the course of time and its evolution the kind of court which the world needs and ought to have.

FLOOD CONTROL is still a live question in the Mississippi Valley, and is likely to remain such until the government gets further ahead with its plans for keeping the flood waters within bounds. "Conflict of opinion . . . over the proposed floodway from the Arkansas River to the Gulf of Mexico," Mr. Hoover told Congress in his message, had led him to "withhold construction upon this portion of the Mississippi flood control plan until it could be again reviewed by the engineers for any further recommendation to Congress." This seems to suggest that the old controversy between the army engineers and the Mississippi River Commission is likely to be ventilated again. Meantime, however, Mr. Hoover recommends an increase from $30,000,000 to $35,000,000 in appropriations for the next fiscal year for other portions of the great undertaking. The opening of a nine-foot channel in the Ohio River is to be followed by the development of other parts of the Mississippi River system for barge and steamboat traffic. In Missouri, at least, the federal courts appear to be doing their part in expediting the flood control project by refusing to allow insurance companies and others to obstruct the expropriation of land for levees and other necessary purposes. "If another great flood catches the valley unprepared," says the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch,* "and it is again necessary for the Red Cross to rally the people everywhere to the relief of the homeless and starving, it will be the fault of those who feel themselves injured by the government control plan."

"ALL THE LIVING MEMBERS of the jury which convicted Thomas J. Mooney in the bombing of the Preparedness Day parade" in San Francisco in 1916, an Associated Press dispatch announces, "now have gone on record in favor of executive clemency for the former labor leader." The list has been completed by the action of J. W. Miller, the only juror who held out against clemency, in writing to Governor Young urging a pardon on the ground that the testimony upon which the verdict was based was "of doubtful character." Under ordinary circumstances it would seem difficult, if not impossible, for any governor to hold out against the weight of testimony and appeal which has been built up about the Mooney case, and even those who are most reluctant to believe that the war is over and that no great disaster at arms now threatens the country might well exert themselves to clear California of its uncivilized taint. A good many Americans pat themselves on the back and thank God that they are not like other people

when reports of political persecution or judicial tyranny come from the Balkans or Russia, but a glaring political, judicial, and administrative crime is being perpetrated in California, one of the sovereign States of "God's country," without the bench, the bar, the intellectuals, or the business community rising in revolt.

THE SPECIAL CONVENTION of the International Ladies Garment Workers, now being held in Cleveland, marks the end of the communist control of this union and probably of the influence of the Workers Party in the needle trades unions of New York City. The internal conflict in the union of cloak, suit, and dressmakers in the past seven years has brought disruption within the organization and complete loss of control over the industry. All of the progress since 1910, which had made the Ladies Garment Workers one of the strongest and most progressive trade unions of the country, was dissipated in the struggle for political supremacy and for the acceptance of alternative economic dogma. Steps to rehabilitate the union began early this year with the return of Benjamin Schlesinger to the presidency of the organization. He was faced with a bankrupt treasury, a cynical and discouraged membership, and an industry in which all vestige of union power had disappeared. With the aid of public officials such as Governor Roosevelt and Lieutenant-Governor Lehman, and such a public-spirited citizen as Raymond Ingersoll who, as impartial chairman, stuck by his post during the darkest days of an unwise strike, the first steps were taken toward the establishment of union control in the cloak and suit industry. The task is not easy. The return of the small shop and the irresponsible employer, and the wide geographical dispersal of the industry, are the obstacles that now face the union. The progress it has in this short time made in the cloak and suit industry, and the public interest and sympathy it has enlisted in its battle for recognition and decent labor standards, promise a successful outcome of the strikes which are now being planned in Cleveland.

THE YOUNG PLAN or national bankruptcy is the alternative which Dr. Hjalmar Schacht, president of the Reichsbank, holds out to Germany in a memorandum which was made public on December 5. Dr. Schacht signed the Young committee report, he declares, with the understanding that its recommendations were to be accepted by all the Powers concerned, and that the financial and economic activities of Germany were to be readjusted so that the burdens imposed by the plan could be borne. Not only have six months passed without evidence that these stipulations are being regarded, but additional burdens are being proposed for Germany, among them the relinquishment of a claim to 400,000,000 marks on account of payments made under the Dawes Plan to September 1, the payments under the Young Plan dating from April 21 last; the abandonment of the claim to 300,000,000 marks of unliquidated German property in England which Mr. Snowden proposes to retain; the agreement regarding Belgian marks, negotiated outside the Young Plan; and the renunciation of claims to German property in Poland provided for in a trade agreement between the two countries. On the other hand France, which has not been enthusiastic about the Young Plan, has raised again the question of sanctions in the event that Germany defaults in its payments. The situation seems likely to provoke some more plain speaking when the conference at The Hague reassembles to put the Young Plan into effect.

CHIANG KAI-SHEK'S star is sinking, and the allied generals who have recognized his overlordship are deserting like rats. China seems to face, instead of the often-prophesied dictatorship, another of those eras of decentralized government in which local war-lords administer, as more or less independent satraps, their little local kingdoms. But the impulse which the Nationalist movement gave China has not been wholly lost; it has had its effect upon the customs administration, and it is so strong in the hearts of China's four hundred millions that even today the generals who are denouncing Chiang Kai-shek are reasserting their loyalty to the principles of Sun Yat-Sen and asking for the return of Wang Ching-wei. Wang was a sort of spiritual son of Dr. Sun, a passionate orator, a genuine idealist; he lacks, however, Chiang's driving energy and administrative ability. He is no man to organize a new China, but he is the man to keep the Three People's Principles alive. Chiang, in his enthusiasm to build a strong government, ruthlessly put down all opposition, crushing the labor unions and students' organizations upon which, as much as on the Chiang army, the Nationalist movement was based. Accordingly he destroyed the spiritual momentum of his own movement. He had long been unpopular but the prestige of success still surrounded him. But when he was forced to a humiliating capitulation to Russia on the Chinese Eastern question Chiang "lost face," and the rebellion, so long latent, took heart all over China.

YOUNG MR. RUDY VALLEE sang over the radio the other night. The hour was nine o'clock; so confident was the broadcasting company of Mr. Vallee's popularity that a vast hook-up involving forty stations was arranged for the program (almost as many as Al Smith got in the late presidential campaign); Mr. Vallee announced at the close of his program—at 9:30 p. m.—that he would be pleased to give an autographed photograph of himself to any lady (or perhaps even any gentleman) who asked for one. In the eight o'clock mail the next morning there were 600 letters asking for pictures; thousands more came during the day. Mr. Vallee's "fan" mail is said to be something like 5,000 letters a week. The young gentleman in question left Yale two years ago; he is probably under twenty-five years of age. But thanks to our modern methods of publicity, millions of persons know his name and, more wonderful still, have heard his voice. We deduce, therefore, that it takes about two years to make a hero. At that rate, with our new and improved system of spreading sound and the printed word, the crop of heroes should increase rapidly —but of course no particular hero may expect long to retain his position of eminence. He must give place to the new idol. If millions adore Mr. Vallee today, they will, owing to the well-known fickleness of human nature, grow tired of him tomorrow. Two years will become too long; indeed, one Charles A. Lindbergh became a national hero overnight. The day will probably come when our heroes are fed to us on a moving belt, by mass production, each one guaranteed to last as long as need be. And if the public taste for hero worship be satisfied, who cares?

The Extraordinary Mr. Stimson

WE are not as a rule much concerned about the possible workings of any official mind, but just at the moment it would be of more than ordinary interest to know what Secretary Stimson was thinking of when he injected the Paris peace pact, and with it the diplomatic reputation of the United States, into the Russo-Chinese imbroglio in Manchuria. One would have supposed, for example, that he would have taken pains to verify down to the ground the facts about the situation in Manchuria, instead of going off half-cocked about a matter regarding which he could only say that he was "credibly informed." If the Department of State did not know whether the Russian military operations were offensive or defensive, or how the negotiations for a settlement stood between Russia and China, its intelligence service is beneath contempt, but even so it was only a part of the day's work for Mr. Stimson to know where he was likely to land before taking his theatrical leap into space.

If Mr. Stimson had been a lawyer about to plead his client's case in court he would also, it may be assumed, have gone beyond the obvious facts and taken account of the fundamental conditions from which they sprang. One wonders if he did anything of the kind in preparation for waving the peace pact. It would be interesting to know whether he had in mind the political history of the Chinese Eastern and South Manchuria railways, or realized the magnitude of Japan's financial interest in Manchuria, or understood even afar off the deep irritation which the presence of the Japanese in Manchuria occasions in the Chinese mind. It would be superfluous to suggest, but for what has happened, that the question of the stability of the Chinese Nationalist Government was one to be carefully weighed, that Japan might not applaud a pronouncement affecting a controversy in which it was the most interested third party, and that Russia might resent advice from a Power which for years, with its hand on its heart, has stubbornly refused the least measure of diplomatic recognition to the Soviet regime.

None of these considerations, so far as one can judge, counted for anything with Mr. Stimson. He represented a government which likes to think of itself as both powerful and pure, and the times summoned him to a holy task. The stunning rebuff which he received from Moscow was not a whit beyond what his blithe performance deserved. In a note which is a masterpiece of rejoinder, he was reminded that the seizure of the Chinese Eastern Railway by the Nationalist Government was illegal, which it was; that the Russian military operations were in self-defense and "in no wise" a violation of "any obligations under the Paris pact"; that the American note was sent "at a moment when the Soviet and Mukden governments already had agreed to several conditions, and were proceeding with direct negotiations which would make possible prompt settlement of the conflict between the Soviet Union and China," and that in view of these facts the American declaration "cannot but be considered unjustifiable pressure on the negotiations and cannot, therefore, be taken as a friendly act."

Not content with reading Mr. Stimson a lesson in history and good manners, the Russian Government went on to express the opinion that the peace pact "does not give any single state or group of states the function" of acting as its protector, and expressed "amazement that the Government of the United States, which by its own will has no official relations with the Soviet, deems it possible to apply to it with advice and counsel." The only reply that Mr. Stimson could make to this castigation (the Russians are uncannily expert when it comes to getting their opponents on the hip) was to inform the Washington correspondents with uncommon energy that he had "seen the text of the Russian memorandum as reported in the press," that his note was not sent from "unfriendly motives" but because the United States intended to square its conduct with the obligations of the peace pact, and that the negotiations which were in progress "show that the public opinion of the world is a live factor which can be promptly mobilized and which has become a factor of prime importance in the solution of the problems and controversies which may arise between nations."

We pass over Mr. Stimson's calm assumption that the "live factor" of world opinion which his note "mobilized" was responsible for negotiations which began before mobilization appeared. Mr. Stimson obviously felt hurt, and he is welcome to any balm that will ease his pain. The more important thing is to observe how matters stand now that Mr. Stimson, official protagonist of peace and good advice, has had his fling and returned to the silence from which he so ill-advisedly emerged.

If Mr. Stimson really felt that the peace of the world was threatened by the events in Manchuria, and that resort to the Paris pact was the only way to prevent an equivocal peace from becoming an embodied war, we are disposed to credit him with good intentions. If he also felt that the Paris pact, not being self-executing, required action by one or more of the signatory Powers to give it effect, he felt only what nobody will dispute. What Mr. Stimson failed to remember, apparently, is that those who appeal to the law must do so with clean hands if their appeal is to be respected. A nation which, as Mr. Hoover has just reminded us, is spending more money in preparation for war than the most highly militarized nations of the world is in no position to unfurl the peace pact over a petty brush at arms which is already at the point of settlement. As we said last week, we welcome the fact that the Administration feels a moral responsibility for its signature of the peace pact, but with the responsibility must go intelligence and common sense.

The results of Mr. Stimson's ineptitude are lamentable. By rushing ahead where intelligence and common prudence should have warned him to go slowly, Mr. Stimson has called down upon American diplomacy a resounding rebuke. He has very possibly dealt a blow at the efficacy of the peace pact from which it may be long in recovering. His bungling has cast a cloud over the London Conference. It is to be hoped that he will have his wits about him better when his opinion and vote are called for at London, since otherwise a mobilized public opinion may incline to think that the time has come for him to keep as much as possible out of sight.

Failure in Haiti

THE strikes that almost culminated in a rebellion, the riots in the customs houses, the affair at Aux Cayes where a marine patrol killed five Haitians and wounded twenty more, and General Russell's urgent appeal for more marines—these events are the final demonstration that the fourteen years of Yankee rule in Haiti have been an ignoble failure. We began by destroying the parliamentary basis of the old governmental system and installed in its place a military despotism operating through the flimsy mask of a native dictatorship; we have taken over control of the finances and of the economic life of the island, but, as the export figures show, we have not much improved the economic situation of the "republic"; we have boasted that we have built roads, created a constabulary, and "maintained law and order"—and look at the law and order now!

Mr. Hoover has asked Congress to authorize a commission to investigate conditions in Haiti. What they need is exposure rather than more investigation, and it will be a disgrace to the United States if the commission sent to Haiti feels that "patriotism" requires it to whitewash General Russell and his associates in the administration of the island. "Our representatives in Haiti," Mr. Hoover says in his message to Congress, "have shown great ability and devotion and have accomplished signal results in the improvement of the material condition of the people." Devotion General Russell undoubtedly has shown, but the fact that he is at odds with American business men and with Haitians, and that he has permitted the puppet government which the marines installed in office to accumulate such a high tide of resentment as has just manifested itself speaks ill for his ability. It was an error, from every point of view, to name a military officer as High Commissioner. General Russell made the mistake of regarding efficient, rather than Haitian administration as his objective.

We shall undoubtedly be deluged in the next few months with the usual Marine Corps propaganda about the backwardness and incompetence of the Haitians. Doubtless they have not attained the high level of civilization of Mr. Vare's Philadelphia or Big Bill the Builder's and Scarface Al Capone's Chicago. But the propaganda obscures certain facts. The Haitians, unassisted, drove their French masters out of the island, and maintained their independence for more than a century—until Admiral Caperton landed the marines, with the quaint aim and ambition, as he put it, "to ensure, establish, and help to maintain Haitian independence." In that period Haiti had revolutions and bloodshed. So did we. She had no civil war as destructive of life and property as our own, and she lost by assassination precisely the same number of presidents as we—no more, despite the legends. She maintained the stability of her finances, and gave no occasion for foreign intervention. On the whole, she managed a better level of government than several of her neighbors on the mainland of Central and South America. And she can do it again. There is voodooism in Haiti, even more of it than of hexing in Pennsylvania; an upper-class oligarchy dominates the countryside, possibly even more effectively than in Mississippi and Arkansas. The population is largely illiterate, as are Brazil's and China's; and it is also economically backward. But there is nothing in Haiti's history or present situation to indicate that she cannot, if left alone by the marines, maintain an adequate government.

Smedley Butler, pistol in hand, dissolved the last Haitian Senate thirteen years ago, because, though it had been bullied into accepting a Haitian-American treaty drawn up in Washington, it refused to accept a constitution for its own country drafted in the same foreign capital. Since then, there have been no elections in Haiti; and General Russell permitted President Borno to announce that there would be no parliamentary elections in 1930. It is this utter failure to provide a parliamentary outlet to the Opposition which has finally led Haitians into the heroic but desperate folly of armed opposition to the marines. President Borno, just before the uprising, was forced to declare that he would not himself be a candidate for reelection as President in 1930; but that means little, for, in the absence of any constitutional parliament, the new President will be elected by a council of state of twenty-one members, all of whom President Borno has himself appointed. It was General Russell's excuse that elections would have brought into power a bitter anti-American party; but what a confession of failure that is!

In 1920 the dissidents took to armed revolt against the Yankee invasion, and in the course of battle some 2,000 Haitians were killed—the bloodiest engagements in a century of Haitian history. There will be no such general revolt this year—for one reason because the marine-officered Garde d'Haiti has built ten airports and installed 293 miles of military telephone lines, and has the advantage of the new roads. That will mean less bloodshed; it will not mean less bitterness. We have no doubt that the marines will reestablish order rapidly, ruthlessly, and efficiently. The good name and fame of the United States, in Latin America and in Europe, will largely depend upon what we do next. President Hoover's commission should act energetically to get the marines out of Haiti, where they have never belonged.

Mr. Hoover Reports

HAD we not sworn never to sponsor another reform organization we should be appealing today for a Society to Reform Presidential Messages, and to obtain legislation limiting their length and setting penalties for unbearable dullness. We confess that it is Mr. Hoover's first annual message to Congress that moves us in this wise. For tameness it ranks high. If it is somewhat more grammatical and better expressed than the messages of Calvin Coolidge, it none the less so closely resembles them and those of the unlamented Warren Harding that if one were to take half a dozen of them at random from the last three Republican Administrations, blot out all the dates in them, cut off the signatures, and shuffle them it would be impossible for any ordinary intelligence to guess their authorship or year.

Mr. Hoover has obviously merely summarized the various departmental reports. The result is a message so long that it took, it is said, two hours to read it to Congress, which is reason enough why Mr. Hoover did not appear to present it in person. Yet it is a revealing document, for it reveals the author. He is again without a fighting spirit. Not even in behalf of the tariff, which he again demands of

Congress, does he strike sparks. The document is even without such vigor as Mr. Hoover has put into his addresses to his conferences of business men. Certainly no Senator will be stirred by anything which the President has said to change his ways or his attitude toward pending legislation.

Especially striking is the fact that the President does not report to the Congress anything about his conversations with the Prime Minister of Great Britain. The London Conference on Naval Disarmament, upon which so much of Mr. Hoover's prestige has come to depend, is dismissed in eight lines. The rest is largely a restatement of his views as to the essential soundness of the country, with a number of suggestions for the improvement of administrative methods which will meet with approval. It is only when he comes to talk of the tremendous militarist expenditures of the United States that he touches on the raw a really vital situation—as is evidenced by the foreign press which naturally leaped to the opportunity to point the moral. Certainly no one can disagree with his statement that we should be "deeply concerned however, with the growing expense" for national defense purposes, which has risen from $267,000,000 in 1914 to $730,000,000 in the current fiscal year, eleven years after we won the war to end war. We wish there might be put up in every schoolhouse and public building in the country these words of the President: "The total of our expenditures is in excess of those of the most highly militarized nations of the world." The President adds that if the coming London Conference is not a success "we shall be committed during the next six years to a construction expenditure [on ships] of upward of $1,200,000,000, besides the necessary further increase in costs for annual upkeep." Finally, he points out the amazing fact that our citizens' army, including the National Guard, has risen from 299,000 men in 1914 to 672,000 in 1924, and to no less than 728,000 in 1929. This, we repeat, is the net result of our safeguarding democracy and winning the war to end war eleven years ago.

Does the President make vigorous and concrete proposals as to how this steady militarization of America shall be ended, and the terrible financial burden upon the American people be lifted? He does not. He merely declares hopelessly that if the Conference at London cannot agree we must go on building these unnecessary warships and buying quantities of airplanes, although, as he himself says, we have solemnly covenanted with the world to use these forces only for defensive purposes. Then he washes his hands of the whole thing and passes it over to the tender mercies of Congress with this anti-climax: "I recommend that Congress give earnest consideration to the possibilities of prudent action which will give relief from our continuously mounting expenditures." There you have the brave, constructive statesman, with his vital suggestions for blazing the way for the country to escape from the militaristic mess into which it has so needlessly floundered.

As for the rest, the President reiterates his stand, as to which no one is in doubt, on the great economic questions of the day. Reversing the Coolidge policy, he is for making Muscle Shoals an experiment station to benefit agricultural needs and the chemical industry, but he is unalterably opposed to "the operation by the government of either power or manufacturing business except as an unavoidable by-product of some other major public purpose." All in all, it is again the timid engineer in politics who speaks.

A Sea Change

WHILE landsmen are discussing politics and finance, the latest books and the most recent plays, a controversy practically unknown to them is raging at sea as fiercely as are winds and waves. It is nothing less than whether sailors shall abandon their long-established custom of speaking of right as left and of left as right. If this sounds like an odd argument to landsmen, they should be reminded that for many years when an officer has wished to direct his ship to the starboard (or right) he has called to the man at the wheel "Port," while when he has wished to turn to the left (or port) he has said "Starboard." And if this seems ridiculous to the man ashore, he should recall that in an earlier era ships' rudders were moved not by wheels but by tillers, as those of small boats are to this day. A tiller, of course, has to be swung to the left in order to turn the rudder and the boat to the right. That was also true of the earlier steering wheels (it is still the case with some of those of our inland waters), but gradually the method was superseded by wheels which moved the ship in the same direction as they themselves turned. But the old orders persisted, and the first thing for a sailor to learn about steering is that starboard means port and port means starboard.

Sailors have learned the lesson so well that their response has become automatic and there have not been many errors. There have been some, though, and the recent international conference for safety of life at sea voted that after June, 1931, helm orders shall be used in the direct instead of the reverse sense. The recommendation has not yet been ratified by the governments concerned, but it doubtless will be, and the impending change is already occasioning a tempest of argument and conjecture. Happily the conference did not suggest that the words "port" and "starboard" should be discarded, although it should not be forgotten that "port" is itself a comparatively new arrival in the sailors' dictionary, the older term having been "larboard," which was scrapped because of its similarity in sound to "starboard." To erase "port" and "starboard" from the seaman's lingo would take a landsman and a dictator. Our navy had both in Secretary Josephus Daniels, who in 1913 decreed "right" and "left" for helm orders to be used in the direct sense.

The international conference for safety of life at sea insists on no such revolution, but the Honorable Company of Master Mariners of Great Britain thinks that mistakes are likely to happen during the period of transition unless existing orders are somewhat amplified. Among the suggestions for new helm orders which seem most satisfactory are "Port ship" and "Starboard ship," or "Steer port" and "Steer starboard." These orders are so explanatory that they ought to reduce to a minimum mistakes due to changing from one system to another. The change will be hardest for the old salts; the youngsters will adapt themselves to it with hardly a qualm or a frown. And the young persons who sit, on moonlight nights, as near the bow as they can get and discuss irrelevancies—provided they discuss anything at all—will not know which way the helm is put down, or consider the matter worthy of investigation.

It Seems to Heywood Broun

WE who live, or thereabouts, by the pen are rated impractical dreamers in a world supposedly devoted to business efficiency. A playwright of the better sort is ranked as an artist and people pity him because he must make his necessary arrangements with hard-headed commercial managers. But if any of the theatrical men I know are hard-headed then butter is among the world's most staunch of alloys. George Bernard Shaw is an artist and Lee Shubert is a manager. Both are eminent and both are primarily concerned with the theater. At the current quotations the visionary Mr. Shaw is richer than the practical Mr. Shubert in both cash and kudos.

To be sure, Mr. Shubert is far more sentimental than Mr. Shaw and this may mark the extent of his handicap. But mostly I think the theater business suffers from a lack of managers sufficiently grasping to get all the traffic will bear. Every entrepreneur with a hit on his hands allows thousands of dollars to slip through his fingers every week. He steps aside and lets a fellow called a speculator reap golden profits in a field where he has not sown a single seed. The poor manager is the dupe of this speculator or broker. I am not moved at all by the pleas of theatergoers that ticket speculation is an evil thing which should be eradicated. To be sure, we have laws limiting the premium to a pittance, but this flies so squarely in the face of sound economic theory that the super-charges continue and even mount to undreamed-of heights.

But what else can be expected in a highly competitive industrial community? It would be an excellent idea to have theaters supported by the nation or the municipality but since these do not exist, hereabouts, I see no reason why even the most intelligent and kindly manager should not endeavor to make just as much money as he can.

The price of copper and of steel, as I understand it, is regulated by the law of supply and demand which has never been repealed and is not difficult to enforce. Why should any exception be made in the matter of theater tickets? The general complaint at the moment is that theater tickets cost too much. It is my notion that in very many cases they are quoted at a ridiculously low figure on the box-office chart. And this is not a matter of opinion. When the patron finds that no seats are to be had for a show at the lobby window even though he is willing to buy eight weeks in advance he must realize that the price set on them is out of line. The seats have gone to the speculator because the manager was selling them too cheaply. It must be remembered that the drama is a luxury business and that the product is perishable. The value of a theater ticket must inevitably fluctuate. Managers don't seem to realize this. They have raised their prices for opening nights and for Saturday performances but beyond that they will not go. In an effort to attain standardization they have lent support to many fictions. There is, for instance, the perfectly asinine pretense that all the seats in an orchestra are of equal value and should sell for an equal price. The speculator knows better than that and charges extra for aisle seats and in this case I think the laborer is worthy of his hire.

At the present time the box office of the average theater is the worst of all possible places at which to buy tickets. It has become a false front. If the show is a success all the best seats are elsewhere. If, on the other hand, trade is not so brisk, tickets may be obtained much more cheaply at one of the cut-rate agencies. In other words, the New York theaters do not conduct a one-price business. They operate under the haggle system and unfortunately the managers are not frank enough to admit it. To be sure, there is much to be said against a standardized price. The value of tickets fluctuates. When a manager can fill his orchestra at $10 a seat it is asking a good deal to expect him to sell at $5.50 a ticket. And when he can't get half a house at $3.30 per patron, it is obviously to his advantage to let people enter for $1.10.

There is no reasonable ground of complaint against that if only the manager would openly admit his state of mind. He doesn't do that. Sometimes on dire and distressful evenings the treasurer will let a theatergoer have two tickets for the price of one, but it must be done secretly. This bargain opportunity will never be broadcast. It would be sensible for the manager to wait and see just what sort of show he has before fixing the price. This is done to a limited extent but the range is far too small. After watching the reactions of the first-night audience and reading the reviews the manager might be justified in announcing, "I find that I have a $15 show and so I am going to charge $15 and sell the tickets right here at the box office." Or again he might say, "'Nancy's Dilemma' seems to be worth about $1.35 and tickets at that price will go on sale right here in the lobby."

I will admit that this might not work. The patron who goes to a cut-rate shop and buys a ticket marked $3.30 for $2.19 has the thrill of imagining that he is cheating someone. If he will only stop to think he ought to realize that this can hardly be the case. A theater ticket is not like a lump of gold. Its value is precisely what it will bring on that particular night. When a blizzard begins, the value of tickets drops along with the thermometer. If a ticket is worth twenty-five cents the printed figure $25 does not actually increase its worth. There is, I believe, not much sincerity in most of the criticism of ticket speculators. If any great proportion of the public wished to get along without the agencies they could not long survive. But a very considerable number of patrons do not wish to get tickets eight weeks ahead even if they are available at box-office prices. Many prefer to make a decision at the last minute and it is no more than just that they should pay extra for thus coming at the eleventh hour and receiving good accommodations. There is, also, some curious thrill in getting tickets from a speculator. The purchaser takes a pride in being charged heavily. He will have something to talk about when he gets home. Indeed the manager of a very successful play complained to me, "My charge is $3.85 and I know the specs are getting all the way up to $16 a seat, but what can I do about it? People will cheerfully pay $16 to a speculator and faint in horror at giving $6 at the box office."

HEYWOOD BROUN

England Celebrates Peace

By WILLIAM ZUKERMAN

London, November 11

TOGETHER with ten thousand other Londoners I was standing on Trafalgar Square this Remembrance Day awaiting the signal which was to start the Great Silence. As years advance the celebration of Armistice Day is becoming, in England, more widespread and more imposing; it is clearly growing into a national institution, one which will perhaps obscure others with longer traditions behind them. One reason for this is doubtless the beautiful ceremony of the Great Silence.

Silence is natural to the English; it is almost a national characteristic. Perhaps that is why in no other country this simple ceremony has reached such heights of pathos, sublimity, and plain unadorned beauty. The inclement English November has so far been very kind. In spite of the traditional fogs and rains of the English autumn, not a single one of these Remembrance Days has yet been marred by the weather. This year was probably the first when rain fell during the silence. It began almost immediately upon the first stroke of eleven by Big Ben, as if it, too, had been waiting for the signal, but it did not in the least mar the impressiveness and beauty of the ceremony. It was a soft, warm rain more of spring than of autumn, and its soft tapping on the stony ground and among the strewn plane leaves of the Square only deepened the silence, just as did the gentle clapping of the wings of the pigeons circling about the Nelson Monument.

The scene was indeed unusual. Shortly before eleven the Square was overflowing with people. From the top of the stairs of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields and the columns of the National Gallery to Whitehall, the Cenotaph, and the Houses of Parliament was one great sea of humanity; a somewhat subdued sea, but throbbing with life, and gently undulating in the quiet misty air expectant not of a storm, but of something far different. It came with the soft muffled sound of a maroon in the distance. Instantly everything was at a standstill: the great human sea, the mighty Square, the gay London buses, the heavily quivering motors, the good-tempered English crowds with their ceaseless "Thank you's," the tall bobbies, all the sounds and cries of a great city in motion. The talk, the very thoughts of men seemed to have stopped. Only the deep sounds of Big Ben striking eleven rang out in the air; strange, lonely sounds in a sea of silence. Somewhere a child was crying, and its heartbreaking sobs sounded throughout the Square; an unruly motor was loudly throbbing, refusing to be silenced. But soon these, too, were quieted; the last majestic strokes of the lonely bells died away. The Great Silence had begun.

The secret of the success of the Great Silence—in England at any rate—consists in the fact that it is not, as is generally believed, so much a ceremony of remembrance of the dead as an expression of the mood of the living, a searching of the heart, and a determination for the future. For the Great Silence and indeed the entire Armistice Day celebration is gradually growing here into a great anti-war demonstration, the first, and so far the only really impressive symbol and ceremony of peace that humanity has as yet produced. The balls, dances, and jollities of the first Armistice Eve victory celebrations have almost without notice disappeared; the military display and flourish at the Cenotaph is unconsciously becoming less marked from year to year. On this last occasion it was still further reduced by the Labor Government. The event is definitely coming to be a civilian celebration; the very name "Armistice Day" is disappearing. "Remembrance Day" is used instead, and it is gradually becoming a great yearly demonstration for world peace.

Unemployment and industrial depression in England are so obviously the consequence of the last war, and are so deeply felt by the man in the street, that they are bound to have an effect stronger than the most powerful propaganda. And these consequences hang over England now more heavily than its traditional fogs, and refuse to be lifted or dispersed by any government. It is already obvious that even the Labor Government which has made such a brilliant start in foreign affairs will not cope successfully with unemployment at home; it has achieved remarkable successes, and has fully proved its ability to rule, but it has also shown already that on the main internal problem of England, that of unemployment, it has nothing more effective to offer than any of the other parties. Unemployment seems to be the chronic, if not the incurable, illness which Britain contracted in the Great War. The country knows it; hence an aversion to war probably greater here than anywhere else in Europe.

The present magnificent display in foreign policy of the Labor Government is doubtless one expression of this mood. Better relations with the United States, recognition of Russia, withdrawal of troops from Germany, independence of Egypt, freedom of Iraq, promise of Dominion status to India, and the prospects of a successful naval conference—and all this in five months of office! The almost avid eagerness with which the Labor Government has attacked all foreign obstacles in the way of world peace has surprised many, and has even evoked suspicion. Mr. MacDonald is said to be more pacifist than socialist; the bold gestures of the Labor Government in foreign affairs are pointed at as being but a screen to cover up the poverty of its home policy. All of this may be superficially true, but fundamentally it is false. There is something more deeply rooted than the accident of party politics or Mr. MacDonald's personal pacifism at the bottom of this. It is the profound disgust of England with war in general and the late war in particular.

This mood finds other expression, even more striking, outside the realm of politics. The most remarkable example is the new taste for war literature and drama. The phenomenon in itself, which is not confined to England alone, is more a subject for the social psychologist than for the correspondent. It is full of interest and abounds in enigmas. Why, for instance, should England (and with her the rest of Europe) have waited until ten years after the war was over to express aversion to its brutality? Why should this interest in war literature have arisen only now? Why was not Barbusse's "Le Feu" or Latzko's "Men at War"

the success which Remarque's "All Quiet" now is? And why did that exquisite dramatic poem of the war, "The Unknown Warrior," fail so miserably in London while the mediocre "Journey's End" and the downright trashy "Silver Tassie" are playing to crowded houses? The ways of mass psychology are unfathomable, and its causes obscure. But the facts in themselves are clear enough to all.

And the facts are that more than 300,000 copies of Remarque's "All Quiet" have already been sold in England, and it is still going strong. It is in addition being read by hundreds of thousands in instalments in the popular Sunday *Express*. A similar success is Zweig's "Sergeant Grischa," while another half-dozen war novels by English and American authors have met with only slightly less success. War literature, almost taboo a few years ago, is now devoured by a public which cannot have enough of it. It is almost enough for a novel to deal with the war in derogatory manner to become a best seller. This is true not only of books and newspapers, but also of plays. London has probably never known a success parallel to "Journey's End." Almost overnight Mr. Sheriff becomes a classic whose manuscripts are sold by public auction and presented to the nation.

There is something more than mere interest in war in all this. Even the most cursory analysis would reveal that all this war literature holds in common one important characteristic. Its dominant note is a real disgust—an aesthetic disgust—with militarism as such. It is not the moral outrage of war, not even its terrible consequences that are being deplored so much as what may be termed the externalities of war, the actual military operations which used to be so glorified. Militarism has lost its luster. Men seem to vie with each other in revealing ugliness, filth, and brutality behind the beautiful glorification of war. One reason for the phenomenal success of "Journey's End" is that Mr. Sheriff shows the idolized war hero to be a plain coward. People have lost their illusions about war, and seem to find special delight in tearing down all the aesthetic deceptions in which its true appearance has hitherto been draped. Literature, like politics, only reflects this mood of the people; it is the result, not the cause of the present popularity of everything that is expressive of antagonism to war.

William James spoke of the need of a moral equivalent for war, if militarism is to be abolished. There is quite obviously needed also an aesthetic equivalent of war before that aim can be accomplished. This England has found for herself in the Great Silence of Remembrance Day, which is coming more and more to take its place in the cause of peace as the beautiful ceremony which every great movement must possess if it is to appeal to the heart and imagination of the people. Its simple grandeur and austere beauty are as noble as anything which militarism in its prime could ever produce. Its discipline, the victory of the mind which it displays; its nearness to death, and the love and pity which it stirs—all make it a unique symbol of peace.

The Sacred Radio Trust

By PAUL Y. ANDERSON

Washington, December 7

A FIRST-CLASS scandal is brewing here in connection with the failure of federal functionaries to take steps to enforce the anti-monopoly laws against the Radio Corporation of America and its parent and subsidiary companies. It may break out during the communications hearings now being conducted by the Senate Committee on Interstate Commerce, and there is a possibility that the budding presidential boom of Owen D. Young will be severely frostbitten. The Radio Act contains a mandatory provision directing the federal Radio Commission to refuse broadcasting or communication licenses to any company, or its subsidiaries, which has been finally adjudged guilty by a federal court of using unfair methods of competition, or of violating the anti-monopoly clauses of the Clayton Act. The provision is sweeping, and it is quite plain. On November 19 the Radio Corporation of America was finally adjudged guilty in the United States District Court at Wilmington, Delaware, of practices tending to create a monopoly, and was enjoined from their further use. The order, entered by Judge Hugh M. Morris, made permanent the temporary injunction granted by him two years previously, which was upheld by the Circuit Court of Appeals, and which the United States Supreme Court refused to review. Confronted with this situation, the Radio Commission has done exactly nothing. Rather warily the members have let it be known that they construe the act to mean that they shall refuse licenses only when the defendant has been adjudged guilty in a manner that allows no further hope of appeal, and that since the Radio Corporation is said to contemplate a second appeal they do not feel constrained to act. It hardly seems necessary to point out—although the author of the act has done so—that it says nothing of the kind. It says "finally adjudged guilty by a federal court." The word "finally" was obviously intended to distinguish a final decision, such as that just rendered by Judge Morris, from a temporary order, such as he made two years ago. If the United States District Court at Wilmington is not "a federal court," then the Radio Commission is justified in its failure to act. Otherwise, it has no excuse, and its inaction can only be explained on the scandalous ground that the Radio Corporation of America possesses sufficient influence to enjoy immunity from the law—an hypothesis already supported by considerable evidence. Incidentally, a number of persons have been moved again to inquire what action, if any, is contemplated by the Department of Justice in this matter. For more than a year it has responded to all inquiries with vague answers to the effect that "we are investigating." Has Attorney General Mitchell forgotten his pledge to enforce the anti-trust laws of the United States?

* * * * *

IT is doubtful if he will ever have a better opportunity to make it good. As an example of bold, deliberate, and ruthless trust-building, the history of the Radio Corporation since its creation in 1919 should make the surviving exemplars of the last generation blush for their own restraint.

And the process has been successful, not in the face of governmental opposition, but largely because of admitted governmental favoritism. Attend to the following: The offense of which the Radio Corporation was convicted at Wilmington consisted of inserting in its contracts with twenty-seven independent manufacturers of receiving sets a clause which required them to equip their sets with RCA tubes before putting them on the market. Not only were independent tube manufacturers thus deprived of the business of equipping sets, but they were faced with the fact that the buyers of those sets would inevitably replace the tubes, when worn out, with others of the same manufacture—RCA. Some of them promptly went out of business. It is interesting to note that the contracts containing the "tube clause" were primarily for the purpose of licensing the independent set makers to use the Radio Corporation's patent covering tuned radio frequencies—on a stiff royalty basis. Ownership of this patent is at the heart of the Radio Corporation's dominating position in the industry. There is strong evidence that this patent is, in fact, antedated by another which is now the possession of the Navy Department! All appeals to the Navy Department to break this stranglehold by asserting the priority of its own patent in the courts have been rejected, and a responsible officer is on record with the explanation that the department has always pursued a policy of "favoring" the Radio Corporation, and is unwilling to take any action that would disturb its position!

* * * * *

A DESIRE to justify and prolong this favoritism is at the bottom of the Radio Corporation's frenzied campaign of propaganda, designed to create a widespread impression that the corporation was "founded at the request of the government." This legend has been exploded more than once, and will be exploded again before the Couzens committee is done. Nevertheless, Mr. Young lent his name and his word to its reiteration in a recent number of the *Saturday Evening Post,* and Major-General Harbord has done so frequently. In complaining of this propaganda to the Federal Trade Commission, an organization of independent manufacturers likened it very properly to the "patriotic" defense of the celebrated Doheny. It is possible that Mr. Young has been so occupied with settling the claims arising from the devastation of war in Europe that he is unaware of the devastation of the independent radio industry in the United States by the corporation of whose board he is chairman—but this reporter is disposed to doubt it.

* * * * *

THERE is another matter which ought to have public attention. For the present I prefer to call it a misunderstanding, although some of my colleagues insist that it must have been a deliberate hoax. In either case the fact is undeniable that for four months the American people have been laboring under the most astounding delusion that has possessed them since the Great Calvin succeeded in propagating the fiction that he was reducing governmental expenses. This delusion has consisted in the belief that the construction of three new cruisers has been suspended or delayed pending the outcome of the London arms conference, and it resulted directly from President Hoover's statement of July 24. That statement was issued at the White House upon the occasion of the signing of the Paris pact:

> Mr. MacDonald has indicated the good will and positive intention of the British government by suspension of construction of certain portions of this year's British naval program. It is the desire of the United States to show equal good will in our approach to the problem. We have three cruisers in this year's construction program which have been undertaken in the government navy yards, the detailed drawings for which are now in the course of preparation. The actual keels would, in the ordinary course, be laid down some time this fall. Generally speaking, the British cruiser strength considerably exceeds American strength at the present time, and the actual construction of these three cruisers would not be likely in themselves to produce inequality in the final results. We do not wish, however, to have any misunderstanding of our actions, and, therefore, we shall not lay these keels until there has been an opportunity for full consideration of their effect upon the final agreement for parity which we expect to reach, although our hopes of relief from construction lie more largely in the latter years of the program under the law of 1928.

This declaration was everywhere accepted as a promise of suspension or delay in the construction of the cruisers. It was so accepted by the big navy crowd in Congress, whose members denounced it roundly, and it was so accepted by the press of the United States and Great Britain, most of which warmly praised it as a gesture in the interest of world peace.

* * * * *

IT now develops that no order for suspension or delay in the construction of these cruisers has ever been issued from the White House or any other official quarter; and that the work has not been suspended or delayed, but on the contrary has been pushed with all the energy and speed which the Navy Department could command. It is disclosed, moreover, that Mr. Hoover erred when he stated that in the ordinary course the keels would be laid down this fall; they could not possibly be laid before next spring—which is the time when the Navy Department is preparing to lay them. By that time, of course, the arms conference will be over. Several months' work is necessary before the keels can be laid, and it is being carried out on schedule. Work on the guns and armor is proceeding, and contracts for the steel have been awarded. In short, the situation with regard to the building of the cruisers is precisely what it would have been if the President had made no announcement whatever. That is officially admitted. It is officially suggested, moreover, that the President never intended to delay construction, and never intended to convey the impression that it would be delayed. If this is true, how did he intend to show "equal good will" toward Great Britain, which had suspended construction? If his statement did not mean that construction was to be delayed, what on earth did it mean, and what was his purpose in making it? The worst aspect of the business is its possible effect on British opinion. Imagine the howl that would go up from such jingo journals as the Chicago *Tribune* and the Washington *Post* if a similar proceeding were unearthed in London! It would be hailed immediately as the only evidence necessary to prove that Albion was still perfidious, and that candid dealings with a British government, especially a Socialist British government, were impossible. Perhaps some respectable explanation may still be forthcoming, although the outlook is not bright.

Prosperity—Believe It or Not
V. The Farmer's Share*

By STUART CHASE

OF course no such person as "the farmer" ever lived on land or sea. Every human personality differs from every other. Factory workers, living in standardized tenements, pouring in a black stream through the gates in the morning, do present a mass effect where the use of averages, however inaccurate, is not altogether ludicrous. But there is no such thing as the American farmer. There are about six million individuals sprawled across the country, with their families comprising nearly thirty million persons. They range from the happy, shiftless Negro tenant hoeing an acre of poor corn field in Mississippi to Mr. Campbell with his 80,000-acre, 100 per cent mechanized wheat farm in Montana. Both are Mr. American Farmer, but the mind balks at treating them as a unit.

The World War encouraged huge exports of American foodstuffs. We fed millions of European peasants who had left their fields for the trenches. Prices went up, acreage increased, the tractor became popular, efficiency was widely introduced. At the close of hostilities American agriculture was in an exceedingly prosperous condition, relatively speaking. Prices had been pegged, land values were soaring, credit was readily obtainable. The whole economic structure of agriculture had been given a glorious kick upstairs. Exports held up well in 1919 and fairly well in 1920. In 1921 Europe suddenly stopped buying. Farm products shipped abroad tumbled $1,300,000,000. Wholesale prices collapsed. Land values exploded like pricked balloons. Unnumbered farmers who had been thinking of Florida, California, and a new sedan found their thoughts centered on mortgage interest.

The following figures from "Recent Economic Changes" tell the sad story more effectively than any purple prose.

Index Numbers

	Prices received for farm products	*Prices paid by farmers for their supplies*	*Wages of hired farm labor*	*Taxes on farm property*
1914	100	100	100	100
1918	200	178	176	118
1919	209	205	206	130
1920	205	206	239	155
1921	116	156	150	217
1922	124	152	146	232
1923	135	153	166	246
1924	134	154	166	249
1925	147	159	168	250
1926	136	156	171	253
1927	131	154	170	258

There is really very little more to say. Where farmers were getting a dollar for their corn or wheat or cotton in 1914 they were getting more than two dollars in 1919 and 1920. Then the whole structure collapsed to $1.16 in 1921—cut almost in half. It has climbed up a little since, but in 1927 it was only $1.31. This is bad enough, but look at the other three columns. The prices which farmers paid for their clothing, hardware, and other supplies had also doubled by 1920, and also tobogganed in 1921. But instead of going down to 116, they went only to 156—where they have more or less remained. American agriculture has thus been caught in the famous "scissors" which the Russians talk about. It must pay relatively more for what it buys than it receives for what it sells. In 1927 the jaws were twenty-three painful points apart. In the last two years they have narrowed a little, but they are still wide enough to make the pain sufficiently intense.

The same thing happened in respect to the wages paid to farm labor, except that the scissors are even wider—twenty-nine points in 1927, and still widening. This has helped hired men a little but not the farmers who hire them. In taxes the situation is even more deplorable. Instead of dropping in 1921, taxes continued to climb. By 1927 they were no less than 127 points ahead of farm-product prices! Again the motor car makes its bow on the prosperity stage, but this time upside down. The chief reason for higher farm taxes lies in highway construction in rural areas. Figures for several counties in Michigan show that in the past seven years taxes have absorbed *90 per cent of the net return to farm owners*. Other studies indicate that an absorption of one-third to two-thirds the net return is common. This woeful burden operates to depress land values. For the past century the value of such lands has been marching steadily upward. Farmers came to believe that a mounting curve was as dependable as a mounting thermometer in spring. But according to Dr. Edwin G. Nourse in "Recent Economic Changes" the end has come.

Index Number of Farm Land Values

	1913	1920	1928
Illinois	100	160	96
Iowa	100	213	117
North Dakota	100	145	99
Kansas	100	151	113
South Carolina	100	230	110
Texas	100	174	139
California	100	167	161
Connecticut	100	137	139

All the States listed except California and Connecticut show a landslide in values from 1920 to 1928.

To continue reciting the woes of agriculture may seem unnecessarily cruel. As an accountant, however, I cannot forbear to append Dr. Copeland's beautiful profit and loss account covering all American farms for the year ending June 30, 1927.†

Gross value of agricultural production	$12,127,000,000
Payments to other industrial groups	3,697,000,000
	$8,430,000,000

* This is the fifth of a series of seven articles on American prosperity. The sixth will appear in the issue of December 25.—Editor The Nation.

† Including estimate for food grown and consumed on farm.

Wages paid hired labor	$1,291,000,000	
Rents paid—net	1,267,000,000	
Interest paid	260,000,000	
Loss due to fall in land values	2,160,000,000	4,978,000,000
Net return to owners		$3,452,000,000
Interest on market value of equity	$1,759,000,000	
Charge for owner's labor @ $540	3,410,000,000	
"Normal profit"		5,169,000,000
Deficit of actual profit		$1,717,000,000

To pay each farmer an average of $540 for his year's work, and 4½ per cent interest on the equity in his farm, would have taken 1,717 millions more than farmers actually received. Regarding all American agriculture as one business corporation, it was, despite a shockingly low allowance for labor, nearly two billions in the red at a time when American prosperity was the favorite topic at innumerable banquets. Dr. Mitchell believes that the best single index of the lowly position of agriculture is in the ratio of farm per capita income, to the per capita income of the total population. In 1919 the average farm dweller was receiving 57 per cent as much income as the average American. In 1921 the ratio dropped to 34 per cent. Now it has climbed to about 40 per cent—still far short of 1919. In the face of this depressing testimony it is pertinent to inquire how farmers continue to exist at all. As a matter of fact, many of them have ceased to exist—as farmers. Nearly a million (net) left their farms for the city between 1920 and 1927. Six million remain.

In the first place, despite all my precautions, we have been talking mainly about the non-existent average farmer. Hundreds of thousands of individual farmers, the country over, have made ends meet, and thousands have prospered. Soil, crop demand, export opportunities, mechanization, local conditions, individual abilities differ widely. Here and there agriculture pays well. Second and more important, for agriculture to show a profit and loss account in red figures may be sad, but it is not evidence of extermination. Farming is not yet a business. A corporation consistently in the red closes its doors and goes into the hands of a receiver. It is a child of the money-and-credit system, and the penalty of breaking the rules of that system is death. But the farmer (and here at last I can be general) is carrying on a job far older than the money-and-credit system. He is handicapped seriously by its rules, but no death penalty hangs over him. If his books do not balance, he can throw them out the window and go and pick a mess of peas or milk the cow. He has a roof over his head, food in his fields, fuel in the wood lot. The banker holding his mortgage may evict him and a few of his neighbors, but he cannot evict a whole country side. If times are generally bad, the banker may whistle for his money—and in the end go bankrupt himself. Farming is a career, not a business. In the face of plowed earth, flowing stream, hillside, meadow, orchard, woodland, all the figures I have spread upon the records suddenly grow dim. There are powerful forces at work trying to bind the farmer to the pecuniary system. He is more of a business man than he used to be, however.

I spoke earlier of the variations in farm prosperity. Dr. Wolman finds two great classes of American agriculturists: the forty-two in every one hundred living on farms valued at less than $4,000, and the fifty-eight living on farms valued above that figure. The former live generally on poor land, the latter on good land. The poor-land group have not improved their standard of living at all since 1919. The group living on good land have probably improved their living standards a little, but they have done so by piling up debts.

Variations in prosperity by crops are also significant. The machine is profoundly disturbing wheat farming. Two men with a combine and other machines, plus a little seasonal help, can bring down the cost of production twenty cents a bushel. As a result the big wheat farms in the Great Plains region are doing fairly well, while the smaller farms, particularly in the Middle West, are doing badly. The same story holds in corn and in most other crops.

Why are the farmers worse off than in 1920, while the rest of us, financially at least, are better off? For one thing, our higher standards have tended to depress the farmers. The nation is eating lighter foods, wearing lighter clothing. Fruit and vegetable farmers have benefited somewhat (although the new demand has been frequently over-estimated) but cotton, grain, sheep, and cattle raisers have suffered. Clothing demand has shifted to silk and rayon. Nor is much in the way of agricultural produce to be found in automobiles, gasoline, radios, sporting goods, moving pictures, travel, and tabloids—all great items in the new standard of living. Higher wages in industry have forced farmers to compete with the factory for labor. As we have seen, the taxes inspired by the motor car have been a terrific burden. The collapse of the European market in 1921—which has never really come back—was the inciting cause of the whole toboggan slide. Meanwhile Canada, the Argentine, and Australasia have been competing heavily.

Finally, and perhaps most important from any long-range view, the machine has distressed most farmers. It has made a few rich but thrown agriculture as a whole completely out of step; and disrupted its time-honored rhythms. Tractors have driven six million horses and mules from farms in the past thirteen years. Some eighteen million acres of hay and grain are no longer needed, while the old crop rotation of corn one year, oats the next, meadow-land the third, has gone into the discard. While a million farms were being abandoned, the "mass" of crop production, taken as 100 in 1919, grew to 106 in 1927. Workers are fewer, farms are larger. The large output has kept prices down.

This brings us head on into the whole question of agriculture and large-scale production. Mr. Ford with a wave of the hand would banish its tribulations by putting it on a quantity production basis. He would plow, cultivate, harvest, grade, and ship by great machines under the guidance of a few skilled mechanics. We may, of course, come to this; but today we have six million farmers on our hands. The practical problem is how to deal with them—not only industrially, but *psychologically*. Most of them have adopted the cultivation of the land as a way of life. They are interested less in industrial efficiency than in living.

Farmers are less mobile than industrial workers; they do not respond readily to shifts in demand, or to technical improvements. The installation of a new machine requires

(Continued on page 750)



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BRENTANO'S

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first the approval or vote of the individual farmer, and second the individual financing thereof. How far would the machine age have progressed if factory workers had voted on each new loom or lathe, and then bought it on their own credit? Technological progress over the whole field of agriculture must be not only a slow process, but at some points—such as maximum efficient acreage per machine—an impossible one. Only a brand-new, centralized, coordinated control can readily domesticate the machine on the farm. The business farmer, with large acreage and complete mechanization, brings down costs and makes a fair return on his investment. Good. Then what happens? The little farmers, hearing of the profits, sow their fields with the same crop. Squatters take up land and sow the same crop. Prices drop. Both big and little men are in the red, but the big man is likely to suffer more in the end. He has fixed charges to meet on a large, depreciating investment. Under individual ownership and operation, crop surpluses have been and always will be unpredictable. This would be a risky situation for a centrally planned production; it is too risky for large blocks of capital to flirt with indefinitely. A report of the United States Chamber of Commerce made in the summer of 1929 finds that a group of seventy-four large farms, averaging 12,000 acres, in twenty-eight States, are neither more nor less successful than small family farms. It concludes that a revolutionary change in agriculture in the direction of mass production is far from fulfilment. I submit that it never can be fulfilled. The farmer is not a business man.

There is one available compromise which may or may not eventuate successfully. It is about the only bright spot in the whole agricultural situation. By means of strong cooperative societies, with adequate supplies of credit at their command, farmers may conceivably regulate production by agreeing to a predetermined acreage, and so keep prices at a fair figure. It is conceivable that they may even purchase and use machinery cooperatively by treating their own and their neighbors' acres as one unit. Russian farmers are doing precisely this. It means the end of traditional individualism, but not necessarily the end of the farmer. The culture will be profoundly modified by cooperation, but not stamped out. Mr. Ford's scheme would stamp it out.

In the Driftway

THE bad-roads movement which the Drifter has inaugurated is meeting with nation-wide acclaim. That is to say, two readers have written that they are in favor of it, and any press agent who can't translate two readers into "nation-wide acclaim" isn't worthy of his hire. The Drifter's multitudinous correspondence comes from as far away as California, whence a writer who signs herself "fervently and forever for bad roads" tells of acquiring a house in an unspoiled fishing village on the coast. At first the house was adequately protected against invasion by a breastwork of "divinely bad" roads, but real-estate promoters have arrived, a concrete highway is under construction—and the house is for sale. Another warm supporter of the bad-roads movement arises in—of all places!—Chicago. The Drifter had supposed that good roads were essential around the Midwest metropolis in order that residents might conveniently carry about with them the machine-guns necessary for the local pastime of shooting up one's neighbors. But the Drifter's Chicago correspondent writes:

> Your low whisper for converts to join a bad-roads movement will be heard even in the wilderness of more and more cars and still more miles of concrete, and you're bound to start something. As one who has had his fling at automotive transportation—having had three motorcycles and eight cars in my time, and traveled in twenty-six States—I have been without a car for three years now and find my greatest pleasure on unused roads (though there are few of them left in this country).
>
> The point is that since good roads and motor cars go hand in hand, you will have to make flank attacks on both. To argue bad roads alone wouldn't convince many. We've got to stop making and selling so many cars, and if we can get in here, we know that bad roads will naturally follow because there won't be any gas tax or State license money with which to build roads. Economists and industrialists can be as horrified as they want to, and point out that our prosperity(?) is built on the foundation of good roads and motor cars. I, for one, am going out to convert people to bad roads and no motor cars.

* * * * *

THE Drifter is not so ambitious as that—or quite so unpractical. Nobody recognizes better than he the abuses associated with the automobile. But he also knows that the time to attack the automobile was a quarter of a century ago when it had not yet been woven into our living habits and before it had arrived in the business world as an enormous vested interest. The Drifter surmises that if the automobile had come as a poor man's convenience instead of a rich man's toy its history would have been different. It is one of the splendid ironies of life in New York City that the New York Central freight trains which crawl through Eleventh Avenue are required to send a man on horseback ahead of the locomotive; and lumbering steam rollers which smooth out newly laid pavement at about four miles an hour must be preceded by a man with a red flag, but motor cars are permitted to dash along Broadway at thirty or forty miles an hour without the benefit even of a cowcatcher to toss the pedestrian out of the way.

* * * * *

NO, the Drifter does not envisage the suppression—or even adequate regulation—of the automobile by the mere pedestrian, but he does think that car drivers are themselves going to demand, and obtain, relief from the existing congestion of the roads. In the meantime taxicabs will tend to displace private cars in our large cities, while motor buses may work a similar change in the country. The general manager of the New York Automobile Club has just issued a suggestion that private cars should not be used for Christmas shopping. And as the Drifter wrote the other day, motoring as a sport is giving way to flying. The village of Radburn has already been laid out in New Jersey by the City Housing Corporation with separate, non-intersecting routes for motor cars and walkers. The Drifter's bad-roads movement is intended to make certain that along with motor highways there be also plentiful by-ways for pedestrians, horseback riders, and bicycles. The latter means of travel might then achieve a merited rejuvenation.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Devil-Dog Rule

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: All the little cats are out of the bag so long and cautiously held by our Devil Dogs. The allegations about our illegal methods in Nicaragua and Haiti made by the discontented citizens of those happy lands have been openly confirmed now by no less a person than Major General Smedley D. Butler of the United States Marine Corps.

Speaking in Pittsburgh on the evening of December 5, 1929, before an audience of seven hundred, at the annual dinner of the Pittsburgh Builders' Exchange, General Butler spilled the beans. The following newspaper account has been shown to Mr. Robert K. Cochrane, Jr., Secretary of the Pittsburgh Builders' Exchange, who invited General Butler to speak, and he has asserted that it is correct in every detail. I quote the Pittsburgh *Post-Gazette* of the morning of December 6:

> With the marines, General Butler took charge of two elections, he said, and "our candidates always win." Concerning elections in Nicaragua, he explained that the opposition candidates were declared bandits when it became necessary to elect a candidate. Concerning one election, he said: "The fellow we had in there, nobody liked. But he was a useful fellow—to us—so we had to keep him in. How to keep him in was the problem.
>
> "We looked up the election laws and found that the polls had to be open (a sufficient length of time) at least that's the way we translated it—and that a voter had to register to be eligible to vote."
>
> The district was then canvassed, the speaker said, and 400 were found who would vote for the proper candidate. Notice of opening of the polls was given five minutes beforehand, the 400 voters were assembled in a line and when they had voted, in about two hours, the polls were closed. The other citizens had not registered and, therefore, were ineligible to vote, he said.
>
> Regarding Haiti, General Butler told how the marine-controlled President had dissolved the Congress to prevent the legislative body from passing a new constitution. He aided the President in drawing up the edict that dissolved the Congress, the speaker said.

He related an amusing incident regarding cabinet appointments in marine-controlled Haiti. It was found necessary to secure a new "secretary of public instruction and cults." One was found who would be amenable to marine reason, but, when they attempted to learn his name, they found he could not write, or even spell, his own name. He was in office two weeks. Later, the general found that the man who urged his appointment did so to secure a debt of $50 owed to him by the illiterate. The "secretary of public instruction and cults" was his barber.

General Butler was equally indiscreet regarding the official families of his commanding officers, the Presidents of the United States. Referring to the policemen with whom he worked for law, order, and honest elections in Philadelphia, he said: "The average of honesty on the police forces of America is as good as in the cabinets of some of the Presidents."

Is it possible, General Butler, that you mean the members of the Cabinets with whom President Hoover once sat as a fellow Cabinet officer? And is it possible that, with sly irony, you are indicating that these ex-comrades of Hoover were not all they might be? Don't you think you ought to explain to the President? And don't you think the President ought to order an explanation, both of your insinuations that our rule in Nicaragua and Haiti is crooked, and that recent Cabinet members have been dishonest? And you, Mr. Hoover, did you mean it when you said in your Congressional message, just three days before General Butler blabbed, that in a large sense you do not wish us to be thus represented by marines abroad?

Whatever the President may do, it is obvious that the Senate of the United States, possibly on a motion to be instituted by Senator Borah as chairman of the Committe on Foreign Affairs, should immediately hold a Senate investigation of these charges against the marines. I am telegraphing this Pittsburgh *Post-Gazette* account to Senator Borah today, asking if such accusations against the marines, and therefore against the United States of America, on the part of so high-ranking a man as Major General Butler, do not demand a Senate inquiry.

One last sweet touch. General Butler flew from the Quantico Marine Barracks to Pittsburgh in a United States airplane. Splendid, for he was indeed on public business—perhaps the most important public business he has ever engaged in—that of letting the cat out of the bag.

Pittsburgh, Pa., December 6 Sinclair Lewis

It Would!

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Do you think it would make interesting reading if Soviet Russia sent a note to the Government of the United States (before it is too late) calling the attention of this government to the Kellogg Peace Pact and expressing the earnest hope that the United States and Haiti will refrain from hostilities?

Brooklyn, December 6 Thomas F. Hastings

War Is—Not Polite

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The following is from tonight's Toronto *Daily Star:*

> The Department of Education has banned "All Quiet on the Western Front" by Erich Maria Remarque from the circulating library which travels throughout the public-school system.
>
> According to Dr. A. H. U. Colquhoun, deputy minister of education, the ban was placed on the book because it is considered by the department to be "coarse, vulgar, and not polite."

John A. Astle-Bateman

Toronto, Ontario, November 25

Armistice Sunday

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In your issue of November 27 you publish a letter in which Philip Schiller says he will be "happy to raise a healthy sum as the first contribution to a fund for printing and distributing Waitstill H. Sharp's article . . . on the true significance of Armistice Sunday." To such a fund I shall be happy to contribute. I am a Canadian country parson and preach in three churches every Sunday. In each of these on November 10 I read Mr. Sharp's article without comment—save that I regarded the paper in which it appeared as the most honest on this continent.

John C. Mortimer

Black River Bridge, New Brunswick, November 26

Books and Drama

Trade Rats

By LEONORA SPEYER

We thought the house was haunted till they said
The trade rats ran at large about the place;
We never met the rodents face to face,
But marked their trade: small twigs or bits of thread
Meant something missing—pencils by my bed
Or gloves perhaps; a bird's wing with the trace
Of gnawing teeth, exchanged for good old lace;
A jewel gone, two pebbles there instead.

These rats, thought I without much bitterness,
Reminded me of one who, much as they,
Traded and went his sly, ingenuous way;
Taking like them the more, to leave the less.
All honest thieves! I had no doubt of that—
Which seemed enough to ask of any rat.

Cloud Cities

By ISRAEL NEWMAN

They will not share the moldering fame
Of cities buried in the dust,
These cities that the cranes pile up
On girdered steel immune to rust.

They will not rot dim centuries
Till men exhume dome, tower, and gate;
For cities buried in the clouds
The winds dig up; winds never wait.

A Great Adventurer

La Fayette. By Brand Whitlock. D. Appleton and Company. Two volumes. $10.

OCCASIONALLY, even in these days of materialism, it is possible to find an old lady still boasting of a great-grandmother or other remote relative who once danced with La Fayette. Traditions like this are not common, and the names which give them life are even rarer. Possibly in France some dowager may lay claim to a progenitor who once kissed Benjamin Franklin. But who ever heard anyone making a family legend of a dance with Thomas Jefferson or John Marshall, for example, or—Heaven forbid!—with John Adams? La Fayette, however, was cast in a different mold from any of these, and for one reason or another every American treasured highly any association with him, no matter how slight. In these two volumes Mr. Whitlock tells why.

La Fayette is still one of the national heroes of this country, and so far no writer of the ultra-modern school has seen fit to lay profane hands upon him. Both for the memory of La Fayette himself and for the peace of mind of his admirers it is well that Mr. Whitlock came to realize the need for a new biography before, let us say, Mr. Strachey or Mr. Hackett hit upon the subject. No matter how much one admires and enjoys the keen irony of Strachey's "Queen Victoria," one realizes that the blithe spirit of La Fayette would suffer under that particular form of art; and Mr. Hackett, whose fineness of perception may have been a bit dulled by his robust joy in treating of the six wives of Henry VIII, would find La Fayette's delicate, idyllic love for his Adrienne something to wonder at but, one fears, not to admire.

Mr. Whitlock makes no secret of his admiration for La Fayette, but it is a justifiable admiration, born of study, hard work, and keen appreciation. The author shows an unusual grasp of the complicated period in which La Fayette lived, and a profound understanding of La Fayette himself. Throughout the two volumes he writes with assured confidence and real brilliance, without anywhere straining after effect. If there is ground for any adverse criticism, it would seem to be Mr. Whitlock's determination to make the work strictly a biography instead of a "life and times," and his consistency in following the plan through. The method occasionally results in a distorted impression; La Fayette is always kept in the exact focus of the reader's gaze, and the rest of the picture may seem slightly out of proportion. Then, too, the other figures are viewed, not in historical perspective, but as they appeared to La Fayette. But there is surprisingly little of this distortion, and the little is easily corrected.

The portrayal of La Fayette himself is a masterpiece of vividness and accuracy. Mr. Whitlock rightly conveys the impression that as a political figure or statesman La Fayette hardly merits the rank of true greatness. He could inspire people, but he could neither lead nor drive them. In his political career in France he indulged in a long, heroic, but withal fruitless endeavor to establish his ideal form of government for his country—a limited constitutional monarchy. He hoped that Louis XVI might become the head of such a government; he wished, but never expected, that Napoleon might turn his talents in that direction; even with the two restored Bourbons he never became despondent. Finally, in 1830, he thought he had at last won his cause with Louis Philippe; but Louis Philippe was a failure, as La Fayette soon realized, and, characteristically enough, he told the July monarch so to his face.

It was not as a public figure but as a man that La Fayette achieved greatness; not what he did but the way he did it that endeared him to his own age and to others. His participation in the American Revolution was in a way typical of his whole life. Judged dispassionately in the light of cold reason, there never was a more hair-brained project than this, but it gave La Fayette tremendous popularity and widespread fame. The young knight-errant of nineteen, with no military experience, had the sheer nerve to ask Silas Deane for a major-general's commission in the American army and the still greater nerve to accept it. Then he went off, in spite of the opposition of everybody who counted for anything in France, to fight for a cause the success of which was almost certain to destroy his own social order. But the world always has admired the spirit of adventure, especially when it is successful, and it has admired La Fayette ever since. During the whole seventy-seven years of his life he possessed the kind of charm that captivated almost everyone at sight. His success with the Continental Congress, suspicious of the very name of France, was a striking tribute to his powers. That body found it impossible to refuse him what he wanted. Washington loved him as a son. Even the bloodthirsty savages of the Paris mob felt his power of command. Curiously enough only the Germans, who held him prisoner for five years, remained untouched in his presence. In 1818, when he appeared once more in public life as a member of the Chamber of Deputies, Paris crowded the galleries, stirred as by a voice from the grave. When as an old man he returned to the United States in 1824, for his third visit,

he was given the greatest ovation ever accorded by this country to a foreign celebrity. La Fayette loved "that delicious sensation of the smile of the multitude," and the multitude gave generously of its smiles. Throughout his life he was the true knight-errant as he had been as a boy in the country, as a youth in the American war, and as a national figure in France. It is a fascinating story, by Mr. Whitlock delightfully told.

RALPH VOLNEY HARLOW

A Composer at Play

Evenings in the Orchestra. By Hector Berlioz. Translated from the French by Charles E. Roche. Edited with an Introduction by Ernest Newman. Alfred A. Knopf. $5.

BERLIOZ would have been pleased had he known that by the year 1929 his literary work would be all but forgotten while his musical compositions would be frequently played by every great orchestra. Now comes Ernest Newman and puts into the "Music and Musicians" series which he is editing the first English translation of "Les Soirées de l'Orchestre," which had Paris by its musical ears some seventy-five years ago. It was the opinion of Berlioz's Paris that as a composer he was interesting but that as a journalist he was great. That was an opinion which always irked him; yet now that the interest in his orchestration, which once sounded piquant or even grotesque, pales before the skill and audacity of some of the moderns, the resurrection of his literary work may once more help to obscure his music. The publication of "Evenings in the Orchestra" will perhaps make the reader turn again to his even more brilliant "Memoirs," the essence of all that is attractive in nineteenth-century French romanticism liberally flavored with a swift Gallic wit, an autobiography that W. E. Henley once underpraised as being second only to Cellini's.

"Evenings in the Orchestra" is a decameron (only it is twenty-five evenings long) with a musical accompaniment. It retails the conversations and entertainments carried on by the members of the orchestra of a provincial French opera company during the performance of works they deem beneath their attention. Berlioz as a visitor sits among them, and while half of the orchestra conscientiously saws and blows away, the rebels against mediocrity lay aside their instruments and adorn the evening with epigram and story. Even the conductor is sympathetic with the revolt and cooperates to the extent of reminding the state's hirelings when the performance is over and they may adjourn to a café. Occasionally, however, an opera for which the players have respect is put on, and then the chapter, entitled Gluck's "Iphigenia in Tauris" Is Being Given, is only half a page in length, for the conversation is carried on during entr'actes only.

Had Berlioz not been composer and journalist he might have become a brilliant novelist. The members of his orchestra live for the reader and always speak in character. His narrative ability is demonstrated again and again in the book, the last piece, The Adventures of William Wallace in New Zealand, being a brilliant bit of tropical romancing from which the subsequent schools of South Sea writers might have learned much. But perhaps the most remarkable characteristic of the book is its amazing virtuosity, its almost incredible versatility. Apparently with no effort Berlioz turns from romance to serious and worth-while criticism (carried on, it is true, in a light vein); again to "a necrological tale" about a scoffer at "Freischütz" who subsequently made his debut in that opera as the skeleton; then to anecdotes about Napoleon at a concert, a short biography of Paganini, a pre-Werner story about P. T. Barnum and Jenny Lind. Some of the chapters were dug up from Berlioz's earlier journalistic pieces to be patched into the book; but, as Mr. Newman points out in his introduction, the patching and joining are done with the consummate skill of a man who could also compose symphonies and cause a revolution in the intricacies of orchestration.

The book is full of the musical spirit of Berlioz's own time. One is surprised, for instance, to find that Berlioz still found it necessary in the middle of the nineteenth century to proselyte in France for Beethoven. But a fresh wit prevents the reader from ever feeling that he is reading old stuff. There is, in fact, a striking sameness about the problems of the musicians of that day and this: operatic tenors were already proverbial matinee idols, and there were the wealthy and fashionable musical illiterates, the die-hard conservatives of the opera audiences, the idolized mama's pets forced into premature debuts. "Evenings in the Orchestra" was never intended as a serious contribution to musical criticism, but it does yield good entertainment on almost every page for every one, whether musical or not.

HENRY W. SIMON

Occasional Verse

Come Christmas. By Lesley Frost. Coward-McCann. $2.50.
Poems of Justice. By Thomas Curtis Clark. Chicago: Willett, Clark and Colby. $2.50.

IN "Come Christmas," edited by Lesley Frost, we have an excellent anthology of Christmas poetry. There are carols, nativity plays, prayers, lyrics, and prose commentaries. The editor has included, very wisely, a number of French carols, fewer from the German, several in Latin or in Old English with Latin refrains, and even Huron Indian songs—all in the original languages. There are poems which will delight grown-ups, a whole section of verse for children, a number of little Christmas plays suitable for acting, and some short stories about Christmas. Altogether the collection should be a source-book for a mother bent on teaching her children the naive and intense faith back of the story of the birth of the Christ child.

The anthology has the rather unusual charm of excellent taste in choice of material. The editor's knowledge of folk literature is broad and her judgment of poetry is fine. Beginning with the anonymous medieval songs, she runs through the whole of English poetry (only very occasionally including an American piece) and chooses the best of the quaint, the mystic, the descriptive, the humorous, and the philosophical verses on the Yuletide and on its myths. The pieces are well grouped and well printed, and the result is a charming book even to the attractive cover design by Prentiss Taylor. It is not a mere gathering together of a large number of verses on the subject of Christmas, but a carefully and critically selected anthology.

Most anthologies on the theme of the downtrodden classes, the laboring man, and the dignity of toil are so thoroughly propagandist as to be very bad poetry. "Poems of Justice" is far better than the average collection in its field. On the principle, remarked by Zona Gale who writes the introduction, that all good poets have at some time or other been impelled to comment upon human suffering, Mr. Clark has searched out and included many poems by authentic poets. If he has also included some of the more noisy and less able moderns, he has balanced their shouting against the more intense and quieter poetry of strong feeling. Just why propaganda is so seldom art is a question much too large to go into here. One notes, however, on reading this book, that as long as the age was fairly simple and the problems of the peasant and the poor man were easily examined and understood, the poetry of human poverty and suffering was of a much higher quality than that written today about particular mechanical industries or particular social injustices. Perhaps this is so because the theme of the earlier

poems is actually a more universal theme. There is a dignity and a simplicity in the work of the peasant farmer which may have a corresponding dignity and simplicity in poetic expression; it is far more difficult to write about factory workers, steel workers, coal miners with true poetic intensity. The pastoral background of the peasant worker has long been material for poetry, whereas the background of the industrial worker is strange and unassimilated emotionally. And nothing, neither religion, philosophy, nor mere idea is subject for poetry until it has been assimilated by the race, and woven with emotions. Moreover, the modern propagandists in verse have tended to sentimentality and exaggeration, and both are destructive of good poetry. Burns and Blake speak with a high poetic ardor which is almost never shown by the modern poet (usually a little remote from his theme) writing upon modern economic conditions.

EDA LOU WALTON

A Non-Com.'s Story

God Have Mercy on Us. A Story of 1918. By William T. Scanlon. Houghton Mifflin Company. $2.50.

AS a thorough exposition of how a good non-commissioned officer handled a platoon of infantry in the World War this book is excellent. The author was a war-time corporal and sergeant with the Sixth Regiment of Marines. As such he tells of his tiny portion of the war—tells of it in the vernacular, and as if written out of each moment. The reader now, like the author at the time of the war, never knows where the action is, or what action it is, until after it is all over.

The book is not a novel, nor does it make any pretense of being literary. It is a narrative—a running story, to use newspaper parlance—of one man's experience in the war, and that man, apparently, a very fine non-commissioned officer. It sounds absolutely authentic, is full of bravery, of the excitement of combat, and of the dry humor of the American soldier. The essence of the American Expeditionary Force comes out of its pages. Often, however, the details of combat life of a non-commissioned officer tend to dull the narrative. The non-com. is ever present. Other than to handle his platoon and fight, the author does not permit himself to think. The book seems to lack inspiration. Maybe Mr. Scanlon remembers the old army saying that "a soldier ain't supposed to think."

The book is co-winner, with Mary Lee's "It's a Great War," of the Houghton Mifflin-American Legion Monthly $25,000 war-novel prize contest.

JAMES B. WHARTON

One View of Art

Visions and Chimeras. By Prosser Hall Frye. Marshall Jones Company. $2.50.

SELECTING authors whose ideas give scope to his moral concern—Carlyle, Arnold, Montaigne, Pascal, Ibsen—and viewing America as a land whose "temple" of art is the "movie-house . . . scarcely distinguishable from a sort of establishment it were better not to refer to at all," Professor Frye looks upon a dozen interpreters of life with grave disapprobation. Thus he laments that Sterne "lacked so completely the stern puritanical passion for personal consistency," instead of surveying the masterpiece the inconsistencies help to explain. Men and their ideas interest Professor Frye more than their books as works of art; but he wears blinders of "righteous indignation." He does not recognize, when he says "English art is bound to be more or less hypocritical," that he is describing his own words on the same page about the movie theater. His definition of a sophist as one who "denies in any way the duality of human nature" is a sophistical attempt to pave the way for his attack on Huxley and others who would substitute "blind evolution" for Providence. He devotes several pages to an effort to show that Pater has misunderstood Flaubert, when it is merely that Frye has misunderstood Pater—accepting Pater's use of truth, "the finer accommodation of speech to that vision within," as referring to scientific (and, Professor Frye would have it, moral) truths, when Pater was concerned only with truth or consistency in art.

That we have no way of determining the artist's vision save in his expression, while it prevents us from reaching his mind, hinders us in no wise from comprehending his product: we may accept, of a work of art, the thought that, if it is true to itself, it cannot then be false to any man save to one who makes prior moralistic demands. These infest the thinking of Professor Frye, who regards Western institutions and "advanced" ideas as "the last desperate resources of futility," and who sees in democracy no more than "an attempt to capitalize inferiority," manifested as progressive degradation. To him, art should be lash and sermon, not contemplation or escape.

JOSEPH T. SHIPLEY

Aldous Huxley on Living

Do What You Will: Essays. By Aldous Huxley. Doubleday, Doran and Company. $2.50.

THE time is not so long past when Aldous Huxley was regarded as a bright young writer, contributing to *Vanity Fair* and such journals, who was responsible for certain slightly reprobate books with colorful titles. Anyone who picks up the present volume under the impression that it will provide him with similar light literature will be disappointed. With a mordant pen Mr. Huxley here outlines his philosophy, if the praise of contradiction can be called a philosophy. One psychological fact is as good as another; one human mood as human as another. Man is a creature ("a worm," says Mr. Huxley) who must develop himself to be entirely human, on all his many sides instead of doing violence to his nature in the endeavor to reach a sterile consistency. Down with the intellect from its chilly supremacy, and up with the imagination, the emotions, the passions! Down with those who try to starve human nature; an anathema for such men as Dean Swift who ran away from the facts of human life from cowardly squeamishness! And instead of this? "The perfected man is the complete man, the man in whom all the elements of human nature have been developed to the highest compatible with the making and holding of a psychological harmony within the individual and an external social harmony between the individual and his fellows." Good; but how does Mr. Huxley make that the consequence of the rest of his philosophy? By the principle of contradiction, presumably.

Mr. Huxley has his own squeamishness. He has a mania against machines, Taylorization, "the Bitch goddess Success," against all, in short, that flattens out bright intellectuals who preach the gospel of not being too intellectual. Do you work in a factory? Get out, says Mr. Huxley, and develop your artistic nature in the sunlight or make merry with your sporting nature fishing the streams. You cannot? You are then (for let nobody think that Mr. Huxley's philosophy has nothing to say to the ordinary man) a member of "the slave population." "The cardinal virtues, in the ancient societies, were the virtues of a class of masters" and "the immemorial de-

cencies" are best. "The life-quenching work at machine or desk must be regarded as a necessary evil to be compensated for by the creative labors or amusements of leisure." This is Mr. Huxley's ethics of a leisure class. The truth is that Mr. Huxley, as much as poor, botched Swift, runs away from the less pleasant side of the physical facts of human life; he doesn't mind them when they are bodily unpleasantnesses, but he becomes hysterical over them when they show themselves as the harsh demands of "social harmony." Because he is in flight from his world and because, perhaps, of the physical short-sightedness of which he tells us which prevents him from enjoying all the beauties of the natural world, Mr. Huxley, who comes to us as a gospeler of nature preaching the rights of the physical passions and of physical well-being, comes also as a railer. His writings, although not his style, are disfigured by a morbid sadism, and occasionally by insincerities which are not proof against declaring themselves as arrant nonsense. Nevertheless he is a writer of outstanding distinction, and the only quarrel with him is that he does not go far enough in his campaign against those who lack the manliness to face the facts of human life in our present civilization and who take refuge in a pretty-pretty culturedness. "The humanist's system of morality is a consecration of the actual facts of life as men live it . . . the humanist moves to a realistic morality and a rational legislation." That, at least, is something to consider. GEORGE E. G. CATLIN

Gautama's Influence Today

The Pilgrimage of Buddhism and a Buddhist Pilgrimage. By James Bissett Pratt. The Macmillan Company. $3.

THIS is a book for one's more serious leisure hours. It is not so learned as to be uninteresting, nor yet so superficial as to be unprofitable reading. In his "India and Its Faiths" the author had already shown himself a competent and sympathetic interpreter of Oriental religions. That study prepared him for his present task. Now he narrates in rather intimate and leisurely fashion the story of his personal observations made during extended visits to the principal centers of present-day Buddhism. Five preliminary chapters are devoted to an account of the founder of Buddhism together with an exposition of his ethical and philosophical teachings. Then one is led out upon the long trail of Buddhism's pilgrimage from its original home in India to Ceylon, Burma, Siam, Cambodia, and then on into China and Japan. In conclusion three of the book's thirty-four chapters survey the present status of Buddhism, discuss its unity amid great diversities, and comment upon its prospects for the future in competition with Christianity.

Professor Pratt tells his story less as an entertaining journalist and more as the philosophical observer who analyzes and evaluates the emotions, attitudes, and opinions represented in Buddhism. Above all, he views this religion as an affair of life varying from time to time in accordance with the changing experience of the different peoples by whom it has been perpetuated for some twenty-five hundred years. Yet he believes its founder, Gautama, to have been a very remarkable personality, whose influence survives even to the present day, and who has had, indeed still has, many worthy followers. But it is the movement as a whole, the organic unity of its life and growth through twenty-five centuries, that our author seeks chiefly to portray. Also he aims to understand, as far as this is possible for a sympathetic observer from without, how it feels to be a Buddhist today in those lands where sincere and intelligent persons find in this religion a real satisfaction. Buddhism is believed still to possess great vitality and to be capable of rendering to Eastern peoples a service in which it is not likely soon to be supplanted by Christianity. While it lacks certain of the Christian virtues, it has distinctive qualities that entitle it to survive. "Gentleness of spirit, cultivation of the inner life, the destruction of tyrannous desires, aspiration for spiritual freedom and for the Great Peace, these are things which Buddhism has taught with an emphasis immeasurably greater than official Christianity has dared put upon them since the second century." Each of these two great religions is conceded a right to live, its right depending in the last analysis upon its capacity to serve the moral, spiritual, and intellectual needs of its devotees. This may seem a hard saying to some missionaries in each of these faiths, but the history of all religions seems unmistakably to demonstrate its validity.

SHIRLEY JACKSON CASE

America's "Empire"

The Imperial Dollar. By Hiram Motherwell. Brentano's. $3.50.

SOME nations are born empires, some achieve empire, and some have empire thrust upon them. The United States, according to Mr. Motherwell, finds itself in the third group, with moments in which it joins the second. Its empire is in part political, as is witnessed by the Platt Amendment placing restrictions upon Cuba and by intervention in Haiti, Nicaragua, and elsewhere; but it is mainly financial, as is evidenced by the role it is playing in the Old World. This imperialism proceeds without a comprehensive policy. What is even more of a paradox, it proceeds in the face of cherished traditions—isolation, freedom of the seas, reciprocity. Mr. Motherwell's picture is of a self-centered, naive nation impelled by circumstances to act in contradiction of its idea of itself and, from being a simple homebody always in debt, developing into a globe-trotter with plenty of money to lend. The Almighty Dollar is justifying its nickname.

Motives, methods, and results in this imperialism are mixed. Mr. Motherwell obviously tries to be fair. He is gently ironical over our blundering interference in Central America and enthusiastic over our investments in Europe. Neither half of our imperialism is wholly or mainly malicious; neither half is entirely or chiefly disinterested. But the financial half shows us off to much better advantage than the political. This half we have partly achieved, partly had thrust upon us, since the war. In the account of the change thus brought about in our financial status Mr. Motherwell is particularly interesting and convincing. The fact is familiar enough—the reversal of a debtor into a creditor—but the dimensions of the change grow only more impressive by repetition. Mr. Motherwell is not carried away by the sensational figures in which he deals. He reminds his readers that the explanation of America's sudden predominance in the post-war world is not that America has been abnormal, but that Europe has been subnormal. Even now our annual investments abroad, reckoned in dollars, are only half as large as were those of Great Britain before the war. Moreover, the dollars in which the British investments are reckoned had a purchasing power 50 per cent higher than has the dollar today.

Yet Mr. Motherwell is a bit dazzled as well as thrilled by the new American imperialism. He is not sure of just what it may mean for the world, although he is inclined to regard it as a beneficent force. Poverty he defines as a disease to be fought, and "modern imperialism," he thinks, "is the best weapon yet devised to fight it." The chief interest of his book, however, is less in its comment than in its record of what has happened, especially since the war. In an appendix are some

extremely interesting tables relating to the income, wealth, debts, etc., of various nations. A touch of superficiality is evident here and there, as in the notion that recent phenomena have defied economic law. Economic law is made of sterner stuff than Mr. Motherwell seems to realize. If, for instance, tourists' payments are playing a larger part in international settlements than economists formerly allowed them, they cannot be said on that account to be assisting the United States to "escape from the clutches of economic law." Our financial "empire" was established, whether consciously or not, in strict accordance with economic law and its permanence depends upon the maintenance of that relation.

ROYAL J. DAVIS

Travel Briefs

The Road to Oregon. By W. J. Ghent. Longmans, Green and Company. $5.

The story of the conquest of the American Far West can at last be told. Two generations have grown up since the conquest ended. Those who took part in it are dead or very old. History has taken it for her own. From now on there will come an ever-growing volume of literature concerning it; in formal history, in biography, fiction, and poetry innumerable attempts will be made to recapture and recreate the epic story. "The Road to Oregon" is one volume in this flood. And it is significant that it is the first complete story of the trail. The hero—and the villain—of this book is the trail itself. Like all great trails it was found, not made, by man. Men entered upon it, fought on it, left it, died on it—Indian and fur trader and voyageur; home seeker, religious man, fortune hunter; women and children. But always the trail went on until, like the rivers it followed, it reached the sea. Day by day and year by year it grew wider and smoother under the weight of feet and hoofs and wheels until at last a wagon could roll painfully into Oregon. The names that dot the trail—Chimney Rock, Muddy Creek, Devil's Gate, Court House Rock, Sweetwater, Independence Rock, Poison Spider Creek—are mute witnesses of the hardships of the journey, of the desires and fears that crowded every covered wagon. Mr. Ghent tells a comprehensive story. His book is filled with facts, and although those facts seem not always to be used to the best advantage, they are there for the imagination to play upon. The illustrations—most of them reproductions of the melodramatic and charming prints of the time—are very effective. There is one omission, however, which is too serious to be forgiven: although the course of the trail is given minutely, one looks in vain for a good map on which to trace it.

Down the World's Most Dangerous River. By Clyde Eddy. Frederick A. Stokes Company. $2.50.

A good many persons have tried to run the rapids of the Colorado River, some with success and others disastrously, since the explorations of John W. Powell in 1869, but Clyde Eddy says his expedition in the summer of 1927 was the first to navigate the stream safely at the annual period of high water. He did 800 miles, including 300 bad rapids, from Greenriver, Utah, to the end of the Grand Canyon in six weeks. His party consisted mostly of college boys who justified his belief that what they lacked in experience they would make up for in spirit.

The White Betrayal. By Hellmuth Unger. Translated by Derick Wulf. Brentano's. $2.

From the records of the Greeley expedition to the Arctic Hellmuth Unger has chosen four or five incidents, and by projecting them through his own sense of time and human destiny has recreated the agony and nobility of a futile, inexcusable tragedy. The author has wisely allowed the facts to speak for themselves. No embellishments are needed to set off the natural heroism of that lost group. Individuals glare like blanched silhouettes against the northern night. The meagerest details suggest unimagined horrors. By nothing more than the barest outline, by impressions imaginatively realized, the ruthless struggle between human fortitude and the forces of silence, barrenness, monotony, and starvation is reproduced with epic effect.

Ends of the Earth. By Roy Chapman Andrews. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $4.50.

Mr. Andrews tells how he began his career as a naturalist and explorer, sketching in breezy, humorous fashion incidents on his trips, from his first one out on Long Island after the skeleton of a whale to his recent expedition into central Asia. The most pleasing thing about the book is its portrayal of the author as one man, at least, who has been able to devote his life to exactly the kind of work he wanted to do and is happy over the results. Not only have his dreams come true, but their "realization is greater than the anticipation."

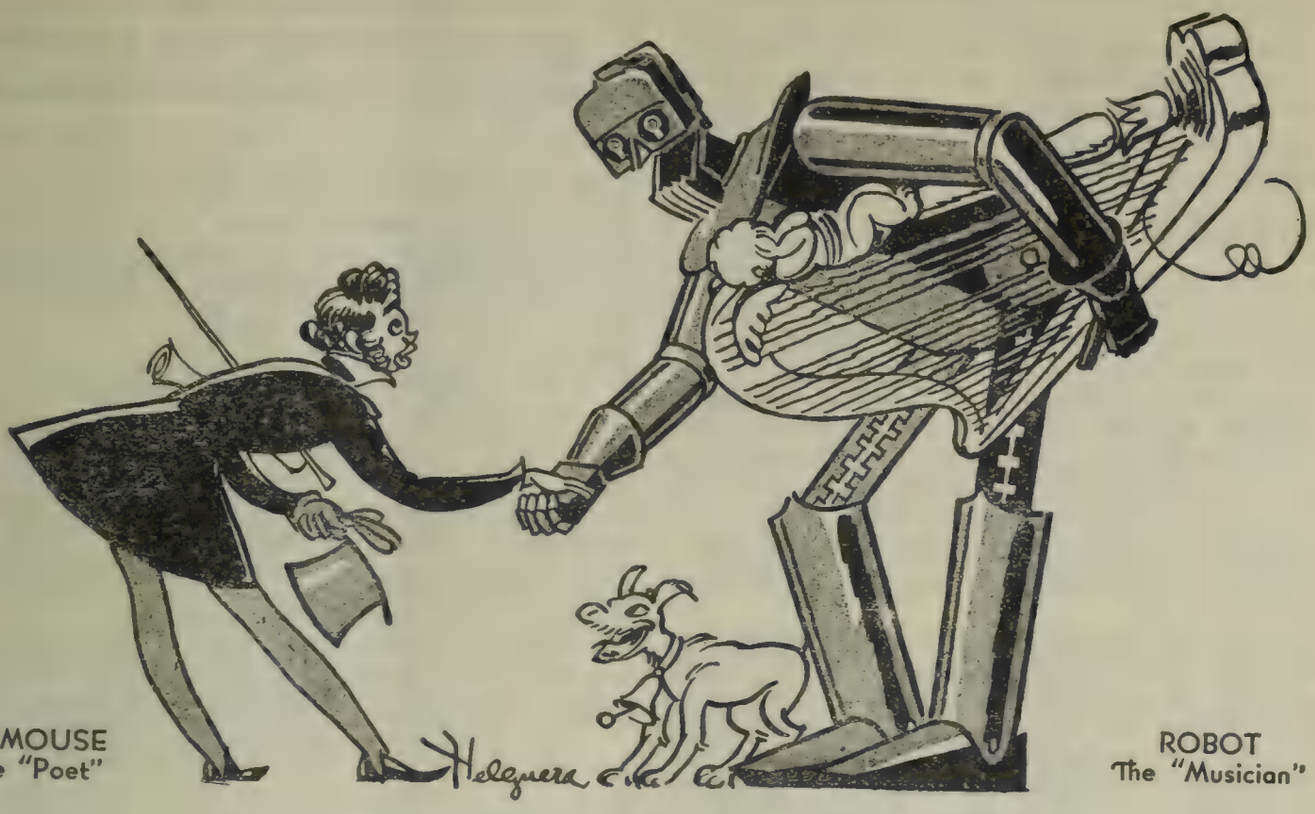
Drama

So This Is Paris!

IF the archly interpolated question "One lump or two?" is the backbone of polite comedy and if the villain's sibilated threat in the direction of some "proud beauty" embodies the essence of melodrama, then the *sine qua non* of musical extravaganza is undoubtedly the comedian's delighted exclamation: "So *this* is Paris!" Without it and the accompanying irruption of merry maidens, the burlesque show would have become extinct at least a generation ago and "Fifty Million Frenchmen," the new revue at the Lyric, would have been as impossible as the latest production at Mr. Minsky's Winter Garden.

To say this is doubtless to admit that the basic plot of the new spectacle is not exactly novel. Indeed the very title itself is only the standard phrase translated into the contemporary idiom, and the merry maidens still make their entrance in the good old fashion. But justice compels one to add without delay that the familiar machinery has been so completely refurbished and brought up to date that the whole seems a good deal more original than a musical entertainment is expected to be. What the authors have done is to substitute the tourist's Paris for the fabulous land more usually represented, and to achieve as a result an amusing satire on the American and his doings in the City of Light. The scene, like the tourist himself, moves restlessly from the office of the American Express Company to Longchamps and Zeli's. There are many topical allusions, not only to Harry's New York bar and similar familiar shrines, but even (and by name) to certain of the more esoteric peep-shows of Montmartre—allusions which the spectator is supposed to greet with a knowing laugh. But when one adds to all this some good music and good dancing in the best contemporary style, one has as diverting a show of the sort as it is possible at the present moment to see.

The humor is, to be sure, of no very squeamish kind, and those who take pleasure in "viewing with alarm" should be able to get a good deal of satisfaction out of comparing the rowdiness of the piece with the decorum which marks the revival of "The Merry Widow" (Jolson Theater). My mem-



"Tittlebat Titmouse is my name
England is my nation,
London is my dwelling place
And Christ is my Salvation."

—WARREN'S "TEN THOUSAND A YEAR."

A JINGLING bit of verse—it rhymes and scans. And bears at least as close a resemblance to the Art of Poetry as Canned Music in theatres bears to the Art of Music.

But with all his $50,000 a year, vulgar little Tittlebat could not impose his Muse upon a long suffering world—nor even upon an innocent girl—as a new form of poetic expression.

Now, if Tittlebat had had billions and a corps of modern exploiters things might have been different. Observe the Vogue of Robot, the "musician!" Stripped of ballyhoo, this Robot is a pale shadow of Real Music but he has powerful support as an economy measure for the theatre—not, mind you, for the theatre patron.

Machinery can do many things well, from a utilitarian standpoint, but music lovers deplore its attempted invasion of the field of music, where only the hands and hearts of gifted humans can give true aesthetic pleasure.

In presenting this advertisement, the American Federation of Musicians is seeking to make articulate an existing demand for MORE REAL MUSIC IN THE THEATRE.

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THE AMERICAN FEDERATION OF MUSICIANS

(Comprising 140,000 professional musicians in the United States and Canada.)

JOSEPH N. WEBER, President, 1440 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

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ory does not go back (as the memory of every dramatic critic really should) to the days of "The Black Crook," but even I can recall how naughty the Lehar operetta was once supposed to be, and even I can perceive how the moralist who used to fear its unwholesome atmosphere might now very appropriately regret the good old days when the youth of the land was still innocent enough to be corrupted by a waltz and when a young man who boasted:

> With all the girls I chatter,
> I laugh and kiss and flatter

was the very last word in reckless gaiety. Who does not remember the servant Nish and his remark, while running over the list of his master's girl friends, that he was "adding up figures"? Who does not remember how the ladies blushed at this daring *double entendre?* But it can hardly seem very shocking to those accustomed to jokes like the ones in "Fifty Million Frenchmen" where, for example, a young man who is asked how he met a certain not very prepossessing lady replies: "To tell the truth, I never did exactly meet her. I just sobered up—and there she was."

Time makes all things quaint, and even naughtiness is not exempt from the general process. "The Merry Widow," which once seemed so "Continental" and so wicked, is now only charmingly romantic, and to the moralist I suggest that the fact may well be considered reassuring. Doubtless the time will come when even "Fifty Million Frenchmen" will appear sweetly old-fashioned, and it will seem no more surprising that civilization survived despite its frank allusions to the manners of nineteen-twenty-nine than it does today to realize that not even ten million renditions of "The Merry Widow" waltz in ten million innocent American homes sent all who danced by it to the bow-wows.

The good old rule about singing the things which are too silly to be said still holds, and the tone of the lyrics in any musical comedy is really determined by the tone of the music to which they are set. To tunes in the Viennese style one naturally puts words about moonlight and love; to those in the idiom of jazz one naturally joins rhymes in the mood of the one sung by the epileptic soubrette in the revue at the Lyric:

> I'd like to be the personal slave
> Of a great big man right out of a cave.

Certainly there is no maidenly reserve evident in the form of the expression; but the sentiment is, I believe, quite traditional.

"Mendel Inc." (Harris Theater) is a primitive farce about East Side plumbers, smart young Jewish salesmen, and energetic marriage brokers. It is intended for that very special audience which finds even the usual Broadway drama over its head, and it may quite possibly last about one-fifth as long as "Abie's Irish Rose"—which means, of course, some three hundred and sixty-five nights.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

The revival of De Koven's "Robin Hood" (Jolson Theater), with its sometimes threadbare tunes, was a reminder of the kind of cheap horseplay in light opera over which the gay nineties enthused. It was given with acceptable voices and much life and snap. The veteran William Danforth extracted all the humor possible out of the role of the Sheriff of Nottingham.

P. M.

Jack Donahue is a fine comedian who has some really funny things to say and do. Lily Damita is an exceedingly beautiful young lady. Neither Mr. Donahue nor Miss Damita can sing, but their deficiency in that respect is made up by the supporting cast and chorus. "Sons O' Guns" (Imperial Theater) is a lively, lavish musical comedy—not very original perhaps, but refreshing nevertheless.

M. G.

WITHIN THE FORTNIGHT

PLAYS TO SEE

A Wonderful Night—Majestic—W. 44th St.
Berkeley Square—Lyceum—E. 45th St.
Bitter Sweet—Ziegfeld—54th St. & 6th Ave.
Candlelight—Empire—B'dway & 40th St.
Criminal Code—National—W. 41st St.
Fifty Million Frenchmen—Lyric—W. 42nd St.
It's a Wise Child—Belasco—W. 44th St.
June Moon—Broadhurst—W. 44th St.
Marionette Theatre—Garrick, W. 35th St.—Sat. mornings
Rope's End—Elliott—39th near 6th Ave.
Sherlock Holmes—New Amsterdam—W. 42nd St. Op. Nov. 25th.
Strictly Dishonorable—Avon—W. 45th St.
Sweet Adeline—Hammerstein—Broadway & 53rd St.
The Little Show—Music Box—W. 45th St.
The Game of Love and Death—Guild Theatre—W. 52nd St.
The Silver Swan—Martin Beck—W. 45th St. Op. Nov. 27th.
Yiddish Art Theatre—Jew Suss—Broadway & 28th St.

First Nights

Diana—Longacre—220 W. 48th St.
The Novice and the Duke—Assembly—W. 39th St.
Family Affairs—Maxine Elliott—39th near 6th Ave.

FILMS

Disraeli—Central Theatre—Broadway and 47th St.
General Crack—Warner Bros.—Broadway & 52nd St.
Hunting Tigers in India—George Cohan—Broadway and 43rd St.
Meistersinger—55th St. Playhouse—154 W. 55th St.
News Reel Theatre—Embassy—Broadway and 46th St.
Nosferatu the Vampire—Film Guild—52 W. 8th St.

CONCERTS

Dorothy Gordon's "Young People's Concert Hours"—Town Hall, 113 West 43rd St.—Sat. Aft., Dec. 28th.

Fisk Jubilee Singers—John Golden—58th St. & 7th Ave., Sun. Eve., Dec. 15th.

Jose Iturbi—Carnegie Hall—Mon. Eve., Dec. 16th. Spanish Pianist.

League of Composers—Town Hall—Wed. Eve., Dec. 18th.

Lerner Quartet—Carnegie Hall—Fri. Eve., Dec. 20th. Last Performance.

Philharmonic Symphony—Thurs. Eve., Dec. 19, 26; Fri. Aft., Dec. 20, 27; Sun. Aft., Dec. 22, 29. Carnegie Hall.

Philharmonic Symphony, Junior Orchestral Concert—Sat. Morn., Dec. 28th, Carnegie Hall.

Russian Symphonic Choir—Steinway Hall—Wed Eve., Dec. 18th—Barbizon Recital Series.

BENEFITS

Broken Dishes—Benefit for Relief Society for Socialist Prisoners and Exiles in Soviet Russia—Ritz—48th St., W. of B'dway, Mon. Eve., Dec. 23rd.

DEBATE

"Is Modern Marriage a Failure"—Bertrand Russell and John Cowper Powys—Mecca Temple—Fri. Eve., Dec. 13th.

□ FILMS □ PLAYS □ LECTURES □

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DOUBLE-FEATURE PROGRAM

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"NOSFERATU the VAMPIRE"

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■ powerful psychopathic drama of blood-lust
■ thrilling mystery-masterpiece
■ symphony in sadism

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DR. LEONARD BLUMGART
will lecture on
"PSYCHOANALYSIS:
What It Is and What It Is Not"
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Saturday evening, Dec. 21st, at 8:15 P. M.
under the auspices of
American Women's Ort. Admission free

The Affirmative in a Famous Debate

Two New Yorkers, Messrs. Thurber and White, having replied to the challenge of *Sex in Civilization* in their book: *"Is Sex Necessary,"* the following

PUBLIC ANNOUNCEMENT

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SEX IS NECESSARY!

America's two distinguished sexologists will present the affirmative of this most famous of all debates. MR. V. F. CALVERTON and DR. S. D. SCHMALHAUSEN, the editors of *Sex in Civilization*, will deliver a joint lecture on the subject: "Sex Is Necessary!"

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Tickets seventy-five cents at the door

THAT THEATER PARTY!

WATCH THESE PAGES
for
"The Holiday Interlude"
in
The Next Two Issues

India and Dominion Status

IT will be recalled that in December of last year the All-India National Congress, assembled at Calcutta, passed a resolution declaring that if Dominion status were not granted by December 31, 1929, a campaign of non-cooperation and civil disobedience against Great Britain would be inaugurated and that the Indian Nationalist movement would thereafter direct its efforts toward attainment, not of Dominion status, but of complete independence. On October 31 of this year, after ten months which were marked in India by increasingly numerous and violent industrial and political disputes Lord Irwin, Viceroy of India, issued an important statement concerning the future status of India. We reprint it here together with a manifesto issued in reply to it by a conference of Indian leaders at Delhi. These two statements are particularly interesting in view of the coming session of the All-India Congress, which meets late in December. At this meeting Indian leaders must decide whether they will accept the Viceroy's statement as fulfilment of the condition laid down in their ultimatum. The Viceroy said in part:

These are critical days, when matters by which men are deeply touched are in issue and when, therefore, it is inevitable that political feeling should run high, and that misunderstandings . . . should obtain firm foothold in men's minds. I have, nevertheless, not faltered in my belief that behind all the disquieting tendencies of the time there lay the great mass of Indian opinion, overflowing all divisions of race, religion, or political thought, fundamentally loyal to the King-Emperor, and, whether consciously or not, only wanting to understand and to be understood. On the other side I have never felt any doubt that opinion in Great Britain, puzzled as it might be by events in India, or only perhaps partially informed as to their true significance, was unshaken in its determination that Great Britain should redeem to the full the pledges she has given for India's future. . . .

It is not profitable on either side to discuss to what extent, or with what justification, the appointment of a Parliamentary Commission two years ago has affected the general trend of Indian thought and action.

Sir John Simon's commission, assisted as it has been by the Indian Central Committee, is now at work on its report, and until that report is laid before Parliament it is impossible, and even if it were possible it would in the view of His Majesty's Government clearly be improper, to forecast the nature of any constitutional changes that may subsequently be proposed. . . . But what must constantly engage our attention and is a matter of deep concern to His Majesty's Government, is the discovery of means by which, when the commission has reported, the broad question of British-Indian constitutional advance may be approached in cooperation with all those who can speak authoritatively for opinion in British India. . . .

Lord Irwin then refers to the recent correspondence between the head of the Simon commission and the Prime Minister in which Sir John Simon suggests and Mr. MacDonald agrees to a conference in which the Government would meet representatives of both British India and the Indian states "for the purpose of seeking the greatest possible measure of agreement for the final proposals which it would later be the duty of His Majesty's Government to submit to the Parliament." The Viceroy's statement proceeds to outline the goal of English policy in India:

The goal of British policy was stated in the declaration of August, 1917, to be that of providing for "the gradual development of self-governing institutions, with a view to the progressive realization of responsible government in India as an integral part of the British Empire." As I recently pointed out, my own Instrument of Instructions from the King-Emperor expressly states that it is His Majesty's will and pleasure that the plans laid by Parliament in 1919 should be the means by which British India may attain its due place among His Dominions. Ministers of the Crown, moreover, have more than once publicly declared that it is the desire of the British Government that India should, in the fulness of time, take her place in the Empire in equal partnership with the Dominions. But in view of the doubts which have been expressed both in Great Britain and India regarding the interpretation to be placed on the intentions of the British Government in enacting the Statute of 1919, I am authorized on behalf of His Majesty's Government to state clearly that in their judgment it is implicit in the declaration of 1917 that the natural issue of India's constitutional progress, as there contemplated, is the attainment of Dominion status.

In the full realization of this policy, it is evidently important that the Indian states should be afforded an opportunity of finding their place, and, even if we cannot at present exactly foresee on what lines this development may be shaped, it is from every point of view desirable that whatever can be done should be done to insure that action taken now is not inconsistent with the attainment of the ultimate purpose which those, whether in British India or the states, who look forward to some unity of All India, have in view.

His Majesty's Government consider that both these objects —namely, that of finding the best approach to the British Indian side of the problem, and, secondly, of insuring that in this process the wider question of closer relations in the future between the two parts of Greater India is not overlooked—can best be achieved by the adoption of procedure such as the commission has outlined. When, therefore, the commission and the Indian Central Committee have submitted their reports and these have been published, and when his Majesty's Government have been able, in consultation with the Government of India, to consider these matters in the light of all the material then available, they will propose to invite representatives of different parties and interests in British India and representatives of the Indian states to meet them, separately or together as circumstances may demand, for the purpose of conference and discussion in regard both to the British-Indian and the All-Indian problems.

It is not necessary for me to say how greatly I trust that the action of His Majesty's Government may evoke response from and enlist the concurrence of all sections of opinion in India, and I believe that all who wish India well, wherever and whoever they are, desire to break through the webs of mistrust that have lately clogged the relations between India and Great Britain. . . .

The "Delhi Manifesto" replying to Lord Irwin's statement and the proposal of a conference was signed by prominent Indian Nationalists representing almost every shade of Indian opinion and including Mahatma Gandhi, Motilal Nehru, who presided last December at the All-India Con-

gress, his son Jawaharlal Nehru, who will preside at the coming session of the congress, Mrs. Annie Besant, Mrs. Sarojini Naidu, Dr. Ansari Muhammad Ali, and Srinivasa Sastri. It reads as follows:

We have read with careful consideration the Viceregal pronouncement on the question of India's future status among the nations of the world. We appreciate the sincerity underlying the declaration, as also the desire of the British Government to placate Indian opinion. We hope to be able to tender our cooperation with His Majesty's Government in their effort to evolve a scheme for a Dominion constitution suitable to India's needs, but deem it necessary that certain acts should be done, and certain points cleared up, so as to inspire trust and insure the cooperation of the principal political organizations of the country.

We consider it vital for the success of the proposed conference that, first, a policy of general conciliation should be definitely adopted to induce a calmer atmosphere; secondly, that political prisoners should be granted a general amnesty; and, thirdly, that the representation of the progressive political organizations should be effectively secured, and that the National Congress, as the largest among them, should have predominant representation.

Some doubt has been expressed about the interpretation of the paragraph in the statement made by the Viceroy on behalf of His Majesty's Government regarding Dominion status. We understand, however, that the conference is to meet, not to discuss when Dominion status shall be established, but to frame a scheme of Dominion constitution for India. We hope that we are not mistaken in thus interpreting the import and the implications of this weighty pronouncement of the Viceroy. Until the new constitution comes into existence we think it necessary that a more liberal spirit should be infused in the government of the country, that the relations of the executive and the legislature should be brought more in harmony with the object of the proposed conference, and that greater regard should be paid to constitutional methods and practices. We hold it to be absolutely essential that the public should be made to feel that a new era has come even from today, and that the new constitution is to be but the register of the fact. Lastly, we deem it an essential factor for the success of the conference that it be convened as expeditiously as possible.

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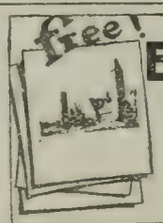
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A BRITISH WHITE PAPER issued by the MacDonald Government has deeply stirred the waters of international policy by declaring that "as between members of the League there can be no neutral rights because there can be no neutrals." This occurs in defense of the situation created by the World Court, the Kellogg Pact, the League of Nations, and the English signature of the optional clause of the World Court statute under which a British action at sea can be brought before the World Court by another member of the League. Since then this has been stretched in the press to cover all nations. To us the assertion that there will be no neutrals in the next war seems the dangerous product of shallow reasoning, assuming, of course, the possibility of war under the Kellogg Pact. In the first place the United States, Russia, and other nations are not members of the League. In the second there must be *unanimous* agreement within the League Council as to which of two belligerent nations is the aggressor—something very difficult to obtain. In the third place if there are to be no neutrals then every nation will be at war. In 1924 Mr. MacDonald himself insisted, in discussing the draft of the Geneva Protocol containing a clause similar to the optional one, that British belligerent rights should be reserved from that jurisdiction. It is, of course, allowable for any statesman to have a change of heart, but it should surely be based on something better than the conception of no neutrals in the next war. Senator Borah also declines to accept this new British viewpoint, declaring that "if the Kellogg Pact means that henceforth there shall be no neutrals, it necessarily follows that we and all the other signatories become belligerents. Under these circumstances the pact is misnamed. It is not a peace pact; it is a war pact."

SO JOSEPH GRUNDY, glorying in his dubious fame as a super-lobbyist, has really been appointed to the Senate and admitted to his seat. Other distinguished lobbyists and influencers of legislators, such as Chauncey M. Depew and Mark Hanna, have also been members of the Senate, but no other lobbyist has stepped so directly from his lobbying activities into the Senate or has so boldly defied both the Senators who examined into his activities and decent public opinion. For the present he has "got away with it," although what the future will bring forth may be something different. Certainly the Grundy appointment has widened the gap between the several party factions in Pennsylvania and has opened up the prospect of a sharp fight for the permanent seat in the Senate which may give an opportunity to the Democrats if they can induce ex-Secretary William B. Wilson to run again. However, if the State of Pennsylvania, imitating Utah and other American commonwealths, is determined to be represented in the Senate by one who is personally and pecuniarily interested in high tariffs, there is, of course, no possibility of successful objection. As for the Senate, it was perfectly correct in seating Mr. Grundy. But it has our sympathy none the less, especially for the appointment of Patrick J. Sullivan of Wyoming for party reasons.

AS THE TARIFF FIGHT is resumed, the significance of a two-page advertisement in the New York *Times* of December 16 ought not to be overlooked. Signed by the Minneapolis *Tribune*, "consistently a Republican newspaper since 1867," and more than seventy-five farm organizations claiming a membership of more than two millions, it urges that "parity for agriculture means billions for industry." The economics of this appeal, while no worse than most protectionist argument, is unspeakably bad; but we reserve that for future comment. We wish here simply to point out the strength and the weakness of the agricultural revolt in the Republican household. The embattled farmers realize well enough that they have been fleeced by the tariff, so they insist upon "parity"; but they do not realize that farm prices, except in special instances, cannot be juggled upward, and that therefore their only hope lies in getting industrial prices down. So they continue trying to get their share by raising duties—for the most part wholly ineffective—on farm products. Under these circumstances why not give them their toy and let everybody go home happy? As politics rather than economics is the prime consideration in tariff making, we commend this suggestion to Congress.

HERBERT C. LAKIN, President of the Cuba Company, is the latest conspicuous example of what may happen to a man of high standing when he becomes deeply

involved with big business. A lawyer of excellent renown in New York, Mr. Lakin dropped the law to guide the investments, aggregating $175,000,000, of his company in Cuba. Gradually, under the pressure of the United States tariff and a world-wide overproduction of sugar, Mr. Lakin found his company facing bankruptcy. In a desperate but vain effort to head off that fate, Mr. Lakin created a propaganda bureau in Washington which spent about $90,000, and retained President Hoover's personal attorney, Edward P. Shattuck, at a cost of $75,000, because of his ability to get to the President "two or three times a week." He also utilized, among numerous others, Major General Enoch H. Crowder, so long the chief American representative and counsellor in Cuba. Not content with that, Mr. Lakin was in close contact with President Machado of Cuba and other Cuban officials to whom he suggested that it would be profitable to Cuba for them to excite the other Latin-American countries to protest against the proposed new sugar tariff—although this constitutes, according to Senator Walsh of Montana, a criminal offense under the Logan Act. Mr. Lakin confessed on the witness stand that he was thoroughly "ashamed" of this particular act. He ought to be ashamed of the whole record, for it was both stupid and futile, unworthy of him as an attorney and discreditable to his intelligence as an executive. He had an excellent case and would have served both Cuba and the United States had he succeeded in legitimately defeating the proposed sugar tariff.

SALVATORE ACCORSI, whose story was told in *The Nation* of December 18, has been acquitted in Pittsburgh of the murder of John J. Downey, State trooper, who was shot on August 22, 1927. Downey was one of the mounted police who burst into the orchard of a privately owned farm near Cheswick, Pennsylvania, and broke up a meeting of workmen who were protesting against the impending execution of Sacco and Vanzetti. Though the case against him was weak to begin with, Accorsi is free mainly because he was able to prove that he has never worn a mustache, the State's star witnesses having testified that the man who shot Downey wore a mustache. Great decisions may hang on small circumstances—it was a cap that helped to send Sacco to the chair. We can understand the joy of Accorsi as he exclaimed to the jury which freed him: "I wanta shake your hands, I am so happy. I love everybody." This acquittal should be a check upon the general lawlessness and arrogance of the Pennsylvania State Constabulary.

BAITING COMMUNISTS continues to be a favorite pastime with our patriotic courts and lighthearted police. The New York *World* reports prison sentences of from five to ten years imposed by Judge W. W. Cowen at St. Clairsville, Ohio, upon Tom Johnson and Charles Guynn, and of an indefinite term in the State Reformatory for Women upon Lil Andrews, all for violation of the criminal syndicalism act of the State. Johnson and Guynn, it appears, tried to deliver addresses at a Communist meeting at Martin's Ferry on August 24 and Miss Andrews passed pamphlets to persons in the crowd. It is said that the cases will be appealed to the State Supreme Court to test the constitutionality of the statute. Meantime the danger to the State from an embattled force of two men and one woman has been temporarily averted, and it will be safe for the inhabitants of Martin's Ferry to go about unarmed. At New York, on December 14, three mounted policemen broke up a meeting staged by several hundred Communists in front of the City Hall, after which some forty other policemen, "many of whom," according to the New York *Times,* "regarded their task as a lark," rushed in and clubbed the usual tally of heads. If the authorities of Ohio or New York had either sense or sand they would take a hint from President Hoover, who not only refused to become panic-stricken when a bunch of Communists from Washington and other places assembled in front of the White House on the same December 14, but actually asked the police to overlook the "discourtesy" and send the out-of-towners home to papa and mama. Like the New Yorkers, the group at the White House were quite within their constitutional rights, but in spite of this obvious fact, Mr. Hoover acted like a man that isn't afeard.

WE ARE GLAD that Secretary Adams has called on General Smedley D. Butler for an official report of his Pittsburgh speech of December 5, reported by Sinclair Lewis in our issue of December 18. According to uncontradicted reports of this speech, General Butler, it will be recalled, not only told how the marines elected "our men" in Nicaragua by the simple process of declaring the opposition candidates bandits, but committed various other indiscretions. Officials of the State Department, according to the New York *Times,* have informally characterized this alleged statement as "loose talk." It was certainly far too loose for the reputation of the marines and the American government responsible for their action. It is important for the public to know exactly what General Butler did say; it is far more important for them to look understandingly at his picture of devil-dog rule, apparently not intended for public viewing. It is a little hard to see how the Navy Department can apply whitewash to the colorful picture.

IT WAS A WISE INSPIRATION that led President Hoover to divert the extra marines for whom General Russell, in a panic, had cabled and send them to Guantanamo instead of Haiti. They were never needed; indeed, the sight of more devil-dogs marching ashore with the Stars and Stripes flying and the band playing could only have created more ill-will and unrest in Haiti. Now if President Hoover appoints a first-rate commission, led by a man of the Morrow type, and if it will act promptly, the end of Haiti's long Calvary may be in sight. Leaders in various Haitian patriotic organizations, including men of many parties, have petitioned Mr. Hoover to hold an American-supervised election in the spring of 1930. But the American public should not be permitted to forget that the reason Haitians ask the marines to supervise their election is that the marines dissolved their last parliament thirteen years ago, and that Brigadier General Russell, our High Commissioner, has sustained in the Presidency for seven years a petty dictator whom no Haitian trusts. The American people have had little opportunity to understand what is going on in Haiti. Cable tolls are high. Until recently the United Press was served by the chief of police of Port au Prince and the Associated Press by Colonel Frank E. Evans, U. S. M. C., commandant of the Garde d'Haiti! Since the recent disturbances both agencies have sent other correspondents to the island republic.

INDEPENDENCE FOR THE PHILIPPINES is being debated in one or the other of our houses of Congress almost every day. The proponents of the King resolution, offering independence to the islands, declare the chance of its passage in the Senate has never been so good; in the House, the prospects are less rosy, but even there cheers greeted the passionate plea for freedom of Camilo Osias, Philippine commissioner. To the question of Representative Knutson of Minnesota as to whether or not the islands would be able to maintain themselves economically with American support withdrawn and with American tariff duties against them, Mr. Osias made the charmingly frank reply: "Surely we can, for independence would give us a chance to levy tariff duties ourselves." On the tariff, therefore, the fate of the islands now largely depends, with the high sugar-tariff lobbyists working for independence! Self-determination for small nations, the necessity for keeping promises long made and never fulfilled, the right of a weaker country to be free from the protection of a stronger—all these have gone by the board, and the matter has been complicated by the question: Shall we free the Philippines from our "protection" in order to gain more substantial protection for our sugar and other industries by the tariff we shall then be able to levy on Philippine products? But if independence is granted the end will be good no matter how bad the reasons for it.

PRECISELY WHAT PLEDGES Great Britain made to the Arabs just before she promised Syria to France and a "national home" in Palestine to the Jews has never been made clear. Fragments of the correspondence between Sir Henry MacMahon and the Sherif of Mecca, who later became King of the Hedjaz, have been published, and have been used by the Arabs to justify their resentment against the famous Balfour Declaration and against the subsequent activities of the Zionists. The Grand Mufti of Jerusalem, who, while denying complicity in the recent Arab disturbances, has certainly not used his influence to promote Arab-Jew good feeling, has brought up these promises before the British commission now holding an inquiry in Jerusalem. Apparently he cited a hitherto unpublished letter from Lord Balfour confirming pledges made in Britain's behalf by Colonel Lawrence. But what pledges did Lawrence make? We do not know; we know only that he was profoundly grieved by the subsequent attitude of his government. It would be a courageous act on the part of the MacDonald Government, which certainly bears no share of responsibility for the duplicities of war-time, if it would open the archives and publish full reports of all the negotiations, written or oral, between British and Arabs in the war years.

MINORITY RIGHTS and reparation obligations have brought political relations between Hungary and the Little Entente to an acute stage, and the Young plan conference at The Hague is likely to have a serious controversy on its hands when it meets again in January. Count Bethlen, the Hungarian premier, has announced that Hungary will not let itself be squeezed for additional reparations after the present agreement expires in 1943 unless the rights of the Hungarian optants under the Treaty of Trianon are preserved; to which the Rumanian Foreign Minister, George Mironescu, retorts that the Rumanian demands for further reparations will not be surrendered because, if they were, Hungary would use the money for armaments. Only if Hungary gives way can there be a peace "wherein there would be no difference between the conqueror and the conquered." M. Mironescu launched his ultimatum after talking with Dr. Benes, the wily Foreign Minister of Czecho-Slovakia, which led the Vienna correspondent of the New York *Times* to remark: "How Czecho-Slovakia can be considered a conqueror M. Mironescu did not explain." The plain fact of the matter is that the Little Entente, and particularly Czecho-Slovakia, have treated the minorities treaties very much like scraps of paper.

WILL H. HAYS and former Governor Milliken of Maine have been removed from the board of directors of the Church and Drama Association, an offshoot of the Federal Council of Churches. The reason given is a polite one, that the association had "deemed it wise not to have representatives of the motion-picture industry on the board." But however this may be, the whole difficulty probably has a not too obscure connection with the campaign against Mr. Hays and Mr. Milliken which is still being waged by the *Churchman*. The latter journal has called both gentlemen hypocrites and has particularly stigmatized Mr. Hays, who, under the guise of godliness, piety, and a desire to preserve the high moral tone of the motion picture, has permitted, for good business reasons, the type of high-powered and sensational movie that is rolling up money for the motion picture producers. Mr. Hays has permitted banality, ineptitude, vulgarity, the cheapest sort of sensationalism in motion pictures "passed by the censor." It would seem, from the box-office receipts, as if none of these characteristics made a picture unpopular with the American public. Rather the contrary, indeed. The American public, therefore, knows what it wants. Mr. Hays is filling that want—a mere matter of business. In so far as he does so and remains within the law, one can respect him; but the *Churchman* is quite right in objecting to any attempt to gloze over this cheapness and vulgarity by an appeal to or connection with the church.

A CERTAIN VIENNESE PHYSICIAN—we apologize for having lost the newspaper clipping which contained his name!—has discovered where sleep comes from. A certain portion of the brain, he declares, receives momently the poisons thrown off by our bodily activities while we are awake. When the brain cells in that particular area become saturated, they induce, in order to reestablish the body's health, the state of unconsciousness known as sleep. This is extremely interesting, but we should like the learned doctor to go a step further. Having decided where sleep comes from, would he mind telling us where it goes to? There are nights when it would seem that the poisons of effort and activity had accumulated to the proper point—and still we do not sleep. We count sheep jumping over a fence, we say nonsense rhymes, we try resolutely to think of nothing at all, we resolve not to be kept awake by trucks thundering under our windows or the shouts of jolly neighbors or the desperate caterwaulings of stray felines. All to no avail. Obstinately we stay awake. This difficulty may, of course, be due to a bad conscience, in which case there is nothing to do but to lead a better life. But if that is not the source of the trouble, it may well be that a little scientific investigation will provide a simple and effective cure.

PUBLIC LIB

Monopoly in the Air

THE testimony of Owen D. Young on domestic and international communication facilities before the Senate Committee on Interstate Commerce has just been front-page news, and deserved to be. Mr. Young's words count in business and political circles on both sides of the Atlantic, indeed in all quarters where knowledge, intelligence, honesty, and public spirit matter. The chairman of the Radio Corporation of America came out boldly for monopoly of our air communications, both domestic and foreign, in the hands of a private company under government control, urging the consolidation of the communications division of the Radio Corporation of America, the International Telephone and Telegraph Company, and the cable lines of the Western Union, and advocating the merger of the domestic services of the Western Union and the Postal Telegraph Company on the ground that it would improve service and stimulate research. On the last point he voiced the highly heterodox view that research activities, which are expensive and speculative, would develop faster under monopoly than under competition. More surprising yet, while opposing government operation as contrary to American policy—that blessed defense of whatever happens to be—he would be willing to go even that far if necessary to insure the unification of internal communication facilities. If there be any hesitation in creating a monopoly of external communications in the hands of a private company, he said, "then I beg of you in the national interest to unify them under government ownership so that America may not be left, in the external communication field, subject to the dictation and control of foreign companies and governments." The national rivalry thus hinted by Mr. Young was brought out even more clearly by General Harbord: "At the present moment there is a race among the nations as to which can plant its flag first upon these radio channels by actual appropriation and use." All nationalistic questions aside, Mr. Young's doctrine comes surprisingly from the lips of one of the nation's foremost business men. In communications, he declares, competition is ruinously wasteful and hinders technical progress; if we cannot get unification without public operation, let us have it, even though private operation would be better.

Concerning competition in this large field, Mr. Young talks sense. At its best it is costly; at its worst, intolerable. Mr. Young rightly wants planning and economy, not wasteful duplication, in communication facilities. Hence his sound plea for unification. But that means monopoly, and we are driven either to private monopoly under government regulation, or, if that fails, then inevitably to public operation. Such, insists Mr. Young, is our sole choice, and again we agree. Which, then, shall it be, a glorified Radio-International Telephone-Western Union monopoly company under a Federal Communications Commission, or a United States Communications Service like the United States Post Office? Departing somewhat, as it seems to us, from the realism that marks his discussion up to this point, and relying more largely on conventional argument, Mr. Young declares for private ownership and operation because of its superior efficiency, but insists that it must be accompanied by effective public regulation. Let us examine the argument.

If private operation means efficiency, why is public regulation necessary? Plainly because under private monopoly the gains of efficiency are likely to go to the owners and not to the public, as we have seen again and again. Notwithstanding all protestations of "service," the companies often gather in millions by exploiting the public instead of serving it. They have consequently a huge financial stake in defeating effective regulation. During the past half century, since we first began trying to regulate the railroads, at every step and with a large measure of success the private companies have fought effective regulation. They are fighting it today with all their enormous financial and legal resources. Surely Mr. Young is not unfamiliar with the record of the power companies during the years just past; surely he does not imagine that they will consent to any legislation that seriously lessens their control over their customers. Pit a great private company with a huge direct financial stake against consumers most of whom have only small sums at issue, and nine times out of ten the company, in one way or another, wins. Mr. Young's plea for private monopoly plus effective regulation, however honestly intended, is in fact, we believe, a plea for private monopoly plus ineffective regulation. That, we submit, is intolerable, and we do not believe that the American people will tolerate it indefinitely.

They may tolerate it for a good while, however, because they will cling to the hope that Mr. Young and men like him hold out to them and because they are fearful of trusting serious economic tasks to their government. That distrust has abundant historical basis, but the record of private industry is not spotless, nor is that of government enterprise wholly bad. Even our much-berated federal government has not made a bad job of the Panama Canal, the Mississippi Barge Canal, or the Alaska Railroad, to choose only three instances. Many of the criticisms urged against government industry lie almost equally against large-scale private business, particularly of a monopoly character. The faults are largely the faults of bigness as such. Public business, by and large, is far more honest than private, and its record for efficiency is much less unfavorable than its critics make out. Government in the past has been largely an agency of repression and order, but today, even in capitalistic states, governments take on increasing economic responsibilities and in so doing change their character and function. We shall probably take Mr. Young's advice, but we shall not learn the full lesson of his testimony until we have learned to perform these great economic tasks through our own agencies instead of turning them over to private individuals to carry on for their own profit. Private monopoly and public advantage, we believe, are fundamentally incompatible, no matter what regulating machinery we devise. In fields where unification is economically desirable, such as Mr. Young points out, we may accomplish some results in trying to reconcile private and public interests by regulation, but we shall reach in the end no solution short of actual government ownership.

The Newsprint Scare

THE outburst of alarm on the part of members of the American Newspaper Publishers Association over a proposed increase of $5 per ton in the price of Canadian newsprint appears to have been attended first by heat and then by light. For some weeks it had been rumored that the mills included in the Newsprint Institute of Canada intended to raise the price of newsprint from $55 to $60 per ton. The American publishers, frightened at the prospect of paying some $20,000,000 more a year for Canadian paper than they are now paying, and recalling, perhaps, that the International Paper Company, which is not a member of the Newsprint Institute, has a five-year contract with the Hearst interests at $55, hurriedly got together at New York and listened to some sharp criticism of the provincial governments of Quebec and Ontario for their alleged attempt to fix prices and squeeze the American newspaper publishers. There were intimations that Premier Taschereau of Quebec and Premier Ferguson of Ontario had an eye to the politics of the situation, and somebody, of course, suggested that the Attorney General at Washington ought to be asked to do something.

The newsprint industry is not exactly an infant, but it has had to meet competition, and the principal competition has come from Canada. Where the United States produced about 95 per cent of the domestic consumption of newsprint a few years ago, it is now producing only about 50 per cent. The American production, which in 1913 aggregated 1,305,000 short tons, reached its peak in 1926 with 1,678,000 tons, declining from that figure to 1,415,000 in 1928. On the other hand Canada, which produced only 350,000 tons in 1913, has increased its output every year since, until in 1928 it turned out 2,381,000 tons. For the first eleven months of the present year the Canadian production has reached 2,567,925 tons, against only 1,274,436 tons for the American mills. It is admitted that there has been overproduction, but an appreciable decline in Canadian stocks has been shown this year notwithstanding that Canadian mills are operating at only about 80 per cent of capacity. The price of $55 per ton was the result of a cut-throat competition which forced down the price from a previous $70 to $75 per ton.

Washington was prompt in letting it be known that American trust-busting activities could not very well be extended to Canada unless it should appear that some American corporation was acting in cooperation with Canadian producers; and the Newsprint Institute does not contain any American members. Moreover the International Paper Company of Canada, an American-owned subsidiary of the American corporation recently reorganized as the International Paper and Power Company, has not yet announced an increase in price. The attitude of the Canadian producers, too, took on a less aggressive and considerably more reasonable character after some explanations had been made. The manager of the Canadian Pulp and Paper Association, for example, pointed out that the governments of Ontario and Quebec had never interested themselves in price-fixing—a disclaimer which should have been unnecessary since the governments possess no such power. What they are concerned with is a distribution of tonnage that will keep one company or group of companies from running at full capacity while others run at only half capacity or less. The purpose of provincial regulation, Mr. Beck declared, was to insure that "no more wood shall be taken off in a given year than is replaced by growth in the same period," and that communities dependent upon the paper industry shall not suffer through unemployment and trade dislocation. Premier Ferguson of Ontario called attention to the fact that the provincial government is a trustee administering the people's property, and that the conditions imposed upon the corporations that cut pulp wood aim "to advance the settlement and development of the newer portions" of the province.

We are not anxious to see $20,000,000 added to the cost of producing the annual crop of American newspapers, although we doubt whether, even so, a single important American daily would go out of business. But we are equally indisposed to back up hostile criticism of Canada for looking closely after the welfare of its own household. If the Canadians want to keep up the price of newsprint to a remunerative figure, they have only to point to the example of the Federal Farm Board in trying to keep up the price of wheat. As a matter of fact, a considerable offset to the announced raise could be found in the abolition of worthless and demoralizing supplements and "features" that American newspapers affect. Perhaps, after the row is over, it will be found that Canada has actually supplemented Mr. Hoover's efforts to eliminate waste.

A Moral Pestilence

AMERICAN members of the Roman Catholic Church have frequently shown a disposition to minimize the importance of certain of the church's official doctrines. *The Nation* has defended them—as it did during the recent presidential campaign—because it believed in their sincerity and because it was entirely convinced that, to take a specific example, the Americanism of Al Smith was far more deeply rooted in his nature than any Roman doctrines ever had been. But the church itself makes no compromise and it never hesitates to embarrass its liberal members by emphasizing the things which many of them would prefer to have left in the background. Thus the very first book to issue from the new state printing house of the Vatican is a revised edition of the Index of Prohibited Books, and the edition is accompanied by a document from the pen of Cardinal Merry del Val which reiterates in their most extreme form the claims of the church to the right to prescribe in detail what may and may not be read.

Lovers of the picturesque will be pleased. They will see something exquisitely appropriate in the fact that the newly established state should begin in the good old way, and they will be delighted to learn that Catholics are again commanded to remain ignorant of Gibbon's "Rome," Darwin's "Origin of Species," Kant's "Critique," certain writings of Joseph Addison, all the works of Maeterlinck, and the English Book of Common Prayer. They will attribute the fact that no American books are specifically forbidden to the further fact that neither the Pope nor Cardinal

Merry del Val have in all probability ever heard of H. L. Mencken. Finally they will read with amazement the Cardinal's assurance that such a list in no way interferes with the freedom of the individual—until they perceive from the context that by "freedom" the ecclesiastic means only the theological doctrine of the freedom of the will.

But those who are less interested in the picturesqueness of the historic church than they are in tolerance; those who would like to see the liberty of the press flourish in America along with a broad political tolerance of the Catholics themselves, cannot be other than distressed to recognize the opportunity which such a document as the present affords to the fanatics who believe that all Catholics are ruled from the Vatican. The Cardinal says exactly what every believer in the Popish Plot would wish him to say. Even the Bible must not be read except in the versions prepared for the purpose of justifying the Catholic position. "Those who wish," the Cardinal declares, "to feed the Holy Scriptures to people without any safeguards are also upholders of free thinking, than which there is nothing more absurd or harmful. . . . Only those infected by that moral pestilence known as liberalism can see in a check placed on unlawful power and profligacy a wound inflicted on freedom."

It is useless to urge that, in America at least, there are doubtless many thousands of practicing Catholics who have never opened the Index. Probably few who have literate habits are accustomed, before beginning a novel by Balzac or Victor Hugo, to ascertain whether or not that particular volume has been forbidden them. They are not, in other words, by any means as ignorant and uncultivated as their leaders would have them nor do they take very seriously certain phases of the authority which they nominally accept. But the fact remains that whatever the habits of these liberal Catholics may be, the doctrine of their church is unalterably opposed to very nearly every tenet of the liberal creed. Liberalism is, officially, a "moral pestilence," and as long as they remain officially members of the church they can have no logical defense against the accusations of those who assume that in their hearts they believe what their church tells them they must believe.

The Nation will continue to defend the political rights of Catholics in this country. It will continue to believe that, as far as the United States is concerned, the Klan variety of Protestantism is more dangerous to intellectual and civil liberties than the Pope or the College of Cardinals. Moreover it has faith in the liberal Catholic and hopes that he may ultimately have some influence upon the official doctrines of the church. When, for example, it hears of one Cardinal forbidding his followers to send their children to other than parochial schools, it cannot but confess the wish that some of these liberals would make its task easier by speaking out more frankly. Their sentiments are known by their conduct; they disobey many of the commands of the church, and they are willing to explain away many of its doctrines. But it is difficult to defend on pragmatic grounds the members of an organization which stresses its rational consistency. The opinion of individuals can hardly be cited in argument when these individuals declare their allegiance to a sect which denies the right of an individual to hold an opinion. The liberal who follows where abstract logic would lead him cannot be other than anti-Catholic, and Catholicism insists upon the supremacy of abstract logic.

The Riot at Auburn

AGAIN a bloody riot in Auburn Prison has disgraced the State of New York and again the official reaction is one of rage and vengeance. To our deep regret Governor Roosevelt has led the chorus. He will appoint a special trial term of the Supreme Court "as quickly as possible"; the persons responsible for the riot—at least seven convicts—will be tried for murder, and "dealt with with immediate and drastic severity." He does this "in justice to the family of the principal keeper who was killed, to the guards who were wounded, and to the other guards and State troopers who acted with such conspicuous bravery."

Now, we, too, have the deepest sympathy with the family of the principal keeper and with the wounded. But the best way to serve them is not to take further vengeance upon men already in jail for the better part of their lives, but to remedy the conditions which are producing the riots. Will the killing of seven more criminals act as a deterrent? We do not believe so. Ever since the July revolt the terrific strain of the "punishment cells," with absolutely no occupation and only one hour of exercise in the yard a day, has been inflicted upon the offenders. Did it deter another outbreak? It did not, and neither will putting seven to death. Only a change of the horrible conditions under which the convicts are living will end the desperate unrest. The prison is overcrowded; the food is extremely bad; the bulk of the men have sat idly in their cells with nothing to do, and the long sentences of the reactionary and wicked Baumes laws, instead of over-awing them, rouse them to bitterness; the Governor himself is quoted as recognizing the evil influence of these laws which have had no effect in decreasing criminality. Now, after this second riot, a temporary warden has been appointed, Dr. Frank L. Christian, who has at once restored the normal conditions of work and recreation which should have been reestablished long months ago.

The officials from Governor Roosevelt down knew that they were sitting over a volcano in Auburn, that the men were becoming more and more desperate, yet nothing was done. To our minds those guilty of the death of the principal keeper and of the convicts, therefore, are the State officials and the Legislature of the State of New York. The Governor should have called a special session of the Legislature after the Auburn and Dannemora outbreaks of last summer to demand a complete reform of the whole prison system. He plans now to put prison reform at the head of the program he will urge upon the Legislature when it meets next month; but what he will ask is apparently only $30,000,000 for new buildings to be erected over a period of years. What he should tell the State is that the whole treatment of prisoners is wrong, utterly out-of-date, contrary to science, contrary to decency, without reforming value, and actuated only by an abominable spirit of vengeance. Let him point to the recent reforms in Russia, Prussia, and Mexico; let him demand that the whole prison system be modernized. He would be justified if he should drop everything else and give his second year of office-holding to the reform of the intolerable and inhumane prison conditions.

It Seems to Heywood Broun

AND tangible things may also be real. The visible world is not without its claims to actuality. Something less than profundity and news value may seem to reside in these remarks, but surely the time has come for mankind to defend materialism. Unless some sort of protection is afforded to good red brick and solid rock we may all find ourselves homeless in the ether with no cloak but spirituality and scarce a staff save idealism. The man who asks for bread may be badly off if his cry is answered with a stone and yet I am not sure that his wants can be wholly satisfied with slices of mush and mysticism.

There may have been a day when things of the spirit were neglected, but this can hardly be the case in the age of Dr. Cadman. Nor does the attack upon the world and the flesh end with the greatly syndicated Protestant divine. All pulpits ring with denunciations of matter. Big business itself has come to be afflicted with the fever and even in the marts of trade our panics are hailed as "purely psychological."

Glancing quite casually across a newspaper page of sermons I find that more than half the discourses are directed against what is called "worldliness" and the word is stretched to include practically all factuality. Indeed, many of the divines would have us believe that if a thing can be proved by orderly scientific methods it must be at once rejected by all right-thinking men. In this topsy-turvy state of affairs the community is being browbeaten into acceptance of the extraordinary theory that only the invisible is worth any man's sane scrutiny. We have been asked to abjure foregrounds wholly for the sake of far horizons. Listen to the words of Bishop Wilbur P. Thirkield, of the Methodist Church, who said in a recent sermon in New York: "This physical world merely serves as a ladder to the invisible, the spiritual world. All the profoundest realities of life—bravery, self-sacrifice, and courageous accomplishments—have their roots in the spiritual world. All that is of beauty or of tenderness springs from the supernatural."

If I understand the good bishop aright he seems to say that the fine display of this physical world, its fir trees and its flowers, is so much dross. "The clarified vision of the spiritual eye enables us to walk through this workaday world and view the unseen," is precisely the way he puts it. Between us and the most flaming sunset stands the soul constituting a perfect stymie. To me there is no snobbery so acute as that of the sanctified snob who blandly trades the glories of this brave and painted world for a mess of pearly gates and jasper walls. Even the saint sins against creation if he passes through the world and never heeds the green valleys into which it has pleased God to call him.

Materialism may not be mocked except by those who despise and degrade humanity and all its natural instincts. Consider now the stand of Dr. Cadman. "What, in your opinion," writes one of his correspondents, "is the reason for the constant emphasis on sex by so many modern writers and dramatists?" And to him the clergyman replies in part:

> The moment any author's brain works outside sensual restraints he gains a great sense of freedom. Life as a whole, impersonal, complex, mysterious, filled with glory and with terror, breaks in upon him. . . . Pardon the profanation of suggesting that you compare Hamlet's soliloquies with the tiresome reiteration of bedroom scenes from plays dedicated to lust.

It might be pertinent in passing to mention the fact that Shakespeare wrote some dandy bedroom scenes himself and the lust of two young people in a moonlit garden which he celebrated has glowed and will continue to do so when all the writers who tossed aside "sensual restraints" are dead as any Cadman. The doctor seems to argue that no man can portray humanity until he has divorced himself from human instincts. He glorifies the "impersonal" in the face of the fact that the masters of the written word have all been men who wrote out of their own profoundly personal agonies. And when the clergyman calls upon the name of Hamlet he seems oblivious of the fact that the poor prince was suffering from Cadman's complaint. The tragedy of the young Dane lay in the fact that he could not accept life whole and real but must debate the very utility of existence itself. And when he had sent Ophelia to a nunnery he quite appropriately chose for himself a grave.

But the worship of abstractions and imponderables in the modern world is by no means confined to members of the Bible belt. Even agnostics exchange at Christmas time limp leather books in which essayists explain that life is seldom what it seems. Maybe not, but as Mr. Keogh said in an immortal paragraph, "The race is not always to the swift but that's the way to bet." Universally the world has come to believe that the mysterious is inevitably profound and important. The easiest way for a writer to get a reputation is for him to dash off a little something, however inadequate, on life and death. To many James Matthew Barrie transcends Bernard Shaw because Shaw deals with such mundane things as doctors and the Salvation Army while Sir James will go Tinker Bell upon the slightest provocation.

Indeed, all art is saturated with the new point of view that the visible world is not good enough by half. One may no longer ask with impunity, "But what does it mean?" in any picture gallery. Painters are not content to depict mountains, rivers, and yellow buttercups. Instead they deal with emotions and with moods. The old familiar "Nice color, old chap" has given way to "Fine frenzy." And among the poets much is made of the mystical. All would be seen through glass and very darkly.

Yet art has always had, among other functions, a place for those who used their particular medium for purposes of escape. Chiefly materialism deserves to be restored to good standing for the sake of science. I am not one to argue that all truth is subject to laboratory proof. Still that is one excellent way. Quite likely there are verities which can never be quite checked up by rationality. Others which still defy the scientific method may yield in time. Only the dogmatist will insist that a materialistic rationality will solve every human problem. But it is a good instrument and I hate to see it scorned by fellows who can offer nothing better than "But I know it must be true—I feel it in my soul."

HEYWOOD BROUN

Science in Pursuit of Crime

By WINTHROP D. LANE

ONCE upon a time disease was believed to be due to the anger of gods, ill-will of enemies, influence of ancestors, devils inside you, or serpents. No one understood anything about natural causes of disease; they had not been discovered. Hippocrates looked at man and said: "Disease is a product of natural causes. These causes can be discovered and remedies can be applied." Today we not only have a vast amount of information about disease, but also control it as a matter of ordinary daily living.

We have been in precisely the same situation with respect to conduct. Acts of men, like disease, have been assigned to many causes—magic performed by enemies, divine wrath, influence of ancestors, movements of the stars, natural forces like wind and thunder. Even some kind of prenatal, original sin has been held responsible for men's conduct. Now we know that all such ideas are aimless and stupid. We know that men's conduct, like their bodily troubles, can be understood. We know that the scientific approach to conduct has not only gone far, but that it will go farther. We know that psychology not only explains ordinary people to a degree little dreamed of once, but that it is able to diagnose the difficulties of abnormal people even more accurately. Their troubles can be explained, their conduct made clear, and in many instances effective treatment can be applied. Such are some of the achievements of the present-day scientific interest in conduct.

Crime is only one form of disastrous or undesirable conduct. It gets more attention than other forms, but its causes are often very similar to the causes of conduct that is not declared by the law to be criminal. The important point, however, is that crime is conduct and that as such it falls within the scope of a scientific approach to conduct. If there is any hope of ridding the world of crime, it lies in the knowledge, technique, and program of a scientific understanding of such matters.

All this is preliminary to a proper understanding of the penal reforms recently inaugurated in Prussia and Mexico. These two states, as unlike as they could well be, have astonished the world within recent weeks by announcing that they have no use for the way in which criminals have been handled in the past, that crime flourishes, that nothing effective is done to prevent crime—and that they intend to see what hope lies in a scientific approach. This is especially interesting to people in the United States because all of the ideas underlying these reforms are current in the United States, where the "new criminology" has been well developed on its theoretical side but where very little has been done to give it a practical trial. While we beat our hands over the enormous amount of crime among us, we cry lustily for the more vigorous use of measures known to every student of crime to be, possibly, the most dismal example of failure so far attributable to the human race. Prussia is regarded as an established, settled state, with ideas of centralization in government strong in the people's minds. Mexico, on the other hand, is considered to be a new, loose, lax community, with little governmental experience of the kind familiar in many countries, and with unsettled ways and very little development in many arts and sciences. To find these two countries joining hands in a measure that at once places them in the leadership, for the time being, of matters criminological and turns upon them the eyes of progressive students the world over is both striking and interesting.

The latest riots at the New York State Prison at Auburn lend special timeliness to this short analysis of the new penal codes of Prussia and Mexico. The prison riots of the past five months have been attributed to overcrowding, poor food, bad cell conditions, and the lengthening of sentences under the Baumes laws. But these are not fundamental causes. As long as our penal system is based upon the vindictive and unscientific theory that punishment is a remedy for crime, the reason for these outbreaks will continue to exist, no matter how many millions of dollars are poured into new and larger prisons. The only permanent solution lies in the adoption of scientific methods of dealing with crime. Such methods Prussia and Mexico as well as the Soviet Union are now attempting to put into operation.—EDITOR THE NATION.

The Prussian revolution in penal, or more accurately, in correctional, matters is the consequence of an administrative order. For some years Germany has proposed a reform in its penal law, but this has not yet been accomplished, though a measure is now pending in the Reichstag. Meanwhile, without waiting for the passage of this measure, the Minister of Justice of Prussia, named Schmidt, has ordered extraordinary changes in the whole correctional regime—and these went into effect October 1. The purpose of them is to supplant punishment and incarceration, as such, with the treatment of individual criminals.

To begin with, the convicted man is not sentenced by the judge. That in itself is revolutionary, for judges are nearly everywhere the sentencers of criminals, although in this country the proposal has seriously been made that judges have no business to sentence criminals, for judges know very little about the real nature of criminals or what will do them good. As most people remember, Alfred E. Smith astonished the judicial world in January, 1928, by urging, even if it took a constitutional amendment, that penalties for crime be named and planned by a board of specialists instead of by judges. This, apparently, is precisely what Prussia has put into effect. After conviction, the offender is turned over to a "sentencing board" which, after considering his whole history and personality, gives the sentence. This is obviously a sensible procedure, for only after diagnosis can there be any intelligent treatment.

Prussia has not adopted one item in the chapter of changes urged by many students of crime, namely, the sentencing of a man for an indefinite rather than a definite term.

The idea back of this is that you cannot send a man to a hospital for a fixed term, for you do not know when he will be well; so you cannot send a man to prison for a fixed term, for you do not know when he will be fit to rejoin society. Nevertheless, Prussia has retained the fixed term, or at least the maximum and minimum.

Now comes the man's life in the institution to which he is sent—and here enter some of the most promising reforms in the penal system. To begin with, he is not to be treated as one of a mass; the idea of throwing all prisoners together, forgetting them, treating them as if they were just alike, paying no attention to individual differences—and letting them come out, when their terms expire, with nothing done to alter their mental habits or change their relation to the world around them—is resolutely pushed to one side as the practice of a dark age. The prisoner is to be looked at, studied, examined, understood (if possible), and treated. And this is done, not merely in the interest of the prisoner, but also in the interest of society. The sentimentalists cling to traditional methods; the realists recognize that these methods have failed, and that new methods not only are at hand but must be given a trial. And Prussia has adopted a realistic approach to the treatment of criminal personalities.

A man goes to one institution or another according to the kind of person he is. If he is a long-term offender, he goes to one, if a short-term offender to another; if this is his first crime, he is not grouped with habitual criminals; if he is under twenty-five, he is considered young and is not thrown, to rub elbows willy-nilly, with those who have many more years behind them. Special treatment is reserved for those displaying one form or another of mental difficulty or abnormality—and this is a very large percentage of convicted offenders everywhere. Prussia, therefore, proposes a *diversified system of correctional institutions,* designed to meet the actual personality needs of the inmates, rather than a prison in Berlin precisely like the prison in Breslau, or a prison in Essen precisely like the prison in Dortmund. That is the usual system. Prussia, on the other hand, proposes to diversify her penal institutions just as she would diversify her schools and hospitals. She looks at her prisoners and says: "They are not all alike. Why should they all have the same treatment and spend their days going through exactly the same treadmill? No, we will give them different treatment —and perhaps we shall get different results." The development of such a system of diversified institutions takes time, and Prussia has not established one merely by adopting a new correctional code. For the time being, she is apparently limited to three groups: short-term offenders, longer-term offenders who are not such bad cases, and prisoners who give every evidence of being extremely difficult to reclaim or reform. At Brandenburg, near Berlin, is rising a new prison which is expected to be of great help in carrying out this classification.

More important than anything else in all this, of course, is the treatment given the prisoner while he is confined. Here enters the scientific understanding of conduct and personality. Prussian prisoners, many of them, are to be continuously under the eye and care of psychiatrists, with a view to removing those causes of maladjustment that have distorted their lives or led them into the mazes of crime. The technique for such study has now been well developed in this country as well as elsewhere. It consists primarily in reconstructing the early development of the offender and obtaining an intimate comprehension of those elements in his mental and emotional adjustment that produce his conduct. We cannot stop here to review the technique in detail. Prison psychiatrists will be more interested in the man's beginnings in crime, and the mental and environmental situation that confronted him then, than in details about the particular act that brought him to his present term, whether court attendants regarded him as "brazen" or not, and the degree of righteous indignation felt by the judge. Not all prisoners will receive such treatment—there are 50,000 inmates in 800 prisons in Prussia—but many will, and the success will be closely related to the ability of the psychiatrists employed and the opportunities given them for effective work with individuals.

Dramatic and fundamental changes are planned in daily life. When some prisoners have served half their terms, they will find themselves promoted to conditions little dreamed of in prison systems elsewhere. Instead of bleak, bare rigor they will have comfort and a certain degree of freedom. Not only will they occupy rooms with curtains at the windows and no bars, but they will eat with silverware instead of tinware, will be allowed to have their own clothing, will remain alone with visitors coming to see them, will write letters inspected by the eye of no censor—and in other respects will lead more of a training-school life than a prison life. The purpose of all this is to cushion the exit to the unfriendly and forbidding world, and to test the improvement which, it is hoped, will have taken place. More important still, perhaps, is the opportunity which will be given them to leave the prison daily, lunch basket in hand, to work as free men in neighboring factories and shops, under contracts already arranged by the prison authorities. Thus, they can slowly become accustomed to resuming a normal place in society, can demonstrate their fitness for final release, and can earn money with which to start life not only honestly but effectively. Such are some of the elements in the new program by which Prussia hopes to reclaim offenders.

When the new Mexican code goes into effect January 1 it will apply only to federal prisoners. That is, it will apply only to persons convicted in the federal district, including Mexico City, and those falling under federal jurisdiction in the states. There are twenty-eight states, each enjoying a large measure of autonomy, and they do not have to adopt the federal code if they do not want to. It is expected that some of them will wish to do so. For the time being, at any rate, the code is solely federal, and will control the treatment of some 18,000 prisoners a year. In theory, the code is more far-reaching than the Prussian reforms. It, too, deprives the judge of sentencing power, and places this in the hands of the Supreme Council of Social Protection and Prevention, a new body of five members, who are to be psychologists, sociologists, and criminologists. Mexico goes beyond Prussia, however, in making the sentence absolutely indefinite, that is, without any limit of any kind, so that each criminal may be kept until those in charge of him are sure that he is fit to rejoin society—a bold step.

In the hands of the council is placed responsibility for the treatment of prisoners, and this means that all jails, prisons, and reformatories come under its jurisdiction. The purpose of treatment is declared to be redemption rather than

punishment, and to that end all the resources of psychology and other sciences are to be brought to bear. Four lines of inquiry are contemplated by the code: social history of the offender, such as a thoroughgoing case worker in a family welfare society would develop; medical examination and history; psychological and psychiatric study; and a statement of his educational attainments and progress. On the basis of these, diagnosis and treatment are to be made.

It is not necessary to review the code in detail to see that it follows very much the lines already indicated—lines purporting to produce a scientific study of the offender and his treatment by the sciences dealing with conduct and personality. One wonders whether Mexico has the resources and personnel for this. Where did she get them? "It has been learned," writes Salvador Mendoza, a member of the commission drafting the new code, "that specialists exist thoroughly qualified to carry on the work of social, psychological, medical, and educational investigation embodied in the new code." That would be a boast coming from any other country. Again, Señor Mendoza declares that "anthropological, psychological, social, and criminal science is now sufficiently advanced to explain and describe what may be called the 'topography' of the human personality *in all its aspects*" (italics mine). It is to be doubted whether the proponents of these sciences, not only in Mexico, but in Prussia and the United States, would make so large a claim. One wonders whether Mexico has as many psychiatrists as she claims, and whether the treatment of personality disorders and conduct defects has reached a sufficiently high stage of development in that country to make her new program with respect to criminals feasible and safe. It would be too bad if she had been carried away by enthusiasm. It would be too bad if failure to live up to expectations should produce later a reaction in other countries against the scientific approach to crime.

Nevertheless, both Prussia and Mexico have shown courage. Each has said: "Conduct has natural causes, and the acts of men can be studied—in many instances, understood. Crime is merely the legal classification of certain types of acts. We propose to bring to bear upon these acts the resources of modern science—and we propose to do this in the interest, not merely of criminals, but of society."

Prosperity by Proclamation

By ALFRED L. BERNHEIM

ON November 15 President Hoover issued his prosperity proclamation:

> The next practical step is the organizing and coordinating of a forward movement of business through the revival of construction activities, the stimulation of exports and of other legitimate business expansion, especially to take such action in concert with the use of our new powers to assist agriculture. Fortunately, the sound sense, the capacity, and readiness for cooperation of our business leaders and government agencies give assurance of action.

Pursuant to this proclamation, a series of conferences of business and industrial leaders was held at Washington, ending with a grand convention of 400 "key men." The President's proclamation and the resulting conferences met with remarkably widespread approbation. I can recall no such regimentation of public sentiment since the days of the World War. Mr. Hoover may have his little difficulties in controlling the Senate, but as a crystallizer of public opinion, in the present instance at least, he has been just about 99 per cent successful.

I am not against prosperity or anything that will induce its continuance or return. I question, however, whether we are going to get much farther through talk and "state of mind." Prosperity propaganda was undoubtedly useful a few weeks ago in stemming the surging tide of unreasoning fear that was engulfing the judgment not only of investors and speculators, but of merchants and manufacturers as well. But now we are all once more convinced that the country is not going to be tossed back to the Indians after all, and it appears likely that the influence of propaganda on the course of the business cycle will be steadily lessened, while the influence of the actual events taking place in the arena of business and industry will steadily loom larger.

I rather fear, in fact, that unless we consent to view the prospect through sober, realistic glasses we may suffer an unpleasant reaction from the dazzle of over-optimism. If the promise of good times that is being held out to us is not fulfilled in any appreciable degree, the disappointment will produce a more serious effect than would the set-back alone, without the promise. I see little to be gained by suggesting that 1930 will be a boom year—a year of expanding business activity and growing corporate profits, with full employment and rising wages. The Washington conferences are perhaps not fairly to be charged with making such suggestions. Yet they are subject to misconstruction, and they have, I believe, been generally misconstrued by the public, which has read into the proceedings what seems to me to be an unwarranted degree of optimism.

The construction work which certain industrial groups and public authorities announced for the ensuing year was very largely, and probably almost entirely, authorized and planned prior to the conferences, and the conferences resulted in no significant additions to the appropriations for new construction or maintenance. This is brought out clearly in the newspaper accounts of the meetings. There is no reason to believe that this previously planned work would have been abandoned or materially curtailed in the absence of conferences of business and industrial leaders. There can be no proof of this, of course, but the circumstantial evidence is strong. Almost the entire construction program "pledged" at the conferences was sponsored by the railroads, other public utilities, and public authorities. Railroads and utilities plan their expansion in accordance with the expected secular trend of business, and it would undoubtedly have taken a much more decided reversal of the direction of the business cycle than has yet occurred, or is likely to occur in the immediate future, to impel the managers of these industries to revise their appraisal of the slope of the secular trend of

business and population. In regard to public works, it is obvious that the reduction in the level of interest rates and the heightened demand for securities like municipal and State bonds has made it both cheaper and easier to borrow money to finance public improvements than it has been for many months.

In short, the result of the conferences in terms of increasing construction or of preventing its curtailment was approximately zero. The situation in either of these respects would not have been materially different if the conferences had never been held—which is as it should be. What should we think of the ability of the heads of our enterprises had they allowed themselves, after the Wall Street panic, to be inveigled into a program of expansion more extensive than they had deemed appropriate prior thereto? Surely no thoughtful person would advocate over-expansion for the sake of its momentary psychological effect or its temporary absorption of unemployment. On the other hand, what should we think of our industrial leaders if they needed prodding to carry out an economically justifiable expansion program, or if they lacked the courage to curtail it when they found it unjustifiable?

Consider the situation from another angle. There will be a vast amount of construction work undertaken in 1930. Can that be depended upon to compensate for any slack that may appear in employment in manufacturing industries, mining, transportation, and elsewhere? We do not know how many unemployed workers will have to be absorbed, but for our purpose we may state this quantity as "any given number." This given number can be absorbed, not by the total of jobs afforded by the total volume of construction during 1930, but only by the number of jobs afforded by the *excess* of construction work in 1930 over 1929. In other words, if the volume of construction in 1930, no matter how great that volume may be absolutely, were to be exactly equal to the volume in 1929, there would not be a single job available for any worker displaced in any other industry. Therefore it is only the excess which can furnish jobs for the jobless. This is an inescapable conclusion, yet all the prosperity propaganda which I have seen treats the aggregate contemplated construction budget as a potential safeguard against unemployment in other directions, and does not take into account those engaged in this field in 1929, who also must find jobs in 1930.

Will 1930 capital expansion exceed 1929, and by how much? Write your own ticket: I do not know. But I can demonstrate, I believe, that the surplus will not reach stupendous proportions. The railroads have approved an $800,000,000 expansion program for 1930. This may, perhaps, be stretched to a billion dollars, probably not. In 1929 they will have spent about $800,000,000. At the meeting of public-utility leaders on November 27 Matthew Sloan, of the New York Edison Company, president of the National Electric Light Association, stated that "the electric light and power, manufactured and natural gas and electric railway utilities" would increase their 1929 expenditure for new construction by $110,000,000. The appropriation for public works will probably be somewhat greater in 1930 than in 1929, but it is too early to estimate by how much. The federal government will increase its appropriations for public buildings by $175,000,000, over a ten-year period. At the meeting on November 22 construction interests estimated that the expenditure for homes, offices, and industrial plants would be about the same in 1930 as during the present year. There will probably be gains in a few other directions, such as in the communication industry, especially the telephone system. The proposed new mail contracts may stimulate shipbuilding. The War Department may add to its construction budget. But there may be contraction here and there, too, as in petroleum and metalliferous mining. Mr. Thomas S. Holden, vice-president of the F. W. Dodge Corporation, estimates the total construction bill for 1930 at $8,435,000,000 as against $7,810,000,000 in 1929, an increase of $625,000,000. His figures make no allowance for possibly increased outlays for machinery and equipment.

I see no justification for any estimate which places the excess 1930 capital expansion budget above $750,000,000, and the wage share of that total will not afford full-time employment for more than between 175,000 and 200,000 men. This is certainly not an inexhaustible reservoir of jobs, and offers little hope that new construction work can take care of any marked increase of unemployment, should it come. If automobile manufacture declines 20 per cent—not an extravagant guess—this alone will throw about 100,000 workers on the streets in search of new jobs, not taking into account any corresponding reduction of force in tire, equipment, and accessory plants. If we had an efficient system of employment exchanges, we could feel far more confident that the disaster of unemployment may be minimized than we can when we have to rely upon the expansion of the construction industry.

At the present writing, December 11, business statistics for November are beginning to come in, giving us some insight into actual economic developments during the first full month after the beginning of the break in security prices. Pig-iron output contracted sharply, reaching the lowest point since September, 1928. The reduction in the daily average rate was the largest recorded since May, 1925. There was a net loss of twenty-six active blast furnaces. Steel ingot production declined about 19 per cent in average daily output in November compared with October—considerably more than the normal seasonal decline. The industry operated at 69 per cent of capacity during November, 1929, as against 87 per cent during November a year ago. It is now down to about 63 per cent.

Automobile production in the United States and Canada, according to preliminary figures of the National Automobile Chamber of Commerce, fell from 394,465 cars in October to 214,400 in November. During November, 1928, 268,909 cars were turned out. About a quarter of a million fewer railroad cars were loaded this November than last—a drop of nearly 5 per cent. Daily average building construction awards in thirty-seven States east of the Rocky Mountains (F. W. Dodge Corporation figures) show a decline of 27 per cent for the first three weeks of November, 1929, as compared with the corresponding period of 1928. A preliminary report of the New York State Department of Labor announces "widespread seasonal losses in November" in employment in New York State factories, and remarks that "declines characterized November of the last three years but the curtailment was greater this year."

Of course, these are selected statistics—selected to confirm my viewpoint. Other more cheerful figures are or will be available. But the data I have presented make it obvious

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that November was a month of contraction in business and industrial activity. The downward trend, a trend that had already been present during the four or five preceding months, was at last clearly revealed to anyone willing to recognize it.

The conferences and, indeed, the Administration's prosperity program as a whole have not stopped the downward trend. While optimism was radiating from Washington, car loadings were declining, iron, steel, and automobile production was falling, building awards were diminishing, and workers were being laid off. We are in the contraction phase of a business cycle. Certain favorable factors in the fundamental situation, to which attention has been so often called as to make repetition unnecessary, make it probable that we shall avoid a serious or long-extended depression. On the other hand it appears even more probable that 1930 will be characterized by reduced industrial and business activity, declining corporate profits, and increased unemployment.

To what extent the Washington conferences, the proposed reduction of federal income taxes, and other governmental measures have served to stabilize conditions will never be known. Unquestionably, however, we must give President Hoover and his administration credit for an energetic and successful attempt to divert attention from Wall Street to Main Street, thereby bringing into focus a far more pleasing prospect than had been facing the country for some three weeks, and inducing a feeling of hopefulness which is a prerequisite to recovery. But prosperity cannot be commanded by proclamation, and we shall not be aided by cherishing unwarranted hopes and refusing to view realistically the difficulties that are in store for us.

Prosperity—Believe It or Not
VI—Stresses and Strains*

By STUART CHASE

AFTER mechanized warfare the bitterest thing in modern life is unemployment. Wars come and go. Unemployment goes on in season and out. In the depression of 1921 probably five millions were walking the streets as factories and offices slowed down. In the spring of 1928, with prosperity in full cry, it was estimated that four millions were out of work. Today there are at least two million jobless, and quite possibly three million. A recent census of New York working-class families showed 17 per cent without jobs at the time of the investigation. Seventeen per cent of thirty million non-farm workers is five million. This is obviously too high for a national average, but 10 per cent out of work today may well lie within the facts.

A new phrase has appeared in the jargon of economics, "technological unemployment." It means two things, one as old as the steam engine, the other hitherto unheard of. Machines, or the technical arts, have continually thrown men out of work by substituting iron hands for those of flesh and blood. Hand weavers, spinners, metal workers, potters have lost their jobs by the millions in the course of the industrial revolution. But after a sufficiently painful period of adjustment, new jobs have appeared in tending and servicing the machines, or in finding markets for their wares. We saw earlier how the motor car had created nearly four million new jobs in America alone. In brief, unemployment due to the machine has gone up in bad years and down in good years, but has not added constantly to the reserve army of the unemployed. "Technological unemployment," as the phrase is now used, means *an ever-growing army;* a total firing rate greater than a total hiring rate; a displacement of workers by the technical arts faster than they can be reabsorbed in other occupations. Management fosters the technical arts; management is accordingly the chief creator of technological unemployment. Thus the central fire of productivity and commercial prosperity promises to wreck and destroy the hope, the happiness, the very lives, of uncounted human beings in an ever-widening arc. I know I speak bitterly. But have you ever hunted a job when your meat depended upon it; hunted it in the face of the age limits which are closing down on all workers over thirty-five? Listen to the testimony of Middletown in the fall of a prosperous year. Workers' wives are speaking:

> He's just lucky if this job keeps up. He never knows from day to day whether his job will be there.
>
> He's to be laid off Saturday.
>
> We have been buying no fresh milk this year, using only canned milk. [With two boys seven and nine.]
>
> He is forty and in about ten years from now will be on the shelf. A pattern maker isn't much wanted after forty-five. What will we do? Well, that is just what I don't know; we are not saving a penny.

A plant superintendent is speaking:

> Only about 25 per cent of our workers are over forty. Speed and specialization tend to bring us younger men.

Of 122 Middletown housewives interviewed, eighty-three reported unemployment in the preceding months. Sixty-eight were forced to make changes in living standards. Forty-seven cut down on clothing, forty-three cut down on food, twenty-seven wives went to work, fourteen allowed insurance payments to lapse, six moved to cheaper houses, five had the telephone removed, four took a child out of high school. And so it goes. Page after page of testimony from Middletown, the average city; volume after volume of testimony from all America.

Dr. Wesley C. Mitchell has compiled certain figures which are sufficiently indicative of the trend—and sufficiently alarming. His computations are exhaustive and technical, dealing with the new labor supply since 1920 and the new jobs available, all reduced to net changes. He concludes flatly: *"The supply of new jobs has not been equal to the number of new workers plus the old workers displaced. Hence there has been a net increase of unemployment*

* This is the sixth of a series of seven articles on American prosperity. The final article will appear in the issue of January 8.—Editor The Nation.

between 1920 and 1927 which exceeds 650,000 people." The ratio of unemployment during these eight years, he finds, was 7.7 per cent as a minimum. Who in the face of these figures dares to say that anyone who really wants a job can find it? The census of 1930 may give us the first real count of the unemployed which the nation has ever had. My guess is that the 7.7 per cent minimum ratio will give way to a substantially higher figure, and for two reasons: first, the period from 1927 to 1930 gives technological unemployment *three more years* to accumulate its reserves; second, Dr. Mitchell's figures are minimum estimates only.

And again, management encourages mass production. A basic principle of mass production—particularly emphasized by Mr. Ford—is a shorter period in which to learn the job. A craft apprentice took years to master his vocation; a worker on "the belt" can be taught all he needs to know in a few days. Other things being equal, the mass-production plant, and especially the new one, will hire strong, healthy youngsters. Mergers are throwing clerks, salesmen, and even high executives out of work. Such constitute the "overhead" which the merger is chiefly organized to save. Again the older man is the worst sufferer. A Hollywood producer reports that the "talkies" have cost 25,000 movie extras their jobs, while they threaten the employment of 10,000 theater musicians throughout the country. Thousands of tobacco workers are now being displaced by machinery, according to Dr. Harry Laidler. More than fifty millions of retail merchandise will be sold by automatic vending machines in 1929. Out on the street go the sometime human salesmen, displaced by mechanical robots. These machines increased 328 per cent from 1919 to 1927.

Millions of jobs, however, remain. Are those who are still in the shop working harder? Are they under more physical and nervous strain than a decade ago? Is management achieving greater productivity at a greater human cost? There is no comprehensive answer to these questions. The basic studies have never been made. Taking the situation as a whole the demonstrable facts seem to be these:

Hours of work are declining.

The total number of Americans subjected to factory discipline is declining.

The life span of the whole population is growing.

The life span of the industrial worker is constantly less than that of the farmer, merchant, or clerk.

Plants with high productivity have a relatively low accident rate.

Working conditions in factories are improving—lighting, ventilation, noise and dust prevention, mechanical safeguards, sanitation.

Automatic and semi-automatic machines are displacing machine tenders, and putting skilled inspectors and repair men in their places, for certain processes only.

Assembly belts and other conveyors, on the contrary, are tending to set a working pace which outrages the nervous system of many workers.

Some industries are testing their workers for adaptability to the job before hiring them. Some are measuring fatigue in an attempt to prevent fatigue toxins from lowering output. Both movements are small, but are growing.

Management has created many new so-called unskilled jobs which nevertheless "carry with them a high interest content and greater opportunity for self respect than most unskilled jobs of former days."

At first blush these ten points make out a stronger case for a reduction in industrial strain than for its increase. Let us examine them a little more closely. Up to 1928 no less than five hours of labor have been stricken from the average week in industry as against 1914. The demand for the five-day week has gathered momentum in the past year or two, and now some 500,000 workers come under its provisions. Increasingly, city shops and offices are closing their doors on summer Saturdays. Vacations are becoming more in order, while their duration is longer. (But American industry has far to go to match the Russian worker's minimum two weeks.) It is fair to conclude that, if strain is increasing, it is in the face of a continually shorter period in which to experience it.

The Illinois Department of Health reported in 1929 that the 500,000 male workers in the factories, mines, and railroads of the State suffer a mortality rate nearly twice that of workers in other vocations. This does not mean that the situation for industrial workers is growing worse. It simply means that they live more dangerously than the rest of us. From the days of Watt they always have lived so. Since 1920 industrial accidents have increased slightly faster than population. This connotes more strain. But for the mass-production plants, where management is mainly functioning, the story is otherwise. Fourteen thousand plants employing 2,500,000 workers were analyzed. The plants showing increased productivity per worker had a declining accident rate. The coefficient of correlation was .835—a high one.

When we come to strain induced by the machine itself, we are faced with a serious dilemma. Machines, like farmers, are not all alike. Here is a conveyor belt in an automobile assembly shop, setting the tempo for all the human beings in the building. Give it oil and power—it never tires, never stops. Against its remorseless rhythm human flesh and blood fight an uneven battle. If it is geared sufficiently high, only the young and strong can hope to hold their own, and not for long. New blood must presently be pumped in. From the human standpoint the balance is in the red. But here is a machine which automatically inspects needles. When it comes to a crooked one it throws it out. This work used to be done by human eyes which could examine perhaps 3,000 needles per hour. The inspecting machine examines 17,000 an hour, and has no eyes to be strained. I spoke of the assembly line, speeded above the biological tolerance. Suppose it is geared lower. Suppose only that type of man—duly selected by test—is given access to it who can find comfort in day dreams and who does not revolt at repetitive work. It is a common type. Suppose that the company finds that more profit is to be made by steady, adjusted workers at lower speeds than by nervous, unadjusted workers, frequently hired and fired, at higher speed. The more advanced management engineer is beginning to find this out. Thus even the conveyor belt may be tamed. It normally is not—but it could be.

We can lay down no national yardstick and say that strain is increasing or decreasing. It depends on the specific machine, the duration of contact, the nervous equipment of the worker. Mr. Dennison guesses that the total fatiguing effect of factory work has not increased during the era of prosperity, but is not so sure about the factor of monotony. It is as good a guess as any, and made by one who, pre-

eminently among the exponents of the new management, appreciates the human factor. But this, of course, does not quite finish the argument. For prosperity in the deeper sense we should demand a very great *reduction* in the speed and strain of factory work. We find no such reduction, although the automatic process may some day bring it.

We have heard much from the Prosperity Chorus about the housewife, freed from her ancient drudgery, sitting in a nickel-plated heaven of labor-saving devices. This pretty picture needs somewhat more examination. Business-class matrons are deriving some added leisure by virtue of electrical appliances in the home—or it might be more accurate to say that their maids are. Here and there a washing machine, or a vacuum cleaner, bought on the instalment plan, is lightening the load on a working-class homemaker. But by and large some twenty-six million followers of the housewife's trade might arise and announce in the words of Mark Twain, "The report of my death has been greatly exaggerated." Miss Hildegarde Kneeland of the Bureau of Home Economics in the Department of Agriculture has recently studied 2,000 homemakers, picked at random from farms, towns, and cities, and belonging to both the working class and the business class. She finds:

> The average week's work is 51 hours.
>
> One-third of the 2,000 homemakers work more than 56 hours a week.
>
> 950 farm women averaged 62 hours a week.
>
> Women in cities from 2,500 to 50,000 averaged 51 hours.
>
> Women in cities of over 50,000 averaged 48 hours.
>
> Only 10 per cent of women in large cities spent less than 35 hours.
>
> Only 5 per cent of American homes employ help.
>
> The best case (in New York State) was a farm woman without children, living in a five-room home, with running water, electric lights, and a washing machine. She spent 31.3 hours a week for the care of two persons.
>
> The worst case—in New York still—was a woman in a nine-room home with a husband, four children, and no improvements. The family spent 117 hours a week on home work.

Our final inquiry is not one which can be shown readily by figures. How shall we set about proving that the whole tempo of modern life is quickening? I cannot prove it, but I think that it is. By virtue of the motor car we certainly travel far more miles per annum than any people has ever done before. By virtue of the telephone we make—and break—far more engagements. By virtue of radios, riveting machines, phonographs, motor horns, airplane engines, outboard motors, we live in an atmosphere of ever-growing din. The record for the number of people who can be jammed into one subway car is broken regularly. Indeed, the whole phenomenon of record-breaking, from flag-pole sitting to continuous piano playing, grows ever more furious. We city people drink too much, smoke too much, wisecrack too much. We are restless, nervous, unsatisfied, perpetually seeking that which we never find.

All this has been mounting year by year with prosperity. But I can find no reliable evidence that nervous diseases are on the increase, or that any substantial group of Americans, anywhere in the republic, is revolting against the speed at which they live. The retreats and monasteries may come, but I have yet to see the laying of the cornerstones.

In the Driftway

IT seems to the Drifter that we are making entirely too much ado about the "scientific" or "practical" values of the exploits of Commander Byrd and his party in the Antarctic. From the standpoint of pure science the flight over the South Pole is a contribution in that it has widened our knowledge of the geography of that remote region. But when the flight is heralded—as it has been—as a great service to mankind, and when the men who participated in it are held up as benefactors who would have died as heroes had they been killed in their exploit, it is well to stick at least a small-sized pin into the newspaper ballyhoo. The Drifter just can't see any service to mankind in polar exploration, be it south, north, east-southeast, or west by north, half north. In spite of press plaudits, General Motors has not announced that it will establish a branch factory at the South Pole; nor has it even been suggested that relief might be given to the American farmer by inducing him to ship his surplus wheat somewhere south of Little America.

* * * * *

ALL of which is not intended to belittle the expedition under Commander Byrd but rather to exalt it to its proper place as a splendid adventure. We are too unwilling to do things—or to admit that we do things—for the fun of doing them. Whenever a well-known man gets the itch to roam and decides upon a cruise up the Amazon or an exploration of the Himalayas, he considers it necessary to justify himself by getting some museum or society to sponsor his expedition as a scientific undertaking. He is afraid to make his trip as a pure adventure—afraid that he will be regarded as frivolous or wasting his time. His feeling is embedded, no doubt, in the accepted truth that the English take their pleasures sadly and that neither Englishmen nor Americans know how to play. The Drifter commends the attitude of the Frenchman Alain Gerbault, who arrived in Long Island Sound several years ago after a five months' passage of the Atlantic alone in a thirty-foot sail boat and gave the simple explanation: "I did it because I liked it."

* * * * *

SPEAKING of adventure and exploration brings the Drifter to the melancholy notice in the newspapers the other day of the sale as an item in an auction at an art gallery of the old sailing ship Benjamin F. Packard. The Packard was a noteworthy vessel in her time, with an added value today as one of the few surviving full-rigged sailing ships which were once the glory of American commerce. She was one of the last of such ships built in this country—actually the last wooden vessel of the kind laid down in the yards of Goss, Sawyer, and Packard at Bath, Maine. That was in 1883. The vessel was engaged in the China tea trade—the aristocracy of commerce—in the transport of wool from Australia, and later in Alaskan waters. Her hull along the waterline is still girdled with the iron with which she was sheathed at that time to protect her from ice. The Packard made her last commercial voyage in 1925 when she brought a cargo of lumber from the Pacific to the Atlantic seaboard through the Panama Canal. The owners arranged to have her towed in order "to make better time," but the old craft

is said to have led the tow much of the way. She lay in Long Island Sound as she was ignominiously knocked down as an "antique" for $1,000, probably a fiftieth to a hundredth of what it cost to build her, while tiny ship models brought more than double that sum as mantelpiece decorations. Fortunately the Packard was bought by a firm of antique dealers, which means that she will not be sold for scrap. She ought to be preserved, perhaps as the headquarters of some sea-minded club.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

National Income

SIR: In *The Nation* for November 27, the articles by Mr. Villard and Mr. Chase, placed as they were side by side, presented a timely picture of the two extremes of economic organization. The figures as a whole were strangely contrasting, yet in some respects the resemblance was striking.

To cite only one case, Mr. Villard deplores the fact that 38 per cent of Russia's national income was taken from the people by the government and invested in new plants and agricultural enterprises. Turn the page, and Mr. Chase announces that 33 per cent of this country's national income is taken from the people by 10 per cent of the population. He does not say this is used for investment in new industrial and agricultural enterprises. He does not even intimate that the other 90 per cent of our population shares the remaining 67 per cent of the national income with any measure of equality. Yet Mr. Villard thinks the American who has not visited Russia cannot visualize what it means to have 38 per cent of the nation's income taken away!

Brooklyn, November 29 C. WEED

"Passage of Arms"

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Whatever the merits or shortcomings of Dean Woodbridge's "The Son of Apollo," every fair-minded reader must protest against Professor Shorey's question: "Is it possible that the laurels of Mr. Will Durant will not let him (Dean Woodbridge) sleep?" So modest, so genuine a scholar as Dean Woodbridge deserves better than such cynical jibes as ill become a "friendly and knightly joyous passage of arms."

Lakeville, Conn., December 6 JOHN MCCHESNEY

The A. E. F. in Siberia

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your third article on Russia I find the following:

> Most Americans have completely forgotten that we sent two armies into Russia, without a declaration of war, *to fight and kill.* The Russians have not. In a workers' club in Nizhni Novgorod, where some of us made a totally unexpected visit one evening, we found a teacher showing an illuminated map of Russia to a group of boys and girls. For our special benefit he turned on the lights which showed where the American troops invaded Archangel and Siberia. The Russians are surely sincere in saying that they wish no more *such outrageous and murderous attacks.*

I was in Siberia from September, 1918, till January, 1919, as the correspondent of the New York *Herald,* accredited to the American Expeditionary Force in Siberia, and am familiar with the part played by the American troops there. While I admit that it was both unwise and wrong for America to send troops to Archangel, I know that statements to the effect that we sent troops to Siberia to fight and kill are absolutely untrue. General William S. Graves, in charge of the American Expeditionary Forces in Siberia, acted as one of the most liberal, humane, and far-sighted statesmen I have met among military men. I discussed the Russian problem with him frequently and studied his attitude toward Russia while traveling with him on an extensive tour of inspection. I may say without fear of contradiction that General Graves's attitude was correct and fair in every way and most sympathetic to the Russian people. He never interfered with the internal affairs of Russia and, what is more, he tried to exert a wholesome influence upon the Allied representatives. Wherever I traveled in Siberia I was told by Russians that they welcomed the Americans in Siberia particularly because they felt that the Americans by their very presence would prevent the Allied forces from acts of aggression.

When reports of intrigues by Allied military commanders in Siberia reached Vladivostok and a reactionary dictatorship was rumored, the liberal and radical Russian leaders became alarmed and feared for their lives. Three of them, the head of the municipal council, an editor, and another leader, asked me to introduce them to General Graves so that he might protect them in the event of trouble. I did this and later learned that these leaders, ordered by Admiral Kolchak to be arrested (which undoubtedly meant that they would be executed), were actually saved by General Graves.

Sheffield, Mass., November 16 HERMAN BERNSTEIN

[While it is true that there should have been in Mr. Villard's article a more careful differentiation between the American troops in Archangel and those in Siberia, General Graves's forces would also have fought and killed and burned villages had the situation arisen calling for such activities, in the opinion of Woodrow Wilson. They were not pacifists. There was no reflection intended upon General Graves himself, but the Moscow Russians feel as bitterly about his men's appearance upon Russian soil as they do about the murderous Archangel invasion.—EDITOR THE NATION.]

A Different Picture

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: On Sunday, December 1, a public memorial service was held on the steps of the Detroit City Hall in honor of those American soldiers who lost their lives in Northern Russia. The bodies of fifty-six of these men have come home. This sad event forces the government officially to recognize that campaign.

As the train arrived at the Michigan Central station and the cortege of swamp-befrozen bodies made its way to the mausoleum at White Chapel there were the flare of drums, the whirr of airplanes, and the plaudits of well-known speakers.

We who fought with them in this paradoxical warfare against our own Allies understand the feelings of the Russian peasants forced, in the protection of their own homes and lives, to kill these men. And we would give a far more fitting welcome to these victims of a great national disgrace. Our welcome would be one of silence, a silence of memories and sorrows, but more, a silence of contemplation and humiliation that the entire nation might feel the burden of responsibility for this sacrifice upon the altar of international intrigue.

Lake Orion, Mich., December 2 H. H. WEIMEISTER

Books, Films, Drama

Crusade

By EDA LOU WALTON

Wearing no symbol of despair
In the deep quiet of her hair,
No cross against her hollowed throat,
And uttering no stricken note
She walked her darkling way alone
Graciously from stone to stone.

If any saw her walking there,
Delicately wrought and fair,
They wondered at the swift and strong
Movements of her limbs along
A forest pathway grown so wild
As to affright this slender child.

But no one ever asked her where
She stepped so negligent of care,
And no one looked within her eyes
To see the merciless surprise
Of finding how her steps betrayed
Her heart into this mad crusade.

There is a mountain with a flare
Of trees like trumpets whose bright blare
Marshals the sunrise at the top
An outpost of clear light to stop
Within one moment and be seen
Above the regimental green.

To this lost mountain of the air
She fled if she fled anywhere,
With all about the marching rank
Of trees inclosing flank on flank;
Her heart a sword within her side
Unplucked until of it she died.

What Is Happiness?

The Psychology of Happiness. By Walter B. Pitkin. Simon and Schuster. $3.
Joy in Work. By Henri de Man. Henry Holt Company. $3.

THERE is no better proof of the unhappiness of an age than that it should begin to prate about the means of securing happiness. The very use of the word is a mischievous misnomer. If happiness has any reality aside from specific states of mind with which certain positive reactions are associated, it is a thing to be experienced and not prescribed. Its very condition of attainment is a subjective fact that is allied with so many features of environment and so many conflicts of personality that any intelligent discussion of it must be considered in connection with the particular individual concerned. Treatment of it in terms of generalizations about what to do to be happy, the happiness of a well-ordered life, or how to live happily, without adequate consideration of the social and economic environment, can be nothing more than the veriest twaddle.

It is because Mr. Pitkin so often descends to this kind of thing that his "Psychology of Happiness" becomes more of an adventure in sentimentality than science. Happiness, Mr. Pitkin declares, is "always an inner light, heat, and power." But what gives the individual this "inner light, heat, and power"? If it is born in him, then all of Mr. Pitkin's arguments are urged in vain. If one does not accept that hypothesis (and few people would in this age) then he must admit that the outer world has a great deal to do with the inner personality, and that any state of happiness must be dependent, to a considerable extent at all events, upon the environment. When, accordingly, Mr. Pitkin writes that "I do say, without any qualifications whatsoever, that in the more highly civilized sections of the United States in this year 1929 all the external conditions required for happy living are present," and adds that "the one remaining obstacle is psychological," he completely gives away his case. A rudimentary acquaintance with actual conditions in America in the textile trades, the steel mills, or the mines should be enough to show that the obstacle is far more economic than psychological. If he contends that these are not "the more highly civilized sections of the United States," he should realize that in what he regards as "the more highly civilized sections" the life of the worker is not much better, and that the so-called more civilized sections are dependent for their survival upon those less civilized. The killing of Sacco and Vanzetti might have made clear to him the economic forces at work behind the scenes. If all the "external conditions required for happy living are present," waiting, as Mr. Pitkin maintains, "to be used by those who can," it is the economic obstacle in our whole social life that will have to be controlled before the psychological. To force the multitude of men to make felicitous psychological adjustment to our present economic order would be to make them into mental robots.

From the point of view of social progress, then, "The Psychology of Happiness" is a dangerous book. It would lead the individual to seek happiness within himself while the world about him endured every form of distress. And what of those men, the great reformers and revolutionists of the ages, who spurned happiness while others suffered, who fought and often died for causes that aimed to bring happiness to all rather than to themselves or to a few? What of social sacrifice as a means toward social happiness? Why, one asks, does Mr. Pitkin have nothing to say of these? It is because happiness to him is a form of individual triumph which has nothing social in its challenge.

Henri de Man, on the other hand, in his study of joy in work, appreciates the economic background of the problem. Where Mr. Pitkin entertains his readers with a racy account of many personalities who exemplify certain aspects of his thesis—Leopardi, Kant, Descartes, Chopin, who were of "the accursed"; William Jennings Bryan, G. Stanley Hall, Haydon who were of "the blessed"—Henri de Man confines his analysis to technical observations and psychological detail. As a result, "Joy in Work" is far less readable than "The Psychology of Happiness"—for Pitkin's book, whatever its demerits as a study, reads in parts almost like a novel. Henri de Man is concerned almost entirely with "the impulse to joy in work" and the factors which tend to thwart that impulse. His book is made doubly interesting by the fact that most of his conclusions have been derived from a questionnaire study of "seventy-eight autobiographical reports supplied by wage-workers and salaried employees of both sexes in various parts of the country." De Man is convinced that the main drives which make man feel a genuine joy in work are the instincts of activity, play, curiosity, and self-assertiveness. The constructive instinct, the possessive instinct, and the combative instinct he believes are also aids in the development of this impulse. While

his use of the word instinct is rather loose, the idea of behavior which he is trying to elucidate when he employs the word is clear enough to be of value in his discussion. His consideration of those factors of modern labor that tend to turn the worker into a robot, however, is of more importance than his analysis of these so-called instincts. In his consideration of those factors, moreover, and his suggestions for avoiding "monotony of motion," "reduction of initiative," and the like he does not seem to be aware of the fact that we have now entered the stage of the second Industrial Revolution, namely, the Technological Revolution. This technological stage in which we are now enmeshed, and which has advanced much farther in America than in Germany, reduces the worker to even more of a robot, and makes a number of Henri de Man's suggestions as to how to bring back joy into work seem entirely inapplicable, if not absurd.

Henri de Man understands, however, what Pitkin does not, that the basis of the happiness problem has to do largely with the economic life of the individual. While de Man also stresses the psychological factor in his analysis, it is always in connection with the economic. If we are ever to have happiness for the mass, we shall have to have a civilization which does not exploit it, and which affords labor either in such short and unexhausting form that the worker does not mind it or else in a form that the worker actually enjoys. All talk of happiness that does not have such a social aim in mind as an end may be interesting psychology for the leisured classes, but it has no meaning for the rest of mankind.

V. F. Calverton

Rival and Friend

Canada and the United States. By Hugh L. Keenleyside. Alfred A. Knopf. $3.25.

CANADA, long barely remembered in the United States and then chiefly with the thought that the Stars and Stripes should float to the ultimate North, is at last being recognized as having an individuality of its own and especially as the chief commercial customer of the republic. This book is a competent piece of work. The author, now secretary of the Canadian Legation in Japan, has held various appointments in historical faculties in the United States and knows his ground. The book is based on a wide examination of both printed and manuscript material and the many footnotes are an adequate guide to sources.

When the poet Rupert Brooke visited Canada, illuminati at Harvard asked why he should wish to go to a country "without a soul." To offset this we may quote Mr. Keenleyside: "No country in the world has produced proportionately as many men of academic distinction as has the Dominion of Canada." He traces adequately the successive phases of the relations between the two countries. English-speaking Canada is largely a child of the American Revolution. Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler once commented on an atmosphere "that the modern visitor to Canada cannot understand." What the American visitor fails to realize is that the Loyalist exiles from the republic affected, and perhaps felt, contempt for American society and loathed the democracy which had persecuted them. This bitterness was intensified by the War of 1812, with its professed aim to free down-trodden Canada from the British yoke. To the war-hawks Canada was simply a commodity to be taken from its owner, Great Britain. The twofold result of the war was to make the republic finally secure on its foundations and to make Canada definitely British. That it should have remained so is really remarkable. The United States had demanded it in negotiations for the peace of 1783, and nearly a hundred years later wished to have it as compensation for the ravages of the Alabama. At that time Great Britain was so willing to get rid of it that Lord Granville, Secretary of State for the Colonies, asked the Canadians to "annex themselves." What kept Canada British was the determination of its own people not to be absorbed by their great neighbor.

Mr. Keenleyside describes in adequate detail the grounds of difference since 1812: frontier incidents during the Canadian rebellion of 1837; the dispute over the Maine and Oregon boundaries; the slackness of the republic in checking the Fenian invasion of Canada after the Civil War; the disputes regarding American rights in the fisheries. Mr. Roosevelt's "shirt-sleeves" diplomacy in connection with the Alaska boundary comes in for some stricture, while at the same time the author believes that substantial justice was achieved in this as in other controversies.

It still is difficult to induce Americans to read anything about Canada. Perhaps some may be attracted by the interesting style of this book. It is probably true that in a world where the United States is for the moment not popular no nation is more deeply friendly than Canada. There are superficial sources of irritation which might easily be avoided. Attacks on Great Britain in the United States arouse resentment in Canada. Remarks like that of Richard Olney that the United States is "sovereign on this continent" are not soothing to other American peoples. Mr. Newton Baker's claim for the United States of the "dominant moral position in the world" is not echoed with enthusiasm by her Northern neighbor. Canadians sometimes remember that the House of Representatives of the United States protested against the federation of the British provinces which was to make Canada a nation, and proposals in the United States to "buy" Canada evoke a wry smile. These are, however, really trifles. Mr. Keenleyside shows that Canada has now grown into a great law-abiding state with something to teach as well as to learn from its neighbor. His assurance that "even a Tory government in Britain would as soon think of issuing orders to Paris or Washington as to Ottawa" gives ground for believing that Canada is truly an American and not a European state.

George M. Wrong

A Curious Biography

William the First, His Life and Times. By Paul Wiegler. Translated and Edited by Constance Vesey. Houghton Mifflin Company. $5.

THE reader who has had the patience to wade through the 448 pages, aggregating about 180,000 words, into which Herr Wiegler has dumped the dated and assorted contents of his notebooks will have learned about all that it is necessary for even a devoted student of history to know about the Emperor William I and his family and associates. He will also have been shown a panorama which includes the revolutions of 1848, the formation of the North German Confederation, the *Kulturkampf,* the struggles between Prussia and Austria, the Franco-German and Balkan wars, the formal creation of the German Empire, and a considerable number of other episodes in which Prussia or Germany played important parts. It will also have been borne in upon him that the author does not like Bismarck, and that his picture of "the amateur Machiavelli and Pomeranian landed proprietor"" is drawn to exhibit William as master. Incidentally, there are some clever personal characterizations and bits of description, among the best being the pen-picture of von Moltke and the account of the Emperor's last days. Herr Wiegler's style and method, however, are alike irritating. He affects the present tense,

dropping it only on occasion as if by inadvertence, gets rid of verbs altogether in innumerable instances, and revels in phrases and ejaculations. As for form, he sticks as closely as possible to chronology, sets down events in their order like a diarist, and now and then, after some straightforward writing, seizes the time-thread again with a jerk and plumps down the year's date as the beginning of another paragraph. It is a curious method of historical narration, especially in this day when historians and biographers are once more giving some attention to style. The translation appears to be as perfect as the original permits, but we are not told wherein the editing of the text consists.

WILLIAM MACDONALD

The Passing of James Huneker

Essays by James Gibson Huneker. Selected with an Introduction by H. L. Mencken. Charles Scribner's Sons. $3.50.

READING Huneker's essays today, one feels creeping over one the revolting suspicion that James Huneker, that great iconoclast, godfather of Mencken and all the Menckenites, was nothing but a sort of Hamilton Wright Mabie with a perverse streak of naughtiness and with somewhat better luck in choosing the objects of his enthusiasm. His own heresies seem tame, and the heresies of his chosen supermen take on in his presentation an equal mildness. The *enfant terrible* of the last generation disappears, and in his place we behold a garrulous, gossipy, erudite gentleman with a taste for Pilsner and a gentle fondness for wild men.

This is, of course, ridiculous, and one banishes the suspicion with an apology for ever having allowed it to intrude upon one's consciousness. Huneker was head and shoulders above most contemporary critics. His learning should have made the academicians blush; his perception of the importance of such figures as Ibsen, Huysmans, Strauss, and a dozen others was prompt and unhesitating; the vigor with which he recommended his favorites was sincere and persuasive. While Mabie spouted set speeches on Wordsworth and Longfellow, and commemorated on his White Lists the names of the more trivial and innocuous novels of his day, Huneker was casting his net into the sea of international literature and catching in it real fish instead of minnows.

All this one must gladly grant, and yet it is difficult to assert that Huneker is any less completely dead than Mabie and those other contemporaries above whom, looked at in relation to his period, he looms so vastly. The truth of the matter is that Huneker, whatever he may have been able to say to his own generation, has singularly little to say to ours. It is not very illuminating to learn that Shaw has a sentimental side, that de Maupassant's style is hard but graceful, or that Laforgue was a fantastic chap. (Edmund Wilson, by the way, says more that seems really important about Laforgue in a couple of paragraphs in an essay on another subject than Huneker manages to say in fifteen pages.) There is little coherence in the essays, and there is much repetition. There are few ideas, and those few are seldom developed with satisfying thoroughness and originality. What we do find in the essays is the quality for which Huneker was famed—gusto. He liked what he liked, and he wrote about it with inextinguishable enthusiasm and relish, with much smacking of lips and licking of chops. After reviewing forty or fifty separate works by Brahms, he can still make his adjectives wag their tails in glee; and even his harshest judgments are almost invariably capped with paragraphs of eulogy. His chronicles of his heroes' lives are quite as heartily appreciative as his criticisms, and they occupy rather more space.

But gusto is not enough; in fact gusto, taken by itself, can only become tiring. In sound criticism we respond to a certain force of reason and insight, even when we disagree with particular opinions. Huneker, however, is satisfying only so long as we share his views, and one suspects that his present admirers would be the first to call him an empty fellow if he had praised Tennyson and Browning instead of Nietzsche and Stendhal. If criticism is to survive, it must be by virtue of the intellectual and imaginative resources of the critic. The adventures of a soul, even among masterpieces, are worth recording only if the soul itself has some intrinsic worth beyond that lent by enthusiasm and erudition.

If Huneker's rejoicings fail to move us today, it is partly because fashions in criticism have changed. This change Mr. Mencken notes in his introduction to the essays, commenting on it with a melancholy made pathetically striking by its setting in the midst of the pyrotechnic glories with which he does honor to Huneker's memory. "All the young critics of today," Mr. Mencken writes, "turn away from his innocent delight in all lovely and amusing things to seek inspiration in the moral sitzbaths of More, Babbitt and Company." And again: "There is a swing back to the pious, intellectual flummery that he abhorred." There is a swing, certainly, whether backward or forward. Not only is Huneker deserted but also Mencken himself; and many of the young critics proceed from Babbitt's humanism to Anglo-Catholicism, Neo-Thomism, and other dogmas from which Huneker would have shrunk in horror. The explanation lies, one cannot but believe, precisely in the inadequacies of the school of criticism of which Huneker was a major representative. The impressionistic critic can explode in a series of ecstasies; he can indulge in a running comment on the virtues of the piece under consideration; he can stray leisurely along the by-paths of biography and gossip; or he can expose the effervescent workings of his own soul. All these performances seem today rather jejune. There is a demand that criticism proceed from a well-stocked mind, from a mind that can recognize implications and tendencies, that can grapple with ideas as well as emotions.

The danger that the pendulum will swing too far is apparent: it is more than a danger; it is almost a certainty. We already have critics who think that a smattering of almost any dogmatic theory is sufficient equipment for the literary life. But at the same time there is a sharpening of perception, a struggle to create standards, an increased attention to the object of criticism instead of the feelings of the critic. Huneker seems stale. We can recognize his capacity for the kind of thing he sought to do, his brilliance, his independence; but his work is seen to be—O, damning phrase!—of merely historical importance.

GRANVILLE HICKS

Fiction Briefs

Steppenwolf. By Hermann Hesse. Translated from the German by Basil Creighton. Henry Holt and Company. $2.50.

A German journalist disillusioned by the war, treated as a traitor by his former friends, deserted by his family, becomes an outcast and develops, as the outcome of his conviction that he is half-man, half-wolf, a suicidal mania. The desire, however, is never fulfilled. The mottled habits of dance-hall professionals and the lashing torture of his mind keep him alive. In the preface the author expresses his belief that the neurosis of his hero is general as well as individual—a reflection of an ailing generation, of this present generation of transition. Yet the obsession of the supernatural, the abnormal, the death-in-life motif has more the familiar symptoms of literary and imaginative than of social decadence about it. The symbol of dual personality forever in conflict is too near the Faust

TOM MOONEY FRAME UP

JUSTICE CALIFORNIA STYLE

A TERRIBLE INDICTMENT

A VOICE FROM A LIVING GRAVE

The Reverend John Haynes Holmes says, "Mooney Pamphlet one of most formidable documents I have ever seen."

New York City, Sept. 21, 1929.

Dear Tom Mooney:

Your pamphlet has at last come to hand—and I am writing at once to say how enormously impressed I am. The Pamphlet is one of the most formidable documents I have ever seen in my life. If properly distributed it should arouse a public sentiment which will make your pardon certain.

My hand to you, dear comrade. Keep up your courage. Your friends are multiplying every hour.

As always, Very sincerely,
JOHN HAYNES HOLMES.

Mme. Peggy Guggenheim-Vail sends $2,000.

Munich, Sept. 9, 1929.

Tom Mooney Molders Defense Committee,
San Francisco, Cal.

I just found the pamphlets you sent me which have been forwarded all over Europe. I hasten to send you one thousand ($1,000) dollars from myself and one thousand ($1,000) dollars from the Benita Guggenheim Mayer Memorial Fund.

I am glad at last to be able to do something about Mooney. I've always wanted to. This is the first time I have been asked to. Thank you.

PEGGY GUGGENHEIM-VAIL,
Paris, France.



TOM MOONEY
1929

ALINE BARNSDALE GIVES $1,000 WILL GIVE $10,000 more for $40,000 raised from other sources — wants Mooney pamphlet sent to every California Voter.

Los Angeles, Calif., Jan. 16, 1929.

Tom Mooney Molders Defense Committee,
Box 1475, San Francisco, Calif.
Dear Sir:—

I understand from *The Nation* and *New Republic* that the effort is to be made to reach every voter in California with information of this case and I enclose my check for $1,000 toward this with my deepest hope that it will result in the freedom of Tom Mooney. I am one hundred percent for Mooney's plan to get a copy of the case to every voter in California and it will take fifty thousand ($50,000) dollars at least. . . . I am willing to give a thousand dollars ($1,000) for each five thousand dollars ($5,000) collected or ten thousand dollars ($10,000) for forty thousand dollars ($40,000) collected from any other source for this work.

Please keep me in touch with what you are doing and let me know if there is anything I can do here. I visited him in prison a short time after he was arrested, so you can understand that my interest is of long standing and I might have something to say. I have been hoping for a long time that something of this kind would happen.

Sincerely,
ALINE BARNSDALL.

TOM MOONEY'S APPEAL

SAN QUENTIN PRISON, CALIFORNIA.

TO FRIENDS OF JUSTICE:

Adding to the horror of almost fourteen years in prison on a "Frame-up," comes the following news dispatch blasting our hopes of an early pardon.

SACRAMENTO, Nov. 22. Governor C. C. Young today in a lengthy statement announced: "I am referring the case of Thomas J. Mooney to the Advisory Pardon Board for investigation and recommendation.

"The study of (Billings Case) transcript and other material by each of the (Supreme Court) justices must of necessity consume some time, time which may well be employed by the Advisory Pardon Board in helping me consider the case of Mooney.

"Whatever recommendations the Supreme Court may make or refuse to make in the Billings Case must apply with equal force to the case of Mooney," the Governor declared in referring the Mooney issue to the Pardon Advisory Board.

"The cases of Mooney and Billings have attracted widespread attention, largely from those who know absolutely nothing about them except as a reflection of popular clamor.

"The Governor has indicated that he expects an exhaustive study of the case.

"IT IS EVIDENT TODAY THAT SEVERAL MONTHS MUST ELAPSE BEFORE RECOMMENDATIONS TO THE GOVERNOR CAN BE MADE."

The Governor of California has had my pardon petition for three years. First, he told my friends frankly that parole was his solution and this at the PROPER TIME. Frank P. Walsh and a group of California citizens presented my case to the Governor August 27th, 1928. He promised to go into the case immediately. A month later he wrote the State Federation of Labor that it would take several months for him to study the case in his spare hours. He used the Legislative Sessions as another excuse for delay, but promised to take the case up during his vacation and render his decision at the end of the summer. When he returned to the Capitol, he requested Billings to present his petition to the Supreme Court for their recommendation. Then the Governor referred my case to the Advisory Pardon Board, which will delay a decision indefinitely, if an aroused and awakened public sentiment does not demand immediate action.

What a travesty upon Justice—the fraud in this case had been known to every literate person for over twelve years. Parole is for the guilty. The Governor wanted me to accept Parole. I am absolutely innocent. I will rot and die within the walls of San Quentin before I will accept a degrading and humiliating Parole, which would make of me a prisoner of the State for the remainder of my life, subject always to being returned to Prison for life for any infraction of the rules governing parole, none of which are actual violations of law.

Everyone who took part officially in my trial has written to the Governor, urging him to pardon me. The real curse of this case right now is the over-confidence of my friends in my early pardon, which is absolutely unwarranted in the light of the Governor referring my case to the Advisory Pardon Board. Every reader of *The Nation* should write to the Governor, urging him to grant unconditional pardon to Mooney and Billings immediately. Urge your friends to do likewise.

Injustice can thrive only on ignorance. The great mass of citizens of California do not know the facts in the Mooney-Billings Case. I have prepared and published a 32-page pamphlet entitled, "PARDON TOM MOONEY—INNOCENT," which I wish to place in the hands of all California citizens. There is just one thing needed to carry this plan to completion—Funds. Will you help me to raise them?

I urge you—I plead with you—I implore you not to forget us, after reading this earnest appeal. Make our Christmas as happy and cheerful for us as possible while in prison, by helping us to place our case before the voters of California, which will eventually bring us freedom, the most precious gift you can send us.

Every reader of *The Nation* should send a contribution, be it ever so small. Urge your friends to do likewise. If you have friends who are lovers of Justice, send us their names and we will mail a copy of the pamphlet to them, so that they too may have an opportunity to help in righting this monstrous wrong.

I give you in advance my most heartfelt thanks and deepest appreciation for your help in righting this grievous wrong — THIRTEEN YEARS OF A MOST UNJUST AND CRUEL CALIFORNIA IMPRISONMENT.

Sincerely and
Fraternally yours,
TOM MOONEY.

MARY E. GALLAGHER
Secretary-Treasurer
Tom Mooney Molder Defense Committee
P. O. Box 1475 N.,
San Francisco, Cal.

CALIFORNIA'S SHAME

tradition in literature, and the sublimation of the dead-end of experience is too much like a typical case of romantic *Weltschmerz* to be accepted as a complete or wholly reliable interpretation of the contemporary scene. Moreover, where Byron and Poe have given a glorious or supernal glow to a similar theme, Herr Hesse has left it blatantly fetid.

Don't Call Me Clever. By Lawrence Drake. Simon and Schuster. $2.50.

There is a breathlessness about this novel as of a man who has just missed a train—a good run, heated stir of emotion, and no profitable end. All the introspection of Nathan Laskov, who despises his Jewish brother and their Jewish friends, carries him only to self-contempt and to a business partnership with that wretched fellow who is, after all, his brother. For, freely as Nathan's eyes break beyond barriers, he is tied to his people, his race. The portraits of the Jewish merchant making the most of a commercial world, desiring only social acceptance, and of the frustrate Jewish intellectual, self-consumed, are vivid contributions to the growing gallery of futile figures in an aimless age.

Catherine Foster. By H. E. Bates. The Viking Press. $2.50.

Charles Foster's fascination was of short duration after Catherine married him and had the opportunity to observe him among his farmer-clients and his chemist-neighbors. His brother, however, had the romance of a ne'er-do-well's past about him and tastes that were similar to her own, so he became her lover. Their mute, passionate experience is related in determined, modulated prose, distinguished by its pictorial effects and enhanced by the author's certain characterization of confused, unresourceful people.

The Wings of the Eagle. By Gilbert Seldes. Little, Brown and Company. $2.50.

In his first novel Mr. Seldes shows that he is well along toward the mastery of plot and structure and not so far along in characterization. He realizes almost every opportunity that his idea and intention suggest. The incidents are well chosen and timed, and the method of reversing them in order to establish Lodor's temperament fully is well employed, but the figure of the hero, of the social idealist, the man of vision, the leader who lacks foresight and insight is dull. He has the dulness of specialization about him, of one-sidedness. Given two or three situations and his attributes are exhausted. Anne, too, is dull, but her chief fault is not in her character. Mr. Seldes, for the purpose he makes her serve, uses her too much; there is too much Anne. In fact, only Gordon shows traces of the complexity that makes a character both real and interesting; but Gordon's potentialities are not developed. Let Mr. Seldes conceive and extend some more people like Gordon and his next novel will be richer and better.

The Fiddler. By Sarah Gertrude Millin. Horace Liveright. $2.50.

The elopement of a young married woman with the married leader of a jazz orchestra and the resultant murder offer all the ingredients for a tabloid hash, but Mrs. Millin gives just the proper modulation to her theme to avoid melodrama. She simplifies motives and effects to a minimum, and reveals a deeper plot in the discrepancies between the momentary, rash impulses of human beings and their power to deal with the fruits thereof. She writes briefly and vividly, with fine insight into the bitter, fatal lot of exceptional people.

River House. By Stark Young. Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50.

Mr. Young depicts the maladjustment of the old South to the new in terms of a misunderstanding between two generations of the same family. The book is too long; much of it is unnecessary repetition; two of the characters might be omitted without any loss resulting; yet the virtues of the book outweigh its faults. The picture is full and provocative. The dialogue and the use of the dialogue to portray character and create impressions are excellent. Moreover, Mr. Young exhibits an attitude that is rare among American authors: he writes of sentimental people without either an emotional or an intellectual bias, without satire or solicitation. In so doing he intensifies and at the same time clarifies his plot. The son's final departure is darkened by the sense of futility and by his consciousness that the question is not one of right or wrong but of suitability. The tradition which the father represents is dying, not because all its values are false but because no adaptation to new conditions has been attempted to distinguish the good from the bad. Mr. Young's style is as firm as his thinking.

The Book Shelf

A new edition of *Art in Industry,* by Charles R. Richards (The Macmillan Company; $2.50), being the report of an industrial art survey conducted under the auspices of the National Society for Vocational Education and the New York State Department of Education, contains upwards of fifty illustrative plates, twenty of them in colors.

The Book of Urizen, by William Blake, reproduced in facsimile from a 1794 copy printed and illuminated by the author, with a note on Blake by Dorothy Plowman, has been issued in a handsome form by E. P. Dutton and Company ($8).

Scandinavian Literature from Brandes to Our Day, by H. G. Topsöe-Jensen, translated from the Danish by Isaac Anderson (W. W. Norton and Company; $3.50), is a concise outline of the history of Danish, Norwegian, and Swedish literature since 1870, issued under the auspices of the American-Scandinavian Foundation.

A History of English Literature, by Emile Legouis and Louis Cazamian, has been reissued in a one-volume edition in larger type and with some revision of the text (The Macmillan Company; $7.50).

Recent publications of the Bureau of Ethnology of the Smithsonian Institution include *Myths and Tales of the Southeastern Indians,* by John R. Swanton, and *Papago Music,* by Frances Densmore, the latter with numerous records of Indian songs (Washington: Government Printing Office).

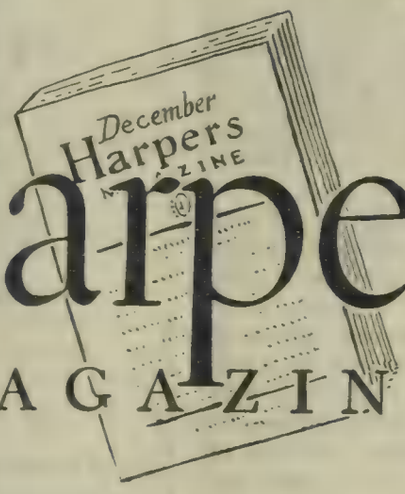
Louis D. Brandeis: A Biographical Sketch, by Jacob de Haas (Bloch Publishing Company; $3), is devoted chiefly to Justice Brandeis's contributions to Jewish and Zionist history. The texts of addresses delivered between 1912 and 1924 are included.

Legion: The Book of the British Legion by Britain's Foremost Writers in Prose and Verse (Doubleday, Doran and Company; $3), contains contributions by John Galsworthy, Arnold Bennett, Aldous Huxley, Rebecca West, and twenty-nine other writers, and eight illustrations by Jacob Epstein, John Sargent, and others.

The publication of the *Journals of the Continental Congress,* edited by Gaillard Hunt, of which Volume XXV appeared in 1922, has been resumed with the issuance of Volumes XXVI and XXVII (Washington: Government Printing Office). The new volumes cover the year 1784.

The Story of the Weather, by Eugene Van Cleef (The Century Company; $2.50), is a popular account of weather phenomena treated as "an organized unit of nature."

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Films

Mostly "For the Family"

BROADWAY may go on eagerly pursuing "sophistication," a near relative of "corruption by something spurious or foreign," but Hollywood sticks to simple human nature which in the matter of dramatic entertainment demands no more than the plainest fare and rather enjoys what the doctors call "roughage." To Mr. Fairbanks and Miss Pickford go the well-deserved plaudits of their admirers who in "The Taming of the Shrew" (Rivoli) get as much genuine fun as could be extracted from Shakespeare by the rough though good-natured process of squeezing him into the Hollywood mold of slap-stick comedy. I am not particularly grieved about the bard's discomfiture, for after all "The Taming of the Shrew" was only a Hollywood of its day. But it is to be regretted that in carrying out his interesting experiment Mr. Fairbanks made no attempt to use some of the excellent material in the play for a more original and more cinematic treatment of the dialogue. As it stands, Mr. Fairbanks's adaptation is merely a silent picture of the conventional pattern with the sub-titles spoken by the actors instead of being read by the audience. Even so there is very little dialogue, while long stretches of the film are given over to silent comic "business." It was hardly necessary for that to disturb the peace of the great magician of words, albeit his phrasing is less felicitous in this comedy than in many of his other plays.

Shakespeare, however, wrote for his coarse contemporaries who had a voracious appetite for finely spun words, whereas Mr. Fairbanks has to please our more civilized children of the Ford age who have left most of the bother of growing up and aging to their machines, while like all children they revel in the spectacle of people tumbling into the mud or rolling down the steps, of chairs and cushions being thrown about, or of any other horseplay. More is the pity, as Mr. Fairbanks is an ideal Petruchio (I regret I cannot say the same of Miss Pickford as Katharina) and can speak his lines, when he has a chance, with a gusto and a sensuous delight in the sound of words that could not be bettered. With the camera used searchingly and dramatically, the duel of wits in the first scene between Petruchio and Katharina could have been made a sparkling and glamorous thing. Instead, most of the lines in this scene have been cut out, and the whip has been enthroned where wit was supposed to reign.

The public which likes boisterous fun in its feminine part is even more thrilled by sentimental crooning about "a kiss in the morning and a kiss at night." Mr. Rudy Vallee is an unassuming young man with a pleasant voice, and in "The Vagabond Lover" (Globe) he gives his admirers what they long for —a succession of songs to the accompaniment of a jazz band which makes their hearts melt and fills their beings with a glow of "romance." Those who write to Mr. Vallee can also get his signed photograph; of which privilege, announced over the radio, the Vallee worshipers have lately been availing themselves to the tune of about 5,000 photos a day.

If the two pictures just reviewed were made expressly "for the family," the American censors saw to it that the German picture "The Box of Pandora" (55th Street Playhouse) conformed to the same standard of morals. In the process the original, which was obviously intended for adults only, lost a great deal in footage, and what is more, its only raison d'etre, since besides its rather pleasing photography this ponderous and indifferently acted picture has little to commend it to any theatergoer.

ALEXANDER BAKSHY

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Drama

Tolstoy Revived

TOLSTOY'S "The Living Corpse" is the latest addition to the program of the Civic Repertory Theater. Miss LeGallienne's two previous productions from Chekhov are the most interesting things to be seen there, and her loyal audience greeted with every sign of approval the well-known play by Chekhov's more earnest and ponderous countryman. She herself certainly earned the applause which was given her for a very excellent playing of the amusing scene in which the aristocratic Anna Karenina interviews her prospective daughter-in-law, and Jacob Ben-Ami was agreeably received in the role of the weakling hero who so spectacularly shoots himself in the last act because he cannot bear to go through with the disgusting mummery of divorce by collusion. As a whole the production does not suffer too much from comparison with that given two seasons ago by the Reinhardt-Moissi company, and it is probably at least nearer to the intention of the author than the more romantic one, seen here some years past, when John Barrymore made Fedya a sort of Byronic hero going gracefully to the dogs before an audience whose feminine members all longed to reform him.

Yet I must confess that this present performance leaves me, as did both the previous ones, still in doubt concerning the real intention of the play. I am loath to believe that Tolstoy aimed at nothing more original or profound than the story of an amiable drunkard, and that he intended to awaken in the audience nothing except that facile and half-envious pity which is so easy to arouse in behalf of an attractive young sinner. Yet the temptation to emphasize this aspect of the play seems almost irresistible, and though a part of the blame for the fact may be charged to the actor's fondness for just such a role—to his instinctive realization that it inclines the audience to baby him in very agreeable fashion—some part of it must be due to the play itself. And since Tolstoy must surely have meant to achieve more than that, it would appear that he left unsaid something which he meant to say.

Obviously he is not at home in the drama. The eleven scenes give outward sign of the fact that he was more used to free narrative than to the artificial concentration of the action almost necessary in the dramatic form; and a certain sketchiness in the writing of the whole play, a certain episodic development which suggests a dramatization rather than a drama, furnishes subtler evidence of the same thing. Yet I doubt if even this is sufficient to account for the blurred effect which the play has always seemed to me to produce, and I am inclined to believe that it arises out of the author's hesitation between two themes of which one is predominantly sociological while the other is concerned with a problem of abstract ethics.

Certainly the finest single scene is the second, in which the hero listens to the singing of the Gypsies. It is marked by a poetry, by a touch of ecstasy, absent from all the others, and its effect is not by any means wholly due to the beauty of the singing itself, for it is this scene which seems to announce the theme of the drama. Fedya has been lured away from the dull virtuousness of his home to go in pursuit of some passionate experience whose nature seems hinted to him in the wild strains of the vagabonds' music. He has no natural taste for debauchery, no coarse homesickness for the dirt; it is, on the contrary, the very sensitiveness of his nature which is fatal. He deserts decorous domesticity, not for something which is worse but for something which is in itself far more exalted, and it is his tragedy to find the poetic ecstasy he is seeking only in association with squalor and depravity. There is some soul of good in

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this evil thing, or rather, as Tolstoy with his fear of the senses prefers to put it, some soul of evil in this seductive good. Hence the real theme of the play is the theme which always obsessed him—the fascination and beauty of those sensual experiences which the ascetic in him so violently hated.

Yet this theme, once it has been powerfully announced, hardly comes to the surface again throughout the entire action, and Tolstoy allows himself to be diverted into what becomes, in effect, a none too interesting and now far from timely discussion of divorce. At the end he galvanizes the whole into life again by the sensational suicide of Fedya, but by this time we have all but forgotten that Fedya's problem is the real problem of the play, and his death becomes less significant as the end of the hero than simply as a violent protest against the Russian marriage laws.

The modern drama owes much to sociology, for it was by means of its sociological interests that it pulled itself out of the rut of triviality into which it had fallen. But the older the modern classics grow, the more obviously does the weight of stale discussion pull them down. If Ibsen and Shaw and Tolstoy the playwrights ever reach eternity they must bear a heavy burden over a long rough road.

Ernest Pascal's "The Amorous Antic" (Theater Masque) deals in a vein of extravagant satire with love among those artists who paint cubistically and go in constant fear of acquiring an inhibition. It is sometimes amusing but almost as frequently silly.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

WITHIN THE FORTNIGHT

PLAYS TO SEE

A Wonderful Night—Majestic—W. 44th St.
Berkeley Square—Lyceum—E. 45th St.
Bitter Sweet—Ziegfeld—54th St. & 6th Ave.
Candlelight—Empire—B'dway & 40th St.
Criminal Code—National—W. 41st St.
Fifty Million Frenchmen—Lyric—W. 42nd St.
It's a Wise Child—Belasco—W. 44th St.
June Moon—Broadhurst—W. 44th St.
Marionette Theatre—Garrick, W. 35th St.—Sat. mornings
Strictly Dishonorable—Avon—W. 45th St.
Sweet Adeline—Hammerstein—Broadway & 53rd St.
The Little Show—Music Box—W. 45th St.
The Game of Love and Death—Guild Theatre—W. 52nd St.
Yiddish Art Theatre—Jew Suss—Broadway & 28th St.

First Nights

Half Gods—Plymouth—W. 44th St.—Op. Dec. 21st.
Red Rust—Beck—302 W. 45th St.—Op. Dec. 17th.

FILMS

Disraeli—Central Theatre—Broadway and 47th St.
General Crack—Warner Bros.—Broadway & 52nd St.
Hunting Tigers in India—George Cohan—Broadway and 43rd St.
Meistersinger—55th St. Playhouse—154 W. 55th St.
Metropolis and Streets of Sorrow—Film Guild—52 W. 8th St.
Peter Pan—Junior Film Guild—52 W. 8th St., Dec. 25th to Jan. 1st, each morning.

CONCERTS AND RECITALS

Carola Goya—Hampden—B'dway—62nd St.—Sun. Eve., Dec. 29th.
Dorothy Gordon's "Young People's Concert Hours"—Town Hall, 113 West 43rd St.—Sat. Aft., Dec. 28th.
Grand Opera for Children—Hansel & Gretel—Town Hall—Fri. Morn., Dec. 27th.
Isadora Duncan Dancers—Carnegie—Sat. Aft., Dec. 28th.
Lerner Quartet—Carnegie Hall—Fri. Eve., Dec. 20th.
Menuhin—Carnegie—Fri. Eve., Jan. 3rd.
Musicians' Gambol—Carnegie—Mon. Eve., Dec. 30th.
Philharmonic Symphony—Thurs. Eve., Dec. 19th, 26th; Fri. Aft., Dec. 27th; Fri. Eve., Dec. 20th; Sun. Aft. Dec. 22nd, 29th—Carnegie Hall.
Philharmonic Symphony, Junior Orchestral Concert—Sat. Morn., Dec. 28th, Carnegie Hall.
Ruth Draper—Comedy—41st E. of Broadway—Op. Dec. 26th.

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How Stimson Bungled

By LOUIS FISCHER

THE Manchurian crisis has passed, and the Chinese Eastern Railway is to be returned to the Soviet government. Secretary of State Stimson claims credit for the agreement. In truth, he had nothing to do with it. The settlement was reached without him and despite him. His invocation of the Paris pact proved a complete failure.

Mr. Stimson had told Senators in Washington that the absence of machinery for implementing the Paris pact was its chief weakness. He wished, by intervening in the Manchurian situation, to give the pact an initial baptism of action. In fact, however, he further weakened it by bringing it into the situation without any warrant. Let us examine the facts.

On July 10, 1929, China broke the two treaties of 1924 with Moscow and sequestered the Chinese Eastern Railway on the excuse of propaganda. Eight days after the seizure the United States, acting as guardian of the Paris pact, urged peace on the Soviet and Chinese governments. Both promised to remain mindful of their obligations. This, presumably, was sufficient assurance. But a few days later a mysterious aide memoire came into being in Washington. Secretary Stimson, according to an official announcement, handed it to the diplomatic representatives of Britain, France, Japan, Germany, and Italy on July 25. It dealt with Manchuria, but the State Department withheld publication. Secrets, however, will out. The Moscow *Pravda* of August 6 printed a Vienna dispatch throwing light on the contents of the aide memoire. It had suggested that (1) a neutral commission be appointed to study the Manchurian conflict; (2) the parties in dispute withdraw their troops from the danger zone and refrain from hostile action; and (3), and most important, a body of five Russians, five Chinese, and a neutral chairman operate the Chinese Eastern Railway pending a final settlement. The Bolsheviks suspected that the "neutral" chairman would be an American as in 1917 to 1922 when Colonel J. F. Stevens was director of the Chinese Eastern.

Previously, according to Mr. Kawakami in the Baltimore *Sun* of August 3, information of the same general character regarding the aide memoire had filtered into the Japanese press, notably the *Nichi Nichi* and *Asahi*. I have reason to believe that the sources drawn upon by the *Pravda* and *Asahi* were, indirectly, the German and Japanese foreign offices. Moscow, at any rate, felt that it had reason to be suspicious of Washington's lively interest in the Manchurian controversy. A declaration made at Williamstown on August 25 by Stanley K. Hornbeck, chief of the Far Eastern division of the State Department, confirmed Bolshevik suspicions. He did not deny the existence of the unpublished aide memoire. "I am not in a position to make a statement on that point," he said. But he emphasized the fact that America's traditional policy in respect to the Chinese Eastern Railway was neutralization. He gave instances: the Knox proposals in 1907-10, and the period from 1917 to 1922 when an American managed the road. If the United States is innocent of a desire to "neutralize" the line or fortify its influence over it, why does not Mr. Stimson now publish the aide memoire? If the document contains none of the sinister things attributed to it throughout the world publication is in order at this time.

Meanwhile, fighting proceeded on the Soviet-Chinese frontier. On August 19 the Soviets handed the German government a note (Germany was protecting Russian interests in China) which called attention to eight raids undertaken between July 18 and August 18 by Chinese and White Russian troops into Soviet territory. On September 9 the Soviets handed the German ambassador in Moscow, von Dirksen, a second note citing nineteen further attacks by Chinese and White Russian bands on Soviet steamers, border guards, and villages. A third protest to Dr. von Dirksen dated September 17 enumerated additional incursions into Siberia. No nation invoked the Paris pact. In November the Soviet government undertook armed reprisals. The press now commenced to print many details of Bolshevik pushes into Manchuria.

The Soviet government had twice warned China, through Germany, that its patience would be exhausted if the Chinese continued to mine the Amur River, fire on Russian shipping, and torture Soviet citizens, and if White-Guard groups repeated their depredations in the Soviet Far East. A Russian raid in force began on November 18. Air and artillery bombardments were reported, and newspaper dispatches announced the capture of Manchuli, the Chinese border town, Dalainor, and Hailar. Hailar had been gutted, telegrams said.

An Associated Press wire from Tokio on November 21 informed the world that Mukden had decided to negotiate with Moscow for a settlement of the railway dispute. The Soviets had achieved their purpose. They realistically applied force in order to stop invasions of Russian territory, persecution of Russians in Manchuria, and the further demoralization of the Chinese Eastern Railway. One big raid compelled Chang Sueh-liang, the governor of Manchuria, to sue for peace. Hugh Byas, the Tokio correspondent of the New York *Times*, wired his paper on November 28:

> The news from Manchuria confirms the Japanese anticipation that the Russians did not intend an invasion. *The Russians apparently have not occupied any Chinese towns and are back on their own territory.* They have given the Chinese a severe slap, humiliated them by disarming 10,000 troops, and scared Mukden into a settlement, all by a relatively small operation which led to no entanglements (italics mine).

The moment the Red Army marched in, the Chinese and White Russians fled. Their commanders deserted, and the disorganized soldiers looted as they ran. The looting was debited to the Bolsheviks. The extent of the Chinese retreat was made out to be the extent of the Red advance. According to a United Press dispatch of November 26 from Harbin, the Soviet forces actually halted thirty-eight miles from the border and then returned to their base. Note the chronology:

November 18—The raid started.

November 21—Mukden requested Moscow's terms.

November 22—Moscow's conditions communicated in writing (A. P., Moscow, November 27).

November 26—Mukden accepted conditions (A. P., Moscow, November 27).

On November 27, the Associated Press reported from Moscow that the "Mukden government was officially reported tonight to have capitulated to the demand of the Soviet government." The same dispatch quoted a note from Litvinov to Chang Sueh-liang. "Have received your telegram of November 26," the commissar wrote, "declaring full acceptance of preliminary conditions communicated in writing on November 22 through Tang Yu-chen, diplomatic commissar at Harbin."

Chinese negotiators were now in touch with Melnikov, former Soviet consul at Harbin, and with Simanovsky at Khabarovsk. China had acquiesced, and the statesmen had initiated pourparlers with a view to the restitution to Russia of the Chinese Eastern Railway. But Nanking demurred. To Chiang Kai-shek it was a question of prestige, of holding Mukden's paper allegiance, and perhaps of pleasing Washington. Himself on the edge of ruin, he wished to prolong the impasse in Manchuria. On November 29 the New York *Times* put the whole situation in a nutshell in its front-page headlines: "Nanking and Mukden at Odds on Policy as Hostilities Cease. Manchuria's Yielding Ignored by Chiang, Who Offers Reds New Counter-Proposals. Appeal Seen as Gesture. Tokio Sees China Completely Beaten and Danger Over as Soviet Withdraws." Three things appear: the fighting had ceased; Manchuria had yielded; the danger of war was gone. Even if American embassies and consulates never report important events abroad, the New York *Times* is read in Washington.

On November 25 news advices from Washington stated that Mr. Stimson had discussed the situation with the Japanese ambassador. The secretary's views were communicated to Nippon, where "the Foreign Office disclaimed any intention of taking action at present, either independently or in concert with other nations" (A. P., Tokio, November 27). The same day Hugh Byas wired: "The Japanese still believe that intervention by other Powers could not do any good." On the next day he suggested that "the collapse of Chinese resistance ends the situation which had aroused Secretary Stimson's anxiety." Meanwhile the press was full of reports from Berlin, Moscow, and Tokio regarding the favorable progress of the Soviet-Manchurian negotiations.

November 28 brought further light: Litvinov declared Nanking's counter-proposals superfluous as Mukden had already accepted Soviet terms. An A. P. message from Mukden stated that *"despite denials and counter-denials* (italics mine) peace is near." An A. P. telegram from Tokio quoted the Japanese foreign minister, after a talk with the United States charge d'affaires, as stating that peace impended, and the prospect of an early direct settlement "makes intervention by the world Powers unnecessary and undesirable." Dispatches stated that Soviet airplanes had bombed the little Manchurian town of Buchatu with bombs, cabbages, and soot. This, probably, was a way of applying a bit more pressure as negotiations proceeded. Or perhaps the orders to cease fighting had not reached isolated aviators. No further hostilities have since been reported along the Manchurian border.

Japan resolutely declined to join any move for foreign mediation, on the ground that an anti-war pact could not be invoked when there was no war and when peaceful pourparlers promised immediate success. This represented the attitude of the German government also. On December 2 Mr. Stimson announced his two communications on the subject: one to Moscow and Nanking recalling their Paris pact obligations, the other to the signatories of the pact urging their cooperation for peace. The German government refused on December 2:

> At the present moment [the German rejoinder read] the German government has before it reports to the effect that direct negotiations for the peaceful composition of the conflict have opened. As the German government is not in possession of all the facts which would enable it to judge the momentary status of these negotiations, it would like to reserve its decision as to the time and form of its further steps in the matter.

Mr. Stimson might have had from American officials in the Far East the same information which prompted Germany to reject his proposal. He might have had it from the Germans and probably did. He certainly was told by Mr. Debuchi, the Japanese ambassador, that hostilities had ceased, and that an agreement between Moscow and Mukden was in prospect. The Secretary of State might have learned all this even from newspaper dispatches. At least the fact that Germany and Japan declined to join his move should have given him pause, and if he had waited three days the signed Moscow-Mukden agreement would have made his action superfluous.

On November 28 the Associated Press wired from Paris that in view of reports regarding Mukden's acceptance of Moscow's conditions "the French Government, as one of the signatories of the Kellogg-Briand pact, feels that the situation no longer requires the intervention of the signatories." Mr. Stimson knew this too. France, Germany (which had undertaken to protect the nationals of China and Russia and was therefore very close to the problem), and Japan, the third party best informed on Manchurian affairs, all objected to the invocation of the Paris pact. Then why did Secretary Stimson invoke it? Since he could not have been ignorant of the negotiations, the Bolsheviks concluded that his only purpose in intervening was to interfere with them. This may be an erroneous conclusion, but it will be readily understood how Litvinov might have reached it. Undoubtedly, Moscow also recalled the still secret Stimson aide memoire of July 25, which continues to disturb Russia as well as Japan.

When Secretary Stimson, acting through France, sent his note to the Soviet government regarding the Paris pact, Senator Borah prepared a statement declaring that this step implied recognition of the Soviet government. The Bolsheviks do not concur. They agree with former Secretary of State Kellogg that there can be no recognition without the intention to recognize. They submit that even direct communications between the State Department and the Commissariat of Foreign Affairs would not imply recognition. They, in fact, urge at least the relatively direct method adopted by Charles E. Hughes. But if a go-between must be used, Moscow prefers Germany or Turkey or almost any other friendly Power rather than France, whose relations with Russia are marked by bitter hostility.

Replying to the Stimson note of December 2, Litvinov,

on December 3, roundly rebuked the Secretary of State for interfering in the negotiations then proceeding in the Far East. This, the commissar stated, "cannot . . . be taken as a friendly act." More important, possibly, was his assertion that "the Paris pact does not give a single state or group of states the function of protector of this pact." Washington thinks otherwise and necessarily resents Litvinov's objections on this matter because they involve the broad question of the future implementing of the Paris accord. Finally, Litvinov expressed "amazement" that the United States, while refusing to recognize the existence of the Soviet government, gives it "advice and counsel." The Litvinov note has been styled tactless. It certainly was not a model of tact. The Bolsheviks have not yet learned to hold their tongue or to put it in their cheek. When moved by righteous indignation they are primitive and explosive. Because of their experience during the period of foreign military intervention, they react most violently to any suggestion of outside interference. And after all there must have been a tremendous temptation to administer a whipping to Mr. Stimson when one of the worst faux pas in recent diplomatic history had exposed him to attack.

In Washington it is said that the Litvinov note has postponed United States de jure recognition of the Soviet government. This is progress. It used to be debts. Then it was propaganda. Now it is Litvinov's English. That must wear off some day. The world will watch to see how long the government holds out against the pressure of a fast growing American trade with Russia.

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